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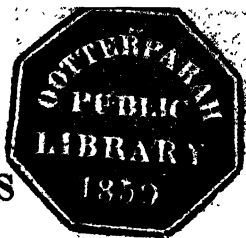
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BLACKWOOD'S EDINBURGH MAGAZINE.

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THE EARL OF DERBY.

—And marvelling went away
To muse on scene, and actor, each the other
Bentling gracefully. O, good my lord,
I would the Lieges had been there, to see
Such slaming chivalry."—*The Royal Strangler*

On Friday evening, the 27th February 1852, the House of Lords presented a magnificent and profoundly interesting spectacle. Vanishing daylight was being succeeded by that artificial illumination which gradually gave a new aspect to the gorgeous fabric, vivid with innumerable heraldic emblazonments, within which was about to be enacted a scene of vital concernment to the greatest empire upon earth. And the interest of that scene was centred in one individual, not yet within the House, and whose arrival all were awaiting with anxiety and expectation. A nobleman of ancient lineage, of chivalrous honour, of uncompromising character and commanding abilities, the acknowledged leader of the most powerful party in the country, and fresh from the presence of his Royal Mistress, who had cheerfully intrusted to him the direction of public affairs at a momentous crisis, was about to indicate the principles on which his policy would be based. He was to do this in the presence of fervent friends and fierce opponents; of persons representing all the great interests of the country, and professing to regard, and many sincerely, the very existence of those interests as in jeopardy;

exponents of every shade of political opinion; the representatives of all the leading civilised nations of the earth, between some of the greatest of whom and ourselves, relations were at that moment delicate, and even precarious. Every syllable, moreover, that he was to utter, would, as it fell from his lips, be then and there exactly and irrevocably recorded, and within an hour or two flying far and wide on the wings of the lightning! to be instantly subjected to jealous scrutiny; exciting alike hopes and fears, reasonable and unreasonable, calling forth admiration, or provoking bitter censure; a single ambiguous or inconsiderate word destined to be disingenuously misrepresented, and become a spark to kindle revolutionary agitation. Everything, again, that he might utter, would come quickly under the anxious eye of the Queen, who had confided so implicitly in his discretion; and finally, what he was that evening to say, would forthwith become matter of historical record and reference.

Is it unreasonable to suppose that some such reflections as the foregoing might flit across the mind of an anxious statesman, on such an eventful evening—thoughts calculated to dis-

pirit and disturb one of inferior mettle and capacity, but greatly to elevate and strengthen a superior intellect, trained to the conduct of affairs, conscious of the exigency, but also of being equal to it? We appeal, indeed, to all whose fortune it has been to make public addresses on very critical occasions, when miscarriage may not only be mischievous and dangerous, whether it is possible to overstate the anxiety with which such occasions are approached.

The Earl of Derby has just stepped into his carriage with a brother peer high in his confidence; and while they are driving down to the House, let us occupy the brief interval by glancing back at a somewhat similar scene in which the Earl figured exactly twelve months before. The scene is the same to which he is now hastening—in one respect the person is changed—Baron Stanley has passed into the Earl of Derby; but are the PRINCIPLES, and is the MAN the same? Let us look at—

LORD STANLEY IN THE HOUSE OF LORDS, ON FRIDAY, THE 28TH FEBRUARY 1851.

On that evening he made an elaborate statement in the presence of his brother Peers, but spoke from another part of the House, and in a capacity different from that in which he is now about to make his appearance. He stood on the Opposition side of the House, and in the character of a statesman come to announce, amidst the blank disappointment of his friends and supporters, the failure of all his efforts to comply with the wishes of his Sovereign, that he should form a new Ministry. Two other Peers had also, on the same evening, made statements in that House, and at the same moment two statesmen were making corresponding statements in the other House; all of them indicating a conjuncture of affairs, and a position of parties, altogether unexampled in the history of the country. Who can appreciate that week's anxiety to the Queen of this great country? A Queen, with an exact knowledge of her own august and transcendent relations and responsibilities to a free state, intimately acquainted with the characters and position of public

men, sending for one of them after the other, to form a Ministry in accordance with their own political principles, but in vain; and at length compelled to command her late Ministers to resume, for a time, the reins which they had surrendered, that the country might not be without any Government at all, and at a moment fraught with very special national anxieties. Let us take the opportunity of saying, with proud satisfaction, that all the noblemen and gentlemen in question—Lord Stanley, the Marquis of Lansdowne, the Earl of Aberdeen, Lord John Russell, and Sir James Graham—acquired themselves as became British statesmen, patriots, and loyal subjects; in a manner which excited universal approbation both at home and abroad: exhibiting a vivid and most instructive illustration of the strength and elasticity of our institutions, and the courage and discretion of both Queen and People. On that occasion, he with whom we have now to deal played his part nobly, and the manner in which he played it has become a matter of high importance; regard being had to his present position—to which his conduct then now affords a key—and bearing in mind that which is very dear to Englishmen, *the simplicity and truthfulness of his personal character, and the consistency of his political career.* Let us see, then, what were the precise circumstances under which he then made so conspicuous and memorable an appearance on the scene of public affairs; and what was the account which he thought proper to give of himself, and the principles on which he should have constructed his policy, had he succeeded in forming a Government. What he said in the House of Lords in February 1851, will throw a flood of light on his position in the House of Lords in February 1852.

We all recollect the special circumstances of anxiety and difficulty with which the last Session of Parliament opened, arising out of the newly balanced strength of parties in the House of Commons, the rickety condition of the Government, and the apprehended consequences of a vast influx of foreigners—many strongly tainted with revolutionary principles—on

occasion of the Great Exhibition. Thus, when a Government ought to have been strongest, it was confessedly weakest! The Queen's Speech, whether wisely or not is now no province of ours to consider, contained matter calculated greatly to stimulate party contentions. The Budget of the Chancellor of the Exchequer excited universal dissatisfaction; Lord John Russell's famous letter on the Papal Aggression had excited a prodigious ferment in the public mind, and a just demand for immediate and stringent legislation, which, however, he immediately found almost insuperable difficulties in satisfying. It is said that his Cabinet became the scene of violent dissensions upon this subject, inevitably inducing feebleness and vacillation in action. Again, the Queen's Speech having solemnly recognised the existence of great distress among the agricultural interest, in bitter contradistinction to the prosperity of all other interests, as declared in the same Speech—Ministers, nevertheless, took no steps whatever to remedy or alleviate that distress: on which Mr Disraeli almost immediately brought forward his celebrated motion. "That it was the duty of Ministers to introduce without delay such measures as might be effectual for relieving the admitted agricultural distress." After a protracted debate, the whole strength of the Government being brought to bear against the motion, aided by the Peel party, (with the brilliant exception of Mr Gladstone, *who both spoke and voted in favour of the motion*;) a House of five hundred and forty-eight members negatived the motion, but by a majority of *fourteen* only! Thus Lord John Russell's Government, having volunteered an admission of great agricultural distress, deliberately resolved to afford it no redress whatever! This was on the 13th February 1851, only nine days after the opening of the session. A week afterwards, viz., on the 20th February, came on Mr Locke King's motion for an extension of the franchise. This motion, also, the Government *professed* to oppose; but here,

in a House of only one hundred and forty-eight members, Ministers were *defeated* by a majority of forty-eight. Lord Stanley's friends in the House of Commons abstained from attending to oppose the motion; but he told the Queen, and in the House of Lords stated that he had done so,* that the reason why they did so, was "because they saw that her Majesty's Ministers were not honestly exercising their influence to defeat the motion." The truth of this statement was tacitly acknowledged by Ministers in both Houses! Immediately after their defeat, which they had clearly invited, Ministers tendered their resignation; the Queen sent for the Earl of Aberdeen, Sir James Graham, and Lord John Russell; then for Lord Stanley; and on all declaring themselves unable to coalesce, or form an Administration, her Majesty, in great anxiety, sent for her venerable and illustrious adviser the Duke of Wellington; who wisely counselled her to continue Lord John Russell's Government in office, at all events for the present, and under the pressing circumstances of the time. This decision having been arrived at, Parliament re-assembled on Friday the 28th February, anxious to hear an account of that busy and critical week's doings in Downing Street, St James's Square, and Buckingham Palace. We have here, however, to do with the House of Lords only.—It was almost as greatly crowded as on the corresponding day in the ensuing year: and though Lord Lansdowne and Lord Aberdeen had to address the House, Lord Stanley was he whom all were naturally most anxious to hear. He sat in his usual place, low down on the front seat of the Opposition side of the House, surrounded by a goodly muster of his friends; all of them exhibiting more or less anxiety. He was but little interrupted, and sat with folded arms, his hat coming, as usual, low down on his head, and almost entirely concealing a powerfully-developed forehead. He listened with close attention to Lord Lansdowne, who spoke briefly, temperately, and with extreme gravity of manner. The

following sentence, delivered with much energy, elicited from Lord Stanley, unless we are mistaken, an emphatic "Hear, hear, hear :"—

"There is one sacrifice public men can never be called upon to make ; because it is not only a sacrifice of themselves, but a sacrifice of the honour and dignity of the Crown ; I mean, that involved in a prolonged attempt, under any circumstances, to carry on the public business of the country, without the promise of that amount of support, which is indispensable to all Governments, for the purpose of enabling them to maintain the honour of the Crown, and to maintain and promote the efficient carrying on of the public service."* Lord Aberdeen followed, and declared that it was the *Ecclesiastical Titles Bill* which alone had frustrated all efforts at combination between himself and his friends, and Lord John Russell. Then rose Lord Stanley, amidst general indications of increased interest, and spoke calmly and gravely. He gave a lucid account of the abortive negotiations in which he had been engaged, speaking with marked caution and exactness of phraseology, in all those passages describing his interviews and communications with the Queen. His speech consisted of two parts ;—a narrative of what had passed during the week ; and a declaration of intended policy. In two sentences, he disposed of two idle but sedulously disseminated rumours—that he had been coldly received by the Queen, and that she had withheld from him the power of dissolving Parliament. As to the former, "Nothing, my lords, could exceed the condescension and graciousness of manner, and more than of manner, with which any proposition from me has been listened to, with which any communication and advice which I felt it my duty to tender to her Majesty, has been received." As to the latter, "There is not the shadow of a foundation for the statement that her Majesty would not have given me the power of dissolving Parliament ; and I am authorised by the Queen to say, that no one could

be justified in saying, or holding out a belief, to the contrary." Such, then, was her Majesty's confidence in Lord Stanley, that even in the critical condition of the country at that time, she would have intrusted him with the great power of dissolving Parliament. And now what did this faithful and plain-speaking nobleman tell his Royal Mistress? Let him speak for himself; and what he then said to the Queen, it is now of supreme importance for us to know.

"My first statement to the Queen was, that, had I been a member of the House of Commons, I should have certainly supported the motion of Mr Disraeli.† . . . I stated that it would be impossible for me, as an honest man, to take office without a full determination to deal with that distress, and endeavour to apply to it, as a Minister, effective measures of relief." And yet again, with an explicitness defying all possibility of misapprehension—"I stated, that if I could so far forget myself as to sacrifice my honest convictions, the loss of honour which would be involved in such a course of procedure would make my services worse than valueless ; . . . that I would not take office on any other condition than that of endeavouring, *bona fide*, to give effect to my own conviction, of the necessity of legislating for that class [the agricultural] of her Majesty's subjects : but I did not bind myself to any specific measure." So much for Lord Stanley's explanation of what had passed between himself and the Queen. Now let us see the policy on which he would have acted with his Ministry ; and he explained it with admirable straightforwardness, principally with reference to three great topics—the *Income Tax*, *Agricultural Distress*, and *Papal Aggression*. He began by saying, "I might, I think, have brought to a satisfactory issue two or three important questions, which appear to be the great stumbling-block of politicians at the present moment."

First, then, of the *INCOME TAX*. "Take it as you will, levy it as you please, this is a tax which is full of

* HANSARD, (3d Series,) vol. cxiv., col. 998-9.

† On Agricultural Distress, *ante*, p. 389.

anomalies and inconveniences, pressing variously upon different classes of the community, with a complicated injustice which no modification can altogether remove." He declared his conviction in strong terms, that if the House of Commons had not implicitly relied on Sir Robert Peel's pledge that the Income Tax was to last for only three years, "it would not have consented to the imposition of it for an hour; . . . there was no man living who believed that it would." And he added, "I hold it to be an object, not only of vital importance, but one to which the faith of successive Ministers has been pledged, that the Income Tax should not be permitted to degenerate into a permanent tax."

Secondly, as to AGRICULTURAL DISTRESS. "I hold it to be an admitted and undisputed fact, that the land is, at this moment, the only suffering interest; and that it is labouring under an amount of taxation, of various descriptions, far exceeding the amount which falls upon other classes of the community. . . . By imposing a moderate duty on the imposition of foreign corn, you might raise a very considerable revenue for the country, while you would not materially raise the price to the consumer: but you would, by the acquisition of a duty of £1,500,000, or £2,000,000, enable the Government more rapidly to effect that object to which I have referred as of great advantage to the community at large—the extinction of the Income Tax. . . . The relief of the finances of the country, and the removal of that pressure of taxation, would infinitely and immeasurably exceed in advantage any possible trifling alteration in the price of food—and trifling indeed it must be—which could touch the consumer."

We beg particular attention to the following passage:—

"I express my frank opinion, that the question of *Protection*, or, if you please, the question of the unrestricted import of provisions, is one which must be settled *by the country*, once, and for ever, whenever it is appealed to for its decision. Should the next general election prove that the sense of the country is in favour of a per-

fected unrestricted import of all provisions, unaccompanied by those duties which in other countries are imposed for purposes of revenue, upon all articles, and which in this country are imposed to a vast extent upon articles of prime necessity for consumption hardly inferior to *bread* itself, I, for one, and I believe the majority of your lordships and of Parliament, would respectfully bow to that expression of the sense of the country."

Lastly, As to PAPAL AGGRESSION. Lord Stanley treated this question, which he solemnly pronounced to be "the most important of all important questions," in a spirit of resolute and comprehensive statesmanship. Sharing the universal indignation, at the impudent and dangerous attempt of the Pope upon the liberties of this country and the Queen's supreme authority, Lord Stanley denounced the petty legislation by which the Government proposed to meet it, as beneath contempt, and predicted precisely that which has come to pass. But what were his own views? And how would he have *acted* upon them? Let every Protestant in the Empire give ear.

"The real danger is this: The GRADUAL growth and encroachment of the power of the Pope, and of the prelates acting under his authority, in interfering with matters not purely and strictly religious, and in assuming to themselves powers, which if not in violation of the [letter of the] law of the land, are at variance with [the spirit of] that law.

"I conceive that there are grave questions depending upon the position of the Roman Catholics in this country, with regard to the rights of their own church, to the disposition of property, and the manner in which trust property is held for Roman Catholic purposes.

"I think it is a subject for inquiry, how religious houses of various descriptions are carried on in this country; and it is a grave question whether *all* religious houses should not be subjected to the power of visitation, in order that it may be ascertained that no persons are retained within them contrary to the law of the land.

"I should have recommended that, in both Houses of Parliament, inquiries should take place as to the actual relations in which the Roman Catholic subjects of the Queen stand towards the State, towards any foreign power, and towards their own priests and prelates. I would have advised that this subject should be fully investigated; the present anomalies of the law really exposed, and amendments suggested for the consideration of Parliament."

Such is a faint sketch of the leading portions of Lord Stanley's exposition of his views and intentions in February 1851; and whoever may take the trouble to read it *in extenso*, as it appears in Hansard, will heartily concur in an observation of the present Chancellor of the Exchequer, made in the course of his address to the House of Commons on the same evening: "At the moment I am speaking," said Mr Disraeli, "Lord Stanley is explaining all the circumstances connected with that transaction [the attempt to form a Ministry.] And I will express my conviction, that when that statement shall have gone forth to the public, the character of my noble friend will stand, if possible, higher than ever."

Here, then, we have a sketch of Lord Stanley's political character on the 28th February 1851, under his own hand, unconsciously delineating features beaming with manly determination, noble frankness, and sagacious intellect; of a man who, on a signal occasion, proved himself true to his Queen, to his country, to himself, and to that Higher Power *by whom actions are weighed*,* and who rules the destinies of mankind. He must have foreseen, and known that everybody else foresaw, that he would inevitably, and very speedily, be called to the head of affairs. We do not think it possible to speak too highly of Lord Stanley's frankness as to his political opinions, on that all-important occasion. He might have wrapped himself up in what might have appeared a discreet reserve, resolving to watch the chapter of accidents, the progress of opinions and events, and then adapt

himself to any position which he might be called by the Sovereign to occupy. He was aware, moreover, that the country knew his 'straight-forwardness, and that he was a man of uncompromising determination. Why, then, did he volunteer, in the capacity of a defeated candidate for the highest office, so explicit a declaration of his political principles? Who cannot *now* give the answer? In order that both the Queen and the country, both friends and opponents, might know exactly the course which he would pursue if placed in power; and he was distinctest on questions of the greatest moment, and on which it would have been easiest to raise a cry against him. That the country might have the opportunity of saying, whoever may come into power, *this* man shall not; whatever principles shall become dominant, *his* shall not, for they are those opposed to public opinion, and inconsistent with the common weal. Therefore Lord Stanley deliberately afforded to his opponents, even his most active and virulent, every opportunity they could desire for forming powerful combinations of parties, and eliciting an overpowering expression of the voice of the nation. His trumpet gave no uncertain sound. The enemy had ample notice, and might easily have bated apprehended intrigue, and guarded against suspected surprise. But there has been, confessedly, neither intrigue nor surprise. Well, exactly twelve months have elapsed, during which the weakness of the existing Ministry became every month more apparent, and its speedy dissolution inevitable. What is the result?

THE EARL OF DERBY IN THE HOUSE OF LORDS, ON FRIDAY THE 27TH FEBRUARY 1852.

He stood there with a very eventful year's better acquaintance between himself and the country, than when he had presented himself on the corresponding Friday of the preceding year. During that interval, the importance of which all political parties appreciated, more than one earnest effort was made, as privately as was

* 1 Samuel, ii. 3.

practicable, to establish a basis of conjoint political action between three classes of the Liberal party, in opposition to a Protectionist policy; but it was found impracticable. And unless our means of information have misled us, it was plainly stated by a highly influential and clear-headed Liberal, to some who sought his advice, that he much doubted whether Free-Trade principles were making the way they ought to be making; and that the probable results of a formal appeal to the country upon the question was a matter requiring serious consideration, for that a great mass of prejudice on the subject yet existed in the country. But the Earl of Derby must by this time have reached the House of Lords.

It is just on the stroke of five o'clock, and we are standing at the bar of the House of Lords, under a grievous pressure of members of the House of Commons. What an exciting, what a splendid scene! The gentle strife between natural and artificial light has ceased, and brilliant jets reveal distinctly the serious and noble proportions of the Lords' House. Look wherever you will, all is rich and mellow! And see those light graceful galleries half filled with fair female politicians, their gentle hearts beating with quite as keen feelings of rivalry—hopes, fears, and anxieties—as their noble lords, kinsmen, and friends beneath them! The strangers' gallery was packed with a far greater number than it could conveniently accommodate; and those highly important functionaries, the Reporters, seemed to have mustered in almost double strength. The throne end of the House was filled with peers' sons, ambassadors, and others. On the woolsack sat Lord Redesdale, as Deputy-Speaker, the new Lord Chancellor having not yet passed from Sir Edward Sugden into Lord St Leonards; while the late one, Lord Truro, sat, in plain clothes, on the Opposition side of the House, which was considerably more crowded with the ex-Ministry and their supporters, than the Ministerial side with their successors. There is the Marquis of Lansdowne, white-haired, and somewhat feeble in his gait, walking slowly down the House, till he takes

his seat near that so recently occupied by the Earl of Derby. He looks depressed and anxious, but is calm and dignified, and apparently not disposed to conversation. Near to him are the Earl of Carlisle and Earl Grey—just above, but in a line with them, Lord Brougham and the Earl of Aberdeen: all these sit quietly enough, with an expectant air, in their places; while the younger folk, especially those just displaced from subordinate office, flit about among their friends, apparently in a state of concern and bewilderment! The cross benches are nearly filled. The Bishops' benches are occupied by only four or five Prelates, the Archbishop of Canterbury and the Bishop of London being of the number. Confronting the long line of the Opposition, sit many of the new Ministry and their friends, a goodly phalanx, generally wearing the appearance of excitement and resolution. At the corner of the second back bench is to be seen the striking figure of Lord Lyndhurst: with folded arms, his commanding countenance, now exhibiting too many of the traces of age, shows that he is at this moment in profound thought. He seems disinclined to speak to anybody. We miss one great familiar figure, the white-haired Duke of Wellington; for he is gone to Strathfieldsaye, giving, this evening, his customary banquet to the Judges of Assize. The whole House is in a subdued buzz of conversation. A slight commotion at the further end attracts all eyes—and enter the Earl of Derby, accompanied by a friend. He is dressed in a plain black surcoat, with crape round his hat; and walks quietly to the place left vacant for him, on the front bench, and for the last five or six years occupied by the Marquis of Lansdowne, who now regards him with an expression of by no means eager hostility. On one side of the new Prime Minister sits the Duke of Northumberland, on the other are the Earls of Eglington and Malmesbury. Lord Derby is in his fifty-third year, but looks nearly ten years younger. He is tall and well-proportioned; and his countenance displays dignity, frankness, and determination. Its distinguishing feature is the bright and piercing eye now glancing reso-

lutely at the lowering array of the Opposition. On the table before him stand a decanter of water and a glass. As far as we can see, he has not brought with him a single note. He whispers for a moment to the Earl of Malmesbury, then rises, steps to the table, removes his hat, folds his arms, and a loud cry of "Hear! hear! hear!" issues from every quarter of the House, instantly hushed into deep silence—amidst which is heard a clear ringing voice speaking with beautiful distinctness of articulation, and very deliberately.

On that day week, and at that hour, he was pacing the pleasant grounds of Badminton, little dreaming that the electric wire, within a few hours, would be charged with two or three potent syllables addressed to himself, announcing the sudden fall of a Ministry, and summoning him to town, to form a new one! On Saturday evening he received a command to attend her Majesty on the ensuing day, when he presented to her Majesty "an outline of his Administration,"—and, within three days' time, a list of all "those friends whom he had selected to discharge the principal offices of the Government." On the very day on which he was speaking, he and they had kissed hands on receiving the seals of office: and it is easy to imagine how every moment of the last five days must have been occupied with the harassing anxieties of forming an Administration. Yet there he stood, prepared to state, before that brilliant and imposing audience—before the whole country, and representatives of every civilised nation on earth, the policy on which he proposed to govern this vast empire!—An exposition which he well knew would require profound consideration to frame, so as to hit the happy mean between candour and statesmanlike reserve; to satisfy just expectation, and at the same time avoid alarming friends, or provoking captious enemies. Such a speech as the Earl of Derby delivered during the ensuing hour; so prudent in what was said, and omitted; so complete and comprehensive in its scheme and scope; so exact and felicitous in detail and expression—could

not have been prepared, and delivered, as it was, by any man but one of great and practised powers, and consummate discretion. With no disposition whatever to flatter the Earl of Derby, and uninfluenced by any consideration except a rigorous regard for truth and justice, we declare our deliberate conviction that this speech alone showed its speaker fit to conduct the affairs of this country, at the grave crisis which undoubtedly exists. It is pervaded by an air of modesty, simplicity, frankness, resolution, discretion, and dignity, that is very lovely to the eyes of Englishmen. It is the speech of a Christian gentleman and statesman, and delineates a policy based upon Principle, as contradistinguished to Expediency. It exhibited a noble spirit, at once conciliatory, and uncompromising; and, in a word, immediately produced a prodigious effect upon the country. Had it been less able and satisfactory than it was, the consequences, as the speaker well knew, would have been immediately serious and prejudicial, to an extent beyond present calculation. As it is, the country, though in a very anxious and exacting humour, appeared to become at once assured and calm; and its pulse—the Funds—has ever since beat not with feverish fluctuation, but with tranquil regularity. There is no gainsaying that fact, and it is a very pregnant one.

Standing with folded arms, his countenance and demeanour exhibiting a certain mixture of gravity and cheerfulness,—and speaking with the utmost deliberation and distinctness, the Earl of Derby thus began: they are his *ipsissima verba*:—

"My Lords, the place from which I have now the honour of addressing the House, at once not only affords a justification for my rising upon this occasion, but imposes upon me, as I conceive, the necessity of endeavouring to state, as shortly and as distinctly as I can, with as much frankness as may be in my power, and no more reserve than may be imposed by a due sense of my position, not only the motives which induced me to undertake the arduous duty which I thought myself bound not to decline; but also, as far as I can, an outline

of the course which, having undertaken such a responsibility, I feel it incumbent on me to pursue."

"O," whispered, at this point, a leading Liberal member of the House of Commons, to one beside him, "he's going to speak out;" and both listened to Lord Derby from that moment with unbroken silence and attention, and, when he had finished, looked at each other significantly, and for a few moments without uttering a word.

The Earl of Derby paused for a second or two, and directing a look of affectionate sincerity towards Lord Lansdowne, commenced that graceful, eloquent, well-weighed eulogy, which must long live in his memory.* The last sentence of it was as follows. It elicited universal cheering, and evidently affected Lord Lansdowne.

"My Lords, it must be an encouragement to future statesmen, that they should be able to point to his example; and see how, after a period of, I believe, nearly fifty years spent in the public service, a statesman can retire with the friendship, the warm and cordial friendship, of his political associates, with the cordial and sincere esteem of his political opponents, and with a character unblemished by a single stain on his political virtue or private honour!"

After a lucid statement of the circumstances under which he had been so suddenly and unexpectedly called to the helm of public affairs, the steps which he had taken to form a Government, and a frank avowal that he saw himself, for the present, environed with almost insuperable difficulties, arising principally out of the confused condition of parties in the House of Commons, he proceeded to indicate the principles on which he proposed to conduct the Government of the country. He commenced with his Foreign Policy, and there was perceptible a faint stir in the quarter where stood several ambassadors, and other members of the diplomatic body. As if anxious that all he said on this subject should be well understood by persons not perfectly familiar with the English

language, he here spoke with even greater deliberation and distinctness than in any other part of his speech. He doubtless felt no little anxiety that his views of our foreign relations should be thoroughly appreciated by the representatives of foreign states, who would, of course, instantly, on quitting the House, forward accounts of what they had heard to their respective governments. One or two might have been seen taking a pencil note of particular expressions; and this might well be done; for he handled these critical topics with exquisite discretion and delicacy. His tone was cordially pacific, but also dignified and resolute. How would the Funds have fallen the next morning, had he here committed himself! The essence of what he said may be thus expressed—would that we had space to give, throughout, the speaker's own choice and nervous language!—The new Government cherished a profound anxiety to preserve the blessings of universal peace; and, said the Earl of Derby, "there is not one of my noble friends who will not consider that every effort should be made by the Government, with a view of averting *the remotest chance*," (the words in italics he uttered with marked emphasis,) "of incurring the miseries of war." Our demeanour towards foreign governments should be on all occasions frank and conciliatory; we should treat all nations alike, whether great or small, with due respect and consideration, equally in acts, in words, in conduct. Treaties should be observed with punctual fidelity, both as to letter and spirit. Every nation's independence should be held sacred, and on no pretence should we interfere with their internal and individual arrangements. Whatever form of government each thought proper to adopt, we had no right to manifest either sympathy or prejudice in respect of one more than another, "be it the most absolute despotism, limited monarchy, constitutional republic, or—if such a thing can be conceived to continue in existence—absolute Red Republicanism. That

* Lord Brougham said not long ago, in the hearing of the writer, "Lord Lansdowne is the very best leader of a deliberative assembly that was perhaps ever seen. In courtesy, temper, discretion, and business ability, he is, in my opinion, unequalled."

which is the choice of a nation, is that which it is the duty of the British Government to recognise." Whenever explanations, or redress, become unfortunately requisite, they should be asked for with temper and frankness, and offered in the same spirit.

Who sees not the significance of this, on adverting to various portions of the foreign policy of the late Government? Then Lord Derby approached very tender ground, treading cautiously, but firmly. It was the proud and ancient characteristic of this country, to afford a home to the homeless, inviolable shelter to the exile; but not to become a nursery for foreign traitors. It not only would not countenance, but would not tolerate, those whom it was hospitably sheltering from the storms of political adversity, intriguing and plotting here against their own governments. We should watch all such movements vigilantly, and apprise foreign governments of what was here hatching against them. Nay, such attempts constitute a high offence against our own laws, "to be visited with exemplary and condign punishment;" but, at the same time, those laws must never be strained, with a view of either mediating the friendship, or averting the hostility, of foreign powers. All this was said in a noble spirit; and the opportune enunciation of such principles was like shedding oil on the troubled waters. It afterwards elicited from that discreet and experienced Foreign Minister, the Earl of Aberdeen, the following strong expression of concurrence:—"In that portion of my noble friend's speech in which he laid down the course of policy which he means to pursue towards Foreign Powers, I entirely concur. The noble Earl and myself have acted together for the last ten or twelve years, both in and out of office, in full concert and communication on that subject; and, so far as I am aware, there is not a shade of difference between us. In all that he has said on that subject, I fully concur." The Earl of Derby's sentiments on this subject have been since communicated to all Foreign Powers; and we suspect that there is not one of their representatives in this

country that has not been ordered to communicate to him the warm satisfaction with which his pacific and honourable declarations have been received, and an increased desire to cultivate the most friendly relations with Great Britain.

As regards our own safety, and our means of repelling foreign aggression, and maintaining internal order and tranquillity, Lord Derby made the important and gratifying announcement, that both our army and navy are in a state of high efficiency, and adequate to all the multifarious calls upon them, arising out of our universally-extended empire. England herself dreams not of aggression in any quarter, or extended dominion, abundantly satisfied with what she possesses. She seeks only to protect her just rights and interests; and though in no wise apprehensive of aggression upon herself, but rather feeling assured of the continuance of peace, this latter consideration of itself justified, and even suggested, the propriety of *deliberately* organising our own energies, and making them so promptly and effectively available as to place this country beyond the reach of aggression from any quarter. There is, however, no necessity for any increased military force, regular or irregular; and the Earl of Derby concluded this part of his speech by one of the happiest strokes conceivable. Without saying it in words, he invited foreign countries to contemplate our own institutions, and the great strength and happiness which they confer upon us; at the same time affording a faint and delicate intimation of the strength which we can put forth on an adequate occasion! In a few graceful sentences he alluded to the memorable demonstration in London on the 10th of April 1848. "My lords, upon many memorable occasions, and upon none more than in the course of the last three or four years, the people of this country have shown, in a manner to excite the wonder and admiration of foreign powers, that the peace and tranquillity of the kingdom may be safely intrusted to the loyalty of the people of England. I believe, my lords, that it is not the ability of her rulers—I am

sure that it is not the multitude of her forces—that keeps this country in a state of tranquillity and contentment; but I must say that it is a due and frank appreciation, on the part of every class of her Majesty's subjects, of the inestimable value of those institutions under which they live, and a conviction that not merely the just prerogatives of the Crown, but the real liberties of the people, are best secured by these institutions!" We know not which most to admire, the perfect good taste, or the masterly tact and sagacity here displayed, in the expression of that which will be—perhaps has been—appreciated abroad, with many a royal sigh of acquiescence.

Such was Lord Derby's Foreign policy. We have already stated that his speech was equally striking in what it said, and in what it did not say. Among other matters of this negative character, is one which seems to have hitherto attracted no public attention—Lord Derby's silence on the subject of our *Colonial* policy. His sentiments on that subject are perfectly well known, and he has himself, and recently, brought them prominently before the very assembly whom he was addressing. He is indeed peculiarly familiar with that great section of our national interests, and will doubtless give them much personal attention. Why did he, then, omit all allusion to our colonial policy on that memorable evening? Did he forget it? *There sat before him Earl Grey*, with a millstone of responsibility suspended from his neck, for a long series of colonial exploits, every one of them familiar to the Earl of Derby; who also knew, in common with everybody else, what was the last straw which had broken the camel's back—what was the real reason of the late Ministers' sudden retreat from office—to avoid the blighting exposure, in the House of Commons, of Earl Grey's Kafir misdoings. With high judgment, and a generous forbearance, the Earl of Derby passed over the legitimate and tempting topic in blank silence—a silence, however, which may have been felt by the ex-colonial Minister as very ominous. Let us, however, seize the opportunity of touching, for

an instant, only one part of this sore—we mean Earl Grey's last despatch to Sir Harry Smith; one of the most cruel and impudent documents that ever labelled the character of a state paper, or threatened to break a noble heart; a document that ought to be burned at the head of every regiment in the service; one which had been splendidly falsified by the triumphant veteran before it had come into his gallant hands, or been trodden into the dust under the foot of scornful and insulted soldier. Gallant veteran! what a reception awaits you on your return home, from your Queen and from your country, if indeed you live to tread the soil of old England again! You will be welcomed in Downing Street, whence your libeller has been expelled, and from which he is now for ever excluded.

Thus much for Lord Derby's *temporary* silence on Colonial policy.

Having concluded his observations on his Foreign, he approached our Domestic policy. Here he paused for a few moments: his manner showing a consciousness that he was entering on a topic of the last importance and difficulty—one fraught with absorbing interest, in the eyes of every one present, and with the fate of his newly-formed Administration.

"My Lords," he commenced, and in a very resolute manner, "I have now stated to your lordships the principles on which I think that our foreign policy should be regulated and conducted. I will not shrink, my lords, from dealing with questions of far greater difficulty. I will not shrink from speaking frankly upon the subject of our commercial and financial policy." It is impossible to describe the sudden silent manifestation of intense anxiety and interest excited by these words; rendered the more striking, from the loud cheering which had accompanied the preceding sentence, and which was suddenly succeeded by profound silence. It was at that interesting and exciting moment that we beheld ourselves of Lord Stanley in the House of Lords on that day twelvemonth. Our recollection of what he had then said, on the question which he was now approaching, was vividly distinct. We were cer-

tain that he would thoroughly identify Earl Derby of February 1852 with Lord Stanley of February 1851; but who could stifle a feeling of lively anxiety to learn the precise manner in which he proposed to deal with this great stumbling-block to the statesmen of this age? He began by referring to Sir Robert Peel's commercial policy in 1842, stating that he had cordially supported it.

But here let us pause; for this sudden ten years' retrospect awakens painful memories, and suggests a very painful contrast. Let us speak of the dead, the distinguished dead, in a spirit of forbearance and charity. Nay, let us pay the homage due to a man of great political capacity and knowledge, and unsullied purity of personal character!—There is now lying before us, side by side with a reprint of Lord Derby's speech, a fellow reprint * of that delivered by the late Sir Robert Peel in 1841, and published, we believe, in a cheap form for extensive circulation, with that late right honourable baronet's sanction. It is the speech which he addressed to his constituents at Tamworth, on the 28th of June 1841, and was a most able and elaborate statement of his leading political opinions, on the occasion of the then pending general election which returned a glorious majority of ninety-one pledged to support the opinions so luminously expounded in that memorable speech. How it reads, by the light of 1852! Alas! the exultation with which he contemplated the great Conservative party, which, he said, "has been pleased to intrust your representative with its confidence! You may rely upon it that that party which has paid me the compliment of taking my advice, and following my counsel, are a united and compact party, among whom there does not exist the slightest difference of opinion in respect of the principles they support, and the cause they may desire to pursue. Gentlemen, *I hope I have not abused the confidence of that great party!*" And the proud appeal evoked "loud cheers." Alas! what is man? Again, how eloquently, and upon what grand considerations of morality and

religion, he deprecated England's "running the risk of losing the benefit of its sacrifices for the abolition of slavery, and tarnishing for ever that glory, by admitting to the British markets, sugar, the produce of foreign slavery!" At length, said he, "I now come to the most important question of all, the introduction of foreign corn into this country." We beg earnest attention to what follows, for it bears directly and powerfully upon the same great question, and in the precise form in which it now stands before the country, and with which the Earl of Derby has to deal.

"When I look at the burdens the land is subject to in this country, I do not consider the fixed duty of eight shillings a quarter on corn from Poland, Russia, and Prussia, where no such burdens exist, a sufficient protection for it. (*Great cheering.*) Gentlemen," continued the eloquent and gifted speaker, warming with the enthusiasm which he had elicited, "it is certainly a very tempting thing in theory, to buy your corn at the cheapest market; but before you adopt that theory in practice, you must, as a matter of common justice, compare the burdens on the land in other countries, with the burdens on the land in this country. (*Cheers.*) The land in this country is most heavily burdened—you cannot conceal that. Look at the amount of the poor-rate levied on land, as compared with that levied on the productive means of manufacturing industry. (*Cheering.*) Who pay the highway rates?—who pay the church-rates?—who pay the poor-rate?—who pay the tithes? I say, not perhaps altogether, but chiefly, the landed occupiers of this country. And, gentlemen, if corn be the product of other land not subject to those burdens, it surely would not be just to the land of this country, which bears them all, to admit such corn at a low duty!" Sir Robert Peel then quoted from a pamphlet which had just before been published by Mr McCulloch, the following striking passage:—"Considering the vast importance of agriculture—that nearly half the population of the empire is dependent upon it, directly or indirectly, for employ-

* "Tamworth Election. Speech of Sir Robert Peel."—Ollivier, Pall Mall, 1841.

ment, and the means of subsistence—a prudent statesman would pause before he gave his sanction to any measures, however sound in principle, or beneficial to the mercantile or manufacturing classes, which might endanger the prosperity of agriculture, or check the rapid spread of improvement.” “Gentlemen,” continued Sir Robert Peel, “I need not say that I fully concur with this sentiment; and I certainly think that a prudent statesman *would* pause before he meddled with it. . . . I do think that if you disturb agriculture, and divert the employment of capital from the land, you may not increase your foreign trade, (for that is a thing to doubt, under existing circumstances,) *but will assuredly reduce the home trade, by reducing the means to meet the demand.* and thus permanently injure yourselves also.” Towards the close of that most able address, he taunted Lord John Russell with having “made an appeal to public feeling, on account of cheap sugar and cheap bread. My firm belief is, that the people of this country have not at all responded to this cry!” Sir Robert was right, and Lord John was wrong. The country repudiated the “cry;” and, in spite of desperate exertions on the part of the Government, returned an overwhelming majority, pledged to the support of agricultural protection. Lord John was instantly swept away by it, and Sir Robert floated proudly into his place.

Let us, however, with a sigh over the past—a sigh over the dead—turn from the departed to the living statesman of 1852. Here again we lament being unable to adopt, except occasionally, the felicitous language in which the Earl of Derby expressed himself; but here follows the pith of what he said.

He had cordially concurred with Sir Robert Peel’s revision of the customs duties in 1812, and in the policy of imposing duties on all the principal articles of import, not only for purposes of revenue, but also for that of levying duties, in a given proportion, to the extent to which the articles subjected to such duties admitted, or did not admit, of the expenditure of future British labour. “I thoroughly agreed in the principle understood to be there

laid down as to the freest possible admission of all raw materials which formed the basis of our native industry. My lords, that system has been, to a certain extent, adopted since that period; and I cannot but think, that if we look to the whole of our financial system, there is ground for believing that it is open, in point of principle, and in point of practice, to considerable and useful revisions.” Our present policy contrasts disadvantageously with that of America, which is lauded as a free-trade country,—“yet they avowedly levy high duties on those articles which compete with the produce of their own soil and industry; whereas we both admit such articles with perfect freedom, and load with inordinate taxation a certain small number of articles, entering, to an immense extent, into the necessary consumption of the masses of the community!”

“In my individual opinion, I can see no grounds why the single article of corn should be made a solitary exception to the general system of imposing duties on foreign imports. . . . I state this as my opinion; but I think the question one which can be satisfactorily solved only by reference to the well-understood and clearly-expressed opinion of the intelligent portion of the community.” This appears tolerably distinct, and is an echo of what the speaker had said in the same House twelve months previously. It failed, however, to convey any distinct meaning to the mind of—Earl Grey, whose head was, doubtless, running on other matters—and who succeeded in afterwards eliciting from the Premier a still more explicit declaration. “What I meant to say was, that this was a question which ought to be settled, and could not be settled, except by the deliberate opinion of the large and intelligent communities in the country. And I stated, that neither with regard to that question, nor to the great and complicated question of finance, had I any intention of making a proposition to Parliament, *until public opinion should have been decidedly and emphatically expressed.* . . . Any scheme for dealing with a system so vast and intricate as our financial policy, including within its range not only

duties on foreign imports, but also the incidents and the pressure of local and domestic taxation, requires to be dealt with by a government strong in the confidence, not only of the country, but of Parliament, and able to carry, with the concurrence of Parliament and the country, measures adopted and matured with great deliberation, and with such care and foresight as it is impossible that any Administration could give to such a subject, called suddenly to deal with public affairs, at the commencement of a parliamentary session." These statements met with a very cordial reception from the House, which seemed to feel that nothing could be more just and reasonable, regard being had to the trying position in which the Earl and his Ministry found themselves, through no fault or procurement of their own. He proceeded to say, that he owned they were in a decided minority in the House of Commons; nay, further, that he was even by no means assured of being in a majority in the House of Lords—circumstances surely entitling them, he thought, to the forbearance of opponents, and even, occasionally, to the indulgence of friends. In the mean time, and till he was able to ascertain and act upon the decided opinion of the country and Parliament on the cardinal question of the day, the new Government had abundant work before it, and had prescribed to itself a temperate and moderate course of action, devoting all its energies to measures for improving the social condition and adding to the comforts of the people, and especially simplifying and improving the administration of justice in the courts of law and equity. "I believe," said the Earl of Derby, with dignity, "that in acting thus, even as a minority in the House of Commons, we shall not uselessly or dishonourably conduct the public affairs; and, my lords, I must say, that if interrupted in such a course by a merely factious opposition, I have that confidence in the good sense of the country, that that faction will, at no distant period, recoil upon its authors." This passage produced a loud burst of cheering.

The new Government recognised

the existence of a shameless system of bribery and corruption at parliamentary elections, which had greatly extended itself during the last twenty years, but which they were fixedly resolved to deal with effectually, and visit every one proved to be guilty of it with condign punishment. With reference to a measure which Lord John Russell had introduced during the present session into the House of Commons, "comprising a somewhat miscellaneous assortment of topics, and containing, as a leading feature, a large and extensive alteration of the elective system, and the electoral districts of the country," it was not the intention of the Government to proceed with it. He accompanied that intimation, however, with another, pointedly contrasting with the "finality" declaration of Lord John Russell. The Earl disclaimed altogether the opinion that the Reform Act of 1831 "was a perfect system, incapable of improvement." "I do not, my lords, for a moment pretend to say that the system of representation introduced in 1831 was a perfect system, or incapable of improvement. I think that there may have arisen, and will arise in the course of time, abuses requiring change, and evils demanding a remedy; but, my lords, I say, before you seek to apply a remedy—at all events, before you pledge yourself to a definite plan, and unsettle that which is, be quite sure that you know the course which you are about to pursue. Be satisfied that the evils which you mean to meet do exist; that the remedy which you propose to apply is not calculated to aggravate existing evils. And, my lords," continued the Earl of Derby, speaking with a kind of deferential emphasis, "if I were speaking in the presence of members of the other House of Parliament, I would entreat them seriously to consider the incalculable injury, not only to the monarchy of this country, but ultimately to the real and true liberties of the country, which may arise from constantly—from time to time—unsettling everything and settling nothing; rendering the country dissatisfied with that which is, without in the slightest degree removing the dissatisfaction

of those who are prepared to go much further than any of your lordships could desire! . . . If you will show or prove to us the existence of any substantial grievances, no men will be more ready than my colleagues and myself to endeavour to remove those grievances in the manner which we consider best calculated to insure that end, without endangering the constitution or the internal peace of the country." When the Earl of Derby uttered these weighty sentences, which were received with loud and earnest cries of "Hear! hear! hear!" many of which issued from the cross-benches, he was doubtless aware that Lord John Russell's absurd but mischievous new Reform Bill had alienated from him the countenance of some of his staunchest and most powerful, though silent supporters, whom the Earl of Derby's moderation and firmness of tone upon that topic had commensurately conciliated—a fact of which he received a decisive intimation that very evening.

The last topic of the Earl of Derby's speech was one of transcendent importance—the education of the people; and he dealt with it in a noble and exalted spirit. Our own convictions on this subject are profound and unalterable, and we are satisfied that they are shared with a very great majority of the people of England. This is a matter lying at the very root of the national safety and prosperity; and it is with unspeakable satisfaction that we transcribe the passage, that it may stand recorded in our own columns. It is worthy of being written in letters of gold, as the glory of Christian statesmanship.

"My Lords,* I believe, and I rejoice to believe, that the feelings of the community at large—that the convictions of all classes, high and low, rich and poor, have now come to this conclusion, that the greater the amount of education which you are able to give, and the more widely it is spread among all classes of the community, the greater prospect there is of the tranquillity, the happiness, and well-

being of the community. But, my lords, when I use the term *education*, let me not be misunderstood. By *education*, I do not mean the mere development of the mental faculties—the mere acquisition of temporal knowledge—the mere instruction—useful as, no doubt, that may be—which enables a man simply to improve his condition in life, gives him fresh tastes and fresh habits, and also the means of gratifying such improved tastes. Valuable as that instruction may be, when I speak of *education*, I speak of this, and of this alone, an education involving culture of the mind and culture of the soul; laying the basis and foundation upon a knowledge of the Scripture, and revealed religion. My lords, I desire to look upon all those who are engaged in the work of spreading knowledge, even though they be of communions different from that of which I am a sincere and attached member, rather as fellow soldiers than as rivals, in the warfare against vice and ignorance. But I trust, my lords, I shall say nothing which can be offensive to those who differ with me, and belong to other communions, when I say that for the promotion of education and of religious knowledge, I rest mainly and chiefly upon the exertions, the able, the indefatigable and enlightened exertions, of the parochial clergy of the United Church of England and Ireland. My lords, I look upon that Church as the depository of what I believe to be the truth, and as an instrument of incalculable good here, and leading to still more incalculable good hereafter. I say, my lords, that it is not only the interest, but the duty of her Majesty's Government to uphold and maintain that Church in its integrity, not by penal enactments against those who dissent from her communion, or by violent abuse and invective against the religious faith of those whose errors we may deplore, but to whose consciences we have no right to dictate; but by steadfastly resisting all attempts at aggression against that Church, come from what quarter, and backed by what authority it may,

* Almost every other sentence of this paragraph was followed by loud cheering; but the Earl of Derby continued to speak with calmness and solemnity.

and by lending every power of the Government to support and extend the influence of that Church, in its high and holy calling, with the view of diffusing throughout the length and breadth of the empire (and I speak not of this country alone) that knowledge which can be derived only from the diffusion of the Holy Scriptures."

By this passage of his speech, even had it stood alone, the Earl of Derby established a claim to the hearty confidence, the zealous and enthusiastic support, of every sincere member, lay and clerical, of the Church of England—nay, we go fearlessly much further, and say, of every sincere Christian in the empire, in the portentous times in which we live. And, indeed, we entertain no doubt whatever that this noble declaration has already produced great, though silent, effect, which will be made manifest when the time *for action* shall have arrived. While breathing a spirit of pure and ardent affection for the Church of England, this declaration is not disfigured by the faintest trace of bigotry, intolerance, or uncharitableness; and we thank God that such words are now going forth all over the world, as having been spoken, and on so great an occasion, by the Prime Minister of the Queen of England.

The concluding passage of Lord Derby's memorable exposition was very finely delivered, not with oratorical art, but in a manner which exactly beset the affecting simplicity and solemnity of the matter. He spoke with a dignified manliness, which went to the heart of every one who heard him, friend or opponent, who had a heart that could be reached and influenced by anything worthy and great.

"My Lords, for my own part, when I look to the difficulties which surround my friends and myself, when I look to the various circumstances which must combine to give us a chance of successfully encountering the various difficulties which beset our path, I confess that I am, myself, appalled by the magnitude of the task which I have undertaken. But I believe, and know, that the destinies of nations are in the hands of an over-

ruling Providence! I know that it is often the pleasure of that great Being to work out His own objects by weak and unworthy means. In His presence, I can solemnly aver,* that no motives of personal ambition have led me to aspire to that dangerous eminence on which the favour of my Sovereign has placed me. In the course of my duties, no considerations will sway me, except those which have led me to that eminence—the paramount considerations of public duty. And with this feeling in my mind, and with a deep conviction of the sincerity of my own motives, and trusting to the guidance and blessing of higher powers than my own, I venture to undertake a task from which I should otherwise have shrunk with apprehension of its dangers. And, my lords, be the period of my Administration longer or shorter, not only shall I have obtained the highest object of my personal ambition, but I shall have fulfilled one of the highest ends of human being, if, in the course of that Administration, I can in the slightest degree advance the great object of peace on earth, and good-will among men—if I can advance the social, moral, and religious improvement of my country, and at the same time contribute to the safety, honour, and welfare of our Sovereign and her dominions!" For nearly a minute after Lord Derby had resumed his seat, the House echoed with hearty cheering, which then subsided into a loud hum of conversation; amidst which—suddenly up jumped Earl Grey! and, apparently much to the surprise of the House, proceeded to address it. Without wishing to say or to insinuate anything offensive or discourteous, we can of help observing that there is a great contrast between the two Earls, in countenance, demeanour, and style of speaking; and the advantage is not on the side of Earl Grey. On the present occasion, he was heated and querulous. He did not rise for the purpose of noticing Lord Derby's marked silence as to colonial policy, and eliciting some indication of his views on a

* We shall never forget the tone and the look with which this solemn asseveration was uttered.

subject in which the late Colonial Secretary might have been presumed to take special interest; but he rose exactly in the spirit of a Manchester Corn-law-Exchange agitator—for the purpose of endeavouring to entangle the new Minister in a corn-law discussion! He declared that he had been filled with ‘*consternation*’ on hearing that which Lord Derby instantly rose to assure him had not been said! Notwithstanding Lord Derby explicitly repeated what he had said, Lord Grey proceeded to argue on his own repudiated version, though professing, amidst the laughter of the House, to have been “greatly relieved by the explanation!” Conceiving this to be rather too bad, the Earl of Derby rose a second time, and, in a tone of calm sarcasm, thus indicated to the House the course which his eager opponent seemed bent upon pursuing. “I have already, with the view of correcting the misapprehension of the noble Earl, stated what I believe I *did* say, and what I know I *meant* to say, and the noble Earl thereupon says he is relieved by my explanation. And then he gives a version of what he says he had understood me to say!—but what, I hope, I have satisfactorily explained to your lordships that I did *not* say; and upon that misunderstanding he is proceeding to argue, as if I had not already corrected his misapprehension!” Notwithstanding even this rebuke, delivered with a singularly expressive smile, Earl Grey returned to the charge, manifestly bent upon kindling, at the earliest possible moment, popular excitement, and “consternation” in sympathy with his own. Had he foreseen, however, what was to happen, he would probably not have risen that evening; for he called up a Peer sitting on one of the cross benches—no less a person than Earl Fitzwilliam, a powerful patron of the late Government. His appearance seemed to be welcomed with great complacency by Earl Grey and his friends; for who could doubt that Earl Fitzwilliam was about to say on the subject of a Protectionist Ministry? Of course he was going to denounce, as absurd and impracticable, their attempt to govern the country, and

to predict, in comfortable terms, the immediate resumption of office by their predecessors. But alas! what blank surprise and mortification overspread their countenances—with the exception of the Marquis of Lansdowne—when the liberal Earl proceeded to administer a stern and forcible rebuke to Earl Grey for having risen to make such a speech as his, “after the ample, frank, and honourable manner in which the noble lord at the head of the Government had stated to the House the position in which he stood, and the circumstances under which he had been induced to undertake the great task of forming an Administration! . . . I lament also, my lords, that the noble Earl, instead of taking a comprehensive view of the speech of the noble Earl [Derby,] had chosen to single out one particular topic, and that the most exciting of all. . . . I do not think the noble Earl was entitled to animadvert as he has done, upon the speech of my noble friend.” After briefly expressing his own well-known views on the subject of corn-laws, and charging both the contending parties with entertaining and fostering delusions on the subject, he proceeded to declare “the great satisfaction with which he had heard one part of the speech of the noble Earl at the head of the Government—that in which he announced that he should not carry on the bill of the late Government for altering the Parliamentary representation, because, I believe,” continued Earl Fitzwilliam, “it will not do for the Government to be continually tampering with constitutional rights. And with respect to the new Government, generally, I hope there will be no factious opposition to the measures which they intend to propose; and I think that the noble Earl has been unfairly called upon to make, within so very short a period, a farther declaration of the principles on which he intends to carry on the Government. I shall regret to see any sort of opposition which many persons out of doors will be disposed to characterise with the epithet—*factious*.” The Marquis of Clanricarde upon this rushed to the rescue of his discomfited friend—to “protest against

the censure which my noble friend has thought fit to pronounce upon the noble Earl near me;" but the feeling of the House was manifestly with Earl Fitzwilliam, who had suddenly given utterance, with admirable candour, to a great amount of that public opinion, which *has* so decisively pronounced, for itself, "out of doors." When Lord Clanricarde sat down, two grey-haired peers rose together, at the opposite end of the Opposition side of the House—the Earl of Aberdeen and Lord Brougham, but the latter readily gave way; on which Lord Aberdeen, who spoke with unusual earnestness, and very impressively, declared his determined adherence to the corn-law policy of the late Sir Robert Peel, and that he should oppose any attempt to re-impose duties, under the name of either protection or revenue. He proceeded then to say, and with emphatic cordiality of manner, that he entirely concurred in every other part of the Earl of Derby's speech, especially, as we have already seen, that relating to foreign policy. "I can assure my noble friend," said Lord Aberdeen, in conclusion, "that I am fully aware of the difficulties which he has to encounter; and he may rely on receiving from me, whenever it is in my power, a cordial and most sincere support"—an announcement giving evident satisfaction to the House. Lord Brougham then rose again, evidently in a very friendly spirit towards the Earl of Derby, to express his great gratification at finding that the multifarious public and private business before Parliament was not to be interrupted by "an early dissolution, which was out of the question;" and that the subject of the corn-laws must be postponed till after the general election. He had risen, however, to ask only one question—whether the measures for law amendment could not be at once proceeded with? The Earl of Derby rose with alacrity, to answer in the affirmative; adding, "I am sure that my noble and learned friend will agree with me, that when the Lord Chancellor [Lord St Leonards] takes his seat in this House, he will apply his vigorous powers of mind to the careful consideration of all those measures which

have been recommended by the commissioners." How satisfactorily that pledge was redeemed on the very first night that Lord St Leonards presided in the House of Lords, viz., on the 12th March, our readers must be well aware. A more important speech than that which the new Lord Chancellor then delivered, has rarely been heard from any one of his predecessors; assuring the country that his vast practical knowledge of the subject should be forthwith honestly and zealously applied to the effecting a thorough radical reform in the courts, not only of Chancery, but of common law.

With the Earl of Derby's answer to Lord Brougham, the two hours' sitting of that eventful evening terminated, exactly one of those two hours having been occupied by the Earl of Derby.

No candid person who was present when the Earl delivered his speech, will hesitate to acknowledge that it produced a deep and most favourable impression. We ourselves know that the case was such with several able and determined members of the Liberal party in the House of Commons who stood at the Bar of the House of Lords; one of whom observed, "It is certainly a great speech, and likely to do Lord Derby service with the country." Mr Villiers, however, was also an auditor of the noble Earl; and might have been seen rushing from the House of Lords, and by-and-by in eager and excited conversation with that great statesman Mr Cobden: the result of which was that absurd notice of motion which, the crude product of their joint sagacity, the former gave that evening in the House of Commons, doubtless expecting that it would produce a sensation. Such, however, was not the case: it was received with but faint indications of satisfaction by his own friends; has ludicrously failed to excite attention out of doors; and is already discarded by its astute originators! It bore upon it the glaring brand of Faction; and the country is in far too serious and stern a humour, knowing what it has at stake, to tolerate either trifling or trickery on the part of those who have too long falsified public opinion, and inflicted serious injury on several of the greatest public interests.

Lord Derby's speech was characterised throughout by consummate discretion, and displayed a profound appreciation of the sense and spirit of the country. That great country has received him cordially, and in the spirit in which he had advanced to it. His most sanguine opponents must acknowledge that matters have not hitherto gone as could have been desired, and seems certainly to have been expected, by themselves. The *Funds* will not go down ! and yet Lord Derby has stood on the heights, with flag unfurled, ever since the 27th February 1852—nay, ever since the 28th February 1851 ! He is pledged to nothing but Principles, and has wisely abstained from gratifying his factious enemies, by precipitately pledging himself to specific measures. But such he will in due time bring forward ; and that they will be in strict accordance with his principles, the whole country is sure of, for it knows the firmness, honour, and consistency of his character and conduct. It also knows, and his enemies also well know, that they have to deal, in him, with a man not easily to be daunted, by even the loudest squeaks of the penny trumpets of the Manchester Anti-Corn-Law League gentry. They may rely upon it that they cannot terrify the Earl of Derby, nowever otherwise it may have been with one of his predecessors. They may depend upon it that he has had ample time and opportunity during the last year to ascertain the true sources of his strength and of his weakness ; to mature a policy, based on settled principles ; and select able men to carry it out. He has looked his dangers steadily in the face ; and without affecting to underrate them, has declared his determination to encounter them with patient resolution. Our own belief is, that he possesses more extensive resources than his adversaries are at present aware of, and will use them prudently. One of these resources consists of the conviction prevalent among the vast majority of moderate men of intelligence, that if the Earl of Derby's Administration should fail to keep its place, the inevit-

able alternative is a fearful revolutionary struggle, which would shake our strongest institutions to their very foundations, and convulse society. We lament feeling constrained to express our strong belief, that Lord John Russell, conscious of having forfeited the confidence of some of his most important supporters, is prepared to throw himself unreservedly into the arms of those who, he knows, and cannot but know, will force him infinitely further than in his own recently *declared* opinion he asserted, and in his conscience he believes to be consistent with the safety of the throne, and the preservation of the liberties of the country. We believe that hundreds of thousands in this country take this justly alarming view of his position and purposes ; and are prepared to encounter with a resolute " no ! " the inquiry, whether he shall return again to power with *seven spirits more wicked than himself*.*

We are writing far on in the first month of the new Administration, anxiously watching the signs of the times ; and are totally at a loss to discover a single symptom of national dissatisfaction or disquietude, at the establishment of a thoroughly Conservative Administration. We have noticed, on the contrary, indications of a cheerful acquiescence in the new arrangements, a contemptuous indifference to the worn-out machinery of agitation, and a quiet determination to see fair play. How foolish, indeed, and dangerous would it be to act otherwise ! The late Administration crumbled gradually to pieces before the eyes of the contemptuous country, which then looked about it, and deliberately substituted the present ; and do Lord John Russell and his friends really suppose that this great enlightened country is going to blow down that new Administration like a child's house built of cards ?

We see, however, plainly one part of the tactics which are to be resorted to. They are based on a very natural, a perfectly intelligible, dread lest the new Ministry should be able to show the country that they understand, and can manage its affairs better

* If Lord John Russell should contrive to resume power, his cabinet would unquestionably include Messrs Villiers, Bright, Cobden, Hume, Fox, and probably Wilson. What would be the figure of the *Funds* the next morning ?

than their rivals; and a suspicion that they have it in their power to go to the country, when the proper time arrives, with immense advantages, and a repetition of the result of the general election of 1841. The country, for instance, is groaning under the back-breaking pressure of the Tax upon Incomes, precariously derived from trades and professions; we know—the country knows, what is the Earl of Derby's present view of that iniquitous, that cruel, that abominable tax, which has broken many an honourable heart, and filled many a house with bitter privation, anxiety, and mortification. And why was it imposed? With what declared purpose? And has the solemnly-plighted faith been kept with the public? We have shown how Lord Derby would now answer these questions, because we have shown how he answered them in 1851. A glimpse of daylight lately broke in upon a clear-headed Liberal, as appears by the columns of that very consistent, but caudal, advocate of Free Trade, the *Spectator*.* On the day after Lord Derby had delivered his speech in the House of Lords, there appeared conspicuously in that journal an ably-written letter, "*From a vigilant politician of the Liberal school*," who evidently stands high in the confidence of the editor. Let us hear this gentleman.—"Let us imagine that Lord Derby proposes a 5s. duty, together with a repeal of the Income Tax, as respects professions and trades. *The whole pill, so compounded, would be swallowed by a vast number of Free-Traders*, as well as by the bulk of the agricultural interest, glad to get anything at all in the shape of protection. There is † some little reaction of opinion about Free Trade. . . . A 5s. duty would *not* make bread 'dear.' . . . I think it probable that a general election on the proposal of a 5s. duty, combined with the aforesaid modification of the Income Tax, would yield Lord Derby a majority in the House of Commons." We are ourselves of this opinion; and believe that Lord John Russell and his friends are desperately apprehensive of the effect which may attend some such appeal to the country, and the sub-

stantial popularity which it may earn an honest and firm Government. We verily believe that great numbers of Lord John's friends, and he himself, would see with secret satisfaction the imposition of a fixed duty on foreign corn; but Lord Derby is assuredly not pledged to that particular measure; and in the most honourable manner has declared that nothing shall prevent him from submitting the great question *fairly* to the country itself, and carrying out its deliberate decision faithfully. What can mortal man—the most scrupulously conscientious of mankind—say, or do, more? That justice must be done to the suffering interests of agriculture, in some way or other, only the most blind and bigoted faction will deny, or those *whose craft is in danger*, and who are unconsciously exhibiting the extent of their selfish interest in upholding the existing system, by the large sums which they profess to have subscribed in order to stir up and keep alive agitation. The disgusting effrontery of a handful of Manchester manufacturers, in thus presuming to dictate to the country at large, is already widely appreciated, and will be more so; and Lord Derby can afford to despise it, while keeping a calm, a vigilant, a comprehensive superintendence over all the great national interests intrusted to his keeping by the Sovereign and the country.

It would be foolish to predict with confidence the result of the next general election; but if anything appears tolerably clear, it is this—that those who are resolved to take the opinion of the country on a great national question, *deliberately*, are, *ipso facto*, infinitely better entitled to its confidence than those who would precipitate such an appeal. Very little that is said by a paid agitator, like Mr Cobden, is entitled to respect; but he involuntarily spoke the truth, and disclosed his inward quaking for the result, when the other day he publicly acknowledged the great difficulty of "keeping up the enthusiasm of the people beyond a few weeks!" Does this voluble declaimer suppose that such an admission of the truth is lost upon the great statesman now at the head of affairs?

* February 28, 1852.

† The Italics are those of the writer in the *Spectator*.

The Earl of Derby's Ministry may stand—the Earl of Derby's Ministry may fall; but the country feels that it will do either with honour, and that there will be no “paltering with it in a double sense.” We believe that it will stand, numerous and serious as are the obstacles with which it has to contend; and we also believe, that the opinion is gaining ground among even the more clear-headed of its miscellaneous enemies, that it will not be so very easy to dislodge it from the position which it has now thoroughly occupied. All its honourable opponents recognise the fair spirit in which the Earl of Derby asserted his claims to the forbearance of foes, and the indulgence of friends, while endeavouring honestly to conduct public affairs at a moment when no one else offered, or seemed able, to do so. That forbearance, that indulgence, he is justly entitled to, and, to a great extent, will receive. We

feel that we cannot go far wrong in trusting freely one who has never deceived or betrayed us, and whose whole personal and political character and conduct show that it is impossible he should ever do so. Let, then, both friends and enemies be at their ease for a while; an honourable country trusting implicitly, in a great conjuncture, to one of the most honourable of her sons. As long as he can retain the reins with safety and advantage to his gracious Mistress and the country, he will do so firmly and steadily, and not one moment longer. *But to whom will they have to be surrendered?* It is a fearful question. He is now nobly doing his duty to the country—towards the great party which is proud to see him standing at the helm of the vessel of the State. Let them, in turn, do their duty towards him who has come forward so chivalrously at their bidding; and we say, with a swelling heart,—*On, Stanley! on!*

Every line of the foregoing pages was in type, before the length and breadth of the land was thrilling with delight inspired by the Earl of Derby's splendid reappearance on the scene of the two former triumphs celebrated in those pages; and if we had written after perusing the report of the noble Earl's speech on Monday evening the 15th of March, we should not have modified a single expression, or varied a hair's-breadth from the course which we had taken, after much deliberation concerning the position and prospects of the new Administration, except perhaps in two respects:—First, to note the rapidity with which the noble Earl is visibly satisfying all the conditions, moral and intellectual, of the highest responsible statesmanship; while his noble but unhappy predecessor is dwindling down into a mere baffled tactician and partisan. At the very moment that mere petty spite and virulence were exuding from the leader of an Opposition consisting of a suddenly-fused aggregate of incompatibilities, his noble successor was ascending to a still higher vantage-ground, and calmly unfurling afresh the glittering standard of conservative statesmanship. Calm, resolute, circumspect,

the higher the altitude he has reached, and the more comprehensive the view he has taken, the stronger appears his position, the distincter his enemies' real weakness under the guise of apparent strength. It is now clear to our minds that Lord John Russell and his friends had calculated on prodigious effects springing from causes deemed by himself adequate to produce them, namely, an array of untried officials; and that confusion and “consternation” throughout the country which his friend Lord Grey had, to the very utmost of his little power, striven to excite, under the prospect of a suddenly-reversed commercial policy. *But it will not do.* Faction already “gins pale its ineffectual fires” before patriotism; and the star of Stanley is unquestionably at this moment in the ascendant. Passing over Lord Derby's overpowering *ad hominem* argument to Lord John Russell, reminding him of the day when he was in Lord Derby's position, and held the language which he now denounces in his successor; and the quiet contempt with which the noble Earl disposes of the little worn-out tricks of agitators and demagogues, unable to do more than develop virulent

pustules of local irritation in divers parts, without hurrying the pulse or corrupting the circulation of the general body politic, we come to the Premier's appeal to the state of the public Funds—a topic of confident congratulation in the preceding pages.* Lord Beaumont had made a piteous appeal to the new minister, on behalf of certain petitioners, complaining of the fearful consequences, apparent and apprehended, of the recent changes, and of uncertain policy. "Where," asks the cheerful Earl, speaking upwards of a fortnight after the delivery of his great speech—which we are more than ever satisfied ought to remain prominently under the eye of the country, for the guidance alike of candidates and electors in the approaching great struggle—"where are the indications of alarm, anxiety, and uncertainty?" The public mind seems to be peaceable and content. Is there a more accurate barometer of public feeling than the public funds? Yet, will the noble lord point out a single moment, during the whole time the late Government was in office, when the Funds were so high, were so steady, and had a more decided tendency to advance, than they have at this moment, when, according to the noble Baron, the whole country is in a state of suspense and excitement?" *The Premier's bold challenge remained unanswered*—though Earl Grey, Lord Beaumont, and several other Peers, attempted to reply to other portions of his brilliant, overpowering, and spontaneous speech. But what said, on the ensuing afternoon, the City Article of that able, honourable, but truthful opponent of Protection, the *Sun* newspaper, which has done itself honour by its manly course during the recent crisis? While its leading article vied with the *Times* of that morning in splendid eulogy of Lord Derby's speech, and stern denunciation of the factions against which it had been fulminated, the dry money aspect of the question was thus faithfully indicated: "The English Funds have been very buoyant [Tuesday 16th March, 1852,] and the speech of Lord Derby has given pretty general satisfaction. *Consols* have been 98½ for transfer, and 98½

to 1 for account!" And they have since steadily risen higher! Well might Lord Derby appeal to the beating of this "pulse," and well might discarded state doctors abstain from gainsaying the declaration of their rival!

The mention of Earl Grey's name reminds us of another coincidence between our own foregoing speculations, and the subsequent speech of Earl Derby. We noted pointedly his silence on the Colonial question—though in the provoking presence of Earl Grey. On the evening to which we are now referring, Earl Derby showed how nearly we had groped towards the truth of the case, by letting fall one or two sentences, like ominous drops of a coming storm, against which it would be prudent for Earl Grey to be looking out for shelter. Earl Derby was speaking of the presumed causes of the late Ministry's fall. "When the division on the Militia Bill had taken place, it was the ostensible cause; *the real cause* *is* *the* *different* *and* *perhaps* *the* *noble* *Earl* *Grey* *whom* *I* *see* *taking* *notes* *may* *be* *conscious* *of* *the* *real* *cause*!" Let us hope that when the day of reckoning shall have arrived, that insulted and outraged veteran, Sir Harry Smith, will, amidst the indignant sympathy of the whole country, be alive and present, to witness Lord Derby's squaring of accounts with the late Colonial Secretary.

The whole of Earl Derby's second manifesto is pervaded by a mingled tone of moderation and resolution, eminently calculated to win the favour of those on whose *fiat* all minima must depend—the enlightened public. Some days have elapsed since we penned the preceding pages of this article; and during that interval, having carefully watched the current of events, we declare that all our previous conclusions, not hastily arrived at, are confirmed—that the Earl of Derby will surmount his difficulties, and baffle his desperate, and, we regret being forced to say it, unscrupulous parliamentary opponents. His spirit is thoroughly English. As a people, we love courage, hate injustice, and despise trickery; and every day, every hour's experience shows that

* *Anti*, p. 405.

it is a vile combination of trickery and injustice with which the noble Premier has to deal. With one topic more, we close our article. The tactics of the Opposition, as far as developed on the evening of Monday the 15th March — especially in the House of Commons, where Sir James Graham was to be seen publicly and eagerly bidding for revolutionary support — to our eye clearly indicate that their trump card is — a premature dissolution, and on one particular question, selected by themselves — and framed so as to admit of their war-cry being, as of old, “bread-tax—cheap bread.” It is evident, however, that here is a little reckoning without the host: who has a few words of serious import to say upon the matter. Earl Derby was at that precise moment announcing elsewhere, in resolute and well-weighted terms, that he will “go to the country,” in his own way — and bring out broadly, for the decision of the country, two distinct entire systems of general policy, domestic and foreign, and the conduct and pretensions of the two classes of men — himself and his opponents — concerned in working them out. We invite earnest attention to every word of the ensuing three paragraphs. As to the question concerning a *Duty on Foreign corn*, nothing can be more assuring to his friends, more decisive of waverers, and more embarrassing to enemies, than the following single sentence:—

“I shall leave it to the general concurrence of the country, without which I shall not bring forward that proposition (*loud and general cheering*); and I will not, by a bare majority, force on the country a measure against which a great proportion of the country shall have expressed an opinion.” (*Here the cheering was renewed.*) That declaration alone takes the wind out of the sails of the enemy. As to being goaded into an immediate dissolution:—

“I say that the appeal to the country ought to be made as early as the great interests of the country will permit; but I say further—that, so far as I am individually concerned, no taunt, no challenge, no difficulties to which I may be subjected, no mortification to which I may be exposed, shall induce me to recommend to my Sovereign that the

dissolution of Parliament, however anxious I may be for a decision, shall take place *AN HOUR SOONER* than those great and paramount interests render necessary.” We wish that every member of the House of Commons had been bodily transported into the House of Lords, to observe, and meditate upon, the tone and air, indicative of inflexible purpose, with which this sentence was delivered.

It was, however, the last paragraph of his address, which, weightily worded, and magnificently delivered, carried away the whole House, and has produced a commensurate effect upon the public mind. “We are threatened with far more serious difficulties than opposition to the imposition of a five shilling, six shilling, or seven shilling duty on corn. It is a question whether the government of this country can be carried on, and on what principles, and through what medium: and when I shall appeal to the country, I shall do so on this ground — Will you, who desire well to all the interests of the country, place your confidence in, and give your support to a Government which, in the House of Lords, did not hesitate to take the post of danger, when the helmsman had left the helm? (*Great cheering.*) Will you support a Government which is against hostile attacks: which will maintain the peace of the world: which will uphold the Protestant institutions of the country; which will give strength, and increased power, to religious and moral education throughout the land; and which will exert itself, moreover, I will not hesitate to say, to oppose some barrier against the current, continually encroaching, of democratic influence, which would throw power *nominally*, into the hands of the masses, *practically*, into those of the demagogues who lead them? Will you resist a Government which desires to oppose that noxious and dangerous influence, and to maintain the prerogative of the Crown, the rights of your lords’ House, and the privileges of the other freely-elected and fairly-represented House of Parliament?”

“THESE are the principles on which I shall make my appeal, on behalf of myself and colleagues; and in words which are placed in the mouths of the meanest felons in the dock, and

which are not unworthy of the lips of a First Minister of the Crown, 'I elect that we shall be tried by God, and our country!'

It is recorded by some of the Journals, that this noble appeal, with which the Earl of Derby sate down, was 'received "with tremendous cheering"—a reception it richly deserved: and a similar one it deserves, and will receive, and is receiving already, in every loyal and patriotic assemblage which may have an opportunity of considering it, throughout the nation. It contains the exact issue to be ere long decided by the country. A very solemn issue it is, fraught with momentous consequences, alike to Sovereign and subject—an issue of enormously larger proportions than those to which Lord Derby's enemies

seek so eagerly to reduce it. This pregnant paragraph ought to be a kind of watchword during the coming fight. It shows a distinct perception by the speaker of a fact indicated by ourselves in the preceding pages—that Lord Derby's Government is separated from its predecessors, and its present newly-combined opponents, by a GREAT GULF. That gulf is REVOLUTION; and every moderate politician and staunch lover of his country, without respect to Whig or Tory, Protectionist or Free-Trader, at this moment has that gulf yawning before his eyes.

We see a signal beauty and force in the Earl of Derby's concluding reference to a formula of our ancient criminal jurisprudence: and completing that reference, we fervently add—"*God send thee A GOOD DELIVERANCE!*"

MY NOVEL; OR, VARIETIES IN ENGLISH LIFE.

BY PISISTRATU.

BOOK X. CONTINUED.—CHAPTER X.

THE next morning Harley appeared at breakfast. He was in gay spirits, and conversed more freely with Violante than he had yet done. He seemed to amuse himself by attacking all she said, and provoking her to argument. Violante was naturally a very earnest person; whether grave or gay, she spoke with her heart on her lips, and her soul in her eyes. She did not yet comprehend the light vein of Harley's irony; so she grew piqued and chafed; and she was so lovely in anger; it so brightened her beauty and animated her words, that no wonder Harley thus maliciously teased her. But what, perhaps, she liked still less than the teasing—though she could not tell why—was the kind of familiarity that Harley assumed with her—a familiarity as if he had known her all her life—that of a good-humoured elder brother, or a bachelor uncle. To Helen, on the contrary, when he did not address her apart, his manner was more respectful. He did not call *her* by her Christian name, as he did Violante, but "Miss Digby," and softened his tone and inclined his head when he spoke to her. Nor did he presume to jest at the very few and brief sentences he

drew from Helen; but rather listened to them with deference, and invariably honoured them with approval. After breakfast he asked Violante to play or sing: and when she frankly owned how little she had cultivated those accomplishments, he persuaded Helen to sit down to the piano, and stood by her side while she did so, turning over the leaves of her music-book with the ready devotion of an admiring amateur. Helen always played well, but less well than usual that day, for her generous nature felt abashed. It was as if she was showing off to mortify Violante. But Violante, on the other hand, was so passionately fond of music that she had no feeling left for the sense of her own inferiority. Yet she sighed when Helen rose, and Harley thanked her for the delight she had given him.

The day was fine. Lady Lansmere proposed to walk in the garden. While the ladies went up-stairs for their shawls and bonnets, Harley lighted his cigar, and stepped from the window upon the lawn. Lady Lansmere joined him before the girls came out.

"Harley," said she, taking his arm "what a charming companion you have introduced to us! I never me

with any that both pleased and delighted me like this dear *Violante*. Most girls who possess some power of conversation, and who have dared to think for themselves, are so pedantic, or so masculine; but *she* is always so simple, and always still the girl. Ah, *Harley*!

"Why that sigh, my dear mother?"

"I was thinking how exactly she would have suited you—how proud I should have been of such a daughter-in-law—and how happy you would have been with such a wife."

Harley started. "Tut," said he, peevishly, "she is a mere child; you forget my years."

"Why," said *Lady Lansmere*, surprised, "Helen is quite as young as *Violante*."

"In dates—yes. But Helen's character is so staid;—what it is now it will be ever; and Helen, from gratitude, respect, or pity, condescends to accept the ruins of my heart;—while this bright Italian has the soul of a Juliet, and would expect in a husband all the passion of a Romeo. Nay, mother, hush. Do you forget that I am engaged— and of my own free will and choice? Poor dear Helen! Apropos, have you spoken to my father, as you undertook to do?"

"Not yet. I must seize the right moment. You know that my lord requires management."

"My dear mother, that female notion of managing us, men, costs you, ladies, a great waste of time, and occasions us a great deal of sorrow. Men are easily managed by plain truth. We are brought up to respect it, strange as it may seem to you!"

Lady Lansmere smiled with the air of superior wisdom, and the experience of an accomplished wife. "Leave it to me, *Harley*; and rely on my lord's consent."

Harley knew that *Lady Lansmere* always succeeded in obtaining her way with his father; and he felt that the Earl might naturally be disappointed in such an alliance, and, without due propitiation, evince that disappointment in his manner to Helen. *Harley* was bound to save her from all chance of such humiliation. He did not wish her to think that she was not welcomed into his family; therefore he said, "I resign myself to your promise and

your diplomacy. Meanwhile, as you love me, be kind to my betrothed."

"Am I not so?"

"Hem. Are you as kind as if she were the great heiress you believe *Violante* to be?"

"Is it," answered *Lady Lansmere*, evading the question—"is it because one is an heiress and the other is not that you make so marked a difference in your own manner to the two; treating *Violante* as a spoiled child, and Miss Digby as"—

"The destined wife of Lord L'Es-trange, and the daughter-in-law of *Lady Lansmere*—yes."

The Countess suppressed an impatient exclamation that rose to her lips, for *Harley's* brow wore that serious aspect which it rarely assumed save when he was in those moods in which men must be soothed, not resisted. And after a pause he went on—"I am going to leave you to-day. I have engaged apartments at the Clarendon. I intend to gratify your wish, so often expressed, that I should enjoy what are called the pleasures of my rank, and the privileges of single-blessedness—celebrate my adieu to celibacy, and blaze once more, with the splendour of a setting sun, upon Hyde Park and May Fair."

"You are a positive enigma. Leave our house, just when you are betrothed to its inmate! Is that the natural conduct of a lover?"

"How can your woman eyes be so dull, and your woman heart so obtuse?" answered *Harley*, half-laughing, half-scolding. "Can you not guess that I wish that Helen and myself should both lose the association of mere ward and guardian; that the very familiarity of our intercourse under the same roof almost forbids us to be lovers; that we lose the joy to meet, and the pang to part. Don't you remember the story of the Frenchman, who for twenty years loved a lady, and never missed passing his evenings at her house. She became a widow. 'I wish you joy,' cried his friend; 'you may now marry the woman you have so long adored.' 'Alas,' said the poor Frenchman, profoundly dejected; 'and if so, where shall I spend my evenings?'"

Here *Violante* and Helen were seen in the garden, walking affectionately, arm in arm.

"I don't perceive the point of your witty, heartless anecdote," said Lady Lansmere, obstinately. "Settle that, however, with Miss Digby. But, to leave the very day after your friend's daughter comes as a guest!—what will *she* think of it?"

Lord L'Estrange looked steadfastly at his mother. "Does it matter much what she thinks of me?—of a man engaged to another; and old enough to be—"

"I wish to Heaven you would not talk of your age, Harley; it is a reflection upon mine; and I never saw you look so well nor so handsome." With that, she drew him on towards the young ladies; and, taking Helen's arm, asked her, aside, "if she knew that Lord L'Estrange had engaged rooms at the Clarendon; and if she understood why?" As, while she said this she moved on, Harley was left by Violante's side.

"You will be very dull here, I fear, my poor child," said he.

"Dull! But why *will* you call me child? Am I so very—very child-like?"

"Certainly, you are to me—a mere infant. Have I not seen you one; have I not held you in my arms?"

VIOLANTE.—"But that was a long time ago!"

HARLEY.—"True. But if years have not stood still for you, they have not been stationary for me. There is the same difference between us now that there was then. And, therefore, permit me still to call you child, and as child to treat you!"

VIOLANTE.—"I will do no such thing. Do you know that I always thought I was good-tempered till this morning."

HARLEY.—"And what undeceived you? Did you break your doll?"

VIOLANTE, (with an indignant flash from her dark eyes).—"There!—again!—you delight in provoking me!"

HARLEY.—"It *was* the doll, then. Don't cry; I will get you another."

Violante plucked her arm from him, and walked away towards the Count-

ess in speechless scorn. Harley's brow contracted, in thought and in gloom. He stood still for a moment or so, and then joined the ladies.

"I am trespassing sadly on your morning; but I wait for a visitor whom I sent to before you were up. He is to be here at twelve. With your permission, I will dine with you to-morrow, and you will invite him to meet me."

"Certainly. And who is your friend? I guess—the young author?"

"Leonard Fairfield," cried Violante, who had conquered, or felt ashamed, of her short-lived anger.

"Fairfield!" repeated Lady Lansmere. "I thought, Harley, you said the name was Oran."

"He has assumed the latter name. He is the son of Mark Fairfield, who married an Avenel. Did you recognise no family likeness?—none in those eyes,—mother?" said Harley, sinking his voice into a whisper.

"No," answered the Countess, filteringly.

Harley, observing that Violante was now speaking to Helen about Leonard, and that neither was listening to him, resumed in the same low tone, "And his mother—Nora's sister—shrank from seeing me! That is the reason why I wished you not to call. She has not told the young man *why* she shrank from seeing me, nor have I explained it to him as yet. Perhaps I never shall."

"Indeed, dearest Harley," said the Countess, with great gentleness, "I wish you too much to forget the folly—well, I will not say that word—the sorrows, of your boyhood, not to hope that you will rather strive against such painful memories than renew them by unnecessary confidence to any one; least of all to the relation of—"

"Enough!—don't name her; the very name pains me. And as to confidence, there are but two persons in the world to whom I ever bare the old wounds—yourself and Egerton. Let this pass. Ha!—a ring at the bell—that is he!"

CHAPTER XI.

Leonard entered on the scene, and joined the party in the garden. The Countess, perhaps to please her son, was more than civil—she was mark-

edly kind to him. She noticed him more attentively than she had hitherto done; and, with all her prejudices of birth, was struck to find the

son of Mark Fairfield the carpenter so thoroughly the gentleman. He might not have the exact tone and phrase by which Convention stereotypes those born and schooled in a certain world; but the aristocrats of Nature can dispense with such trite minutiae. And Leonard had lived, of late at least, in the best society that exists, for the polish of language and the refinement of manners,—the society in which the most graceful ideas are clothed in the most graceful forms—the society which really, though indirectly, gives the law to courts—the society of the most classic authors, in the various ages in which literature has flowered forth from civilisation. And if there was something in the exquisite sweetness of Leonard's voice, look, and manner, which the Countess acknowledged to attain that perfection in high breeding,

which, under the name of "suavity," steals its way into the heart, so her interest in him was aroused by a certain subdued melancholy which is rarely without distinction, and never without charm. He and Helen exchanged but few words. There was but one occasion in which they could have spoken apart, and Helen herself contrived to elude it. His face brightened at Lady Lansmere's cordial invitation, and he glanced at Helen as he accepted it; but her eye did not meet his own.

"And now," said Harley, whistling to Nero, whom his ward was silently caressing. "I must take Leonard away. Adieu! all of you, till to-morrow at dinner. Miss Violante, is the doll to have blue eyes or black?"

Violante turned her own black eyes in mute appeal to Lady Lansmere, and nestled to that lady's side as if in refuge from unworthy insult.

CHAPTER VII.

"Let the carriage go to the Clarendon," said Harley to his servant; "I and Mr Oran will walk to town. Leonard, I think you would rejoice at an occasion to serve your old friends, Dr Riccabocca and his daughter?"

"Serve them! O yes." And there instantly returned to Leonard the recollection of Violante's words when, on leaving his quiet village he had sighed to part from all those he loved; and the little dark-eyed girl had said proudly, yet consolingly, "But to serve those you love!" He turned to L'Estrange with beaming inquisitive eyes.

"I said to our friend," resumed Harley, "that I would vouch for your honour as my own. I am about to prove my words, and to confide the secrets which your penetration has indeed divined;—our friend is not what he seems." Harley then briefly related to Leonard the particulars of the exile's history, the rank he had held in his native land, the manner in which, partly through the misrepresentations of a kinsman he had trusted, partly through the influence of a wife he had loved, he had been driven into schemes which he believed bounded to the emancipation of Italy from a foreign yoke by the united exertions of her best and bravest sons.

"A noble ambition," interrupted Leonard, manfully. "And pardon

me, my lord. I should not have thought that you would speak of it in a tone that implies blame."

"The ambition in itself was noble," answered Harley. "But the cause to which it was devoted became defiled in its dark channel through Secret Societies. It is the misfortune of all miscellaneous political combinations, that with the purest motive of their more generous members are ever mixed the most sordid interests, and the fiercest passions of mean confederates. When those combinations act openly, and in daylight, under the eye of Public Opinion, the healthier elements usually prevail; where they are shrouded in mystery—where they are subjected to no censor in the discussion of the impartial and dispassionate—where cliques working in the dark exact blind obedience, and every man who is at war with law is at once admitted as a friend of freedom—the history of the world tells us that patriotism soon passes away. Where all is in public, public virtue, by the natural sympathies of the common mind, and by the wholesome control of shame, is likely to obtain ascendancy; where all is in private, and shame is but for him who refuses the abnegation of his conscience, each man seeks the indulgence of his private vice. And

hence, in Secret Societies, (from which may yet proceed great danger to all Europe,) we find but foul and hateful Eleusinia, affording pretexts to the ambition of the great, to the license of the penurious, to the passions of the revengeful, to the anarchy of the ignorant. In a word, the societies of these Italian Carbonari did but engender schemes in which the abler chiefs disguised new forms of despotism, and in which the revolutionary many looked forward to the overthrow of all the institutions that stand between Law and Chaos. Naturally, therefore," (added L'Estrange, dryly,) "when their schemes were detected, and the conspiracy foiled, it was for the silly honest men entrapped into the league to suffer—the leaders turned king's evidence, and the common mercenaries became—banditti." Harley then proceeded to state that it was just when the *soi-disant* Riccabocca had discovered the true nature and ulterior views of the conspirators he had joined, and actually withdrawn from their councils, that he was denounced by the kinsman who had duped him into the enterprise, and who now profited by his treason. Harley next spoke of the packet despatched by Riccabocca's dying wife, as it was supposed, to Mrs Bertram; and of the hopes he founded on the contents of that packet, if discovered. He then referred to the design which had brought Peschiera to England—a design which that personage had avowed with such effrontery to his companions at Vienna, that he had publicly laid wagers on his success.

"But these men can know nothing of England—of the safety of English laws," said Leonard, naturally. "We take it for granted that Riccabocca, if I am still so to call him, refuses his consent to the marriage between his daughter and his foe. Where, then, the danger? This Count, even if Violante were not under your mother's roof, could not get an opportunity to see her. He could not attack the house and carry her off like a feudal baron in the middle ages."

"All this is very true," answered Harley. "Yet I have found through life that we cannot estimate danger by external circumstances, but by the character of those from whom it

is threatened. This Count is a man of singular audacity, of no mean natural talents—talents practised in every art of duplicity and intrigue; one of those men whose boast it is that they succeed in whatever they undertake; and he is, here, urged on the one hand by all that can whet the avarice, and on the other, by all that can give invention to despair. Therefore, though I cannot guess what plan he may possibly adopt, I never doubt that some plan, formed with cunning and pursued with daring, will be embraced the moment he discovers Violante's retreat, unless, indeed, we can forestall all peril by the restoration of her father, and the detection of the fraud and falsehood to which Peschiera owes the fortune he appropriates. Thus, while we must prosecute to the utmost our inquiries for the missing documents, so it should be our care to possess ourselves, if possible, of such knowledge of the Count's machinations as may enable us to defeat them. Now, it was with satisfaction that I learned in Germany that Peschiera's sister was in London. I know enough both of his disposition and of the intimacy between himself and this lady, to make me think it probable he will seek to make her his instrument and accomplice, should he require one. Peschiera (as you may suppose by his audacious wager) is not one of those secret villains who would cut off their right hand if it could betray the knowledge of what was done by the left—rather one of those self-confident vaunting knaves, of high animal spirits, and conscience so obtuse that it clouds their intellect—who must have some one to whom they can boast of their abilities and confide their projects. And Peschiera has done all he can to render this poor woman so wholly dependent on him, as to be his slave and his tool. But I have learned certain traits in her character that show it to be impressionable to good, and with tendencies to honour. Peschiera had taken advantage of the admiration she excited, some years ago, in a rich young Englishman, to entice this admirer into gambling, and sought to make his sister both a decoy and an instrument in his designs of plunder. She did not encourage the addresses of our

countryman, but she warned him of the snare laid for him, and entreated him to leave the place lest her brother should discover and punish her honesty. The Englishman told me this himself. In fine, my hope of detaching this poor lady from Peschiera's interests, and inducing her to forewarn us of his purpose, consists but in the innocent, and, I hope, laudable artifice, of redeeming herself—of appealing to, and calling into disused exercise, the better springs of her nature."

Leonard listened with admiration and some surprise to the singularly subtle and sagacious insight into character which Harley evinced in the brief clear strokes by which he had thus depicted Peschiera and Beatrice, and was struck by the boldness with which Harley rested a whole system of action upon a few deductions drawn from his reasonings on human motive and characteristic bias. Leonard had not expected to find so much practical acuteness in a man who, however accomplished, usually seemed indifferent, dreamy, and abstracted to the ordinary things of life. But Harley L'Estrange was one of those whose powers lie dormant till circumstance applies to them all they need for activity—the stimulant of a motive.

Harley resumed—"After a conversation I had with the lady last night, it occurred to me that in this part of our diplomacy you could render us essential service. Madame di Negra—such is the sister's name—has conceived an admiration for your genius, and a strong desire to know you personally. I have promised to present you to her; and I shall do so after a preliminary caution. The lady is very handsome, and very fascinating. It is possible that your heart and your senses may not be proof against her attractions."

"O, do not fear that!" exclaimed Leonard, with a tone of conviction so earnest that Harley smiled.

"Forewarned is not always fore-armed against the might of Beauty, my dear Leonard; so I cannot at once accept your assurance. But listen to me: Watch yourself narrowly, and if you find that you are likely to be captivated, promise, on your honour, to retreat at once from the field. I

have no right, for the sake of another, to expose you to danger; and Madame di Negra, whatever may be her good qualities, is the last person I should wish to see you in love with."

"In love with her! Impossible!"

"Impossible is a strong word," returned Harley; "still, I own fairly (and this belief alone warrants me in trusting you to her fascinations) that I do think, as far as one man can judge of another, that she is not the woman to attract you; and, if filled by one pure and generous object in your intercourse with her, you will see her with purged eyes. Still I claim your promise as one of honour."

"I give it," said Leonard positively. "But how can I serve Riccabocca? How aid in—"

"Thus," interrupted Harley. "The spell of your writings is, that, unconsciously to ourselves, they make us better and nobler. And your writings are but the impressions struck off from your mind. Your conversation, when you are roused, has the same effect. And as you grow more familiar with Madame di Negra, I wish you to speak of your boyhood, your youth. Describe the exile as you have seen him—so touching amidst his foibles, so grand amidst the petty privations of his fallen fortunes, so benevolent while poring over his hateful Machiavel, so stingsless in his wisdom of the serpent, so playfully astute in his innocence of the dove—I leave the picture to your knowledge of humour and pathos. Describe Violante brooding over her Italian poets, and filled with dreams of her fatherland; describe her with all the flashes of her princely nature, shining forth through humble circumstance and obscure position; waken in your listener compassion, respect, admiration for her kindred exiles;—and I think our work is done. She will recognise evidently those whom her brother seeks. She will question you closely where you met with them—where they now are. Protect that secret: say at once that it is not your own. Against your descriptions and the feelings they excite, she will not be guarded as against mine. And there are other reasons why your influence over this woman of mixed nature may be more direct and effectual than my own."

"Nay, I cannot conceive that."

"Believe it, without asking me to explain," answered Harley.

For he did not judge it necessary to say to Leonard, "I am high-born and wealthy—you a peasant's son, and living by your exertions. This woman is ambitious and distressed. She might have projects on me that would counteract mine on her. You she would but listen to, and receive, through the sentiments of good or of poetical that are in her—you she would have no interest to subjugate, no motive to ensnare."

"And now," said Harley, turning the subject, "I have another object in view. This foolish sage friend of ours, in his bewilderment and fears, has sought to save *Violante* from one rogue by promising her hand to a man who, unless my instincts deceive me, I suspect much disposed to be another. Sacrifice such exuberance of life and spirit to that bloodless heart, to that cold and earthward intellect! By Heavens, it shall not be!"

"But whom can the exile possibly have seen of birth and fortunes to render him a fitting spouse for his daughter? Whom, my lord, except yourself?"

"Me!" exclaimed Harley, angrily, and changing colour. "I worthy of such a creature? I—with my habits! I—silken egotist that I am! And you, a poet, to form such an estimate of one who might be the queen of a poet's dream!"

"My lord, when we sate the other night round *Riccabocca's* hearth—when I heard her speak, and observed you listen, I said to myself, from such knowledge of human nature as comes, we know not how, to us poets—I said, 'Harley L'Estrange has looked long and wistfully on the heavens, and he now hears the murmur of the wings that can waft him towards them.' And then I sighed, for I thought how the world rules us all in spite of ourselves. And I said, 'What pity for both, that the exile's daughter is not the worldly equal of the peer's son!' And you too sighed, as I thus thought; and I fancied that while

you listened to the music of the wing, you felt the iron of the chain. But the exile's daughter is your equal in birth, and you are hers in heart and in soul."

"My poor Leonard, you rave," answered Harley, calmly. "And if *Violante* is not to be some young prince's bride, she should be some young poet's."

"Poet's! O, no!" said Leonard, with a gentle laugh. "Poets need repose where *they* love!"

Harley was struck by the answer, and mused over it in silence. "I comprehend," thought he; "it is a new light that dawns on me. What is needed by the man, whose whole life is one strain after glory—whose soul sinks, in fatigue, to the companionship of earth—is not the love of a nature like his own. He is right—it is repose! While I, it is true! Boy that he is, his intuitions are wiser than all my experience! It is excitement—energy—elevation, that Love should bestow on me. But I have chosen; and, at least, with Helen my life will be calm, and my hearth sacred. Let the rest sleep in the same grave as my youth."

"But," said Leonard, wishing kindly to arouse his noble friend from a reverie which he felt was mournful, though he did not divine its true cause—"but you have not yet told me the name of the Signora's suitor. May I know?"

"Probably one you never heard of. *Randal Leslie*—a placeman. You refused a place;—you were right."

"*Randal Leslie*? Heaven forbid!" cried Leonard, revealing his surprise at the name.

"Amen! But what do you know of him?"

Leonard related the story of *Burley's* pamphlet.

Harley seemed delighted to hear his suspicions of *Randal* confirmed. "The paltry pretender!—and yet I fancied that he might be formidable! However, we must dismiss him for the present;—we are approaching *Madame di Negra's* house. Prepare yourself, and remember your promise."

CHAPTER XIII.

Some days have passed by. Leonard and *Beatrice di Negra* have already

made friends. Harley is satisfied with his young friend's report. He him-

self has been actively occupied. He has sought, but hitherto in vain, all trace of Mrs Bertram; he has put that investigation into the hands of his lawyer, and his lawyer has not been more fortunate than himself. Moreover, Harley has blazed forth again in the London world, and promises again *de faire fureur*; but he has always found time to spend some hours in the twenty-four at his father's house. He has continued much the same tone with Violante, and she begins to accustom herself to it, and reply saucily. His calm courtship to Helen flows on in silence. Leonard, too, has been a frequent guest at the Lansmeres': all welcome and like him there. Peschiera has not evinced any sign of the deadly machinations ascribed to him. He goes less into the drawing-room world: he meets Lord L'Estrange there; and brilliant and handsome though Peschiera be, Lord L'Estrange, like Rob Roy Macgregor, is "on his native heath," and has the decided advantage over the foreigner. Peschiera, however, shines in the clubs, and plays high. Still scarcely an evening passes in which he and Baron Levy do not meet.

Audley Egerton has been intensely occupied with affairs. Only seen once by Harley. Harley then was about to deliver himself of his sentiments respecting Randal Leslie, and to communicate the story of Burley and the pamphlet. Egerton stopped him short.

"My dear Harley, don't try to set me against this young man. I wish to hear nothing to his disfavour. In the first place, it would not alter the line of conduct I mean to adopt with regard to him. He is my wife's kinsman; I charged myself with his career, as a wish of hers, and therefore as a duty to myself. In attaching him so young to my own fate, I drew him necessarily away from the professions in which his industry and talents (for he has both in no common degree) would have secured his fortunes; therefore, be he bad, be he good, I shall try to provide for him as I best can; and, moreover, cold as I am to him, and worldly though perhaps he be, I have somehow or other conceived an interest in him—a liking to him. He has been under my roof, he is dependent on me; he has been docile and prudent, and I am a lone

childless man; therefore, spare him, since in so doing you spare me; and ah, Harley, I have so many cares on me now, that—"

"O, say no more, my dear, dear Audley," cried the generous friend; "how little people know you!"

Audley's hand trembled. Certainly his nerves began to show wear and tear.

Meanwhile, the object of this dialogue—the type of perverted intellect—of mind without heart—of knowledge which had no aim but power—was in a state of anxious perturbed gloom. He did not know whether wholly to believe Levy's assurance of his patron's ruin. He could not believe it when he saw that great house in Grosvenor Square, its hall crowded with lacqueys, its sideboard blazing with plate; when no dun was ever seen in the antechamber; when not a tradesman was ever known to call twice for a bill. He hinted to Levy the doubts all these phenomena suggested to him; but the Baron only smiled ominously and said—

"True, the tradesmen are always paid; but the *how* is the question! Randal, *mon cher*, you are too innocent. I have but two pieces of advice to suggest, in the shape of two proverbs—'Wise rats run from a falling house,' and 'Make hay while the sun shines.' Apropos, Mr Avenel likes you greatly, and has been talking of the borough of Lansmere for you. He has contrived to get together a great interest there. Make much of him."

Randal had indeed been to Mrs Avenel's *soirée dansante*, and called twice and found her at home, and been very bland and civil, and admired the children. She had two, a boy and a girl, very like their father, with open faces as bold as brass. And as all this had won Mrs Avenel's good graces, so it had propitiated her husband's. Avenel was shrewd enough to see how clever Randal was. He called him "smart," and said "he would have got on in America," which was the highest praise Dick Avenel ever accorded to any man. But Dick himself looked a little careworn; and this was the first year in which he had murmured at the bills of his wife's dressmaker, and said with an oath, that "there was such a thing as going *too* much ahead."

Randal had visited Dr Riccabocca, and found Violante flown. True to his promise to Harley, the Italian refused to say where, and suggested, as was agreed, that for the present it would be more prudent if Randal suspended his visits to himself. Leslie, not liking this proposition, attempted to make himself still necessary, by working on Riccabocca's fears as to that espionage on his retreat, which had been among the reasons that had hurried the sage into offering Randal Violante's hand. But Riccabocca had already learned that the fancied spy was but his neighbour Leonard; and, without so saying, he cleverly contrived to make the supposition of such espionage an additional reason for the cessation of Leslie's visits. Randal, then, in his own artful, quiet, roundabout way, had sought to find out if any communication had passed between L'Estrange and Riccabocca. Brooding over Harley's words to him, he suspected there had been such communication, with his usual penetrating astuteness. Riccabocca, here, was less on his guard, and rather parried the sidelong questions than denied their inferences.

Randal began already to surmise the truth. Where was it likely Violante should go but to the Lansmeres'? This confirmed his idea of Harley's pretensions to her hand. With such a rival what chance had he? Randal never doubted for a moment that the pupil of Machiavel would 'throw him over,' if such an alliance to his daughter really presented itself. The schemer at once discarded from his project all further aim on Violante: either she would be poor, and he would not have her; or she would be rich, and her father would give her to another. As his heart had never been touched by the fair Italian, so the moment her inheritance became more than doubtful, it gave him no pang to lose her; but he did feel very sore and resentful at the thought of

being supplanted by Lord L'Estrange, the man who had insulted him.

Neither, as yet, had Randal made any way in his designs on Frank. For several days Madame di Negra had not been at home, either to himself or young Hazeldean; and Frank, though very unhappy, was piqued and angry; and Randal suspected, and suspected, and suspected, he knew not exactly what, but that the devil was not so kind to him there as that father of lies ought to have been to a son so dutiful. Yet, with all these discouragements, there was in Randal Leslie so dogged and determined a conviction of his own success—there was so great a tenacity of purpose under obstacles, and so vigilant an eye upon all chances that could be turned to his favour, that he never once abandoned hope, nor did more than change the details in his main schemes. Out of calculations apparently the most far-fetched and improbable, he had constructed a patient policy, to which he obstinately clung. How far his reasonings and patience served to his ends, remains yet to be seen. But could our contempt for the baseness of Randal himself be separated from the faculties which he elaborately degraded to the service of that baseness, one might allow that there was something one could scarcely despise in this still self-reliance, this inflexible resolve. Had such qualities, aided as they were by abilities of no ordinary acuteness, been applied to objects commonly honest, one would have backed Randal Leslie against any fifty picked prizemen from the colleges. But there are judges of weight and metal, who do that now, especially Baron Levy, who says to himself as he eyes that pale face all intellect, and that spare form all nerve, "This is a man who must make way in life; he is worth helping."

By the words "worth helping," Baron Levy meant "worth getting into my power, that he may help me."

CHAPTER XIV.

But Parliament had met. Events that belong to history had contributed yet more to weaken the administration. Randal Leslie's interest became absorbed in politics; for the stake to him was his whole political career.

Should Audley lose office, and for good, Audley could aid him no more; but to abandon his patron, as Levy recommended, and pin himself, in the hope of a seat in Parliament, to a stranger—an obscure stranger, like

Dick Avenel—that was a policy not to be adopted at a breath. Meanwhile, almost every night, when the House met, that pale face and spare form, which Lévy so identified with shrewdness and energy, might be seen amongst the benches appropriated to those more select strangers who obtained the Speaker's order of admission. There Randal heard the great men of that day, and with the half contemptuous surprise at their fame, which is common enough amongst clever, well-educated young men, who know not what it is to speak in the House of Commons. He heard much slovenly English, much trite reasoning, some eloquent thoughts, and close argument, often delivered in a jerking tone of voice, (popularly called the Parliamentary *twang*,) and often accompanied by gesticulations that would have shocked the manager of a provincial theatre. He thought how much better than these great dons (with but one or two exceptions) he himself could speak—with what more refined logic—with what more polished periods—how much more like Cicero and Burke! Very probably he might have so spoken, and for that very reason have made that dearest of all dead failures—an excellent spoken essay. One thing, however, he was obliged to own, viz., that in a popular representative assembly it is not precisely knowledge which is power, or if knowledge, it is but the knowledge of that particular assembly, and what will best take with it;—passion, invective, sarcasm, bold declamation, shrewd common sense, the readiness so rarely found in a very profound mind—he owned that all these were the qualities that told; when a man who exhibited nothing but “knowledge,” in the ordinary sense of the word, stood an imminent chance of being coughed down.

There at his left—last but one in the row of the ministerial chiefs—Randal watched Audley Egerton, his arms folded on his breast, his hat drawn over his brows, his eyes fixed with steady courage on whatever speaker in the Opposition held possession of the floor. And twice Randal heard Egerton speak, and marvelled much at the effect that minister produced. For of those qualities enumerated

above, and which Randal had observed to be most sure of success, Audley Egerton only exhibited to a marked degree—the common sense, and the readiness. And yet, though but little applauded by noisy cheers, no speaker seemed more to satisfy friends, and command respect from foes. The true secret was this, which Randal might well not divine, since that young person, despite his ancient birth, his Eton rearing, and his refined air, was not one of Nature's gentlemen;—the true secret was, that Audley Egerton moved, looked, and spoke, like a thorough gentleman of England. A gentleman of more than average talents and of long experience, speaking his sincere opinions—not a rhetorician aiming at effect. Moreover, Egerton was a consummate man of the world. He said, with nervous simplicity, what his party desired to be said, and put what his opponents felt to be the strong points of the case. Calm and decorous, yet spirited and energetic, with little variety of tone, and action subdued and rare, but yet signalised by earnest vigour, Audley Egerton impressed the understanding of the dullest, and pleased the taste of the most fastidious.

But once, when allusions were made to a certain popular question, on which the premier had announced his resolution to refuse all concession, and on the expediency of which it was announced that the cabinet was nevertheless divided—and when such allusions were coupled with direct appeals to Mr Egerton, as “the enlightened member of a great commercial constituency,” and with a flattering doubt that “that right honourable gentleman, member for that great city, identified with the cause of the Burgher class, could be so far behind the spirit of the age as his official chief,”—Randal observed that Egerton drew his hat still more closely over his brows and turned to whisper with one of his colleagues. He could not be *got up* to speak.

That evening Randal walked home with Egerton, and intimated his surprise that the minister had declined what seemed to him a good occasion for one of those brief, weighty replies by which Audley was chiefly distin-

guished, an occasion to which he had been loudly invited by the "hears" of the House.

"Leslie," answered the statesman briefly, "I owe all my success in Parliament to this rule—I have never spoken against my convictions. I intend to abide by it to the last."

"But if the question at issue comes before the House, you will vote against it?"

"Certainly, I vote as a member of the cabinet. But since I am not leader and mouthpiece of the party, I retain the privilege to speak as an individual."

"Ah, my dear Mr Egerton," exclaimed Randal, "forgive me. But this question, right or wrong, has got such hold of the public mind. So little, if conceded in time, would give content; and it is so clear (if I may judge by the talk I hear everywhere I go) that, by refusing all concession, the government must fall, that I wish"—

"So do I wish," interrupted Egerton, with a gloomy impatient sigh—"so do I wish! But what avails it? If my advice had been taken but three weeks ago—now it is too late—we could have doubled the rock; we refused, we must split upon it."

This speech was so unlike the discreet and reserved minister, that Randal gathered courage to proceed with an idea that had occurred to his own sagacity. And before I state it, I must add that Egerton had of late shown much more personal kindness to his *protégé*; that, whether his spirits were broken, or that at last, close and compact as his nature of bronze was, he felt the imperious want to groan aloud in some loving ear, the stern Audley seemed tamed and softened. So Randal went on.

"May I say what I have heard expressed with regard to you and your position—in the streets—in the clubs?"

"Yes, it is in the streets and the clubs that statesmen should go to school. Say on."

"Well, then, I have heard it made a matter of wonder why you, and one or two others I will not name, do not at once retire from the ministry, and on the avowed ground that you side with the public feeling on this irresistible question."

"Eh!"

"It is clear that in so doing you would become the most popular man in the country—clear that you would be summoned back to power on the shoulders of the people. No new cabinet could be formed without you, and your station in it would perhaps be higher, for life, than that which you may now retain but for a few weeks longer. Has not this ever occurred to you?"

"Never," said Audley, with dry composure.

Amazed at such obtuseness, Randal exclaimed, "Is it possible! And yet, forgive me if I say I think you are ambitious, and love power."

"No man more ambitious; and if by power you mean office, it has grown the habit of my life, and I shall not know what to do without it."

"And how, then, has what seems to me so obvious never occurred to you?"

"Because you are young, and therefore I forgive you; but not the gossips who could wonder why Audley Egerton refused to betray the friends of his whole career, and to profit by the treason."

"But one should love one's country before a party."

"No doubt of that; and the first interest of a country is the honour of its public men."

"But men may leave their party without dishonour!"

"Who doubts that? Do you suppose that if I were an ordinary independent member of Parliament, loaded with no obligations, charged with no trust, I could hesitate for a moment what course to pursue? Oh, that I were but the member for —! Oh, that I had the full right to be a free agent! But if a member of a cabinet, a chief in whom thousands confide, because he is put voted in a council of his colleagues, suddenly retires, and by so doing breaks up the whole party whose confidence he has enjoyed, whose rewards he has reaped, to whom he owes the very position which he employs to their ruin—own that though his choice may be honest, it is one which requires all the consolations of conscience."

"But you will have those consolations. And," added Randal energetically,

cally, "the gain to your career will be so immense!"

"That is precisely what it cannot be," answered Egerton gloomily. "I grant that I may, if I choose, resign office with the present government, and so at once destroy that government; for my resignation on such ground would suffice to do it. I grant this; but for that very reason I could not the next day take office with another administration. I could not accept wages for desertion. No gentleman could! And therefore—" Audley stopped short, and he buttoned his coat over his broad breast. The action was significant: it said that the man's mind was made up.

In fact, whether Audley Egerton was right or wrong in his theory depends upon much subtler, and perhaps

loftier views in the casuistry of political duties, than it was in his character to take. And I guard myself from saying anything in praise or disfavour of his notions, or implying that he is a fit or unfit example in a parallel case. I am but describing the man as he was, and as a man like him would inevitably be, under the influences in which he lived, and in that peculiar world of which he was so emphatically a member. "*Ce n'est pas moi qui parle, c'est Marc Aurèle.*"

He speaks, not I.

Randal had no time for further discussion. They now reached Egerton's house, and the minister, taking the chamber candlestick from his servant's hand, nodded a silent good-night to Leslie, and with a jaded look retired to his room.

CHAPTER XV.

But not on the threatened question was that eventful campaign of Party decided. The government fell less in battle than skirmish. It was one fatal Monday—a dull question of finance and figures. Prosy and few were the speakers. All the government silent, save the Chancellor of the Exchequer, and another business-like personage connected with the Board of Trade, whom the House would hardly condescend to hear. The House was in no mood to think of facts and figures. Early in the evening, between nine and ten, the Speaker's sonorous voice sounded, "Strangers must withdraw!" And Randal, anxious and foreboding, descended from his seat, and went out of the fatal doors. He turned to take a last glance at Audley Egerton. The whipper-in was whispering to Audley; and the minister pushed back his hat from his brows, and glanced round the house, and up into the galleries, as if to calculate rapidly the relative numbers of the two armies in the field; then he smiled bitterly, and threw himself back into his seat. That smile long haunted Leslie.

Amongst the strangers thus banished with Randal, while the division was being taken, were many young men, like himself, connected with the

administration—some by blood, some by place. Hearts beat loud in the swarming lobbies. Ominous mournful whispers were exchanged. "They say the government will have a majority of ten." "No; I hear they will certainly be beaten." "H— says by fifty." "I don't believe it," said a Lord of the Bedchamber; "it is impossible. I left five government members dining at the 'Travellers.'" "No one thought the division would be so early." "A trick of the Whigs—shameful." "Wonder some one was not set up to talk for time; very odd P— did not speak; however, he is so cursedly rich, he does not care whether he is out or in." "Yes; and Audley Egerton too, just such another; glad, no doubt, to be set free to look after his property; very different tactics if we had men to whom office was as necessary as it is—to me!" said a candid young placeman. Suddenly the silent Leslie felt a friendly grasp on his arm. He turned and saw Levy.

"Did I not tell you?" said the Baron with an exulting smile.

"You are sure, then, that the government will be outvoted?"

"I spent the morning in going over the list of members with a parliamentary client of mine, who knows them all as a shepherd does his sheep.

Majority for the Opposition at least twenty-five."

"And in that case must the government resign, sir?" asked the candid young placeman, who had been listening to the smart well-dressed Baron, 'his soul planted in his ears.'

"Of course, sir," replied the Baron blandly, and offering his snuff-box, (true Louis Quinze, with a miniature of Madame de Pompadour, set in pearls.) "You are a friend to the present ministers? You could not wish them to be mean enough to stay in?" Randal drew aside the Baron.

"If Audley's affairs are as you state, what can he do?"

"I shall ask him that question to-morrow," answered the Baron, with a look of visible hate. "And I have come here just to see how he bears the prospect before him."

"You will not discover that in his face. And those absurd scruples of his! If he had but gone out in time—to come in again with the New Men!"

"Oh, of course, our Right Honourable is too punctilious for that!" answered the Baron, sneering.

Suddenly the doors opened—in rushed the breathless expectants. "What are the numbers? What is the division!"

"Majority against ministers," said a member of Opposition, peeling an orange, "twenty-nine."

The Baron, too, had a Speaker's order; and he came into the House with Randal, and sate by his side. But, to their disgust, some member was talking about the other motions before the House.

"What! has nothing been said as to the division?" asked the Baron of a young county member, who was talking to some non-parliamentary friend in the bench before Levy. The county member was one of the Baron's pet eldest sons—had dined often with Levy—was under 'obligations' to him. The young legislator looked very much ashamed of Levy's friendly pat on his shoulder, and answered hur-

riedly, "O yes; H—— asked, 'if, after such an expression of the House, it was the intention of ministers to retain their places, and carry on the business of the government?'"

"Just like H——! Very inquisitive mind! And what was the answer he got?"

"None," said the county member; and returned in haste to his proper seat in the body of the House.

"There comes Egerton," said the Baron. And, indeed, as most of the members were now leaving the House, to talk over affairs at clubs or in saloons, and spread through town the great tidings, Audley Egerton's tall head was seen towering above the rest. And Levy turned away disappointed. For not only was the minister's handsome face, though pale, serene and cheerful, but there was an obvious courtesy, a marked respect, in the mode in which that rough assembly made way for the fallen minister as he passed through the jostling crowd. And the frank urbane nobleman, who afterwards, from the force, not of talent but of character, became the leader in that House, pressed the hand of his old opponent, as they met in the throng near the doors, and said aloud, "I shall not be a proud man if ever I live to have office; but I shall be proud if ever I leave it with as little to be said against me as your bitterest opponents can say against you, Egerton."

"I wonder," exclaimed the Baron aloud, and leaning over the partition that divided him from the throng below, so that his voice reached Egerton—and there was a cry from formal, indignant members, "Order in the strangers' gallery!"—"I wonder what Lord L'Estrange will say!"

Audley lifted his dark brows, surveyed the Baron for an instant with flashing eyes, then walked down the narrow defile between the last benches, and vanished from the scene in which, alas! so few of the most admired performers leave more than an actor's short-lived name!

Baron Levy did not execute his threat of calling on Egerton the next morning. Perhaps he shrank from again meeting the flash of those in-

dignant eyes. And indeed Egerton was too busied all the forenoon to see any one not upon public affairs, except Harley, who hastened to console or cheer him. When the House met, it was announced that the ministers had resigned, only holding their offices till their successors were appointed. But already there was some reaction in their favour; and when it became generally known that the new administration was to be formed of men, few indeed of whom had ever before held office—that common superstition in the public mind that government is like a trade, in which a regular apprenticeship must be served, began to prevail; and the talk at the clubs was, that the new men could not stand; that the former ministry, with some modification, would be back in a month. Perhaps that too might be a reason why Baron Levy thought it prudent not prematurely to offer vindictive condolences to Mr Egerton. Randal spent part of his morning in inquiries, as to what gentlemen in his situation meant to do with regard to their places; he heard with great satisfaction that very few intended to volunteer retirement from their desks. As Randal himself had observed to Egerton, “their country before their party!”

Randal's place was of great moment to him; its duties were easy, its salary amply sufficient for his wants, and defrayed such expenses as were bestowed on the education of Oliver and his sister. For I am bound to do justice to this young man — indifferent as he was towards his species in general, the ties of family were strong with him; and he stinted himself in many temptations most alluring to his age, in the endeavour to raise the dull honest Oliver and the loose-haired pretty Juliet somewhat more to his own level of culture and refinement. Men essentially griping and unscrupulous, often do make the care for their family an apology for their sins against the world. Even Richard III., if the chroniclers are to be trusted, excused the murder of his nephews by his passionate affection for his son. With the loss of that place, Randal lost all

means of support, save what Audley could give him; and if Audley were in truth ruined? Moreover, Randal had already established at the office a reputation for ability and industry. It was a career in which, if he abstained from party politics, he might rise to a fair station and to a considerable income. Therefore, much contented with what he learned as to the general determination of his fellow officials, a determination warranted by ordinary precedent in such cases, Randal dined at a club with good relish, and much Christian resignation for the reverse of his patron, and then walked to Grosvenor Square, on the chance of finding Audley within. Learning that he was so, from the porter who opened the door, Randal entered the library. Three gentlemen were seated there with Egerton: one of the three was Lord L'Estrange; the other two were members of the really defunct, though nominally still existing, government. He was about to withdraw from intruding on this conclave, when Egerton said to him gently, “Come in, Leslie; I was just speaking about yourself.”

“About me, sir?”

“Yes; about you and the place you hold. I had asked Sir —— (pointing to a fellow minister) whether I might not, with propriety, request your chief to leave some note of his opinion of your talents, which I know is high, and which might serve you with his successor.”

“Oh, sir, at such a time to think of me!” exclaimed Randal, and he was genuinely touched.

“But,” resumed Audley with his usual dryness, “Sir ——, to my surprise, thinks that it would better become you that you should resign. Unless his reasons, which he has not yet stated, are very strong, such would not be my advice.”

“My reasons,” said Sir ——, with official formality, “are simply these: I have a nephew in a similar situation; he will resign, as a matter of course. Every one in the public offices whose relatives and near connections hold high appointments in the government, will do so. I do not think Mr Leslie will like to feel himself a solitary exception.”

"Mr Leslie is no relation of mine—not even a near connection," answered Egerton.

"But his name is so associated with your own—he has resided so long in your house—is so well known in society, (and don't think I compliment when I add, that we hope so well of him,) that I can't think it worth his while to keep this paltry place, which incapacitates him too from a seat in parliament."

Sir — was one of those terribly rich men, to whom all considerations of mere bread and cheese are paltry. But I must add, that he supposed Egerton to be still wealthier than himself, and sure to provide handsomely for Randal, whom Sir — rather liked than not; and, for Randal's own sake, Sir — thought it would lower him in the estimation of Egerton himself, despite that gentleman's advocacy, if he did not follow the example of his avowed and notorious patron.

"You see, Leslie," said Egerton, checking Randal's meditated reply, "that nothing can be said against your honour if you stay where you are; it is a mere question of expediency; I will judge that for you; keep your place."

Unhappily the other member of the government, who had hitherto been silent, was a literary man. Unhappily, while this talk had proceeded, he had placed his hand upon Randal Leslie's celebrated pamphlet, which lay on the library table; and, turning over the leaves, the whole spirit and matter of that masterly composition in defence of the administration (a composition steeped in all the essence of party) recurred to his too faithful recollection. He, too, liked Randal; he did more—he admired the author of that striking and effective pamphlet. And, therefore, rousing himself from the sublime indifference he had before felt for the fate of a subaltern, he said with a bland and complimentary smile, "No; the writer of this most able publication is no ordinary place-man. His opinions here are too vigorously stated; this fine irony on the very person who in all probability will be the chief in his office, has excited too lively an attention, to allow him the *sedet eternumque sede-*

bit on an official stool. Ha, ha! this is so good! Read it, L'Estrange. What say you?"

Harley glanced over the page pointed out to him. The original was in one of Burley's broad, coarse, but telling burlesques, strained fine through Randal's more polished satire. It was capital. Harley smiled, and lifted his eyes to Randal. The unlucky plagiarist's face was flushed—the beads stood on his brow. Harley was a good hater; he loved too warmly not to err on the opposite side; but he was one of those men who forget hate when its object is distressed and humbled. He put down the pamphlet and said, "I am no politician; but Egerton is so well known to be fastidious and over scrupulous in all points of official etiquette, that Mr Leslie cannot follow a safer counsellor."

"Read that yourself, Egerton," said Sir —; and he pushed the pamphlet to Audley.

Now Egerton had a dim recollection that that pamphlet was unlucky; but he had skimmed over its contents hastily, and at that moment had forgotten all about it. He took up the too famous work with a reluctant hand, but he read attentively the passages pointed out to him, and then said gravely and sadly—

"Mr Leslie, I retract my advice. I believe Sir — is right; that the nobleman here so keenly satirised will be the chief in your office. I doubt whether he will not compel your dismissal; at all events, he could scarcely be expected to promote your advancement. Under the circumstances, I fear you have no option as a"—Egerton paused a moment, and, with a sigh that appeared to settle the question, concluded with—"as a gentleman."

Never did Jack Cade, never did Wat Tyler, feel a more deadly hate to that word "gentleman," than the well-born Leslie felt then; but he bowed his head, and answered with his usual presence of mind—

"You utter my own sentiment."

"You think we are right, Harley?" asked Egerton, with an irresolution that surprised all present.

"I think," answered Harley, with a compassion for Randal that was

almost over generous, and yet with an *équivoque* on the words, despite the compassion—"I think whoever has served Audley Egerton, never yet has been a loser by it; and if Mr Leslie wrote this pamphlet, he must have well served Audley Egerton. If he undergoes the penalty, we may safely trust to Egerton for the compensation."

"My compensation has long since been made," answered Randal with grace; "and that Mr Egerton could thus have cared for my fortunes, at an hour so occupied, is a thought of pride which—"

"Enough, Leslie! enough!" inter-

rupted Egerton, rising and pressing his *protégé's* hands. "See me before you go to bed."

Then the two other ministers rose also and shook hands with Leslie, and told him he had done the right thing, and that they hoped soon to see him in parliament; and hinted smilingly, that the next administration did not promise to be very long-lived; and one asked him to dinner, and the other to spend a week at his country seat. And amidst these congratulations at the stroke that left him penniless, the distinguished pamphleteer left the room. How he cursed big John Burley!

CHAPTER XVII.

It was past midnight when Audley Egerton summoned Randal. The statesman was then alone, seated before his great desk, with its manifold compartments, and engaged on the task of transferring various papers and letters, some to the wastebasket, some to the flames, some to two great iron chests with patent locks, that stood, open-mouthed, at his feet. Strong, stern, and grim, they looked, silently receiving the relics of power departed; strong, stern, and grim as the grave. Audley lifted his eyes at Randal's entrance, signed to him to take a chair, continued his task for a few moments, and then turning round, as if with an effort he plucked himself from his master passion—Public Life—he said with deliberate tones—

"I know not, Randal Leslie, whether you thought me needlessly cautious, or wantonly unkind, when I told you never to expect from me more than such advance to your career as my then position could effect—never to expect from my liberality in life, nor from my testament in death—an addition to your private fortunes. I see by your gesture what would be your reply, and I thank you for it. I now tell you, as yet in confidence, though before long it can be no secret to the world, that my pecuniary affairs have been so neglected by me, in my devotion to those of the state, that I am somewhat like the man who portioned out his capital

at so much a-day, calculating to live just long enough to make it last. Unfortunately he lived too long." Audley smiled—but the smile was cold as a sunbeam upon ice—and went on with the same firm, unflinching accents: "The prospects that face me I am prepared for; they do not take me by surprise. I knew long since how this would end, if I survived the loss of office. I knew it before you came to me, and therefore I spoke to you as I did, judging it manful and right to guard you against hopes which you might otherwise have naturally entertained. On this head I need say no more. It may excite your surprise, possibly your blame, that I, esteemed methodical and practical enough in the affairs of the state, should be so imprudent as to my own."

"Oh, sir! you owe no account to me."

"To you at least, as much as to any one. I am a solitary man; my few relations need nothing from me. I had a right to spend what I possessed as I pleased; and if I have spent it recklessly as regards myself, I have not spent it ill in its effect on others. It has been my object for many years to have no *Private Life*—to dispense with its sorrows, joys, affections; and as to its duties, they did not exist for me.—I have said." Mechanically, as he ended, the minister's hand closed the lid of one of the iron boxes, and on the closed lid

he rested his firm foot. "But now," he resumed, "I have failed to advance your career. True, I warned you that you drew into a lottery; but you had more chance of a prize than a blank. A blank, however, it has turned out, and the question becomes grave—What are you to do?"

Here, seeing that Egerton came to a full pause, Randal answered readily—

"Still, sir, to go by your advice."

"My advice," said Audley, with a softened look, "would perhaps be rude and unpalatable. I would rather place before you an option. On the one hand, recommence life again. I told you that I would keep your name on your college books. You can return—you can take your degree—after that, you can go to the bar—you have just the talents calculated to succeed in that profession. Success will be slow, it is true; but, with perseverance, it will be sure. And, believe me, Leslie, Ambition is only sweet while it is but the loftier name for Hope. Who would care for a fox's brush, if it had not been rendered a prize by the excitement of the chase?"

"Oxford—again! It is a long step back in life," said Randal drearily, and little heeding Egerton's unusual indulgence of illustration. "A long step back—and to what? To a profession in which one never begins to rise till one's hair is grey! Besides, how live in the meanwhile?"

"Do not let that thought disturb you. The modest income that suffices for a student at the bar, I trust, at least, to insure you from the wrecks of my fortune."

"Ah, sir, I would not burthen you farther. What right have I to such kindness, save my name of Leslie?" And in spite of himself, as Randal concluded, a tone of bitterness, that betrayed reproach, broke forth. Egerton was too much the man of the world not to comprehend the reproach, and not to pardon it.

"Certainly," he answered calmly, "as a Leslie you are entitled to my consideration, and would have been entitled perhaps to more, had I not so explicitly warned you to the contrary. But the bar does not seem to please you?"

"What is the alternative, sir? Let me decide when I hear it," answered Randal sullenly. He began to lose respect for the man who owned he could do so little for him, and who evidently recommended him to shift for himself.

If one could have pierced into Egerton's gloomy heart as he noted the young man's change of tone, it may be a doubt whether one would have seen there, pain or pleasure—pain, for merely from the force of habit he had begun to like Randal—or pleasure, at the thought that he might have reason to withdraw that liking. So lone and stoical had grown the man, who had made it his object to have no private life. Revealing, however, neither pleasure nor pain, but with the composed calmness of a judge upon the bench, Egerton replied—

"The alternative is, to continue in the course you have begun, and still to rely on me."

"Sir, my dear Mr Egerton," exclaimed Randal, regaining all his usual tenderness of look and voice, "rely on you! But that is all I ask! Only—"

"Only, you would say, I am going out of power, and you don't see the chance of my return?"

"I did not mean that."

"Permit me to suppose that you did: very true; but the party I belong to is as sure of return as the pendulum of that clock is sure to obey the mechanism that moves it from left to right. Our successors profess to come in upon a popular question. All administrations who do that are necessarily shortlived. Either they do not go far enough to please present supporters, or they go so far as to arm new enemies in the rivals who outbid them with the people. 'Tis the history of all revolutions, and of all reforms. Our own administration in reality is destroyed for having passed what was called a popular measure a year ago, which lost us half our friends, and refusing to propose another popular measure this year, in the which we are outstripped by the men who halloo'd us on the last. Therefore, whatever our successors do, we shall, by the law of reaction, have another experiment of power

afforded to ourselves. It is but a question of time; you can wait for it; whether I can, is uncertain. But if I die before that day arrives, I have influence enough still left with those who will come in, to obtain a promise of a better provision for you than that which you have lost. The promises of public men are proverbially uncertain. But I shall intrust your cause to a man who never failed a friend, and whose rank will enable him to see that justice is done to you—I speak of Lord L'Estrange."

"Oh, not him; he is unjust to me; he dislikes me; he—"

"May dislike you, (he has his whims,) but he loves me; and though for no other human being but you would I ask Harley L'Estrange a favour, yet for *you* I will," said Egerton, betraying, for the first time in that dialogue, a visible emotion—

"for you, a Leslie, a kinsman, however remote, to the wife from whom I received my fortune! And despite all my cautions, it is possible that in wasting that fortune I may have wronged you. Enough: You have now before you the two options, much as you had at first; but you have at present more experience to aid you in your choice. You are a man, and with more brains than most men; think over it well, and decide for yourself. Now to bed, and postpone thought till the morrow. Poor Randal, you look pale!"

Audley, as he said the last words, put his hand on Randal's shoulder, almost with a father's gentleness; and then suddenly drawing himself up, as the hard inflexible expression, stamped on that face by years, returned, he moved away and resettled to Public Life and the iron box.

CHAPTER XVIII.

Early the next day Randal Leslie was in the luxurious business-room of Baron Levy. How unlike the cold Doric simplicity of the statesman's library! Axminster carpets three inches thick, *portières à la Française* before the doors; Parisian bronzes on the chimney-piece; and all the receptacles that lined the room, and contained title-deeds, and post-obits, and bills, and promises to pay, and lawyer-like japan boxes, with many a noble name written thereon in large white capitals—"making ruin pious"—all these sepulchres of departed patrimonies veneered in rosewood that gleamed with French polish, and blazed with ormolu. There was a coquetry, an air of *petit maître*, so diffused over the whole room, that you could not for the life of you recollect you were with a usurer! Plutus wore the aspect of his enemy Cupid; and how realise your idea of Harpagon in that Baron, with his easy French "*Mon cher*," and his white warm hands that pressed yours so genially, and his dress so exquisite, even at the earliest morn? No man ever yet saw that Baron in a dressing-gown and slippers! As one fancies some feudal baron of old (not half so terrible) everlastingly clad in mail,

so all one's notions of this grand marauder of civilisation were inseparably associated with varnished boots, and a camelia in the button-hole.

"And this is all that he does for you!" cried the Baron, pressing together the points of his ten taper fingers. "Had he but let you conclude your career at Oxford, I have heard enough of your scholarship to know that you would have taken high honours—been secure of a fellowship—have betaken yourself with content to a slow and laborious profession—and prepared yourself to die on the woollack."

"He proposes to me now to return to Oxford," said Randal. "It is not too late!"

"Yes it is," said the Baron. "Neither individuals nor nations ever go back of their own accord. There must be an earthquake before a river recedes to its source."

"You speak well," answered Randal, "and I cannot gainsay you. But now!"

"Ah, the *now* is the grand question in life—the *then* is obsolete, gone by—out of fashion; and *now*, *mon cher*, you come to ask my advice."

"No, Baron; I come to ask your explanation."

"Of what?"

"I want to know why you spoke to me of Mr Egerton's ruin; why you spoke to me of the lands to be sold by Mr Thornhill; and why you spoke to me of Count Peschiera. You touched on each of these points within ten minutes—you omitted to indicate what link can connect them."

"By Jove," said the Baron, rising, and with more admiration in his face than you could have conceived that face so smiling and so cynical could exhibit—"by Jove, Randal Leslie, but your shrewdness is wonderful. You really are the first young man of your day; and I will 'help you,' as I helped Andley Egerton. Perhaps you will be more grateful."

Randal thought of Egerton's ruin. The parallel implied by the Baron did not suggest to him the rare enthusiasm of gratitude. However, he merely said, "Pray, proceed—I listen to you with interest."

"As for politics, then," said the Baron, "we will discuss that topic later. I am waiting myself to see how these new men get on. The first consideration is for your private fortunes. You should buy this ancient Leslie property—Rood and Dulmansberry—only £20,000 down; the rest may remain on mortgage for ever—or at least till I find you a rich wife—as in fact I did for Egerton. Thornhill wants the twenty thousand now—wants them very much."

"And where," said Randal, with an iron smile, "are the £20,000 you ascribe to me to come from?"

"Ten thousand shall come to you the day Count Peschiera marries the daughter of his kinsman with your help and aid—the remaining ten thousand I will lend you. No scruple—I shall hazard nothing—the estates will bear that additional burden. What say you—shall it be so?"

"Ten thousand pounds from Count Peschiera!" said Randal, breathing hard. "You cannot be serious? Such a sum—for what?—for a mere piece of information? How otherwise can I aid him? There must be trick and deception intended here."

"My dear fellow," answered Levy, "I will give you a hint. There is such a thing in life as being over suspicious. If you have a fault, it is that.

The information you allude to is, of course, the first assistance you are to give. Perhaps more may be needed—perhaps not. Of that you will judge yourself, since the £10,000 are contingent on the marriage aforesaid."

"Over suspicious or not," answered Randal, "the amount of the sum is too improbable, and the security too bad, for me to listen to this proposition, even if I could descend to—"

"Stop, *mon cher*. Business first—scruples afterwards. The security too bad—what security?"

"The word of Count di Peschiera."

"He has nothing to do with it—he need know nothing about it. 'Tis my word you doubt. I am your security."

Randal thought of that dry witticism in Gibbon, "Abu Rafe says he will be witness for this fact, but who will be witness for Abu Rafe?" but he remained silent, only fixing on Levy those dark observant eyes, with their contracted wary pupils.

"The fact is simply this," resumed Levy: "Count di Peschiera has promised to pay his sister a dowry of £20,000, in case he has the money to spare. He can only have it to spare by the marriage we are discussing. On my part, as I manage his affairs in England for him, I have promised that, for the said sum of £20,000, I will guarantee the expenses in the way of that marriage, and settle with Madame di Negra. Now, though Peschiera is a very liberal, warm-hearted fellow, I don't say that he would have named so large a sum for his sister's dowry, if in strict truth he did not owe it to her. It is the amount of her own fortune, which, by some arrangements with her late husband not exactly legal, he possessed himself of. If Madame di Negra went to law with him for it, she could get it back. I have explained this to him; and, in short, you now understand why the sum is thus assessed. But I have bought up Madame di Negra's debts. I have bought up young Hazeldean's, (for we must make a match between these two a part of our arrangements.) I shall present to Peschiera, and to these excellent young persons, an account that will absorb the whole

£20,000. That sum will come into my hands. If I settle the claims against them for half the money, which, making myself the sole creditor, I have the right to do, the moiety will remain. And if I choose to give it to you, in return for the services which provide Peschiera with a princely fortune—discharge the debts of his sister—and secure her a husband in my promising young client, Mr Hazeldcan, that is my look-out—all parties are satisfied, and no one need ever be the wiser. The sum is large, no doubt; it answers to me to give it to you; does it answer to you to receive it?"

Randal was greatly agitated; but, vile as he was, and systematically as in thought he had brought himself to regard others merely as they could be made subservient to his own interest, still, with all who have not hardened themselves in actual crime, there is a wide distinction between the thought and the act; and though, in the exercise of ingenuity and cunning, he would have had few scruples in that moral swindling which is mildly called "outwitting another," yet thus nakedly and openly to accept a bribe for a deed of treachery towards the poor Italian who had so generously trusted him—he recoiled. He was nerving himself to refuse, when Levy, opening his pocket-book, glanced over the memoranda therein, and said, as to himself, "Rood Manor—Dulmansberry, sold to the Thornhills by Sir Gilbert Leslie, knight of the shire; estimated present net rental £2250, 7s. 0d. It is the greatest bargain I ever knew. And with this estate in hand, and your talents, Leslie, I don't see why you should not rise higher than Audley Egerton. He was poorer than you once!"

The old Leslie lands—a positive stake in the country—the restoration of the fallen family; and, on the other hand, either long drudgery at the bar—a scanty allowance on Egerton's bounty—his sister wasting her youth at slovenly, dismal Rood—Oliver debased into a boor!—or a mendicant's dependence on the contemptuous pity of Harley L'Estrange—Harley who had refused his hand to him—Harley who perhaps would become the husband of

Violante! Rago seized him as these contrasting pictures rose before his view. He walked to and fro in disorder, striving to re-collect his thoughts, and reduce himself from the passions of the human heart into the mere mechanism of calculating intellect. "I cannot conceive," said he abruptly, "why you should tempt me thus—what interest it is to you!"

Baron Levy smiled, and put up his pocket-book. He saw from that moment that the victory was gained.

"My dear boy," said he, with the most agreeable *bonhomie*, "it is very natural that you should think a man would have a personal interest in whatever he does for another. I believe that view of human nature is called utilitarian philosophy, and is much in fashion at present. Let me try and explain to you. In this affair I shan't injure myself. True, you will say, if I settle claims, which amount to £20,000, for £10,000, I might put the surplus into my own pocket instead of yours. Agreed. But I shall not get the £20,000, nor repay myself Madame di Negra's debts, (whatever I may do as to Hazeldcan's,) unless the Count gets this heiress. You can help in this. I want you; and I don't think I could get you by a less offer than I make. I shall soon pay myself back the £10,000 if the Count get hold of the lady and her fortune. Brief—I see my way here to my own interests. Do you want more reasons—you shall have them. I am now a very rich man. How have I become so? Through attaching myself from the first to persons of expectations, whether from fortune or talent. I have made connections in society, and society has enriched me. I have still a passion for making money. *Que voulez vous?* It is my profession, my hobby. It will be useful to me in a thousand ways, to secure as a friend a young man who will have influence with other young men, heirs to something better than Rood Hall. You may succeed in public life. A man in public life may attain to the knowledge of state secrets that are very profitable to one who dabbles a little in the Funds. We can perhaps hereafter do business together that may put yourself in a way of clearing off all mortgages

on these estates—on the encumbered possession of which I shall soon congratulate you. You see I am frank; 'tis the only way of coming to the point with so clever a fellow as you. And now, since the less we rake up the mud in a pond from which we have resolved to drink, the better, let us dismiss all other thoughts but that of securing our end. Will you tell Peschiera where the young lady is, or shall I? Better do it yourself; reason enough for it, that he has confided to you his hope, and asked you to help him; why should not you? Not a word to him about our little arrangement; he need never know it. You need never be troubled." Levy rang the bell: "Order my carriage round."

Randal made no objection. He was deathlike pale, but there was a sinister expression of firmness on his thin bloodless lips.

"The next point," Levy resumed, "is to hasten the match between Frank and the fair widow. How does that stand?"

"She will not see me, nor receive him."

"Oh, learn why! And if you find on either side there is a hitch, just let me know; I will soon remove it."

"Has Hazeldean consented to the post-obit?"

"Not yet; I have not pressed it; I wait the right moment, if necessary."

"It will be necessary."

"Ah, you wish it. It shall be so."

Randal Leslie again paced the room, and after a silent self-commune, came up close to the Baron, and said—

"Look you, sir, I am poor and ambitious; you have tempted me at the right moment, and with the right inducement. I succumb. But what guarantee have I that this money will be paid—these estates made mine upon the condition stipulated?"

"Before anything is settled," replied the Baron, "go and ask my character of any of our young friends, Borrowell, Spendquick—whom you please; you will hear me abused, of course; but they will all say this of me, that when I pass my word, I keep it; if I say, '*Mon cher*, you shall have the money,' a man has it; if I

say, 'I renew your bill for six months,' it is renewed. 'Tis my way of doing business. In all cases my word is my bond. In this case, where no writing can pass between us, my only bond must be my word. Go, then, make your mind clear as to your security, and come here and dine at eight. We will call on Peschiera afterwards."

"Yes," said Randal, "I will at all events take the day to consider. Meanwhile I say this, I do not disguise from myself the nature of the proposed transaction, but what I have once resolved I go through with. My sole vindication to myself is, that if I play here with a false die, it will be for a stake so grand, as, once won, the magnitude of the prize will cancel the ignominy of the play. It is not this sum of money for which I sell myself—it is for what that sum will aid me to achieve. And in the marriage of young Hazeldean with the Italian woman, I have another, and it may be a larger interest. I have slept on it lately—I wake to it now. Insure that marriage, obtain the post-obit from Hazeldean, and whatever the issue of the more direct scheme for which you seek my services, rely on my gratitude, and believe that you will have put me in the way to render gratitude of avail. At eight I will be with you."

Randal left the room.

The Baron sat thoughtful. "It is true," said he to himself, "this young man is the next of kin to the Hazeldean estate, if Frank displease his father sufficiently to lose his inheritance; that must be the clever boy's design. Well, in the long-run, I should make as much, or more, out of him than out of the spendthrift Frank. Frank's faults are those of youth. He will reform and retrench. But *this* man! No, I shall have *him* for life. And should he fail in this project, and have but this encumbered property—a landed proprietor mortgaged up to his ears—why, he is my slave, and I can foreclose when I wish, or if he prove useless;—no, I risk nothing. And if I did—if I lost ten thousand pounds—what then? I can afford it for revenge!—afford it for the luxury of leaving Audley Egerton alone with

penury and ruin, deserted, in his hour of need, by the pensioner of his bounty—as he will be by the last friend of his youth—when it so pleases me—me whom he has called ‘scoundrel!’ and whom he—” Levy’s soliloquy halted there, for the servant entered to announce the carriage.

And the Baron hurried his hand over his features, as if to sweep away all trace of the passions that distorted their smiling effrontery. And so, as he took up his cane and gloves, and glanced at the glass, the face of the fashionable usurer was once more as varnished as his boots.

CHAPTER XIX.

When a clever man resolves on a villanous action, he hastens, by the exercise of his cleverness, to get rid of the sense of his villany. With more than his usual alertness, Randal employed the next hour or two in ascertaining how far Baron Levy merited the character he boasted, and how far his word might be his bond. He repaired to young men whom he esteemed better judges on these points than Spendquick and Borrowell—young men who resembled the Merry Monarch, inasmuch as

“They never said a foolish thing,
And never did a wise one.”

There are many such young men about town—sharp and able in all affairs except their own. No one knows the world better, nor judges of character more truly, than your half-beggared *roué*. From all these, Baron Levy obtained much the same testimonials: he was ridiculed as a would-be dandy, but respected as a very responsible man of business, and rather liked as a friendly accommodating species of the Sir Epicure Mammon, who very often did what were thought handsome, liberal things; and “in short,” said one of these experienced referees, “he is the best fellow going—for a money-lender! You may always rely on what he promises, and he is generally very forbearing and indulgent to us of good society; perhaps for the same reason that our tailors are;—to send one of us to prison would hurt his custom. His foible is to be thought a gentleman. I believe, much as I suppose he loves money, he would give up half his fortune rather than do anything for which we could cut him. He allows a pension of three hundred a-year to Lord S——. True; he was his man of business for twenty years,

and, before then, S—— was rather a prudent fellow, and had fifteen thousand a-year. He has helped on, too, many a clever young man;—the best boroughmonger you ever knew. He likes having friends in Parliament. In fact, of course he is a rogue; but if one wants a rogue, one can’t find a pleasanter. I should like to see him on the French stage—a prosperous *Macaire*; *Le Maître* could hit him off to the life.”

From information in these more fashionable quarters, gleaned with his usual tact, Randal turned to a source less elevated, but to which he attached more importance. Dick Avenel associated with the Baron—Dick Avenel must be in his clutches. Now Randal did justice to that gentleman’s practical shrewdness. Moreover, Avenel was by profession a man of business. He must know more of Levy than these men of pleasure could; and, as he was a plain-spoken person, and evidently honest, in the ordinary acceptance of the word, Randal did not doubt that out of Dick Avenel he should get the truth.

On arriving in Eton Square, and asking for Mr Avenel, Randal was at once ushered into the drawing-room. The apartment was not in such good solid mercantile taste as had characterised Avenel’s more humble bachelor’s residence at Screwtown. The taste now was the Honourable Mrs Avenel’s; and, truth to say, no taste could be worse. Furniture of all epochs heterogeneously clumped together;—here a sofa à la *renaissance* in *Gobelin*—there a rosewood Console from Gillow—a tall mock-Elizabethan chair in black oak, by the side of a modern Florentine table of mosaic marbles. All kinds of colours in the room, and all at war with each other. Very bad copies of the best-known

pictures in the world, in the most gaudy frames, and impudently labelled by the names of their murdered originals—"Raffaele," "Corregio," "Titian," "Sebastian del Piombo." Nevertheless, there had been plenty of money spent, and there was plenty to show for it. Mrs Avenel was seated on her sofa *à la renaissance*, with one of her children at her feet, who was employed in reading a new Annual in crimson silk binding. Mrs Avenel was in an attitude as if sitting for her portrait.

Polite society is most capricious in its adoptions or rejections. You see many a very vulgar person firmly established in the *beau monde*; others, with very good pretensions as to birth, fortune, &c., either rigorously excluded, or only permitted a peep over the pales. The Honourable Mrs Avenel belonged to families unquestionably noble, both by her own descent and by her first marriage; and if poverty had kept her down in her earlier career, she now, at least, did not want wealth to back her pretensions. Nevertheless, all the dispensers of fashion concurred in refusing their support to the Honourable Mrs Avenel. One might suppose it was solely on account of her plebeian husband; but indeed it was not so. Many a woman of high family can marry a low-born man not so presentable as Avenel, and, by the help of his money, get the fine world at her feet. But Mrs Avenel had not that art. She was still a very handsome, showy woman; and as for dress, no duchess could be more extravagant. Yet these very circumstances had perhaps gone against her ambition; for your quiet little plain woman, provoking no envy, slips into the *coteries*, when a handsome, flaunting lady—whom, once seen in your drawing-room, can be no more overlooked than a scarlet poppy amidst a violet bed—is pretty sure to be weeded out as ruthlessly as a poppy would be in a similar position.

Mr Avenel was sitting by the fire, rather moodily, his hands in his pockets, and whistling to himself. To say truth, that active mind of his was very much bored in London, at least during the fore part of the day.

He hailed Randal's entrance with a smile of relief, and rising and posting himself before the fire—a coat tail under each arm—he scarcely allowed Randal to shake hands with Mrs Avenel, and pat the child on the head, murmuring, "Beautiful creature." (Randal was ever civil to children—that sort of wolf in sheep's clothing always is—don't be taken in, O you foolish young mothers!) Dick, I say, scarcely allowed his visitor these preliminary courtesies, before he plunged far beyond depth of wife and child, into the political ocean. "Things now were coming right—a vile oligarchy was to be destroyed. British respectability and British talent were to have fair play." To have heard him you would have thought the day fixed for the millennium! "And what is more," said Avenel, bringing down the fist of his right hand upon the palm of his left, "if there is to be a new parliament, we must have new men—not worn-out old brooms that never sweep clean, but men who understand how to govern the country, sir. I INTEND TO COME IN MYSELF!"

"Yes," said Mrs Avenel, hooking in a word at last, "I am sure, Mr Leslie, you will think I did right. I persuaded Mr Avenel that, with his talents and property, he ought, for the sake of his country, to make a sacrifice; and then you know his opinions now are all the fashion, Mr Leslie; formerly they would have been called shocking and—vulgar!"

Thus saying, she looked with fond pride at Dick's comely face, which at that moment, however, was all scowl and frown. I must do justice to Mrs Avenel; she was a weak silly woman in some things, and a cunning one in others, but she was a good wife, as wives go. Scotchwomen generally are.

"Bother," said Dick! "What do women know about politics. I wish you'd mind the child—it is crumpling up, and playing almighty smash with that flim-flam book, which cost me a one pound one."

Mrs Avenel submissively bowed her head and removed the Annual from the hands of the young destructive; the destructive set up a squall, as destructives generally do when

they don't have their own way. Dick clapped his hands to his ears. "Whe-e-ew, I can't stand this; come and take a walk, Leslie; I want stretching!" He stretched himself as he spoke, first half way up to the ceiling, and then fairly out of the room.

Randal, with his May Fair manner, turned towards Mrs Avenel as if to apologise for her husband and himself.

"Poor Richard!" said she, "he

is in one of his humours—all men have them. Come and see me again soon. When does Almacks open?"

"Nay, I ought to ask you that question, you who know everything that goes on in our set," said the young serpent. Any tree planted in "our set," if it had been but a crab tree, would have tempted Mr Avenel's Eve to a jump at its boughs.

"Are you coming, there?" cried Dick from the foot of the stairs.

CHAPTER XX.

"I have just been at our friend Levy's," said Randal when he and Dick were outside the street door. "He, like you, is full of politics—pleasant man—for the business he is said to do."

"Well," said Dick slowly, "I suppose he is pleasant, but make the best of it—and still—"

"Still what, my dear Avenel?" (Randal here for the first time discarded the formal Mister.)

MR AVENEL.—"Still the thing itself is not pleasant."

RANDAL, (with his soft hollow laugh.)—"You mean borrowing money upon more than five per cent!"

"Oh, curse the percentage. I agree with Bentham on the Usury Laws—no shackles in trade for me, whether in money or anything else. That's not it. But when one owes a fellow money even at two per cent, and 'tis not convenient to pay him, why, somehow or other, it makes one feel small; it takes the British Liberty out of a man!"

"I should have thought you more likely to lend money than to borrow it."

"Well, I guess you are right there, as a general rule. But I tell you what it is, sir; there is too great a mania for competition getting up in this rotten old country of ours. I am as liberal as most men. I like competition to a certain extent, but there is too much of it, sir—too much of it!"

Randal looked sad and convinced. But if Leonard had heard Dick Avenel, what would have been his amaze? Dick Avenel rail against competition! Think there could be too much of it! Of course, "heaven and

earth are coming together," said the spider when the housemaid's broom invaded its cobweb. Dick was all for sweeping away other cobwebs; but he certainly thought heaven and earth coming together when he saw a great Turk's-head besom poked up at his own.

Mr Avenel, in his genius for speculation and improvement, had established a factory at Screwtown, the first which had ever eclipsed the church spire with its Titanic chimney. It succeeded well at first. Mr Avenel transferred to this speculation nearly all his capital. "Nothing," quoth he, "paid such an interest. Manchester was getting worn out—time to show what Screwtown could do. Nothing like competition." But by-and-by a still greater capitalist than Dick Avenel, finding out that Screwtown was at the mouth of a coal mine, and that Dick's profits were great, erected a still uglier edifice, with a still taller chimney. And having been brought up to the business, and making his residence in the town, while Dick employed a foreman and flourished in London, this infamous competitor so managed, first to share, and then gradually to sequester, the profits which Dick had hitherto monopolised, that no wonder Mr Avenel thought competition should have its limits. "The tongue touches where the tooth aches," as Dr Riccabocca would tell us. By little and little our juvenile Talleyrand (I beg the elder great man's pardon) wormed out from Dick this grievance, and in the grievance discovered the origin of Dick's connection with the money-lender.

"But Levy," said Avenel, candidly, "is a decentish chap in his way—friendly too. Mrs A. finds him useful; brings some of your young highflyers to her *soirées*. To be sure, they don't dance—stand all in a row at the door, like mutes at a funeral. Not but what they have been uncommon civil to me lately—Spendquick particularly. By-the-by, I dine with him to-morrow. The aristocracy are behindhand—not smart, sir—not up to the march; but when a man knows how to take 'em, they beat the New Yorkers in good manners. I'll say that for them. I have no prejudice."

"I never saw a man with less; no prejudice even against Levy."

"No, not a bit of it! Every one says he's a Jew; he says he's not. I don't care a button what he is. His money is English—that's enough for any man of a liberal turn of mind. His charges, too, are moderate. To be sure, he knows I shall pay them; only what I don't like in him is a sort of way he has of *non-cher-ing* and my-good-fellowing one, to do things quite out of the natural way of that sort of business. He knows I have got parliament influence. I could return a couple of members for Screws-town, and one, or perhaps two, for Lansmere, where I have of late been cooking up an interest; and he dictates to—no, not *dictates*—but tries to *humbug* me into putting in his own men. However, in one respect we are likely to agree. He says you want to come into parliament. You seem a smart young fellow; but you must throw over that stiff red-tapist of yours, and go with Public Opinion, and—Myself."

"You are very kind, Avenel; perhaps when we come to compare opinions we may find that we agree entirely. Still, in Egerton's present position, delicacy to him—however, we'll not discuss that now. But you really think I might come in for Lansmere—against the L'Estrange interest, too, which must be strong there?"

"It was very strong, but I've smashed it, I calculate."

"Would a contest there cost very much?"

"Well, I guess you must come down with the ready. But, as you

say, time enough to discuss that when you have squared your account with 'delicacy;' come to me then, and we'll go into it."

Randal, having now squeezed his orange dry, had no desire to waste his time in brushing up the rind with his coat-sleeve, so he unhooked his arm from Avenel, and, looking at his watch, discovered he should be just in time for an appointment of the most urgent business—hailed a cab, and drove off.

Dick looked hipped and disconsolate at being left alone; he yawned very loud, to the astonishment of three prim old maiden Belgravians who were passing that way; and then his mind began to turn towards his factory at Screws-town, which had led to his connection with the Baron; and he thought over a letter he had received from his foreman that morning, informing him that it was rumoured at Screws-town that Mr Dyce, his rival, was about to have new machinery on an improved principle; and that Mr Dyce had already gone up to town, it was supposed with the intention of concluding a purchase for a patent discovery to be applied to the new machinery, and which that gentleman had publicly declared in the corn-market, "would shut up Mr Avenel's factory before the year was out." As this menacing epistle recurred to him, Dick felt his desire to yawn incontinently checked. His brow grew very dark; and he walked, with restless strides, on and on, till he found himself in the Strand. He then got into an omnibus, and proceeded to the city, wherein he spent the rest of the day, looking over machines and foundries, and trying in vain to find out what diabolical invention the over-competition of Mr Dyce had got hold of. "If," said Dick Avenel to himself, as he returned fretfully homeward—"if a man like me, who has done so much for British industry and go-a-head principles, is to be catawampously champed up by a mercenary selfish cormorant of a capitalist like that interloping block-head in drab breeches, Tom Dyce, all I can say is, that the sooner this cursed old country goes to the dogs, the better pleased I shall be. I wash my hands of it."

CHAPTER XXI.

Randal's mind was made up. All he had learned in regard to Levy had confirmed his resolves or dissipated his scruples. He had started from the improbability that Peschiera would offer, and the still greater improbability that Peschiera would pay, him ten thousand pounds for such information or aid as he could bestow in furthering the Count's object. But when Levy took such proposals entirely on himself, the main question to Randal became this—could it be Levy's interest to make so considerable a sacrifice? Had the Baron implied only friendly sentiments as his motives, Randal would have felt sure he was to be taken in; but the usurer's frank assurance that it would answer to him in the long-run to concede to Randal terms so advantageous, altered the case, and led our young philosopher to look at the affair with calm contemplative eyes. Was it sufficiently obvious that Levy counted on an adequate return? Might he calculate on reaping help by the bushel if he sowed it by the handful? The result of Randal's cogitations was, that the Baron might fairly deem himself no wasteful sower. In the first place, it was clear that Levy, not without reasonable ground, believed that he could soon replace, with exceeding good interest, any sum he might advance to Randal, out of the wealth which Randal's prompt information might bestow on Levy's client, the Count; and, secondly, Randal's self-esteem was immense, and could he but succeed in securing a pecuniary independence on the instant, to free him from the slow drudgery of the bar, or from a precarious reliance on Audley Eger-ton, as a politician out of power—his convictions of rapid triumphs in public life were as strong as if whispered by an angel or promised by a fiend. On such triumphs, with all the social position they would secure, Levy might well calculate for repayment through a thousand indirect channels. Randal's sagacity detected that, through all the good-natured or liberal actions ascribed to the usurer,

Levy had steadily pursued his own interests—he saw that Levy meant to get him into his power, and use his abilities as instruments for digging new mines, in which Baron Levy would claim the right of large royalties. But at that thought Randal's pale lip curled disdainfully; he confided too much in his own powers not to think that he could elude the grasp of the usurer, whenever it suited him to do so. Thus, on a survey, all conscience hushed itself—his mind rushed buoyantly on to anticipations of the future. He saw the hereditary estates regained—no matter how mortgaged—for the moment still his own—legally his own—yielding for the present what would suffice for competence to one of few wants, and freeing his name from that title of Adventurer, which is so prodigally given in rich old countries to those who have no estates but their brains. He thought of Violante but as the civilised trader thinks of a trifling coin, of a glass bead, which he exchanges with some barbarian for gold dust;—he thought of Frank Hazeldean married to the foreign woman of beggared means, and repute that had known the breath of scandal—married, and living on post-obit instalments of the Casino property;—he thought of the poor Squire's resentment;—his avarice swept from the lands annexed to Rood on to the broad fields of Hazeldean;—he thought of Avenel, of Lansmere, of Parliament;—with one hand he grasped fortune, with the next power. "And yet I entered on life with no patrimony—(save a ruined hall and a barren waste)—no patrimony but knowledge. I have but turned knowledge from books to men; for books may give fame after death, but men give us power in life." And all the while he thus ruminated, his act was speeding his purpose. Though it was but in a miserable hack cab that he erected airy scaffoldings round airy castles, still the miserable hack cab was flying fast, to secure the first foot of solid ground whereon to transfer the mental plan of the architect to foundations of positive slime and clay. The cab.

stopped at the door of Lord Lansmere's house. Randal had suspected Violante to be there; he resolved to ascertain. Randal descended from his vehicle and rang the bell. The lodge-keeper opened the great wooden gates.

"I have called to see the young lady staying here—the foreign young lady."

Lady Lansmere had been too confident of the security of her roof to condescend to give any orders to her servants with regard to her guest,

and the lodge-keeper answered directly—

"At home, I believe, sir. I rather think she is in the garden with my lady."

"I see," said Randal. And he did see the form of Violante at a distance. "But, since she is walking, I will not disturb her at present. I will call another day."

The lodge-keeper bowed respectfully, Randal jumped into his cab—"To Curzon Street—quick!"

CHAPTER XXII.

Harley had made one notable oversight in that appeal to Beatrice's better and gentler nature, which he intrusted to the advocacy of Leonard—a scheme in itself very characteristic of Harley's romantic temper, and either wise or foolish, according as his indulgent theory of human idiosyncracies in general, and of those peculiar to Beatrice di Negra in especial, was the dream of an enthusiast, or the inductive conclusion of a sound philosopher.

Harley had warned Leonard not to fall in love with the Italian—he had forgotten to warn the Italian not to fall in love with Leonard; nor had he ever anticipated the probability of that event. This is not to be very much wondered at; for if there be anything on which the most sensible men are dulled, where those eyes are not lighted by jealousy, it is as to the probabilities of another male creature being beloved. All, the least vain of the whiskered gender, think it prudent to guard themselves against being too irresistible to the fair sex; and each says of his friend, "Good fellow enough, but the last man for *that* woman to fall in love with!"

But certainly there appeared on the surface more than ordinary cause for Harley's blindness in the special instance of Leonard.

Whatever Beatrice's better qualities, she was generally esteemed worldly and ambitious. She was pinched in circumstances—she was luxurious and extravagant; how was it likely that she could distinguish any aspirant, of the humble birth and fortunes of the young peasant author?

As a coquette, she might try to win his admiration and attract his fancy; but her own heart would surely be guarded in the triple mail of pride, poverty, and the conventional opinions of the world in which she lived. Had Harley thought it possible that Madame di Negra could stoop below her station, and love, not wisely, but too well, he would rather have thought that the object would be some brilliant adventurer of fashion—some one who could turn against herself all the arts of deliberate fascination, and all the experience bestowed by frequent conquest. One so simple as Leonard—so young and so new! Harley L'Estrange would have smiled at himself, if the idea of that image subjugating the ambitious woman to the disinterested love of a village maid, had once crossed his mind. Nevertheless, so it was, and precisely from those causes which would have seemed to Harley to forbid the weakness.

It was that fresh, pure heart—it was that simple, earnest sweetness—it was that contrast in look, in tone, in sentiment, and in reasonings, to all that had jaded and disgusted her in the circle of her admirers—it was all this that captivated Beatrice at the first interview with Leonard. Here was what she had confessed to the sceptical Randal she had dreamed and sighed for. Her earliest youth had passed into abhorrent marriage, without the soft, innocent crisis of human life—virgin love. Many a wooer might have touched her vanity, pleased her fancy, excited her ambition—her heart had never been awakened: it woke now. The world, and the years that

the world had wasted, seemed to fleet away as a cloud. She was as if restored to the blush and the sigh of youth—the youth of the Italian maid. As in the restoration of our golden age is the spell of poetry with us all, so such was the spell of the poet himself on her.

Oh, how exquisite was that brief episode in the life of the woman palled with the “hack sights and sounds” of worldly life! How strangely happy were those hours, when, lured on by her silent sympathy, the young scholar spoke of his early struggles between circumstance and impulse, musing amidst the flowers, and hearkening to the fountain; or of his wanderings in the desolate, lamp-lit streets, while the vision of Chatterton’s glittering eyes shone dread through the friendless shadows. And as he spoke, whether of his hopes or his fears, her looks dwelt fondly on the young face, that varied between pride and sadness—pride ever so gentle, and sadness ever so nobly touching. She was never weary of gazing on that brow, with its quiet power; but her lids dropped before those eyes, with their serene, unfathomable passion. She felt, as they haunted her, what a deep and holy thing love in such souls must be. Leonard never spoke to her of Helen—that reserve every reader can comprehend. To natures like his, first love is a mystery; to confide it is to profane. But he fulfilled his commission of interesting her in the exile and his daughter. And his description of them brought tears to her eyes. She only resolved not to aid *Peschiera* in his designs on *Violante*. She forgot for the moment that her own fortune was to depend on the success of those designs. *Levy* had arranged so that she was not reminded of her poverty by creditors—she knew not how. She knew nothing of business. She gave herself up to the delight of the present hour, and to vague prospects of a future, associated with that young image—with that face of a guardian angel that she saw before her, fairest in the moments of absence: for in those moments came the life of fairyland, when we shut our eyes on the world, and see through the haze of golden reverie. Dangerous, indeed,

to Leonard would have been the soft society of *Beatrice di Negra*, had his heart not been wholly devoted to one object, and had not his ideal of woman been from that object one sole and indivisible reflection. But *Beatrice* guessed not this barrier between herself and him. Amidst the shadows that he conjured up from his past life, she beheld no rival form. She saw him lonely in the world as she was herself. And in his lowly birth, his youth, in the freedom from presumption which characterised him in all things, (save that confidence in his intellectual destinies, which is the essential attribute of genius,) she but grew the bolder by the belief that, even if he loved her, he would not dare to hazard the avowal.

And thus, one day, yielding as she had been ever wont to yield, to the impulse of her quick Italian heart—how she never remembered—in what words she could never recall—she spoke—she owned her love—she pleaded, with tears and blushes, for love in return. All that passed was to her as a dream—a dream from which she woke with a fierce sense of agony, of humiliation—woke as the “woman scorned.” No matter how gratefully, how tenderly Leonard had replied—the reply was refusal. For the first time she learned she had a rival; that all he could give of love was long since, from his boyhood, given to another. For the first time in her life that ardent nature knew jealousy, its torturing stings, its thirst for vengeance, its tempest of loving hate. But, to outward appearance, silent and cold she stood as marble. Words that sought to soothe fell on her ear unheeded: they were drowned by the storm within. Pride was the first feeling that dominated the warring elements that raged in her soul. She tore her hand from that which clasped hers with so loyal a respect. She could have spurned the form that knelt not for love, but for pardon, at her feet. She pointed to the door with the gesture of an insulted queen. She knew no more till she was alone. Then came that rapid flash of conjecture peculiar to the storms of jealousy; that which seems to single from all nature the one object to dread and to destroy; the conjecture so often

false, yet received at once by our convictions as the revelation of instinctive truth. He to whom she had humbled herself loved another; whom but Violante?—whom else, young and beautiful, had he named in the record of his life? None! And he had sought to interest her, Beatrice di Negra, in the object of his love—hinted at dangers, which Beatrice knew too well—implied trust in Beatrice's will

to protect. Blind fool that she had been! This, then, was the reason why he had come, day after day, to Beatrice's house; this was the charm that had drawn him thither; this—she pressed her hands to her burning temples, as if to stop the torture of thought. Suddenly a voice was heard below, the door opened, and Randal Leslie entered.

CHAPTER XXIII.

Punctually at eight o'clock that evening, Baron Levy welcomed the new ally he had secured. The pair dined *en tête à tête*, discussing general matters till the servants left them to their wine. Then said the Baron, rising and stirring the fire—then said the Baron, briefly and significantly—
“Well!”

“As regards the property you spoke of,” answered Randal, “I am willing to purchase it on the terms you name. The only point that perplexes me is how to account to Audley Egerton, to my parents, to the world, for the power of purchasing it.”

“True,” said the Baron, without even a smile at the ingenious and truly Greek manner in which Randal had contrived to denote his meaning, and conceal the ugliness of it—“true, we must think of that. If we could manage to conceal the real name of the purchaser for a year or so—it might be easy—you may be supposed to have speculated in the Funds; or Egerton may die, and people may believe that he had secured to you something handsome from the ruins of his fortune.”

“Little chance of Egerton's dying.”

“Humph!” said the Baron. “However, this is a mere detail, reserved for consideration. You can now tell us where the young lady is?”

“Certainly. I could not this morning—I can now. I will go with you to the Count. Meanwhile, I have seen Madame di Negra; she will accept Frank Hazeldean if he will but offer himself at once.”

“Will he not?”

“No! I have been to him. He is overjoyed at my representations, but considers it his duty to ask the consent

of his parents. Of course they will not give it; and if there be delay, she will retract. She is under the influence of passions, on the duration of which there is no reliance.

“What passions? Love?”

“Love; but not for Hazeldean. The passions that bring her to accept his hand are pique and jealousy. She believes, in a word, that one, who seems to have gained the mastery over her affections with a strange suddenness, is but blind to her charms, because dazzled by Violante's. She is prepared to aid in all that can give her rival to Peschiera; and yet, such is the inconsistency of woman, (added the young philosopher, with a shrug of the shoulders,) that she is also prepared to lose all chance of securing him she loves, by bestowing herself on another!”

“Woman indeed, all over!” said the Baron, tapping the snuff-box, (Louis Quinze,) and regaling his nostrils with a scornful pinch. “But who is the man whom the fair Beatrice has thus honoured? Superb creature! I had some idea of her myself when I bought up her debts; but it might have embarrassed me, on more general plans, as regards the Count. All for the best. Who's the man? Not Lord L'Estrange?”

“I do not think it is he; but I have not yet ascertained. I have told you all I know. I found her in a state so excited, so unlike herself, that I had no little difficulty in soothing her into confidence so far. I could not venture more.”

“And she will accept Frank?”

“Had he offered to-day she would have accepted him!”

“It may be a great help to your

fortunes, *mon cher*, if Frank Hazeldean marry this lady without his father's consent. Perhaps he may be disinherited. You are next of kin."

"How do you know that?" asked Randal, sullenly.

"It is my business to know all about the chances and connections of any one with whom I do money matters. I do money matters with young Mr Hazeldean; so I know that the Hazeldean property is not entailed; and, as the Squire's half-brother has no Hazeldean blood in him, you have excellent expectations."

"Did Frank tell you I was next of kin?"

"I rather think so; but I am sure *you* did."

"I—when?"

"When you told me how important it was to you that Frank should marry Madame di Negra. *Peste! mon cher*, do you think I'm a blockhead?"

"Well, Baron, Frank is of age, and can marry to please himself. You implied to me that you could help him in this."

"I will try. See that he call at Madame di Negra's to-morrow, at two precisely."

"I would rather keep clear of all apparent interference in this matter. Will you not arrange that he call on *her*?"

"I will. Any more wine? No;—then let us go to the Count's."

CHAPTER XXIV.

The next morning Frank Hazeldean was sitting over his solitary breakfast-table. It was long past noon. The young man had risen early, it is true, to attend his military duties, but he had contracted the habit of breakfasting late. One's appetite does not come early when one lives in London, and never goes to bed before daybreak.

There was nothing very luxurious or effeminate about Frank's rooms, though they were in a very dear street, and he paid a monstrous high price for them. Still, to a practised eye, they betrayed an inmate who can get through his money, and make very little show for it. The walls were covered with coloured prints of racers and steeple-chases, interspersed with the portraits of opera-dancers—all smirk and caper. Then there was a semicircular recess, covered with red cloth, and fitted up for smoking, as you might perceive by sundry stands full of Turkish pipes in cherry-stick and jessamine, with amber mouth-pieces; while a great serpent hookah, from which Frank could no more have smoked than he could have smoked out of the head of a boa constrictor, coiled itself up on the floor; over the chimney-piece was a collection of Moorish arms. What use on earth, ataghan and scimitar, and damasquined pistols, that would not carry straight three yards, could be to an officer in his Majesty's Guards,

is more than I can conjecture, or even Frank satisfactorily explain. I have strong suspicions that this valuable arsenal passed to Frank in part-payment of a bill to be discounted. At all events, if so, it was an improvement on the bear that he had sold to the hairdresser. No books were to be seen anywhere, except a Court Guide, a Racing Calendar, an Army List, the Sporting Magazine complete. (whole bound in scarlet morocco, at about a guinea per volume,) and a small book, as small as an Elzevir, on the chimney-piece, by the side of a cigar-case. That small book had cost Frank more than all the rest put together; it was his *Own Book*, his book *par excellence*; book made up by himself—his *BETTING BOOK*!

On a centre table were deposited Frank's well-brushed hat—a satin-wood box, containing kid-gloves, of various delicate tints, from primrose to lilac—a tray full of cards and three-cornered notes—an opera-glass, and an ivory subscription ticket to his opera stall.

In one corner was an ingenious receptacle for canes, sticks, and whips—I should not like, in these bad times, to have paid the bill for them;—and, mounting guard by that receptacle, stood a pair of boots as bright as Baron Levy's—"the force of brightness could no further go." Frank was in his dressing-gown—very good taste—quite Oriental—guaranteed to

be true India cachmere, and charged as such. Nothing could be more neat, though perfectly simple, than the appurtenances of his breakfast-table;—silver tea-pot, ewer and basin—all fitting into his dressing-box—(for the which may Storr and Mortimer be now praised, and some day paid!) Frank looked very handsome—rather tired, and exceedingly bored. He had been trying to read the *Morning Post*, but the effort had proved too much for him.

Poor dear Frank Hazeldean!—true type of many a poor dear fellow who has long since gone to the dogs. And it, in this road to ruin, there had been the least thing to do the traveller any credit by the way! One feels a respect for the ruin of a man like Audley Egerton. He is ruined *en roi*! From the wrecks of his fortune he can look down and see stately monuments built from the stones of that dismantled edifice. In every institution which attests the humanity of England, was a record of the princely bounty of the public man. In those objects of party, for which the proverbial sinews of war are necessary—in those rewards for service, which private liberality can confer—the hand of Egerton had been opened as with the heart of a king. Many a rising member of Parliament, in those days when talent was brought forward through the aid of wealth and rank, owed his career to the seat which Audley Egerton's large subscription had secured to him; many an obscure supporter in letters and the press looked back to the day when he had been freed from the gaol by the gratitude of the patron. The city he represented was embellished at his cost; through the shire that held his mortgaged lands, which he had rarely ever visited, his gold had flowed as a Pactolus; all that could animate its public spirit, or increase its civilisation, claimed kindred with his munificence, and never had a claim disallowed. Even in his grand careless household, with its large retinue and superb hospitality, there was something worthy of a representative of that time-honoured portion of our true nobility—the untitled gentlemen of the land. The great commoner had, indeed, “something to show” for

the money he had disdained and squandered. But for Frank Hazeldean's mode of getting rid of the dross, when gone, what would be left to tell the tale? Paltry prints in a bachelor's lodging; a collection of canes and cherry-sticks; half-a-dozen letters in ill-spelt French from a *figurante*; some long-legged horses, fit for nothing but to lose a race; that damnable Betting-Book; and—*sic transit gloria*—down sweeps some hawk of a Levy, on the wings of an I O U, and not a feather is left of the pigeon!

Yet Frank Hazeldean has stuff in him—a good heart, and strict honour. Fool though he seem, there is sound sterling sense in some odd corner of his brains, if one could but get at it. All he wants to save him from perdition is, to do what he has never yet done—viz., pause and think. But, to be sure, that same operation of thinking is not so easy for folks unaccustomed to it, as people who think—think!

“I can't bear this,” said Frank suddenly, and springing to his feet. “This woman, I cannot get her out of my head. I ought to go down to the governor's; but then if he gets into a passion and refuses his consent, where am I? And he will too, I fear. I wish I could make out what Randal advises. He seems to recommend that I should marry Beatrice at once, and trust to my mother's influence to make all right afterwards. But when I ask, ‘Is that your advice?’ he backs out of it. Well, I suppose he is right there. I can understand that he is unwilling, good fellow, to recommend anything that my father would disapprove. But still—”

Here Frank stopped in his soliloquy, and did make his first desperate effort to—think!

Now, O dear reader, I assume, of course, that thou art one of the class to which thought is familiar; and, perhaps, thou hast smiled in disdain or incredulity at that remark on the difficulty of thinking which preceded Frank Hazeldean's discourse to himself. But art thou quite sure that when thou hast tried to *think* thou hast always succeeded? Hast thou not often been duped by that pale visionary simulacrum of thought which

goes by the name of *reverie*? Honest old Montaigne confessed that he did not understand that process of sitting down to think, on which some folks express themselves so glibly. He could not think unless he had a pen in his hand, and a sheet of paper before him; and so, by a manual operation, seized and connected the links of ratiocination. Very often has it happened to myself, when I have said to Thought peremptorily, "Bestir thyself—a serious matter is before thee—ponder it well—think of it," that that same Thought has behaved in the most refractory, rebellious manner conceivable—and instead of concentrating its rays into a single stream of light, has broken into all the desultory tints of the rainbow, colouring senseless clouds, and running off into the seventh heaven—so that after sitting a good hour by the clock, with brows as knit as if I was intent on squaring the circle, I have suddenly discovered that I might as well have gone comfortably to sleep—I have been doing nothing but dream—and the most nonsensical dreams! So when Frank Hazeldean, as he stopped at that meditative "But still"—and leaning his arm on the chimney-piece, and resting his face on his hand, felt himself at the grave crisis of life, and fancied he was going "to think on it," there only rose before him a succession of shadowy pictures. Randal Leslie with an unsatisfactory countenance, from which he could extract nothing;—the Squire, looking as black as thunder in his study at Hazeldean;—his mother trying to plead for him, and getting herself properly scolded for her pains;—and then off went that Will-o'-the-wisp which pretended to call itself Thought, and began playing round the pale charming face of Beatrice di Negra in the drawing-room at Curzon Street, and repeating, with small elfin voice, Randal Leslie's assurance of the preceding day, "as to her affection for you, Frank, there is no doubt of *that*; she only begins to think you are trifling with her." And then there was a rapturous vision of a young gentleman on his knee, and the fair pale face bathed in blushes, and a clergyman standing by the altar, and a carriage and four with white favours at the church door;

and of a honeymoon, which would have astonished as to honey all the bees of Hymettus. And in the midst of these phantasmagoria, which composed what Frank fondly styled "making up his mind," there came a single man's elegant rat-tat-tat at the street door.

"One never *has* a moment for *thinking*," cried Frank, and he called out to his valet "Not at home."

But it was too late. Lord Spendquick was in the hall, and presently within the room. How d'y'e do's were exchanged and hands shaken.

LORD SPENDQUICK.—"I have a note for you, Hazeldean."

FRANK, (lazily).—"From whom?"

LORD SPENDQUICK.—"Levy. Just come from him—never saw him in such a fidget. He was going into the city—I suppose to see X. Y. Dashed off this note for you—and would have sent it by a servant, but I said I would bring it."

FRANK, (looking fearfully at the note).—"I hope he does not want his money yet. *Private and confidential*—that looks bad."

SPENDQUICK.—"Devilish bad indeed."

Frank opens the note and reads half aloud, "Dear Hazeldean."

SPENDQUICK, (interrupting).—"Good sign! He always 'Spendquicks' me when he lends me money; and 'tis 'My dear Lord' when he wants it back. Capital sign!"

Frank reads on, but to himself, and with a changing countenance—

"Dear Hazeldean,—I am very sorry to tell you that, in consequence of the sudden failure of a house at Paris with which I had large dealings, I am pressed, on a sudden, for all the ready money I can get. I don't want to inconvenience you; but do try and see if you can take up those bills of yours which I hold, and which, as you know, have been due some little time. I had hit on a way of arranging your affairs; but when I hinted at it, you seemed to dislike the idea; and Leslie has since told me that you have strong objections to giving any security on your prospective property. So no more of that, my dear fellow. I am called out in haste to try what I can do for a very charming client of mine, who is in great pecuniary distress,

though she has for her brother a foreign Count, as rich as Cæsus. There is an execution in her house. I am going down to the tradesman who put it in, but have no hope of softening him; and I fear there will be others before the day is out. Another reason for wanting money, if you can help me, *mon cher*!—An execution in the house of one of the most brilliant women in London—an execution in Curzon Street, May Fair! It will be all over the town, if I can't stop it.—Yours in haste, LEVY.

"P.S.—Don't let what I have said vex you too much. I should not trouble you if Spendquick and Borrowell would pay me something. Perhaps you can get them to do so."

Struck by Frank's silence and paleness, Lord Spendquick here, in the kindest way possible, laid his hand on the young Guardsman's shoulder, and looked over the note with that freedom which gentlemen in difficulties take with each other's private and confidential correspondence. His eye fell on the postscript. "Oh, damn it," cried Spendquick, "but that's too bad—employing you to get me to pay him! Such horrid treachery. Make yourself easy, my dear Frank; I could never suspect you of anything so unhandsome. I could as soon suspect myself of—paying him—"

"Curzon Street! Count!" muttered Frank, as if waking from a dream. "It must be so." To thrust on his boots—change his dressing-robe for a frock-coat—catch at his hat, gloves, and cane—break from Spendquick—descend the stairs—a flight at a leap—gain the street—throw himself into a cabriolet; all this was done before his astounded visitor could even recover breath enough to ask "What's the matter?"

Left thus alone, Lord Spendquick shook his head—shook it twice, as if fully to convince himself that there was nothing in it; and then re-arranging his hat before the looking-glass, and drawing on his gloves deliberately, he walked down stairs, and strolled into White's, but with a bewildered and absent air. Standing at the celebrated bow-window for some moments in musing silence, Lord Spendquick at last thus addressed an exceedingly cynical, sceptical, old *roué*:—

"Pray, do you think there is any truth in the stories about people in former times selling themselves to the devil?"

"Ugh," answered the *roué*, much too wise ever to be surprised. "Have you any personal interest in the question?"

"I!—no; but a friend of mine has just received a letter from Levy, and he flew out of the room in the most extra-or-di-na-ry manner—just as people did in those days when their time was up! And Levy, you know, is—"

"Not quite as great a fool as the other dark gentleman to whom you would compare him; for Levy never made such bad bargains for himself. Time up! No doubt it is. I should not like to be in your friend's shoes."

"Shoes!" said Spendquick, with a sort of shudder; "you never saw a neater fellow, nor one, to do him justice, who takes more time in dressing than he does in general. And, talking of shoes—he rushed out with the right boot on the left foot, and the left boot on the right. Very mysterious." And a third time Lord Spendquick shook his head—and a third time that head seemed to him wondrous empty.

CHAPTER XXV.

But Frank had arrived in Curzon Street—leapt from the cabriolet—knocked at the door, which was opened by a strange-looking man in a buff waistcoat and corduroy smalls. Frank gave a glance at this personage—pushed him aside—and rushed up stairs. He burst into the drawing-

room—no Beatrice was there. A thin elderly man, with a manuscript book in his hands, appeared engaged in examining the furniture and making an inventory, with the aid of Madame di Negra's upper servant. The thin man stared at Frank, and touched the hat which was on his

head. The servant, who was a foreigner, approached Frank, and said, in broken English, that his lady did not receive—that she was unwell, and kept her room. Frank thrust a sovereign into the servant's hand, and begged him to tell Madame di Negra that Mr Hazeldean entreated the honour of an interview. As soon as the servant vanished on this errand, Frank seized the thin man by the arm—"What is this?—an execution?"

"Yes, sir."

"For what sum?"

"Fifteen hundred and forty-seven pounds. We are the first in possession."

"There are others, then?"

"Or else, sir, we should never have taken this step. Most painful to our feelings, sir; but these foreigners are here to-day, and gone to-morrow. And—"

The servant re-entered. Madame di Negra would see Mr Hazeldean. Would he walk up stairs? Frank hastened to obey his summons.

Madame di Negra was in a small room which was fitted up as a boudoir. Her eyes showed the traces of recent tears, but her face was composed, and even rigid, in its haughty though mournful expression. Frank, however, did not pause to notice her countenance—to hear her dignified salutation. All his timidity was gone. He saw but the woman whom he loved, in distress and humiliation. As the door closed on him, he flung himself at her feet. He caught at her hand—the skirt of her robe.

"Oh! Madame di Negra!—Beatrice!" he exclaimed, tears in his eyes, and his voice half-broken by generous emotion; "forgive me—forgive me; don't see in me a mere acquaintance. By accident I learned, or, rather, guessed—this—this strange insult to which you are so unworthily exposed. I am here. Think of me—but as a friend—the truest friend. Oh! Beatrice!"—and he bent his head over the hand he held—"I never dared say so before—it seems presuming to say it now—but I cannot help it. I love you—I love you with my whole heart and soul—to serve you—if only but to serve you!—I ask nothing else." And a sob went

from his warm, young, foolish heart.

The Italian was deeply moved. Nor was her nature that of the mere sordid adventuress. So much love, and so much confidence! She was not prepared to betray the one, and entrap the other.

"Rise—rise," she said, softly; "I thank you gratefully. But do not suppose that I—"

"Hush—hush!—you must not refuse me. Hush!—don't let your pride speak."

"No—it is not my pride. You exaggerate what is occurring here. You forget that I have a brother. I have sent for him. He is the only one I can apply to. Ah! that is his knock! But I shall never, never forget that I have found one generous noble heart in this hollow world."

Frank would have replied, but he heard the Count's voice on the stairs, and had only time to rise and withdraw to the window, trying hard to repress his agitation and compose his countenance. Count di Peschiera entered—entered as a very personation of the beauty and magnificence of careless, luxurious, pampered, egotistical wealth. His surcoat, trimmed with the costliest sables, flung back from his splendid chest. Amidst the folds of the glossy satin that enveloped his throat, gleamed a turquoise, of such value as a jeweller might have kept for fifty years before he could find a customer rich and frivolous enough to buy it. The very head of his cane was a masterpiece of art, and the man himself, so elegant despite his strength, and so fresh despite his years!—It is astonishing how well men wear when they think of no one but themselves!

"Pr—rr!" said the Count, not observing Frank behind the draperies of the window; "Pr—rr—. It seems to me that you must have passed a very unpleasant quarter of an hour. And now—*Dieu me damne—quoi faire!*"

Beatrice pointed to the window, and felt as if she could have sunk into the earth for shame. But as the Count spoke in French, and Frank did not very readily comprehend that language, the words escaped him; though his ear was shocked by a certain satirical levity of tone.

Frank came forward. The Count held out his hand, and, with a rapid change of voice and manner, said, "One whom my sister admits at such a moment must be a friend to me."

"Mr Hazeldean," said Beatrice, with meaning, "would indeed have nobly pressed on me the offer of an aid which I need no more, since you, my brother, are here."

"Certainly," said the Count, with his superb air of *grand seigneur*; "I will go down and clear your house of this impertinent *canaille*. But I thought your affairs were with Baron Levy. He should be here."

"I expect him every moment. Adieu! Mr Hazeldean." Beatrice extended her hand to her young lover with a frankness which was not without a certain pathetic and cordial dignity. Restrained from farther words by the Count's presence, Frank bowed over the fair hand in silence, and retired. He was on the stairs, when he was joined by Peschiera.

"Mr Hazeldean," said the latter, in a low tone, "will you come into the drawing-room?"

Frank obeyed. The man employed in his examination of the furniture was still at his task; but at a short whisper from the Count he withdrew.

"My dear sir," said Peschiera, "I am so unacquainted with your English laws, and your mode of settling embarrassments of this degrading nature, and you have evidently showed so kind a sympathy in my sister's distress, that I venture to ask you to stay here, and aid me in consulting with Baron Levy."

Frank was just expressing his unfeigned pleasure to be of the slightest use, when Levy's knock resounded at the street-door, and in another moment the Baron entered.

"Ouf!" said Levy, wiping his brows and sinking into a chair as if he had been engaged in toils the most exhausting—"Ouf! this is a very sad business—very; and nothing, my dear Count, nothing but ready money can save us here."

"You know my affairs, Levy," replied Peschiera, mournfully shaking his head, "and that though in a few

months, or it may be weeks, I could discharge with ease my sister's debts, whatever their amount, yet at this moment, and in a strange land, I have not the power to do so. The money I brought with me is nearly exhausted. Can you not advance the requisite sum?"

"Impossible!—Mr Hazeldean is aware of the distress under which I labour myself."

"In that case," said the Count, "all we can do to-day is to remove my sister, and let the execution proceed. Meanwhile I will go among my friends, and see what I can borrow from them."

"Alas!" said Levy, rising and looking out of the window—"alas! we cannot remove the Marchesa—the worst is to come. Look!—you see those three men; they have a writ against her person: the moment she sets her foot out of these doors she will be arrested."*

"Arrested!" exclaimed Peschiera and Frank in a breath.

"I have done my best to prevent this disgrace, but in vain," said the Baron, looking very wretched. "You see, these English tradespeople fancy they have no hold upon foreigners. But we can get bail; she must not go to prison—"

"Prison!" echoed Frank. He hastened to Levy and drew him aside. The Count seemed paralysed by shame and grief. Throwing himself back on the sofa, he covered his face with his hands.

"My sister!" groaned the Count—"daughter to a Peschiera, widow to di Negra!" There was something affecting in the proud woe of this grand patrician.

"What is the sum?" whispered Frank, anxious that the poor Count should not overhear him; and indeed the Count seemed too stunned and overwhelmed to hear anything less loud than a clap of thunder!

"We may settle all liabilities for £5000. Nothing to Peschiera, who is enormously rich. *Entre nous*, I doubt his assurance that he is without ready money. It may be so, but—"

"£5000! How can I raise such a sum!"

* At that date the law of *meeme process* existed still.

"You, my dear Hazeldean? What are you talking about? To be sure, you could raise twice as much with a stroke of your pen, and throw your own debts into the bargain. But—to be so generous to an acquaintance!"

"Acquaintance—Madame di Negra!—the height of my ambition is to claim her as my wife!"

"And these debts don't startle you?"

"If a man loves," answered Frank simply, "he feels it most when the woman he loves is in affliction. And," he added, after a pause, "though these debts are faults, kindness at this moment may give me the power to cure for ever both her faults and my own. I can raise this money by a stroke of the pen! How?"

"On the Casino property."

Frank drew back.

"No other way?"

"Of course not. But I know your scruples; let us see if they can be conciliated. You would marry Madame di Negra; she will have £20,000 on her wedding-day. Why not arrange that, out of this sum, your anticipative charge on the Casino property be paid at once? Thus, in truth, it will be but for a few weeks that the charge will exist. The bond will remain locked in my desk—it can never come to your father's knowledge, nor wound his feelings. And when you marry, (if you will but be prudent in the meanwhile,) you will not owe a debt in the world."

Here the Count suddenly started up.

"Mr Hazeldean, I asked you to stay and aid us by your counsel; I see now that counsel is unavailing. This blow on our house must fall! I thank you, sir—I thank you. Farewell. Levy, come with me to my poor sister, and prepare her for the worst."

"Count," said Frank, "hear me. My acquaintance with you is but slight, but I have long known and— and esteemed your sister. Baron Levy has suggested a mode in which I can have the honour and the happiness of removing this temporary but painful embarrassment. I can advance the money."

"No—no!" exclaimed Peschiera.

"How can you suppose that I will hear of such a proposition? Your youth and benevolence mislead and blind you. Impossible, sir—impossible! Why, even if I had no pride, no delicacy of my own, my sister's fair fame—"

"Would suffer indeed," interrupted Levy, "if she were under such obligation to any one but her affianced husband. Nor, whatever my regard for you, Count, could I suffer my client, Mr Hazeldean, to make this advance upon any less valid security than that of the fortune to which Madame di Negra is entitled."

"Ha!—is this indeed so? You are a suitor for my sister's hand, Mr Hazeldean?"

"But not at this moment—not to owe her hand to the compulsion of gratitude," answered gentleman Frank.

"Gratitude! And you do not know her heart, then? Do not know—" the Count interrupted himself, and went on after a pause. "Mr Hazeldean, I need not say, that we rank among the first houses in Europe. My pride led me formerly into the error of disposing of my sister's hand to one whom she did not love—merely because in rank he was her equal. I will not again commit such an error, nor would Beatrice again obey me if I sought to constrain her. Where she marries, there she will love. If, indeed, she accept you, as I believe she will, it will be from affection solely. If she does, I cannot scruple to accept this loan—a loan from a brother-in-law—loan to me, and not charged against her fortune! That, sir, (turning to Levy, with his grand air,) you will take care to arrange. If she do not accept you, Mr Hazeldean, the loan, I repeat, is not to be thought of. Pardon me, if I leave you. This, one way or other, must be decided at once." The Count inclined his head with much stateliness, and then quitted the room. His step was heard ascending the stairs.

"If," said Levy, in the tone of a mere man of business—"if the Count pay the debts, and the lady's fortune be only charged with your own—after all it will not be a bad marriage in the world's eye, nor ought it to be in a father's. Trust me, we shall get Mr

Hazeldean's consent, and cheerfully too."

Frank did not listen; he could only listen to his love, to his heart beating loud with hope and with fear.

Levy sate down before the table, and drew up a long list of figures in a very neat hand—a list of figures on *two* accounts, which the *post-obit* on the Casino was destined to efface.

After a lapse of time, which to Frank seemed interminable, the Count reappeared. He took Frank aside, with a gesture to Levy, who rose, and retired into the drawing-room.

"My dear young friend," said Peschiera, "as I suspected, my sister's heart is wholly yours. Stop; hear me out. But unluckily, I informed her of your generous proposal; it was most unguarded, most ill-judged in me, and that has wellnigh spoiled all; she has so much pride and spirit; so great a fear that you may think yourself betrayed into an imprudence you may hereafter regret, that I am sure she will tell you she does not love you, she cannot accept you, and so forth. Lovers like you are not easily deceived. Don't go by her words; but you shall see her yourself and judge. Come."

Followed mechanically by Frank, the Count ascended the stairs and threw open the door of Beatrice's room. The Marchesa's back was turned; but Frank could see that she was weeping.

"I have brought my friend to plead for himself," said the Count in French; "and take my advice, sister, and do not throw away all prospect of real and solid happiness for a vain scruple. *Hed me!*" He retired and left Frank alone with Beatrice.

Then the Marchesa, as if by a violent effort, so sudden was her movement, and so wild her look, turned her face to her wooer, and came up to him, where he stood.

"Oh!" she said, clasping her hands, "is this true? You would save me from disgrace, from a prison—and what can I give you in return? My love! No, no. I will not deceive you. Young, fair, noble, as you are, I do not love you, as you should be loved. Go; leave this house; you do not know my brother. Go, go—while I have still strength, still virtue

enough to reject whatever may protect me from him! whatever—may—Oh—go, go.

"You do not love me," said Frank. "Well, I don't wonder at it; you are so brilliant, so superior to me. I will abandon hope—I will leave you as you command me. But at least I will not part with my privilege to serve you. As for the rest—shame on me if I could be mean enough to boast of love, and enforce a suit, at such a moment."

Frank turned his face and stole away softly. He did not arrest his steps at the drawing-room; he went into the parlour, wrote a brief line to Levy charging him quietly to dismiss the execution, and to come to Frank's rooms with the necessary deeds; and, above all, to say nothing to the Count. Then he went out of the house and walked back to his lodgings.

That evening Levy came to him, and accounts were gone into, and papers signed; and the next morning Madame di Negra was free from debt; and there was a great claim on the reversion of the Casino estates; and at the noon of that next day Randal was closeted with Beatrice; and before the night, came a note from Madame di Negra, hurried, blurred with tears, summoning Frank to Curzon Street. And when he entered the Marchesa's drawing-room, Peschiera was seated beside his sister; and rising at Frank's entrance, said "My dear brother-in-law!" and placed Frank's hand in Beatrice's.

"You accept me—you accept me—and of your own free will and choice?"

And Beatrice answered, "Bear with me a little, and I will try to repay you with all my—all my—" She stopped short, and sobbed aloud.

"I never thought her capable of such acute feeling, such strong attachment," whispered the Count.

Frank heard, and his face was radiant. By degrees Madame di Negra recovered composure, and she listened with what her young lover deemed a tender interest, but what, in fact, was mournful and humbled resignation, to his joyous talk of the future. To him the hours passed by, brief and bright, like a flash of sunlight. And his dreams, when he re-

tired to rest, were so golden! But, when he awoke the next morning, he said to himself, "What—what will they say at the Hall?"

At that same hour Beatrice, burying her face on her pillow, turned from the loathsome day, and could have prayed for death. At that same hour, Giulio Franzini, Count di Peschiera, dismissing some gaunt, haggard Italians, with whom he had been in close conference, sallied forth to reconnoitre the house that contained Violante. At that same hour, Baron Levy was seated before his desk casting up a deadly array of figures, headed "Account with the Right Hon. Audley Egerton, M.P., *Dr. and Cr.*"—title-deeds strewed around him, and Frank Hazeldean's post-obit peeping out fresh from the elder parchments. At that same hour, Audley Egerton had just concluded a letter from the chairman of his committee in the city he represented, which letter informed him he had not a chance of being re-elected. And the lines of his face were as composed as usual, and his foot rested as firm on the grim iron box; but his hand was pressed to his heart, and his eye was on the clock; and his voice muttered—"Dr F—— should be here!" And at that hour Harley L'Estrange, who the previous night had charmed courtly crowds with

his gay humour, was pacing to and fro the room in his hotel with restless strides and many a heavy sigh;—and Leonard was standing by the fountain in his garden, and watching the wintry sunbeams that sparkled athwart the spray;—and Violante was leaning on Helen's shoulder, and trying archly, yet innocently, to lead Helen to talk of Leonard;—and Helen was gazing steadfastly on the floor, and answering but by monosyllables;—and Randal Leslie was walking down to his office for the last time, and reading, as he passed across the Green Park, a letter from *home*, from his sister; and then, suddenly crumpling the letter in his thin pale hand, he looked up, beheld in the distance the spires of the great national Abbey; and recalling the words of our hero Nelson, he muttered—"Victory *and* Westminster, but *not* the abbey!" And Randal Leslie felt that, within the last few days, he had made a vast stride in his ambition;—his grasp on the old Leslie lands—Frank Hazeldean betrothed, and possibly disinherited;—and Dick Avenel, in the back ground, opening, against the hated Lansmere interest, that same seat in Parliament which had first welcomed into public life Randal's ruined patron.

"But some must laugh, and some must weep;
Thus runs the world away!"

AMERICAN MILITARY RECONNOISSANCES.

MILITARY works are not exactly the kind of literature we look for from the United States. The gigantic European wars which ensanguined the early years of the century, make us apt to depreciate all contests that have since occurred. With Ansterlitz and Jena, Leipzig and Toulouse, Salamanca and Waterloo, fresh in our memory, we scarcely heed the gallant actions of which Hungary and Northern Italy have recently been the scene. Still less do we regard, otherwise than with a smile, the easy triumphs obtained by Anglo-Americans over Indians and Mexicans. And, therefore, we were glad to find, on examining these two bulky volumes of *Military Reconnoissances*, that they had other claims to interest besides the narration of unequal combats between the stalwart and intrepid children of the Union and the degenerate descendants of the Spanish Conquistadores. Their military portions are quite subordinate, and they may be read as books of travel, written by highly intelligent and scientific men. They comprise the notes and reports of several American staff and engineer officers sent at different times to explore New Mexico, Texas, the country of the Navajos Indians, and other wild and little known districts south and west of the States—to which much of the territory thus travelled over has since been annexed. The most copious and interesting of the reports is that of Major (then Lieutenant) Emory, who, in June 1846, received orders to repair to Fort Leavenworth, with three junior officers, and to report himself and party to Colonel Kearney, as field and topographical engineers to his command. Colonel Kearney's column, rather magniloquently styled "The Army of the West," was destined to strike a blow at the northern

provinces of Mexico, particularly at New Mexico and California. This "Army of the West" was on a very diminutive scale, consisting of two batteries of six-pounders, three squadrons of dragoons, a regiment of Missouri cavalry, and two companies of infantry. It was part of Lieutenant Emory's instructions that, when military duties permitted, he and his subalterns should give their time and attention to the observation of the regions they were to traverse. The calls upon their military services proving extremely limited, they diligently pursued their peaceable and scientific researches, to which we are now indebted for a closely printed volume of notes, a large number of drawings of scenery, plants, antiquities, Indians, &c., and a map, as large as a table-cloth, of the route of the expedition. The other and more lately printed volume, more miscellaneous, and perhaps less generally interesting in its printed contents, surpasses its companion in the merits of its pictorial portion, consisting of seventy-five plates, many of them very curious, and some of them remarkably good specimens of the new art of printing in colours.

Any common map of North America will show in an instant the route followed by Lieutenant Emory. Starting from Fort Leavenworth, which is situated a little north of the junction of the Kansas with the Missouri, he marched in a south-westerly direction to Santa Fé, then nearly due south through the country of the Navajos and Apaches Indians, and then west to San Diego on the Pacific. A great portion of this route was through regions previously little explored. The contrary was the case with its earliest portion, namely, from Fort Leavenworth to Bent's Fort, which has been much

Notes of a Military Reconnoissance from Fort Leavenworth, in Missouri, to San Diego in California, including parts of the Arkansas, Del Norte, and Gila rivers. By W. H. EMORY, Brevet-major, Corps Topographical Engineers. New York, 1848. London, Delt.

Reconnoissances in New Mexico, Texas, &c. (Reports of the American Secretary at War.) Washington, 1850.

visited. It is not till he quits the latter place that Lieutenant Emory commences his miscellaneous notes, previously confining himself to scientific, and especially astronomical, observations. From Bent's Fort to Santa Fé was little more than a fortnight's march. At Santa Fé the Mexican general, Armijo, was in command, and there might probably be fighting. But on the approach of the invaders, Armijo's heart failed him: he abandoned, without a shot, his advantageous and very defensible position, and fled southwards.

"As we approached the ruins of the ancient town of Pecos, a large fat fellow, mounted on a mule, came towards us at full speed, and extending his hand to the general, congratulated him on the arrival of himself and army. He said, with a roar of laughter, 'Armijo and his troops have gone to h—, and the Canon is all clear.' This was the Alcalde of the settlement, two miles up the Pecos from the ruins where we encamped. Pecos, once a fortified town, is built on a promontory or rock, somewhat in the shape of a foot. Here burned, until within seven years, the eternal fires of Montezuma, and the remains of the architecture exhibit, in a prominent manner, the engraftment of the Catholic church upon the ancient religion of the country. At one end of the short spur forming the terminus of the promontory, are the remains of the *estufa*, (stove or furnace for the preservation of the eternal fire,) with all its parts distinct; at the other are the remains of the Catholic church, both showing the distinctive marks and emblems of the two religions. The fires from the *estufa* burned and sent their incense through the same altars from which was preached the doctrine of Christ. Two religions so utterly different in theory were here, as in all Mexico, blended in harmonious practice until about a century since, when the town was sacked by a band of Indians. Amidst the havoc of plunder, the faithful Indian managed to keep his fire burning in the *estufa*, and it was continued till a few years since, when the tribe became almost extinct. Their devotions rapidly diminished their numbers, until they became so few as to be unable to keep their immense *estufa* (forty feet in diameter) replenished, when they abandoned the place and joined a tribe of the original race over the mountains, about sixty miles south. There, it is said, to this day they keep up their fire, which

has never yet been extinguished. The labour, watchfulness, and exposure to heat, consequent on this practice of their faith, is fast reducing this remnant of the Montezuma race; and a few years will, in all probability, see the last of this interesting people."

The Indians in general, Mr Emory states, were delighted to exchange Mexican for American masters. The day after his arrival at Santa Fé, the chiefs of the large and formidable tribe of the Pueblo Indians came to give in their joyful adhesion to the invaders. These Indians are some of the best and most peaceable inhabitants of New Mexico. Very soon after the Spanish conquest they embraced the religion, manners, and customs of their masters. A tradition was long current amongst them, they told the American officers, that the white man would come from the far east and release them from Spanish bondage. From Taos and other places deputations arrived to give in their allegiance, and to ask protection from hostile Indians; and a band of Navajos, naked savage-looking fellows, also dropped in and took up their quarters with the interpreter to the expedition, just opposite Mr Emory's lodging. "They ate, drank, and slept all the time, noticing nothing but a little cinnamon-coloured naked brat that was playing in the court, which they gazed at with the eyes of gastronomes." The Navajos are a robber tribe, dwelling in holes and caverns in lofty mountains, difficult of access, westward from Santa Fé and the Rio del Norte, and descending at night into the valleys to carry off the fruit, cattle, women, and children of the Mexicans. To assail and subdue them in their strongholds is an enterprise which the Mexicans never dreamed of attempting, and which Mr Emory believed would be no easy task even for his own countrymen. Armijo, during his government of New Mexico, would not allow the inhabitants to make war on these banditti, whom he took advantage of as a means of intimidation and extortion, as a thief might avail of a savage dog. Any who offended him were pretty sure to have a visit from the Navajos. Three years after Mr Emory's expedition, a military re-

connoissance was made from Santa Fé to the Navajo country, under command of Colonel Washington, governor of New Mexico. Lieutenant Simpson, of the Topographical Engineers, accompanied it, and we turn to his report (included in the second volume under notice) for some particulars of this predatory tribe and its district. The object of the expedition was to enforce compliance with a treaty made with the Navajos by a United States officer, by which they had pledged themselves to give up all Mexican captives, all murderers of Mexicans, who might be secreted amongst them, and all the Mexican stock they had driven off since the establishment of the government of the United States in that province. Several head-men of the Navajos came into camp for a talk with Colonel Washington and Mr Calhoun, (the Indian agent,) and it was agreed that on the following day the chiefs of the tribe should hold a conference with the American officers. Accordingly, at noon the next day, which was the 31st August, Narbona, the head chief of the Navajos, a man of eighty, whose portrait (that of a handsome old man, with a straight nose, a high forehead, and little or nothing of the savage in his aspect,) is given by Lieutenant Simpson, came into camp, accompanied by two other chiefs, and a colloquy was held with them through Sandoval, Navajo guide and interpreter to the expedition. The Indians agreed to the demands of the white men, who promised them protection and presents, and it was settled that another council should shortly be held at Chelly, for the arrangement of further details.

"The council breaking up, Sandoval harangued some two or three hundred Navajos, ranged before him on horseback; the object, as it occurred to me, being to explain to them the views and purposes of the government of the United States. Sandoval himself, habited in his gorgeous dress, [we could give no idea of its richness and brilliant colouring without here presenting Mr Simpson's 52d plate, a coloured print of a Navajo in full costume,] and all the Navajos as gorgeously decked in red, blue, and white, with rifle erect in hand; the spectacle was very imposing. But soon I perceived there was likely to be some more serious

work than mere talking. It appears that it was ascertained very satisfactorily that there was then amongst the horses, in the possession of the Navajos present, one which belonged to a Mexican, a member of Colonel Washington's command. The colonel, particularly as the possessor of it acknowledged it to be stolen, demanded its immediate restoration. The Navajos demurred. He then told them that, unless they restored it immediately, they would be fired into. They replied that the man in whose possession the horse was had fled. Colonel Washington then directed Lieutenant Torres to seize one in reprisal. The Navajos scampered off at the top of their speed. The guard present was then ordered to fire upon them—the result of which was that their head chief, Narbona, was shot dead on the spot; and six others, as the Navajos subsequently told us, were mortally wounded. Major Peck also threw amongst them, very handsomely, much to their terror, when they were afar off and thought they could with safety relax their flight, a couple of round shot. These people evidently gave signs of being tricky and unreliable, and probably never will be chastened into perfect subjection until troops are stationed immediately amongst them."

This wholesale shooting, for so trifling a thing as a stolen horse, seems rather sharp practice; but perhaps it was judicious to intimidate the Navajos at first starting. They certainly showed no such formidable resistance as had been anticipated, three years previously, by Lieutenant Emory. The expedition continued its march, preceded by forty Pueblo Indians as an advanced guard, through a most formidable defile, which received the name of Washington Pass. The Pueblos were commanded by a chief of their own election, Owtewa by name, whose portrait, given by Mr Simpson, is more like that of some old weather-beaten Spanish guerrilla-leader than of an Indian. Indeed, most of the portraits contained in these two volumes have much of the Spanish character of physiognomy, easily explicable by three centuries of license and oppression. Mariano Martinez, another Navajo chief, has the very features and expression of a Castilian or Biscayan peasant. He came into camp a few days after Narbona's death, embraced Colonel Washington, and declared his wish for peace, and

his willingness to comply with the conditions of the treaty. Then, again embracing the American officers, "very impressively and with much endearment," he departed to seek and restore the captives and plunder claimed from his tribe. Fear had probably something to do with his humility and submission, for by this time the expedition was in the very heart of the Navajo country, close to the renowned *cañon* of Chelly. The word *cañon*, sometimes applied to a shallow valley, more commonly means a very deep and narrow one, or rather a ravine, enclosed between lofty escarpments. The *cañon* of Chelly is of the latter description, and of most remarkable configuration. It has long been celebrated in Mexico for its great depth and for the impregnable positions it affords, as well as for a strong fort it was said to contain, and which, according to Caravajal, Mr Simpson's Mexican guide, was so high as to require fifteen ladders to scale it, seven of which the said Caravajal affirmed that he, on one occasion, ascended, but was not permitted to go higher. From their camp, within five miles of Chelly, a large party of the American officers visited the *cañon*, which more than fulfilled their anticipations—so great was its depth, so precipitous its rocks, so beautiful and regular its stratification. Plate 48, "View of the *cañon* of Chelly near its head," although only a rough lithograph on a minute scale, gives an imposing idea of the gloomy depths of this natural wonder. At that spot Mr Simpson estimated it to be about eight hundred feet deep.

"At its bottom," he says, "a stream of water could be seen winding its way along it, the great depth causing it to appear like a mere riband. As far as time would permit an examination, for a depth of about three hundred feet—I could descend no further, on account of the wall becoming vertical—the formation appeared to be sandstone, horizontally stratified with drift conglomerate. At this depth I found, protruding horizontally from the wall, its end only sticking out, a petrified tree of about a foot in diameter, a fragment of which I broke off as a specimen. How did this tree get there? I also picked up at this point, upon the shelf on which I was standing, a species of iron ore, probably red hema-

tite. The colonel commanding returning to camp, after a cursory look at the *cañon*, in order to put the troops in motion for the day's march, I had not the time necessary to make the full examination which I would have liked. I saw, however, enough to assure me that this *cañon* is not more worthy the attention of the lover of nature than it is of the mineralogist and geologist."

Three days later, Lieutenant Simpson, attended by his assistant engineers and draughtsmen, and escorted by sixty men and several officers, went to reconnoitre the *cañon*. The account he gives of it is most curious and interesting. At its mouth the walls were low; but as he proceeded, their altitude increased, until, at about three miles from the entrance, they assumed a stupendous appearance. The floor of the ravine, which in some places was no more than one hundred and fifty feet wide—although generally more than double that width—is a heavy sand. "The escarpment walls, which are a red amorphous sandstone, are rather friable, and show imperfect seams of stratification—the dip being slight, and towards the west. Almost perfectly vertical, they look as if they had been chiselled by the hand of art; and occasionally cizous marks, apparently the effect of the rotary attrition of contiguous masses, could be seen on their faces." Having proceeded about three miles, the party turned into a left-hand branch of the *cañon*. This branch was one hundred and fifty to two hundred yards wide, and its walls of the same towering height as those of the main line of ravine. Two or three patches of corn, with melons and pumpkins growing amongst it, were met with on the way; and then, after following this left-hand branch for half a mile, Mr Simpson turned to his right up a narrow secondary branch, enclosed between vertical walls three hundred feet high, which in some places are without a seam in their surface from top to bottom.

"About half a mile up this branch," continues Mr Simpson, "in the right-hand escarpment wall, is a hemispherical cave, canopied by some stupendous rocks, a small, cool, acceptable spring being sheltered by it. A few yards further, this branch terminates in an almost ver-

tical wall, affording no pathway for the ascent or descent of troops. At the head of this branch I noticed two or three hackberry trees, and also the *stramonium*, the first plant of the kind we have seen. Retracing our steps to the primary branch we had left, we followed it up to its head, which we found but two or three hundred yards above the fork—the side walls still continuing stupendous, and some fine caves being visible here and there within them. I also noticed here some small habitations, made up of natural overhanging rock, and artificial walls, laid in stone and mortar—the latter forming the front portion of the dwelling.”

It would be necessary to transcribe the whole of Mr Simpson's minute account of his visit to the cañon and its branches, in order to convey to the reader a just idea of that most extraordinary and gigantic fissure. Even then the idea obtained might be incommensurate with the grandeur of the subject, if the description were unaided by the three plates, dashed off with a bold, rough pencil, in which Mr Simpson's draughtsman has given us a better notion of the grim aspect and huge proportions of the ravine than words could well supply. Having explored the lateral branches, without seeing any sign of the celebrated fort, the party then continued their progress up the main channel, passing some ruined villages, perched on shelves of the rock wall. Near one of these, about five miles from the entrance, they observed, in the bed of the cañon, the ordinary Navajo hut, (a common Indian lodge of conical form, constructed of poles united at the apex, and covered with bark, bushes, and mud,) and, hard by it, a peach orchard.

“A mile further, observing several Navajos, high above us, on the verge of the north wall, shouting and gesticulating as if they were very glad to see us, what was our astonishment when they commenced tripping down the almost vertical wall before them as nimbly and dexterously as minnet-dancers! Indeed, the force of gravity, and their descent upon a steep inclined plane, made such a kind of performance absolutely necessary to insure their equilibrium. All seemed to allow that this was one of the most wonderful feats they had ever witnessed.”

After this meeting, the party passed more ruins of considerable villages, mostly built on shelves, and accessible only by ladders. Fragments of curiously-marked pottery were picked up, of which drawings are given. The walls, still of red sandstone, increased in the magnificence of their proportions, at intervals presenting *façades* hundreds of feet in length, and three or four hundred in height, beautifully smooth and vertical. About eight miles up the cañon, a small rill, previously lost in the deep sand, reappeared above ground. At last, at nine and a half miles from the entrance, the horses of the Pueblo Indians who accompanied him not being strong enough to go farther, and the much talked-of *presidio* or fort not appearing, Mr Simpson resolved to return to camp. The height of the walls, at the point where he turned back, he ascertained to be five hundred and two feet, and still increasing. The length of the cañon he conjectures—he does not mention on what grounds—to be about twenty-five miles. Its average width, as far as he ascended it, was two hundred yards.

“Both in going up and returning through the canon, groups of Navajos and single persons were seen by us, high above our heads, gazing upon us from its walls. A fellow upon horseback, relieved as he was sharply against the sky, and scanning us from his elevation, appeared particularly picturesque. Whenever we met them in the canon, they were very friendly—the principal chief, Martinez, joining and accompanying us in our exploration, and the proprietors of the peach orchards bringing out blanket-loads of the fruit (at best but of ordinary quality) for distribution among the troops. I noticed the cross, the usual emblem of the Roman Catholic faith, stuck up but in one instance in the canon, and this is the only one I have seen in the Navajo country.”

Mr Simpson was assured by Martinez that he and his companions were the first American troops that had visited Chelly. His visit, he considers, has solved the mystery of the wonderful cañon, and dissipated the notion previously entertained that upon a plateau, near its mouth, stood a high insulated fort, to which the Navajos repaired when danger ap-

proached. The report was very likely to be originated by the elevated position of some of the old Mexican villages, and also, perhaps, by the lofty shelves of the rock walls, to which the sure-footed Navajos may have fled when enemies were at hand, and to scale some of which would have taken more than the "fifteen ladders" spoken of by Caravajal. We cannot but regret that Mr Simpson did not prosecute his researches till he reached the extremity of the main cañon. However unnecessary in a military point of view, the results of such an expedition could not have been otherwise than highly interesting to science, and especially to the geologist. We can hardly doubt that the perusal of his report will stimulate adventurous travellers to an early exploration of the wonderful cañon. It offers, indeed, a wide field for speculation, and abounds in points of the strongest interest. Its origin—whether a natural fissure or from aqueous agents (Mr Simpson seems to incline to the former hypothesis)—its ruins, broken pottery, and other antiquities—its minerals and plants, are all fresh and fascinating subjects for investigation. The Navajos, too, are a people well worth making acquaintance with; presenting, as they do, a singular mixture of barbarism with ingenuity and civilisation. From what Mr Simpson had seen of them, he fully expected, on ascending the cañon, to find they had better habitations than the wretched wigwams we have already described. But no others did he discover, save ruined houses and villages, of whose origin the Navajos could give no account; and he was struck by the anomaly, that dwellers in miserable mud lodges should be the best blanket manufacturers in the world. "The *sarape* Navajo," says Gregg, in his *Commerce of the Prairies*, "is of so close and dense a texture, that it will frequently hold water almost as well as gum-elastic cloth. It is, therefore, highly prized for protection against the rains. Some of the finer qualities are often sold among the Mexicans as high as fifty or sixty dollars each." Gregg also speaks of the Navajos producing "some exquisite styles of cotton textures," and of their inge-

nuité in feather embroidery; but Mr Simpson could discover amongst them no traces of either of these two arts, although they are fond of decorating their persons with plumage of birds, and display much taste in its selection and arrangement. Mr Simpson particularly noticed their wickerwork bowls and vases, which, like the blankets, held water, and were superior to anything of the kind he had seen in the States. The credit of making these was attributed, not to the Navajos, but to the Coystero Indians.

After quitting the neighbourhood of the Navajos, Lieutenant Emory and "The Army of the West" marched due south, following the course of the Del Norte for a distance of more than two hundred miles from Santa Fé. Turning off from the river, after parting with their waggons by reason of the badness of the road, their progress continued, without anything of particular interest occurring, until they reached the neighbourhood of the river Gila, when a number of Apache Indians, a tribe celebrated for their thievish propensities, came into camp, headed by their chief, Red Sleeve, swore eternal friendship to the Americans, and everlasting hatred to the Mexicans. Henceforward, they protested, the white man might pass alone and unharmed through their country: if on foot, he should be mounted—if hungry, they would give him food. Carson, the guide, only twinkled his keen eye, and declared he would not trust one of them. They were eager to trade.

"They had seen some trumpery about my camp which pleased them, and many of them collected there. My packs were made. One of my gentlest mules at that moment took fright, and went off like a rocket on the back trail, scattering to the right and left all who opposed him. A large, elegant-looking woman, mounted a straddle, more valiant than the rest, faced the brute, and charged upon him at full speed. This turned his course back to the camp; and I rewarded her by half-a-dozen biscuits, and, through her intervention, succeeded in trading two broken-down mules for two good ones, giving two yards of scarlet cloth in the bargain. By this time, a great number of Indians had collected about us, all differently dressed, and some in

the most fantastical style. The Mexican dress and saddles predominated, showing where they had chiefly made up their wardrobe. One had a jacket made of a Henry Clay flag, which aroused unpleasant sensations; for the acquisition, no doubt, cost one of my countrymen his life. Several wore beautiful helmets, decked with black feathers, which, with the short shirt, waist-belt, bare legs, and buskins, gave them the look of antique Grecian warriors. Most were furnished with the Mexican cartridge-box, which consists of a strap round the waist, with cylinders inserted for the cartridges."

The Apaches are a nomadic tribe, living in huts of twigs, easily constructed, and abandoned with indifference. In the saddle from infancy, they are perfect horsemen, and usually well mounted—their horses being kept in excellent condition by the abundant pasture that clothes the pleasant hills between the Del Norte and the Gila. Round the skirts of these they hover, overlooking the plains of Chihuahua and Sonora, and watching for those caravans whose slender escort encourages an attack. They are inveterate thieves, faithless and treacherous; but their treatment by the Mexicans was ill calculated to improve their character, or to turn them from their evil courses. The Mexicans slew them unmercifully whenever they could catch them, and used every species of stratagem to decoy them into their power.

"The former governor of Sonora," Mr Emory informs us, "employed a bold and intrepid Irishman, named Kirkor, to hunt the Apaches. He had in his employment whites and Delaware Indians, and was allowed, besides a *per diem*, 100 dollars per scalp, and 25 dollars for a prisoner. A story is also told of one Johnson, an Englishman, an Apache trader, who, allured by the reward, induced a number of these people to come to his camp, and placed a barrel of flour for them to help themselves. When the crowd of men, women, and children was thickest, he fired a six-pounder amongst them from a concealed place, and killed great numbers."

What wonder if tribes which have met such perfidious and cruel treatment are eminently distrustful of the white men! Two poor wretches, with whom the head of the American column

fell in, could not believe their senses when suffered to ride away unmolested. They spoke no Spanish, but a language described by Mr Emory as resembling the bark of a mastiff; and it was thought they belonged to the tribe of Tremblers, so called from the emotion they display at meeting white men. Some distance down the Gila, a second band of Apaches was met. They were anxious to have "a talk," and the Americans wished to trade; but it was difficult to dispel Indian mistrust. Alone and unarmed, Mr Emory went to meet them at the top of a hill, where their chief, although well mounted, and surrounded by six or eight of his armed followers, showed great trepidation on receiving the weaponless white man. Mr Emory remained as a hostage, whilst a young Indian, bolder than his fellows, went into camp. The ice thus broken, intercourse followed. Amongst others, a middle-aged and particularly garrulous Apache lady visited the American bivouac.

"She had on a gauze-like dress, trimmed with the richest and most costly Brussels lace, pillaged, no doubt, from some fandango-going belle of Sonora. She straddled a fine grey horse; and whenever her blanket dropped from her shoulders, her tawny form could be seen through the transparent gauze. After she had sold her mule, she was anxious to sell her horse, and careered about to show his qualities. Charging at full speed up a steep hill, the fastenings of her dress broke, and her bare back was exposed to the crowd, who ungallantly raised a shout of laughter. Nothing daunted, she wheeled short round with surprising dexterity, and seeing the mischief done, coolly slipped the dress from her arms, and tucked it between the seat and the saddle. In this state of nudity she rode through camp, from fire to fire, until, at last, attaining the object of her ambition, a soldier's red flannel shirt, she made her adieu in that new costume."

Scattered through Mr Emory's journal, and especially after passing Santa Fé, and whilst following, with occasional deviations, the course of the Gila, are many notes and observations of much interest to the naturalist. Traversing the plains near the little town of Socoro on the

Del Norte, Mr Emory noticed, as the chief growth of the sandy soil, the *Iodeodonda*, or *Larrea Mexicana*—a new plant, which, when crushed, gives out a most offensive smell of creosote. It grows to about the height of a man on horseback, and is the only bush which mules, even when extremely hungry, refuse to eat. On the 8th October, shortly before attaining one of the southernmost points of his journey, Mr Emory found himself surrounded by a vegetable world totally different from that of the United States. The variety of enormous cacti was so great that it was impossible, with his slender means of transport, to carry away a complete collection of them. Just after turning off from the Del Norte, he passed through a valley where grew a new variety of the evergreen oak, with leaves like the holly, and which was covered with round red balls, the size and colour of apricots, the effects of disease, or of the sting of an insect. Three days later he fell in with the famous mezcal, (an agave,) "about three feet in diameter, having broad leaves, armed with shark-like teeth, and arranged in concentric circles, which terminate in the middle of the plant in a perfect cone. Of this the Apaches make molasses, and cook it with horse meat." In the districts where this plant flourishes, artificial craters are found, into which the Indians throw the fruit, with heated stones, to remove the sharp thorns and reduce it to its saccharine state. In the course of one of his botanical rambles, during a day's halt, rendered necessary by severe marches, Mr Emory came upon a settlement of tarantulas, which, on his approach, rushed fearlessly to the front of their little caves and assumed an attitude of defence. He threw a pebble at them, and it would be hard to imagine, he says, concentrated in so small a space, so much expression of defiance, fury, and ability to do mischief, as the pleasant little colony presented.

From the 1st to the 9th of November, we find frequent mention in the "Notes" of an extraordinary species of cactus, to which Dr Engelmann of St Louis, in an interesting botanical letter appended to Mr Emory's work, proposes to give the name of *Cereus*

Giganteus. Under this name we find it depicted at page 96, in a plate where a mounted Indian, halted at its base, gives, by comparison, an imposing idea of its height. It also forms a most singular and striking feature of several of the landscapes scattered through this volume—of one particularly, on the Gila, where it has the effect of a chain of artificial columns or signal-posts. One of its most curious characteristics appears to be its invariable perpendicularity both of stem and branches; the latter, as soon as they bud out from the main trunk or from each other, hastening to turn their heads heavenwards, and to spring up in an exactly parallel direction to the parent stem. "The stem," says Dr Engelmann, "is tall, 25 to 60 feet high, and 2 to 6 feet in circumference—erect, simple, or with a few erect branches." Mr Emory's first mention of this pillar-like plant is as follows:—

"At the point where we left the Gila, there stands a *cereus* six feet in circumference, and so high that I could not reach half way to the top of it with the point of my sabre by many feet; and a short distance up the ravine is a grove of these plants, much larger than the one I measured, and with large branches. These plants bear a saccharine fruit much prized by the Indians and Mexicans. They are without leaves, the fruit growing to the boughs. The fruit resembles the burr of a chesnut, and is full of prickles; but the pulp resembles that of the fig, only more soft and luscious. In some it is white, in some red, and in others yellow, but always of exquisite taste."

The name of *pitahaya* is given to this cactus by the Californians; but that, according to Dr Engelmann, is a general name applied in Mexico and South America to all the large columnar cacti which bear an edible fruit. "We encamped in a grove of cacti of all kinds," writes Mr Emory on the 4th November; "amongst them the huge *pitahaya*, one of which was fifty feet high." The next day "we followed the Gila for six miles. The *pitahaya* and every other variety of cactus flourished in great luxuriance. The *pitahaya*, tall, erect, and columnar in its appearance, grew in every crevice from the base to the tops of

the mountains, and in one place I saw it growing nearly to its full dimensions from a crevice not much broader than the back of my sabre. These extraordinary-looking plants seem to seek the wildest and most unfrequented places." Although the course of the Gila is nine degrees to the north of the tropics, the vegetation, as exhibited in a plate at page 112, has something very tropical in its gigantic luxuriance and strange character. The geological features of the country are of corresponding peculiarity. On the 8th November, the course of the expedition was traversed by "a seam of yellowish-coloured igneous rock, shooting up into irregular spires and turrets, one or two thousand feet in height. It ran at right angles to the river, and extended to the north and to the south, in a chain of mountains as far as the eye could reach. One of these towers was capped with a substance many hundred feet thick, disposed in horizontal strata of different colours, from deep red to light yellow." A sketch of this singular chain of natural spires and towers is annexed to Mr Emory's description by one of his companions. At this part of the journey, although beaver "sign" and tracks of game were seen, few animals made their appearance. On the 6th November, the only creatures observed were lizards, scorpions, and tarantulas. Five days after, however, Mr Emory secured a long-sought bird, an inhabitant of the mezquite tree, having indigo-blue plumage, with top knot and a long tail, and whose wings, when spread, exhibit a white ellipse. "Strolling over the hills alone," says Mr Emory, "in pursuit of seeds and geological specimens, my thoughts went back to the States; and when I turned from my momentary aberrations, I was struck most forcibly with the fact that not one object in the whole view, animal, vegetable, or mineral, had anything in common with the products of any State in the Union, with the single exception of the cotton-wood, which is found in the Western States, and seems to grow wherever water flows from the vertebral range of mountains of North America."

On the 9th November, the expedition, which had long been struggling

over precipitous mountains and through deep *cañones*, emerged upon the plain, and for a moment all considered the difficulties of the journey at an end. The real gain was confined to the howitzers, which, dragged by main force of men and mules over a terribly rugged country, had by this time had every part of their running gear repeatedly broken and replaced. The artillerymen rejoiced at the lull which lightened their labour. It was, however, but an exchange of one set of difficulties for another. Grass ceased when the mountains were left behind, and the mules were fain to feed on willow and cotton-wood. And soon there were short commons for men as well as for beasts. Their first day's march over the plain brought them into the vicinity of two Indian tribes of a very different stamp from the predatory Navajos and perfidious Apaches. The Maricopas and Pimos almost realise those virtuous and heroic savages whom we had hitherto thought to exist nowhere but in Fenimore Cooper's novels. They galloped into the American camp in a frank confident style, delighted to find they had to do with white men instead of with their enemies the Apaches, of whose approach a report had been spread. There was a Pimo village nine miles off, and in three hours its inhabitants crowded into the camp, laden with corn, beans, honey, and water-melons, and opened a brisk trade. It was Mr Emory's observing night, but the throng, and the perpetual galloping to and fro, interfered greatly with the correctness of his observations. He was struck by the unsuspicious character of these people, who would leave their packs in the camp and absent themselves for hours. Theft was apparently unknown amongst them. With the mounted party, which first came in, was a man on foot, who appeared able to keep pace with the fleetest horse, and who, on recovering his breath, announced himself as interpreter to Juan Antonio Lunas, chief of the Pimos. With him for a guide, Mr Emory and other officers visited some neighbouring ruined buildings, concerning whose origin he could give them no information except a wild tradition in which he himself did not

believe. They then proceeded to the Pimos village, the interpreter going a pace which kept their mules at a long trot.

"We were much impressed with the beauty, order, and disposition of the arrangements for irrigating and draining the land. Corn, wheat, and cotton are the crops of this peaceful and intelligent race of people. All the crops have been gathered in, and the stubbles show they have been luxuriant. The cotton has been picked, and stacked for drying on the top of sheds. The fields are subdivided by ridges of earth into rectangles of about 200×100 feet, for the convenience of irrigating. The fences are of sticks wattled with willow and mezquite, and, in this particular, set an example of economy in agriculture worthy to be followed by the Mexicans, who never use fences at all. The houses of the people are mere sheds, thatched with willow and corn stalks."

This is rather a surprising account of the agricultural accomplishments of a tribe of North American Indians. It is to be remarked, however, of all these tribes, that their progress is generally confined to one of the arts of civilised life. We have seen the Navajos, whose costume is brilliant and complete, dwelling in wretched wigwams, and scarcely cultivating a few scanty patches of corn. The Pimos, who, as tillers of the ground, are superior in some respects to the Mexicans, go naked, save a breech cloth and a cotton blanket, whilst their women wear the blanket only, pinned around their loins. And beads and red cloth are as much prized by them as by any savages on the face of the earth. For these coveted articles, for blankets, and for cotton cloth, the Americans obtained a supply of corn and beans, and two or three bullocks, but no horses or mules. These were not plentiful amongst the Pimos, who extravagantly prized the few they had. One dashing young fellow, with ivory teeth and flowing hair, dashed full speed into camp on a wild unruly horse, which flew from side to side as he approached, alarmed at the unusual appearance of the white men.

"The Maricopa—for he was of that tribe—was without saddle or stirrups, and balanced himself to the right and left

with such ease and grace, as to appear part of his horse. He succeeded in bringing his fiery nag into the heart of the camp, and was immediately offered a very advantageous trade by a young officer. Stretching himself on his horse's neck, he caressed it tenderly, at the same time shutting his eyes—meaning thereby that no offer could tempt him to part with his charger. . . . To us it was a rare sight, to be thrown in the midst of a large nation of what are termed wild Indians, surpassing many of the Christian nations in agriculture, little behind them in the useful arts, and immeasurably before them in honesty and virtue. During the whole of yesterday, our camp was full of men, women, and children, who sauntered amongst our packs unwatched, and not a single instance of theft was reported. This peaceful and industrious race are in possession of a beautiful and fertile basin. Living remote from the civilised world, they are seldom visited by whites, and then only by those in distress, to whom they generously furnish horses and food. Aguardiente (brandy) is known among their chief men only, and its abuse and the vices it entails are yet unknown. They are without other religion than a belief in one great and overruling spirit. Their peaceful disposition is not the result of incapacity for war, for they are at all times enabled to meet and vanquish the Apaches in battle; and when we passed, they had just returned from an expedition into the Apache country to revenge some thefts and other outrages, with eleven scalps and thirteen prisoners. The prisoners are sold as slaves to the Mexicans."

Soon after quitting the country of the friendly Pimos and Maricopas, the Army of the West came upon the trail of an enemy, and at night fires were seen upon the opposite side of the Gila, which were thought to be those of the Mexican general, Castro. Mr Emory took a few dragoons and went for reconnoitre. It was not Castro, but a party of Mexicans conveying five hundred horses to Sonora for his use. This was a precious capture, for long marches and scanty forage, besides frequent want of water, had dismounted most of the American cavalry. Unfortunately, the prize horses were unbroken, and ill adapted for immediate service. They were good for meat, however, for by this time the expedition was on horseflesh rations. On the 28th November, "Major Swords found in a concealed

place one of the best pack-mules slaughtered, and the choice bits cut from his shoulders and flanks—stealthily done by some mess less provident than others." The next day, it is recorded by Mr Emory that a horse was killed for food, which was eaten with great appetite, and all of it consumed; and when the expedition reached the beautiful valley of the Agua Caliente, all waving with yellow grass, and halted at the farm of an American named Warner, so sharp set were they that Mr Emory assures us that seven of his men ate, at one single meal, a fat full-grown sheep. Near Warner's *rancheria* is the fountain whence the valley derives its name. From the fissure of a granite rock, there gushes forth a magnificent hot spring, of the temperature of 137° Fahrenheit. The volume of water is very large, and for a long distance the air is loaded with the fumes of sulphuretted hydrogen. Flowing down the same valley is a cold spring, of the temperature of 45°; and, without the aid of machinery, the cold and warm water may be mingled to the required temperature.

"The Indians have made pools for bathing. They huddle round the basin of the spring to catch the genial warmth of its vapours; and in cold nights immerse themselves in the pools to keep warm. A day will come, no doubt, when the invalid and pleasure-seeking portion of the white race will assemble here to drink and bathe in these waters, to ramble over the hills which surround them on all sides, and to sit under the shade of the great live oaks that grow in the valley."

This remarkable spring, destined, perhaps, at no remote period, to become the Saratoga of the Pacific States, rises in the heart of California; and, after marching away from it, the American troops might daily expect an encounter with the enemy. This occurred two days later. The Americans were victorious over greatly superior numbers, but with the loss of several officers killed and badly wounded. Mr Emory refers his readers to General Kearny's despatch for the account of the affair, but himself furnishes an elaborate topographical sketch of the positions and movements

of the contending parties, in what he calls the "action" at San Pasqual, which seems to have been a smart but very brief combat. The next day the Californians were driven with the utmost ease from a hill which they occupied, abandoning it on the approach of only six or eight Americans. By this time the Army of the West was, without exception, "the most tattered and ill-fed body of men that ever the United States mustered under her colours." The dragoons were diminished to a single squadron, provisions were exhausted, horses dead, mules on their last legs, men emaciated and reduced to a third of their numbers. For want of proper conveyances, it would have taken half the fighting men to transport the wounded; so it was held expedient to wait till these could ride. After dark on the 8th December, a naval lieutenant, Kit Carson the guide, and an Indian, set out for San Diego, thence twenty-nine miles distant, to ask reinforcements. There was but slender hope of their passing the enemy's pickets, which occupied all the passes to the town. Nevertheless they succeeded; and, during the night of the 10th, two hundred sailors and marines came into camp. Next morning the Californians, panic-struck at this accession to their enemies, fled precipitately, leaving most of their cattle behind them; and, on the 12th, the way-worn expedition entered San Diego.

English readers will find little to interest them in Mr Emory's narrative of some subsequent military operations in California, of sundry skirmishes, and of the capture of Pueblo de los Angeles. This, however, fills but a few pages. In the volume there is much to reward perusal, whether by the antiquarian, the geologist, the botanist, or the reader for mere amusement's sake. The same must be said of Lieutenant Simpson's report, to which we are indebted for the curious account of the cañon of Chelly and the Navajos Indians; and also of the report of Captain Marcy, who, during the summer of 1849, marched, with an escort of thirty dragoons and fifty infantry, from Fort Smith, in Arkansas territory, to Santa Fé, and back again. The objects of

the movement were to afford protection to the American citizens then emigrating to the newly-acquired provinces of New Mexico and California, to ascertain and establish the best route from the old to the new states, and to conciliate, as far as possible, the various Indian tribes inhabiting the extensive region through which lay his road. The whole distance gone over was about two thousand miles; and Captain Marcy's notes and observations are valuable to travellers and emigrants in that direction. The Comanches and Kioways (famous horse-stealers both of them) were the principal Indian tribes he met with; and, of the degree of civilisation prevailing amongst them, we may form some notion by an extract from his journal of the 19th June:—

"The Comanche women are, as in many other wild tribes, the slaves of their lords; and it is a common practice for their husbands to lend or sell them to a visitor for one, two, or three days at a time. There is no alternative for the women but to submit, as their husbands do not hesitate, in case of disobedience, to punish them by cutting off an ear or a nose. I should not imagine, however, that they would often be subjected to this degradation; for, if we may judge of them by the specimens before us, they are the most repulsive-looking objects of the female kind on earth—covered with dirt, their hair cut close to their heads, and with features ugly in the extreme. The men who visited us this morning were armed with the bow, quiver, and

shield; and they gave us an opportunity of witnessing the force with which they can throw the arrow. As we were about to slaughter an ox, one of the Indians requested to use his bow for that purpose; and, approaching to within about twenty yards of the animal, strained his bow to the full extent, and let fly an arrow, which buried itself in the vitals of the ox, passing through and breaking two ribs in its course. It is thus that they kill the buffalo, upon which these Indians, who are called the Upper Comanches, or 'buffalo-eaters,' mainly depend for a subsistence."

This description contrasts strongly with that given of the gentle, intelligent, and highly moral Pimos and Maricopas, amongst whom polygamy is unknown, and the crime of adultery entails universal contempt and detestation upon the criminals. These two tribes, apparently, form the only exception to the general character for treacherous and marauding propensities attributed to the Indians of Western Texas, New Mexico, and California. Lieutenant Whiting, in his report of a reconnoissance on the Texan frontier, denounces the Comanches as the fiercest and most formidable of all—the very pest of the western route; but gives scarcely a better character to Lipans, Wacos, and the other tribes inhabiting that region. Their speedy extermination will probably be an indirect result of Californian discoveries, and of the prodigious growth of the Anglo-Saxon race on the northern continent of America.

OUR LONDON COMMISSIONER.

ON presenting our credentials from *Maga*, we have been received in all quarters with the greatest possible respect. We have had private boxes presented to us at both the Italian Operas, and a free ticket, entitling the bearer to a glass of gin and water, at the Yorkshire Stingo. Museums are thrown open to us on the mere announcement of our name; Kew Gardens burst into bloom on our approach; and with regard to levee and drawing-room, we content ourselves with a distant and respectful allusion to the obliging behaviour of some of the loftiest personages in this realm; we will only say that the Lord Chamberlain and the Lord Steward have behaved in a manner to secure our highest approbation and esteem. May it be long—in the figurative language of the Coal-hole—before they cut their sticks! Nor is it only with regard to the existent objects of art or elegance that we are called upon to express our acknowledgments. Artists have already waited on us to express their anxiety to do honour to our employer by attentions showered upon ourselves. To three of the most venerated members of the Royal Academy we were reluctantly compelled to refuse our consent, when they proposed a peristrepic panorama—eight miles in length—to be called *The Commissioner's Voyage to London*. We declined the glory of being the central figure in a linked sweetness so very long drawn out, more especially as we are conscious of not being in our best looks if represented at the rougher periods of our experience as passenger in a Leith smack. We omit an enumeration of the tributary offerings from Truman, Hanbury & Co., as also from Sir Felix Booth. A blush of pleasure settles on our countenance when we reflect on these friendly gifts, as you may observe, perhaps, on our return, by a close inspection of our nose. Churches and chapels, no less than distilleries and museums, have vied with each other in the warmth of their reception. From gentlemanly High-Church, as from puritanical

Dissent, we have received the most pressing invitations, particularly on occasion of a charity sermon. Country or colour no object, we have been equally addressed by the United-Negro-Mental-Cultivation-Society, and the Red-Republican-topsy-turvy Association, under the presidency of Louis Blanc. With such an "open sesame" in our possession as is supplied by the appointment we now hold, it will be our own fault if a single object worthy of observation is omitted from our report; and we have only to say, before we proceed to the serious business of our commission, that we shall discharge the duties of our office with a high and fearless disregard of all consequences whatsoever. If we are a little too severe on the vanity or other bad feelings of any of the thin-skinned subjects of our remarks, we will observe that we are of an Irish family, in which the shortest of our three brothers is six feet two; and that we are still in the possession of the hair-triggers, with which our grandfather fought his way to the head of the Bar at the expense of twelve meetings with the various leading counsel on the opposite side. For the satisfaction of less belligerent but equally sensitive opponents, we will mention that one of our cousins is an attorney in very little practice, and that his address will be forthcoming on the slightest hint of legal proceedings. After this flourish of trumpets, we toss our hat into the ring, shake hands all round with all the world, and proceed to work.

The objects which we take into our charge, in the present communication, are the places of amusement. First in the rank of these are, of course, the theatres; but whether from their now existing merits, or from ancient prescription, it is useless at the present time to inquire. To many the word itself has still a magical charm; and, in spite of what is called the decadence of the stage, the inferiority of actors, and the general change of taste, to them the theatre has still unequalled attractions: the poorest

side-scenes are superior to Stanfield's finest landscapes; orange-peel is sweeter than Sabæan odours from the spicy shores of Araby the blest; and something, a sentiment, a regret, a recollection, rises to them from the seediest of dresses, and dirtiest of boards, and,

"Like the memory of the just,
Smells sweet, and blossoms from the dust."

There are others to whom the theatre is an abomination, who see nothing in it but the abode of misery and the school of vice, who frown upon the steadiest of people sitting quietly in the boxes, and look fiercely down on the humbler tenants of the pit. Let us have a few words, as used often to be observed by a witty and oleaginous friend of ours, on the "general question." People *must* be amused. That is a universal proposition. It is impossible for all mankind to be for ever bending over books, or calculating ventures, or studying mathematics, or writing history or other works of imagination. "All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy," and Janet an insufferable girl. All metaphysics and no liveliness, would make them incredibly stupid. All sermons and no relaxation would make them very wicked. Imagine a world of statist and geometricians, strong-minded women and intellectual young ladies, a whole generation of M'Cullochs, and Lardners, and Jellibies, and Miss Bunions! The thing is impossible. We have too many of that sort of people already; and if it were the type of the English character, and we were all condemned by law to the same dreary, useful, honourable, dull, elevated, worthy-of-an-immortal-being and detestable existence, we can only say that a French invasion would to us lose all its terrors, and that we would instantly sell our minié rifle for half price. If people are to be amused, how are we to amuse them?—Respectably of course; improvingly by all means; intellectually if possible. Now, in this united Rome-Babylon-and-Nineveh which rejoices in the name of London, there are two millions and a half of the most active, energetic, bustling, sagacious, and

exacting human beings who were ever assembled together before. The variety of tastes must be infinite in the style of their amusements, as in all other things. Mr Muggleton Stentor derives the greatest possible gratification from roaring to a dimly-lighted audience a series of denunciations and forebodings, which excite his congregation like gin; but it would be very hard if Mr Muggleton Stentor were the "arbiter of the elegancies" for everybody else, and there was no way whatever left of getting through an evening unless by listening to the howls and bellowings that are the delight of his warm and philanthropic heart. Would we put an end to the eloquence of Stentor? By no means. Horrible as may be his discord, and bitter as may be his sentiments, his auditors are better employed there than in swilling beer or cheering Bronterre O'Brien. There must be a hundred and fifty thousand people in this city who require relaxation, mental, or bodily, after the toils of the day; or some healthful stimulant after the idleness and listlessness of a rich and luxurious existence. What is to be done for them? You say you can't ask them, or even permit them, to go to the theatre, for there is nothing there to be heard but ribaldry, and nothing learned but immorality and vice. The people who tell you this will tell you in the same breath they have never been in a theatre in their lives! Oh, no! it is too shocking a place for such holy personages to visit; and the ninth commandment is rolled firmly up into a sharp and angular parcel, and sent with all their might against the faces of Henry Hart Milman, Henry Taylor, and Justice Talfourd.

This squeamish horror of the theatre is the result, we are willing to believe, of mere ignorance and stupidity. The word theatre itself is partly to blame for this; for the old meaning has never altogether eradicated itself from the half-educated mind. The amphitheatre still rises up with its burning Christians, its murdered gladiators, and fights of wild beasts. Before another class of objectors, the theatre rises as the chosen headquarters of their irreverence, iniquity, and debauchery of the wits

of Charles's time. The one class of entertainments is just as much exploded as the other. It is not more likely that the lovers of Congreve and Wycherly will be restored to the stage, than the slaughtering of French prisoners, or the conversion of oily churchmen into a row of lamps. Depend upon it, in no play of English manufacture within these twenty years, has there occurred a line, or a thought, which the most fastidious censor would be inclined to blot. The force of ancient custom, or the prestige of long-established fame, may still cause a play to be represented which is not adapted to the pure taste or morals of the present day—the spectator may have the pain of seeing equivocal situations received with applause, or coarse expressions escaping the condemnation they deserve; but if the lofty in station and mind, the matrons and daughters of England, the highly-polished gentlemen who keep the drawing-room and ball-room as pure from the whispers of evil as the inner court of Diana's temple, were to frequent the theatre, a still farther advance would be made in the refinement of the drama; vice would be shown its own image, but stript of all its allurements; and no better school of truth, or honour, or morality, could possibly be imagined, than a stage teeming with the poetic fancies of our noblest authors, and subdued and chastened by the presence and approbation of our best and wisest men. The faults, then, such as they still exist upon the stage, are caused, not by the people who patronise the theatre, but by those who desert it. It is really too bad to hear a stiff-necked individual, who can spout you off a few hundred lines from the Greek dramatists that would make the gods in the shilling gallery shudder with horror and indignation, find fault with the productions of the modern playwrights as licentious or revolting. A man perhaps has gained his mitre by a knowledge of the scanning of the lines, and an intimate acquaintance with the most frightful allusions of Aristophanes, and would disfrack his chaplain if that worthy dignitary were seen in a box at the Princess's, laughing at the honest humour of "*She Stoops to Conquer*."

This is by no means a light question, if you grant our first postulate, that people must be amused. Not more necessary to village children are national or parochial schools—not more beneficial to mechanics and artificers are literary and scientific institutes—not more useful to the humble classes are lectures on temperance or education, than the elevation of the theatre to the hundreds of thousands in populous city pent, who fly to them for information—for a lifting up of their thoughts into a world of imagination, and run the risk, through the negligence, the pharisaism, the ignorance, or the pride of those who should regulate public taste, of finding poison set before them in the place of wholesome food—of having the melodies and humanities of Shakspeare supplanted by "*Dick Turpin*" and "*Jack Sheppard*." As long as "*Macbeth*" and "*Hamlet*" are looked upon with the same detestation as the "*Fiend of the Hollow*," and the "*Mysteries of Paris*," so long will the chances be equal that the angel of darkness will expel the angel of light. Remember, therefore, O ye who indiscriminately abuse the theatre, and sanctimoniously turn away your eyes from the stage! that you are not only deserting a strong post, but basely surrendering it to the enemy; that you are building up the school-room door, and transferring the possession of it to people who may perhaps convert it into a gin-shop. Let us therefore hear no more hootings against theatrical performances in the abstract, but let them stand or fall by their own merits.

These are our wise saws; now for our modern instances. The night is cold. We have been busy all day, no matter in what occupation, even if it were writing a few pages in *Maga*; our chop is done; our lodging looks "*lone and cerie*;" of books for the moment we are tired; besides, our eyes require repose—our spirits need refreshment—the sight of human faces will be a charm—the sound of human voices will teach us to answer, as of old, to the "*still, sad music of humanity*;" we will wend our way to a theatre, and take an interest in the fates and fortunes, the loves and sufferings, of some lovely imaginary

beings—and forget our bills, our labours, our disappointments, in following the strange eventful history that shall be unrolled before us, without any effort of our own. Muffling ourselves in our palotôt, and well enwrapt in a belcher fogle, we pursue our way through the still crowded streets, illuminated by the gorgeous windows, and find ourselves in the Haymarket. We are in ample time, and find the house only now beginning to fill. Let us look at the irreligious and disreputable pagans who occupy the boxes. Did you ever commit a murder, you old ruffian with the benevolent countenance so tenderly taking charge of those three blooming grandchildren of yours? You are a frightful hypocrite, sir, to look so calm and happy when you know very well that you come very often into this hotbed of iniquity, where you have constantly been taught to poison your oldest port in order to hocus and rob your friends. And as to you, you Messalina Manning! in the black satin, do you think all your graceful manners and pleasant smiles will conceal your real character from the Jeremiah Tawells and Doctor Dodds, who saw you bring your own nieces in your own quiet family coach into this high-school of Satan, where they will be most powerfully advised to deceive any husband they may catch, and elope with a captain in the Blues? The pit also is now nearly full. How we shudder to think of the forgers, swindlers, house-breakers, horse-stealers, drunkards, and smugglers, who are all looking so intolerably respectable, many of them accompanied by dowdy comfortable-looking companions, who pass themselves off for their wives, but all assembled here for the express purpose of taking lessons in depravity! Our eye is upon you—you there on the sixth bench from the orchestra! You are a farmer, sir, fresh from Essex; and having achieved an unenviable notoriety in Colchester, by perjury and highway robbery, you come up to perfect your education by listening to the shameful instruction communicated to you by an atrocious play. Yes, pig-stealer, our eye is upon you, and we give you up already, in spite of your expanse of greatcoat,

and your shiny top-boots, your joyous face, and rubicund complexion, as a rascal fit only for transportation or the gallows. Mr Rush was once seen at a play! See, there is a quiver of expectation in the house—the curtain rapidly rises, and the play of “Woman’s Heart” is begun. We are in a sculptor’s studio; statues are placed all round the room; on a table is a block of marble just beginning to feel the breath of genius and flush into life; and on a sofa reclining in a graceful drapery, and watched by the intense eyes of the enraptured artist, we see a tall poetic-looking girl, with fine light hair parted on her majestic forehead, and an expression on her countenance as if she listened with her heart as well as with her ears. That is Isolina, a foster-sister of Angiolo the artist; his model, his all in all, his bride. Their language is charming, from its purity and affection; her voice is soft and low, an excellent thing in woman—but her motions have a strange constraint. She puts out her arms uncertainly; she stretches forth her feet searchingly; and with a full winning trustiness, places her hand on Angiolo’s shoulder—for she is blind. But all other senses are sharpened to a painful degree. She feels his coldness in a single tone of his voice; detects the waning of the sympathy that once existed between them in the slightest motion of his form, and inquires with those sightless eyes, and scarcely in articulate words, what can be the reason of the change? He offers her the affection of a brother—the carefulness of a guardian; and she feels that she is deserted. Ambition has entered his heart. Princes invite him to their tables; the sovereign himself is honoured in the friendship of the artist and man of genius, who will bestow an immortality on his reign. There is no room for love in a heart so occupied, and he casts her off; not angrily, not even unkindly, but selfishly, and at the instigation of his pride. She throws herself for consolation on the kindness of the old painter, the father of Angiolo, and the protector of her infancy; she utters no word against the deserter, but, as is the nature of woman’s heart, loves him still. One interview she

resolves to have, and finds her way to the magnificent palace in which the sculptor now pursues his art; fatigued with her walk, and overcome by her emotions, she lies down upon the sofa concealed in her cloak, and falls asleep. Angiolo comes in; his great friends visit him—a noble—a prince—and finally the duke. The beautiful girl is discovered, and makes an impression on the sovereign; but Angiolo is unyielding—a struggle there evidently is; but the world comes between him and the tenderness of his affection, and the blind girl finds that she is hopelessly forsaken. Two years have passed; her father, the Marquis of Albrizzi, has recognised her, taken her from the hands of the peasant, educated her, refined her, and by the touch of science removed the cloud from her sight, and she is now the noblest heiress in the land, and her hand is petitioned for by the duke. She rejects his suit, but agrees, at her father's request, to sit for her portrait to the most celebrated artist of his time. She has never *seen* Angiolo; the Marquis has made it imperative on the painter not to speak; for he dreads the effect of the recognition on his child, and in dumb show a very pretty scene takes place. But envy has been at work against the painter: a seditious picture, imitating his style, and even containing his forged initials on the canvass, has been exhibited in the market-place; a warrant has been issued for his arrest, and in the very midst of Isolina's vague anticipations and involuntary expectations—mysterious intimations, conveyed to her by magnetic sympathies, that her lover is before her—all doubts are converted into certainty, when the emissaries of the police rush into the room, attaint him of treason, and extract from him the indignant exclamation of his innocence. The voice has done it all! That sound has brought back all the past. Angiolo is hurried off to prison; but the purpose of Isolina is fixed. She follows him to his dungeon—obtains his pardon from the duke, who magnanimously foregoes his pretensions to her hand, brings better thoughts to Angiolo, whose infatuation was only momentary, and who had dearly paid, by two years of misery, for the heartless-

ness of his ambition; and even the proud Marquis is reconciled to the nuptials by the pleadings of his daughter, and the fame and genius of her lover.

Such is the feeble outline of the story. The language sometimes rises into exquisite poetry—is at all times smooth and graceful—and conveys a lesson, we think, that must “mend the manners and improve the heart.” The authoress is the performer of the part of the heroine; and a charming performer of it she is. Never was anything more pure and classic than her appearance in the earlier scenes. The same feminine softness continues through the play, but elevated by occasional force and dignity when she “shapes her heart with woman’s meekness to all duties of her rank.” We will be bound to say, that not one thought unfit for cloistered nun or vestal pale was awakened throughout that play. The audience took a touch of decorum from the subdued and melting tenderness of the story; and even the oranges, soda-water, and ginger-beer, were announced to a thirsty and pleased audience in quieter tones than usual. The painter-sculptor was represented by Mr Barry Sullivan, a gentleman with a most Milesian name, but an unimpeachable English pronunciation. In this character there was no room for the display of tempestuous passion or energetic declamation; the flow of his words, as of his actions, was calm and equable; and if it had not been for the pleasantness of his look, and the gentlemanly propriety of his movements, it would have been impossible for him to regain the sympathies of the audience, after his cold rejection of the blind girl’s affection. We confess *we* have not forgiven him for it yet; and if Isolina had been a sister of ours, nothing should have prevented our having a shot at him at twelve paces. Several of the other characters were executed in a very remarkable manner; and by the word “executed” here, we mean that they were fairly put to death. Some men have blank impassive features—mouths and eyes that have no expression at all; but compensate for it by the possession of legs of the most marked individuality, which there is no possibility of mistaking for anybody else’s legs; regu-

lar, round, unfeatured sausages, which entirely destroy the assumption of any part by the unfortunate being who is perched upon them; but in this unchanging, stiff, unimaginative stolidity always reduce the Italian prince or Roman senator, or Grecian hero, to be nothing more nor less than plain Jack Vickers, or whatever his name may be, with his unimpulsive, unintellectual pious. A sad misfortune this; and the misery is aggravated by the apparent obtuseness of the owner of them, to the obvious bar they interpose between him and success in his profession. Can't those miserable individuals stuff the sawdust into different shapes, so as not to torment us for ever with Jack Vickers's legs? Come, let us off to the Adelaide gallery, and take a look at the Marionettes.

A pretty place this. A long narrow room, with a slight elevation from the stage, filled with comfortable seats, and closed in at the upper end with a few private boxes. A snug warm habitable apartment; and the stage so small, so low, so narrow, that any of the magnates of Baker Street could find room for it at the end of their drawing-rooms. It doesn't seem more than about nine feet wide, and the proscenium not more than eight feet high. But the proportions throughout are excellently kept; and when the manager walks in, drest in the first style of fashion, and makes a bow to the audience, it is difficult to believe he is about a foot and a half in height; and not very easy to remember that he is merely a stuffed doll. There are some peculiarities, to be sure, about him, which lead you to perceive that he differs from other men. For instance, he comes in rolling sideways, and planting his feet upon the floor in a manner not usual among gentlemen of the present day; nor have we observed that he is imitated by this generation in having his motions steadied by a rope of considerable size attached to the top of his head. But he begins: his attitudes are very good; he suits the action to the word with unflinching correctness, and passes judgment on the different actors, who display their skill before him, with a force and

acumen which we look for in vain in the *Edinburgh Review*. Signor Bari Tone is a singer of extraordinary power, and has a perception of the humorous yet unattained by Lablache. He expresses his sentiments on the legitimate drama with an uncompromising truthfulness, which gains our respect even when we differ from him in opinion; and, for our own parts, we consider that his annotations and emendations of the Swan of Avon are worthy of the earliest attention of Mr Charles Knight. A tremendous drama succeeds these introductory flourishes, and the actors exert themselves to the utmost in the Bottle Imp. They enter, we are bound to say, more into the spirit of the author than is usually the case at larger theatres among larger performers. Here there is no underling bending his listless eyes towards the pit in the midst of the very agony of the action, nor any apathetic murderer standing utterly unconcerned when on the eve of executing the fatal deed. Here all is in excellent keeping. The dull dead eyes of the puppets are all turned to the proper part of the stage; their stiff arms are raised in horror, or extended in surprise, at the fitting moment; and, with the exception of four, or perhaps five, of the principal actors in the real stage, we consider that there is less appearance of sawdust and wool in the *dramatis personæ* at this theatre than at ——— or ———. Here, in this chosen temple of originality and genius, there is nothing to tempt the principal tragedian into tricks of voice or style: the wooden attitude and timber tones are here natural property of the intelligent puppet; no sudden contractions of the countenance convulse the features into an ideal ugliness, such as Fuseli might have envied after his supper of raw pork; no sudden exclamations distend these leather-covered bosoms, like alarms of fire and battle, to subside as suddenly into low whispers or inarticulate groans, like the last agonies of an expiring trombone. No, charming, natural, and truly business-like Marionettes! if one thrill of gratified ambition pervades your hearts at the perusal of these lines, our purpose will

have been fully obtained. We pronounce you in your *tout-ensemble* the most perfect corps of artistes in London; and though we are bound to confess that your performance is tiresome after the first ten minutes, that after the first display of your mechanism you become positively a nuisance, from your imitating humanity so abominably, justice compels us to pass the same judgment on the great majority of your living brethren, larger than you—as merely mechanical, and not a whit more intelligent.

For, after all, what is the use of our Commissionership if we do not speak the truth? We say, then, that in few theatres of London can a fair representation be presented to the public of any dramatic work whatever, which contains more than one principal part; there is scarcely one theatre, in short, where a *play* can be acted. Let us not blame the unfortunate modern author, therefore, if he accommodates himself to circumstances, and produces a drama with one strongly developed character surrounded by nonentities. It is the sad necessity of his condition, entailed on him by the fact that there exists no power on any one stage of doing justice to more than one part. Mr Phelps, to whom every one interested in the British stage owes a deep debt of gratitude, may illuminate the suburban shades of Islington with flashes of power or pathos, with Hamlet or Othello—such as awakened the rapture or evoked the tears of the thousands of Drury Lane—but how is he supported? The Marionettes would be more natural, the Bateman monstrosities more richly endowed with the human voice divine! And the same holds good in almost every other theatre, unless that in some of them even the one redeeming actor is wanting. But are we less prepared to defend the stage for this? nay, are we less hopeful of its eventful restoration? By no means. The very darkness that has settled upon it at present, foretells the near approach of dawn. It will be found that the free trade in theatres, which was to fill our land with the highest works of art and noblest specimens of acting—which has scattered in a thousand small streams,

too shallow to be fertilising, too slow to be sanitary, the majestic river which (contained within its just banks) was deep enough to bear the merchandise of Shakspeare and the war-galleys of the ancient dramatists—it will be found, we repeat, that Dramatic Free Trade has been a failure, and that we must go back to the grand old days of Protection, when native talent was supported by applauding millions in the companies of the larger houses; when the Keans and Kembles were not surrounded by shades and phantoms, but by the largest “thews of men;” when Young, Macready, Kemble, Elliston, Dowton, Liston, and Munden, trod the same boards; where Mrs Jordan’s merry laugh had scarcely ceased to vibrate in our ears, till our eyes and hearts began to pay tribute to O’Neil.

That theatres as places of amusement should die out we hold to be impossible. What is, therefore, to be done, is to fit them for the high uses to which they may be applied, by obtaining for them the support of a class of people, whose mere presence would be at once a cause and a guarantee of the improvement both of plays and actors. One noble personage, whom it is every Englishman’s privilege to “love, honour, and obey,” sets a good example in this behalf. In the halls of Windsor, Shakspeare’s voice is heard; surrounded by knights and nobles, by dames and demoiselles, she disdains not to shudder at the villainies of King John, or melt at the relentings of Hubert; to glow with patriotic pride at the denunciation of the Italian priest, or to refresh herself, after the excitement of “Macbeth,” with the sparkling wit and genial humour of some of our modern dramatists. Who are the audience there? Her sage cousins and counsellors, her statesmen, warriors, nobles, matrons as spotless as Cornelia, maidens with their blue veins filled with the blood of Saxon Thanases and Norman conquerors: nor are there lacking the representatives of law and learning; the masters of the noble seminary beyond the walls, the dignitaries of the most tolerant, the most pure, the most intellectual Church that ever was set up as a guide

and teacher among men and what is the result? Is there any shock given to the most sensitive feeling by word or act? Are the young scions of the house, the future hopes of England and the world, contaminated by what they see or hear? Not at all. They hear

"The quality of mercy is not strained,
But droppeth like the gentle dew from
heaven."

They hear

"The power I have upon you is to pardon."

And who can tell what may be at some future time, the result on the happiness of one hundred millions of subjects, of sentiments like these implanted in so pure a soil? The actor's province is not far distant from the preacher's. A happy time, if it should ever arrive, when this unity of purpose will be acknowledged by both, when the "reverend gentleman" will think it no part of his calling to rail upon the stage; and the actor will not find a strong inclination to retort by accusations of Mawworm and Tartuffe. But an objection is made in many quarters more to the theatre than to what is represented there. A play in a drawing-room is very different from a play at the Haymarket. One is all correct and proper; the other wicked and intolerable. This objection must therefore arise either from the different characters of the performers or of the audience. An officer of the Guards, who is great at theatricals, is an edifying sight in the part of Joseph Surface in the hall of a great country house in the Christmas week; and the same part is revolting and dangerous in the hands of poor Bob Finings on the regular stage. And yet the Honourable Captain Muff has been before the Consistory Court, has also made a brilliant appearance in Basinghall Street, has shot his kindest friend at Chalkfarm, and is an authority in the betting-ring second only to Mr Davis. Bob Finings is a steady, dull, respectable man, who has seen hard times, and struggled manfully against them; has brought up his children to honest callings, and totters through the part with the most helpless and reassuring imbeci-

lity. Is there danger there? But if the cases were reversed, and poor Bob Finings were the *roué*, and the honourable captain the respected *pater-familias*, why should that interfere with our appreciation of their dramatic skill? Surely most inoffensive would the wildest of Bob's transgressions be to the morals or feelings of the spectators in the boxes, pit, or gallery, who were never brought into contact with him in any other character than that of Joseph Surface, and neither sup with him after the play, nor waltz with him after the supper, as might possibly be the case with the gallant Lothario Muff. Then it must be the miscellaneousness of the company assembled in a theatre. Less select, certainly, than in the county gathering to the private play; but surely quite as safe. Is there a magnetic sympathy with vice that makes one or two sinners, locked up, we will suppose, in a private box, the electro-biologists of the whole assembly? Insolent faces will occasionally be turned to where we sit, hair-covered faces, and eyes that are uncomfortable to look upon; foreign-looking men dressed in the extremest fashion of Paris or Vienna, but whether British imitation or the real article is quite immaterial;—to this vulgar and audacious stare we shall certainly be exposed. But not more than in the street, or in the park, or in the Crystal Palace, or occasionally in a Belgravian chapel of ease to Rome, where we have observed the rosaried nun by no means inconvenienced by the unmistakable glances of those whiskered pandours. But let us, for the satisfaction of all squeamish spiusters, and for the honour of the Haymarket lessee, announce a small fact which we think redounds greatly to his honour. Brazen-faced men in elegant apparel, it is, of course, impossible to exclude, but the moment the royal patronage was extended to the theatre, most rigid orders were given to the doorkeepers and attendant police to exclude every brazen-faced personage of the other sex, however elegant might be her apparel. This holds good, not only on the evenings on which royalty condescends to share the gay or sad feelings of loyalty,

but on all nights and on all occasions. This is a sacrifice to propriety and decorum, which persons acquainted with the interior workings of a theatre have stated to us to amount to several thousands a-year. Independent of the five-shilling payments made every night by forty or fifty of the Jezebels who used to flaunt in the upper circle, it is a moderate calculation to assume that the attraction of their presence allured to the theatre at least double that number of Tittlebats, and the other pillars of Mr Tagrag's establishment; and if any person with a competent knowledge of arithmetic will find out the sum total of a hundred and fifty crowns, and multiply it by six, he will find out the weekly effect on the treasury, of this very noble and praiseworthy conduct. The royal box brings in about two hundred a-year, and can never be let for the benefit of the theatre on the most crowded nights. Go, therefore, in perfect safety to the Haymarket. If wickedness is there, it is completely in eclipse. Go, and the farces will improve in humour and refine in plot; Buckstone will be as ridiculous as ever, and give full scope to his wit and drollery without the slightest touch of the buffoon.

In all the theatres of London, a race is run in the variety and beauty of the decorations. If actors have fallen off, the scene-painter and machinist are in the ascendant. Now, this is far from a good sign, or, in the end, of any good effect in the advancement of the drama. A decent amount of illustration is indispensable—a proper attention to truthfulness of costume is highly commendable; but truly absurd is it to see the length to which this zeal is carried. In the Elizabethan time, the spectator was informed of the scene of the play by a board with the name of the locality suspended from the roof. Side-scenes then crept in; appropriate dresses were introduced at a later period; and now there is not a button wrong, not a single anachronism in the shape of a shoe, or ribbon of a cap; gorgeous landscapes are presented to the eye; noble chambers open their treasures of furniture and vertu; and in the midst of all this internal improvement, the histrionic art diminishes day by

day. "Man is the only plant that dwindles here." Thus we find that almost every manager plumes himself on restoring Shakspeare when he surrounds the play with gorgeous accessories—when the balcony scene is painted by Stanfield, or the hall of Macbeth's castle by David Roberts. This is the mode of decoration adopted by the warriors of old, when they covered the Roman traitress with their ornaments of silver and gold. This is to smother Shakspeare, not to illustrate him. This is to bury Cæsar, not to praise him. Let us assure those enterprising caterers for the public, that a play well acted is worth all the correct dresses, and all the befitting scenery in the world. Half the money wasted on these expensive accessories would tempt men of talent and education once more to look to the stage as a profession. Rather give us Burbage as Coriolanus in Sir Philip Sidney's clothes, than a modern declaimer in the most faultless of togas. But when scenery, dresses, and decorations, from being the casual accompaniments of a noble tragedy, which they only encumber with their help, form of themselves the staple commodity with which an appeal is made to the favour of the town, the matter becomes of very serious importance, and is probably more injurious to the dramatic taste than anything that can be named. Nothing has so depreciated the drama as the frequency, during late years, of burlesques—a contemptible species of entertainment, where parody is substituted for wit, and glitter and show for interest or language. A fairy tale, that enchanted our childhood, is chosen for a theme, and soon stript, by the ruthless playwright, of all its poetry and romance. Aladdin makes puns about the Crystal Palace. Camaralzaman and Badoura are witty about the electric telegraph; and all the time their miserable jargon is illustrated by the scenery of men of genius—with landscapes that Poussin would not be ashamed to own, and wing covered nymphs that would have been the astonishment of all the glowries. Why vulgarise the fairy mythology by mixing it up with the oratory of the cabstand? Why not leave it as they find it?—and if they

are determined to lavish ornament on whatever they produce on the stage, why not give us, from end to end, a real dear old fairy story, with scenery as gorgeous as they please—strange apparitions of power or beauty—clothing the tale in language fit for the fairy interlocutors; and show us all the spouting waterfalls, and ticking clocks, and chattering pages, and lovely companions, of Tennyson's "Sleeping Beauty?" In this the airy dances, and splendid robes, and marble palaces, would all be in keeping. The eye would be pleased without the taste being offended; and there would be no tremendous burst of human passion cast into the background by the predominance of hats and feathers. "King John" at the Princess's, we pronounce, on this ground, to be a great success as a spectacle, but a failure as a play. Mr Kean has great merits; quick appreciation, sound intelligence, and occasionally a burst of something which, if it is not genius, is describable by no other word; but he is certainly mistaken in relying so much on the resources of his painter and *costumier*. The chivalrous audacity of Wigan is sufficient of itself to attract attention, which is too likely to be distracted by the magnificence of the scene in which it is displayed by that versatile and accomplished actor. John himself ceases to be the human centre figure in a group of other men—with passions, fears, remorses, all chasing each other along his cruel and haggard countenance—and becomes the centre figure of a noble historic tableau, where the words even of Shakespeare grow subsidiary to colour and effect. But let us go into that prettiest of theatres in Oxford Street, ascend the handsome steps into the dress circle, and see what entertainment is provided by the present bearer of the name of Kean. The playbills tell us the name of the drama to-night is the "Corsican Brothers;" so with vague reminiscences of old Madame Mère, and the four young Buonapartes in the attorney's mansion in Ajaccio, we wait for the drawing up of the curtain. The house is quite full. The stage is admirably commanded from all parts of the building; the boxes are most comfort-

able and wide; a thousand expectant faces are all turned towards the scene; a great crash takes place among the fiddles; a little bell rings, and we are in a room in the house of the Dei Franchis, a poor but noble family of Corsica. A maid is singing at her wheel—a song which was evidently not the composition of either Burns or Moore—and is interrupted by the entrance of a traveller, who brings a letter of introduction from Paris from Louis Dei Franchi, a son of the house, who has resided there for some time. The countess comes in and receives him graciously. Fabian Dei Franchi, the stay-at-home brother, also is very kind, and inquires anxiously after Louis's health. He is well, and happy; but the stranger has not seen him for three weeks! Fabian makes a motion of disappointment. "I have heard of him more recently."—"How?—when?" exclaims the mother.—"Last night," replies Fabian; "and he is ill." He takes the stranger apart; hurriedly tells him not to be incredulous, or, at all events, disdainful, of their old Corsican superstitions; informs him that he and his brother are twins, and so like each other as to be almost undistinguishable; that from their birth, absent or united, a strange sympathy exists between them; that one cannot experience joy or grief that is not in this mysterious manner shared by the other; and, seeing a smile on the gay Frenchman's countenance, he relates an anecdote of a similar case which occurred three hundred years before, and in the very house in which they then stood. A strange wild story it was, and prepares us for what is to come. To prepare us also for the bitterness of a Corsican vendetta, a tumultuous scene is introduced of the compulsory reconciliation of a quarrel between two peasants, which, in a few years, had cost nine lives, and took its origin from some indignity offered to a hen of the Orlandos. Colonna makes the *amende* by presenting his adversary with a white cock; and Fabian is again left alone. The stage grows dark; something wild and unearthly is felt in the sudden hush of the dim hall; he sits down at the side to write to Louis. "Brother," he says, "I feel

so miserable, that I am certain you are in pain. Write—write!” While he is setting down these words, a pallid, dreadful countenance rises from the boards at the other end of the stage—rising gradually and without sound—neck, shoulders, body—and advancing at the same time towards the table at which Fabian writes; it reaches its feet when it comes within touch of his shoulder. The features of the brothers are the same; the height, the figure, even the dress—for Fabian has taken off his coat before he began to write,—and all the difference is a speck of blood on the left breast of Louis’ shirt; and gazing on the group before him, (for the mother has entered in the mean time,) he slowly sinks. But this is not the end. The window at the back of the hall opens, and through that vista, what do we see? The brother exactly as we saw him a moment before, lying dead beneath the stump of a tree, supported in the arms of his seconds—a gentleman in his shirt sleeves wiping his sword—two other gentlemen in attitudes of watchfulness: it is the Bois de Boulogne; a duel has been fought. Louis dei Franchi is the victim, and the drop-scene falls, leaving the Countess and Fabian transfixed with horror at this wondrous sight.

The next act takes us into the actual events of which these are but the shadowings. It is a masked ball at the opera in Paris. There are waltzes, gallops, and polkas, with shouts of demoniac revelry; women career from end to end of the enormous salle, dancing, singing, shrieking; they are dressed in all costumes—as men; as mountebanks—but in all the unmistakable presence of wild enjoyment and a spirit of depravity, worthy of the orgies of Circe. Some gentlemen come in. Among them, M. de Chateau Renaud, whose ambition it is to be considered the greatest *roué* in Paris; when he fails to triumph over female virtue, he withers a woman’s reputation with a lie. He is accused of having boasted, without foundation, of his intimacy with Madame de Lesharre. He bets he will bring her that very night into the supper-room, where there has been prepared a symposium for the prettiest of the *debardeurs*, and

wickedest of the men. Louis dei Franchi is of the party, for Madame de Lesharre has been the object of his love before her marriage, and he has heard of her reported *liaison* with Chateau Renaud. He invites himself to the supper—is cold, abstracted, severe—and keeps his eye on the boaster’s face. The ball is over; the supper-room is gorgeously lighted; the clock strikes four—the appointed hour at which Chateau Renaud had betted he would introduce Madame de Lesharre. Her he had inveigled hither, under the false pretence of restoring to her some letters which she had imprudently, but innocently, written to him before her wedding, and before she had discovered the character of her admirer. He blinds her still; and as the last sound of the clock dies upon the ear, he walks in with Madame de Lesharre upon his arm. There is a shout of derision from the women assembled; a shrug of surprise from the men; the wager is acknowledged to be lost; but Madame de Lesharre, perceiving the shameful trick that has been played, indignantly pours forth her scorn on the pitiful scoundrel who had been guilty of it; recognises her old lover, Louis dei Franchi, and throws herself on his protection. He steps forward, accepts the charge, and is challenged of course by Chateau Renaud, who is the best swordsman in France. Madame de Lesharre retires supported by Louis, and a laugh of contempt and hatred resounds through the room. We are now in the Bois de Boulogne. The scene we had seen in the first act is exactly reproduced here: Louis is lying under the tree; Chateau Renaud is wiping his sword; the seconds are in attitudes of expectation—suddenly the wood opens at the back, and we see Fabian and his mother in the old hall in Corsica, gazing with rigid eyes on the scene before them; and we have now arrived at the exact position we attained half-an-hour ago. The whole of the third act passes in a glade in the forest of Fontainebleau. Chateau Renaud, flying with his second from justice, is upset on the high-road; comes into the wood in search of aid; sends a peasant for a blacksmith to repair the carriage; and

sits down, depressed and feverish, on the stump of a tree. Suddenly he looks round, and recognises the scene. It is the place where, five days before, he had had the encounter with Louis dei Franchi, and he is anxious to leave the spot. He is met by Fabian dei Franchi, in form and semblance so exactly similar to Louis, that it amounts almost to identity; a similar accident has happened to his carriage. He looks around, and he also recognises the scene presented to him in the vision. On that intimation, and no other, he has hurried from Corsica, in search of Chateau Renaud; he has found him here. He is calm; there is no room for human passion in a mission so evidently laid upon him by fate. He challenges the murderer. The challenge is refused; he twits him with his crimes—with cowardice—with falsehood—with assassination; and the bravo is compelled to fight. They fence long and warily; they rest by mutual consent. In trying the sword preparatory to the next bout, it breaks in Chateau Renaud's hand. The second declares the combat at an end, for the weapons are unequal. "No!" said Fabian quietly, and breaks his across his knee. They muffle their hands in their handkerchiefs, and seize the broken weapons. The fight is renewed. One must die. Which? They hold the fragments of their blades like daggers, point downward, and at one lucky opening Fabian strikes the blow, and Chateau Renaud falls unpitied, unforgiven—a sacrifice to Corsican honour. "Now I can weep for you, dear Louis," says the conqueror, and covers his face with his hands. Again the murdered Louis crosses the stage in the same mysterious manner as before. The brothers recognise each other; vengeance is obtained, and the curtain falls.

The language contained in this play would occupy about twenty minutes; the duration of the piece is two hours. It is a ghost story put into shape—a chapter of Mrs Radcliffe, done into *tableaux vivants*. The company at this theatre comprises Mr and Mrs Kean, Mr Wigan, Mr Meadows, Mr Ryder, Mr Bartley, and last, not least, Mr and Mrs Keeley. There is not a barn in England that could not furnish quite good enough representatives of any

person in the drama. The speeches are vapid and commonplace; the situations, as regards the development of character, very weak; and it possesses no strength whatever but the admirable stage management of the supernatural and the frightful verisimilitude of the carnival ball. Are these legitimate means of support to a theatre like this? Should the Princess's be reduced to a *salle de spectacle*—

"Where from below the trap-door demons
rise,
 And from above hang dangling deities?"

But, more than all, it certainly is no place for the production of so revolting a scene as the open license of the ball, or the more quiet but quite as offensive supper-party after it. Real water, real horses, and real elephants have been banished from the stage, it being found that the real things interfere essentially with the truthfulness of the scene. A great distinction should always be taken between mere representation and identity—a difference clearly established and rigidly preserved between the fiction and the fact, or why not have a real fight with true swords? Why not go back at once to Thurtell's gig and Weir's pistol? Now, in the instance of the carnival ball, the resemblance is carried beyond all bounds. It ceases to be an imitation, and becomes a reproduction. We will be bound to say, at no saturnalia in the opera ball-room of Paris was there ever exhibited a wilder scene of revelry and debauch—women, indelicately clothed in male attire, whirl in fantastic attitudes to a noisy crash of music—their voices in the mad excitement of the moment are joined to the noise of the orchestra; petticoats, where preserved at all, assume the dimensions of kilts; it is evidently the crowning hour of the night's festivity—modesty, decorum, propriety, all laid aside, and a grinning buffoon in white gown, with chalk-covered face and ludicrous contortions, adding a new feature of disgust to the display, which is sickening enough already. We can easily imagine that this vivid scene may have injurious effects—that it may be even more hurtful than a visit to the original meeting would have been;

for there is probably here a heightening of the attractions of the show, in as much as the dancers are chosen for their beauty, and the dresses selected for the very purpose of captivation and allurements. If such a scene was required at all, it should, certainly, have been produced in a less attractive form. We should not have been so severe on this subject if we did not feel that no theatre in London less needs to depend on such displays for success. No theatre in London has it so completely in its power to show to what noble uses a stage may be applied; for on none is there so near an approach to the ancient glory of the drama in the skill and *ensemble* of the actors. Exercising talents like these on ghosts and festivals is a mere waste of power. It is turning a steam-engine to the manufacture of pins—of pins that are useless in spite of their polished heads, and poisonous if they penetrate the skin. Let not this one departure from taste be urged against theatrical amusements in general, or the entertainments at this house in particular. It is a French importation—this ghostly melodrama, this unmeasured ball. But Shakspeare is here with his English heart, and

“empire absolute” over the feelings. The poetry of “Twelfth Night” alternates with the wondrous picture in the “Merry Wives of Windsor.” The gentle Viola speaks in tones that never die away from the memory. Mrs Ford answers smile for smile and grip for grip to Mrs Brook—Caius, for the first time, is the perfect gentleman which only Wigan can depict; and scene after scene floats away before us, till it is only by an effort we wake from a dream of Herne the Hunter’s Oak to the harsh realities of eighteen hundred and fifty-two.

In some future communication we will extend our Commissionership to the other theatres, and to various places of amusement not often brought forward ‘neath the glimpses of the moon. Beware, then, ye managers and caterers of public shows; be conscious of the importance and responsibilities of your position. When we see talent, enterprise, and skill, not slow shall we be to give the word of cheer; but where we observe the smallest deviation into the coarse or the insipid, remember you have nothing to expect but rebukes sharper than swords.

“A chield’s awang ye takin’ notes,
And, faith, he’ll print it.”

THE COMMERCIAL DISASTERS OF 1851.

(TO THE EDITOR OF BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE.)

SIR,—The country is shortly to be called upon to decide the important question whether the policy, under which it has for the last few years been governed, is, or is not, susceptible of some modification; and, as one portion of this question, the soundness of our present commercial policy must undoubtedly be discussed. Indeed, it seems to be taken for granted on all hands that this must be the case; and in a great empire like our own, whose main source of strength has been conceived to rest upon the pre-eminence of its mercantile and industrial character, it would be singular if it could be otherwise. And it would be lamentable, too, and little calculated to inspire the hope of peace for the future, and confidence in the stability of our institutions, should that portion of the question at issue be discussed in any other spirit than that of an anxious and careful desire to arrive at the truth. No policy not based upon the truth has ever long prevailed in any civilised country. No Christian man, conscious as such a man ought to be of the imperfections of merely human judgment, could ever set himself up above his fellows as infallible. We have surely a perfect right to appeal to past experience in order to discover what has been the effect of our policy upon the different interests of the country; and in the following pages I shall endeavour to examine dispassionately what has been that effect upon our mercantile and trading classes, and particularly upon those engaged in conducting our large importing and exporting operations.

It is, of course, an acknowledged principle, that an increased import of foreign commodities, to be a profitable one, must be attended by increased means of consuming in the importing country, and be balanced ultimately by increased exports, at paying prices to the producer. The question, then, so far as the mercantile body is concerned, is simply this,—Have the transactions of the past year been

satisfactory to that body, or not? I do not hesitate to say in reply, that, with the solitary exception of the year 1847—if indeed it be an exception—there has been no such disastrous epoch in the annals of British commerce for the past quarter of a century as the year 1851. If the year 1847 was more disastrous, it was because it was one of monetary revulsion, of potato rot, and of the collapse of absurd railway speculation. During the past year we have had nothing of this kind to encounter. We entered upon 1851 with prognostications, all but unanimous, of a coming year of prosperous business. During the course of the year we had neither civil commotion nor foreign embroilment to trouble the even tenor of our way. Yet we have closed the year with the mercantile and trading interests of Great Britain poorer than they commenced it, by, I am satisfied, at least *twenty millions sterling and upwards*. During the whole of the past year, the reports of our commercial circulars have told an unvarying tale of declining prices and unprofitable imports. Scarcely a single foreign product has remunerated the merchant, or even realised the cost at which it was purchased abroad; and stocks of all kinds, not only in our seaports, but in every retailer's shop or warehouse throughout the country, have been every week deteriorating in saleable value. In no single commodity of importance has the consumption kept pace with the increase of importations; and had we at any period of the year been visited with monetary difficulty, had the Bank of England not been full of specie, and anxious to extend its accommodation to the public, the losses upon our accumulation of stocks would have been sufficient to prostrate one-half of the mercantile community.

In endeavouring to form an estimate of the actual losses of the year upon imports, I shall commence with the important article *Corros*. We entered upon 1851 with a stock, accord-

ing to Mr Burn's *Commercial Glance*, of 581,120 bales in the entire kingdom, in the hands of importers, spinners, and speculators, spinners being estimated by Mr Burn to hold 60,000 bales. Messrs G. Holt and Co. of Liverpool, calculate the quantity at 100,000 bales in the hands of *spinners and dealers*. The bulk of this stock had been purchased at the high prices which had ruled during the last four months of 1850; and, in the first week of January, the price of "fair upland," which may be taken as a standard, was 7½d. per lb. Such were the rates ruling in the countries of its growth, it could not have been bought there within at least ½d. per lb. of that price. Although such stock would naturally find its way gradually into the market, and its place be supplied by fresh imports, and as there was a nearly similar one—estimated by Messrs Holt at 594,000 bales—left at the close of the past year, it will simplify the process of calculation, and at the same time be correct as to the general result, if I treat the stock of January 1851 as having borne the fall of the entire year. The price, then, of fair uplands having been, in the last week of December, 4½d. to 5d., and other sorts in nearly that proportion, there would be a reduction of from 2½d. to 3d. upon those American sorts which form the bulk of the consumption, and 2½d. to 2¼d. upon the next in importance. Bearing in mind that the prices on the 1st of January were not remunerative to the importer, I believe I am within the mark in fixing the loss at £5 per bale of 400 lb. average weight, which, upon the stock of 581,120 bales, amounts to the large sum of £2,905,600 sterling. We now come to the imports of the year, which were, of all kinds, into the United Kingdom, 1,903,506 bales. With respect to these, the first striking fact which presents itself, on a comparison of the prices-current in this country and the cotton-growing countries, is that, throughout the whole of the year, the foreign purchases of our importing merchants were made at a large advance over the prices which could be realised on their arrival here. I have gone carefully through files of the most autho-

ritative foreign circulars, and, with respect to American cotton particularly, the unvarying result has been to find prices considerably higher than in the British market. Thus, on the 4th of January, I find "middling to fair" cotton from the Atlantic ports, corresponding with our Liverpool classification of "fair upland," quoted in New York at 13½ to 14 cents per lb.; on the 15th, at 14 to 14½ cents; on the 22d, the same; and on the 29th, 13½ cents. Assume the average of the month to have been 14 cents, and allowing a penny per lb. for freight, commission, landing charges, &c., which I am assured is too little, the cotton shipped in that month would cost in Liverpool fully 8d. per lb. Prices here, however, began to decline after the first week in January, when fair upland was quoted at 7½d.; and on the 31st of that month the quotation was only 7½d. to 7½d. On the 14th and 21st of February they were quoted at 7d. to 7½d.; and in all March, when the purchases of the month of January would be reaching us, the average was about 7½d.—showing a loss on importation of ½d. per lb. In February, prices in America commenced at 13 cents to 13½ cents; but on the 1st of May they had fallen to 11 cents to 11½ cents. The early purchases of February, which would cost, landed in Liverpool, about 7½d., would probably arrive about the middle of March, when prices here averaged about 7½d.—a loss of ½d. per lb., or nearly 10s. per bale. Those of the closing week of the month—about a week's transactions—might possibly save themselves, if sold in the beginning or middle of April. Throughout March prices rallied in America; and were sustained until nearly the middle of April at from 11½ cents to 12½ cents—about 7½d. here. Prices in Liverpool, however, had been falling rapidly; and a portion of these purchases arrived in Liverpool in the middle of May, to be sold at 5½d. to 5½d.—a loss of above 1½d. per lb., or £2, 5s. per bale. By the end of April, prices in America had receded slightly; but in the beginning of May there was another attempt to rally them—the quotations being, on the 7th, 11½ cents to 11½ cents, or about 6½d. to 6½d. here. In the whole of June, however,

when the cotton bought at these prices would arrive here, the average in Liverpool was little over 5½d.—showing a loss of from 30s. to 35s. per bale. From this point a gradual decline took place in all May, June, July, and August, reaching the lowest point—8½ cents to 9 cents—on the 9th of the last month. The decline in America, however, never overtook that experienced here—the bulk of the transactions of these months resulting in a loss. A slight rally again took place in September, and prices were forced up to an average of about 10 cents, or 6d. laid down in this country. No corresponding movement, however, took place here; and the average losses of September shipments would be nearly 25s. per bale. An unprofitable result, less disastrous, however, attended the remainder of the year's arrivals.

The loss has been nearly as serious in our transactions with the East Indies, the length of the voyage operating to aggravate the unhappy position of the importer. Thus cotton orders, transmitted by overland mail in the first three months of the year, whilst prices of Surat were about 1d. to 6½d., would arrive here in June, July, and August, when the quotations were from 1½d. to 1½d. per lb. less, or from 45s. to 50s. per bale.

The question then arises, At what are we to estimate the loss on imports for the year? And the following circumstance appears to me to have an important bearing upon its solution. The bulk of the arrivals during the year—1,212,377 bales—took place from the beginning of March to the end of August, the period in which the greatest decline below cost price occurred. Taking this and other circumstances into consideration, I cannot consider that I am exceeding the truth in averaging the loss on importation during the year at 3d. per lb., or 25s. per bale, upon the whole quantity received, deducting the stock on hand at the close of 1851—591,500 bales. This will give upon 1,409,046 bales a loss of £1,761,307, which, with £2,905,600, previously ascertained as the difference between the value of the stock on hand at the commencement of the year, and

the same quantity of the article at its close, makes up a total loss upon cotton of £4,667,000. Of this, at the very least, the British merchants' share is *four millions sterling!*

A large sum might fairly be added to this as the manufacturers' and spinners' share in the loss sustained upon their stocks from the declining prices of the raw material during the whole of the year's operations. I will not, however, enter into detail with respect to this part of my subject; but glance at it briefly when I come to estimate the losses, sustained by holders of produce generally, whilst *in transitu* from the importers' hands to the marts of its final consumption.

Next in importance to the article of cotton is that of SUGAR, a great staple of food, which it has been the express object of our recent legislation to cheapen, regardless whether or not in doing so we inflicted ruin upon the colonial proprietor. It is not within the limits of the inquiry which I have prescribed to myself to trace the course of that legislation which, from whatever motives prompted, bids fair ultimately to reduce our once flourishing tropical possessions to their pristine condition of waste and jungle, and to throw back their coloured population into the barbarism from which, a few years ago, it was the pride of every lover of his kind to see them rapidly emerging. A brief reference to that legislation, however, is necessary, in order to render intelligible the mode in which I have calculated the extent of the past year's losses upon our imports of the article. At the period of emancipation, (1834,) our West Indian colonies, producing for British consumption 3,841,214 cwt. of sugar out of a total import of 4,743,415 cwt. for the year, were owned by a distinct class of proprietors, partly resident, but chiefly consisting of capitalists in this country. Up to that period the "West Indian Interest," as it was termed, was one of the most powerful in Great Britain, and afforded, through its import and export transactions, a most profitable source of employment to our merchants at home, as well as to their

numerous branch establishments in the colonies. The measure of that year—exchanging compulsory labour for the apprenticeship system in the first instance, and shortly afterwards for free labour—precipitated the whole of this class into a fearful struggle, required from them to maintain production up to the wants of the home consumer. It was found necessary to import additional labourers to supply the place of those who, on receiving their freedom, had betaken themselves to other avocations than those of the sugar plantation; and every effort of science and improved culture had to be resorted to, in order to keep down the cost of production, and increase the yield of the soil. Whilst immersed in this struggle—a most unprofitable one, as it proved—the Free-Trader stepped in, and introduced the new element of competition with the foreign slave-grown article. The result of the much too sudden rate of reduction of the differential duties then adopted has been to render cultivation utterly unprofitable; and, so far as the original proprietors of the West Indies are concerned, the last measure directed against these unfortunate colonies may be justly termed one of direct confiscation. Under these circumstances, the bulk of the West Indian sugar and other estates have virtually lapsed to mortgagees—principally merchants in this country, who have advanced money upon them for the increased outlay required to keep up and cheapen production; and hence, so far as the West Indies are concerned, it is necessary to treat the importer and planter as one in such an inquiry as the present. There can scarcely be said to be a price at all in the West Indies—the bulk of the exports coming to the British market on the planter's and merchant's account. The same remark applies to coffee, rum, and every other description of West Indian produce. With respect to the produce of the East Indies and Mauritius, there does exist a price at the port of shipment, the articles being bought for the British markets in the ordinary way; and the result of the importation, as a

purely mercantile transaction, can therefore be more correctly ascertained.

The importation of sugar during the past year was, in round numbers, 400,000 tons against 330,000 in 1850, and 340,000 in 1849. Of this quantity 270,000 tons consisted of colonial, (two-thirds of which was West Indian,) 110,000 tons of foreign, and 20,000 tons of foreign refined. In a general summary of the year's proceedings, the editor of the *London New Price-Current*—an authority of high standing—of Tuesday, Jan. 6, remarks:—

“The excess in stock of all sorts is 57,000—viz., 157,000 tons against 107,000 at the close of 1850. Prices are lower by 7s. to 9s. per cwt. for low to mid prices of colonial, and 5s. to 6s. per cwt. for good to fine.”

Another authority, Messrs Little-dale & Co., of Liverpool, remark upon this article as follows, in their circular of the 1st January:—

“Great indeed has been the disappointment during the past year of importers and holders of nearly every description of produce; but to no parties has it been so severe as to those interested in the article of sugar, cotton excepted. The year 1851 opened with high prospects—moderate stocks, an average supply, and a largely increased consumption, arising from the satisfactory condition of the manufacturing districts, and the great prospects which were generally entertained of the approaching *Exhibition*; but these hopes were soon dissipated, the imports of foreign continuing on an unusually large scale, and the consumption, instead of increasing, barely supporting that of the previous year. *The increased production of sugar from beetroot on the Continent is fast displacing all foreign, and the latter, in turn, displacing our colonial, or forcing it down to so low a figure that its production will be unremunerative.* In little more than two years the duties will be equalised; and we can see no salvation for our colonies but a complete change, both in the manufacture and curing of this article, as it is quite evident that the taste of the large consumers in the country is changing year by year more in favour of crushed refined. . . . The decline in the value of sugar throughout the past year has been gradual, though marked; and prices now rule 5s. to 6s. per

cwt. lower on better descriptions, and 8s. to 10s. on the common and low brown sorts."

With respect, then, to that portion of the supply of sugar derived from the West Indies, the only question which can arise is—Can the grower have succeeded during the past year in reducing the cost of production so far as to have allowed the *Gazette average* of British plantation to fall from 29s. 2d. nett in February of last year, to 20s. 2d. in the February of this year? We know that during this period no economising of labour has been achieved to warrant a decline of 9s. per cwt.—nearly thirty per cent; and the conclusion is obvious, that the bulk of this saving to the British consumer has come out of the pockets of the colonial proprietor and the British colonial merchant. The price at the commencement of the year, it is admitted, was a barely remunerative one; and every shilling of reduction since has been positive loss.

With respect to East India sugar, which is actually purchased in the country of its growth, the loss has fallen directly upon the importer—the fact being notorious, that prices throughout the year have ruled higher in the colonial markets, and in China, Java, &c., by from 4s. to 5s. per cwt. than it could be sold for on its arrival here. Messrs Littledale & Co. quote the prices of Bengal, Madras, and Mauritius, best and good descriptions, in bond, from 6s. to 6s. 6d. lower in January this year than in January last year; and common and inferior descriptions as much as 8s. to 9s. lower. Upon China and Manilla the fall has been from 3s. to 4s. 6d.

The same authority to which I have before referred—the *New London Price Current*—remarks of Mauritius sugar, that the "rates are 5s. to 8s. per cwt. lower, the difference being most apparent on brown and inferior qualities;" and of East India, "Stock is 6950, (in London,) and in 1850 it was 5500 tons. Prices range 4s. to 8s. per cwt. under that period, the difference being more apparent on brown and inferior qualities, of which there is a loss upon importation."

With respect to foreign sugar, a few

proliminary explanations are necessary. As is the case with East India produce, the sugar which we draw from foreign countries—the bulk from Cuba and the Brazil—is purchased by British merchants at a price in the country of its growth, regulated of course by the cost of production, and the probable market price in Great Britain. The foreign planter, however, is seldom more than a nominal proprietor, working with borrowed capital, for which he pays an interest of from fifteen to twenty per cent, and living, in all respects, only like a superior servant or agent. With the question, whether of late he has been enabled to reap a profit on his cultivation, I have here nothing to do, although it is most probable that he has not done so, even at the prices which he has been able to secure from the British purchaser. He has had labour foisted upon him beyond his requirements, and at an exorbitant price, the slave-dealer being in many cases the party supplying capital for sugar cultivation, and the virtual proprietor of the soil and stock. So far as regards the operations of British merchants in the produce of Brazil, Cuba, and other foreign tropical produce, the result has been almost equally disastrous with that attending the trade with our own possessions. Prices in these countries have, throughout nearly the whole of the past year, been from 3s. to 5s. above those which could be realised in this country; and the loss upon the entire importation has been little, if at all, less than that upon British colonial produce. The *London New Price-Current* sums up its remarks upon the trade in foreign sugar by saying,—“Prices, compared with this date last season, exhibit a decline of 3s. on the better, and 4s. to 6s. per cwt. on the brown and inferior qualities.” A comparison of the prices in the country of production, with those realised here, will prove this part of my case. From the *Pernambuco Price Current*, of the 24th of February 1851, I find that the following were the prices of Brazilian sugar, free on board; and I have set opposite to the figures the price which it would command in bond, on its arrival here, as furnished by one of our leading brokers:—

IN BRAZIL, 24th February, 1851.

First white,	25s. 3d. to 26s. 3d.
Second and third do.	20s. 7d. to 24s. 3d.
Fourth do.	18s. 9d. to 19s. 8d.
Fifth and sixth do.	16s. 7d. to 17s. 5d.
Muscovado, yellow,	15s. 2d. to 15s. 8d.
Brown,	14s. 8d.

IN LIVERPOOL, April 1851.

None in stock.
21s. to 22s. 6d.
19s. 6d. to 20s.
16s. to 19s.

The first qualities of the above are not imported into this market; and adding to the other, for freight at 60s. per ton, 3s.—buyer's commission in Brazil, 3 per cent—insurance, interest, brokerage, and other charges, say 4s. 6d. to 5s. per cwt.—there would

be a small loss upon the importation.

I select a later date, in order to ascertain the cost of the stocks on hand at the commencement of this year. On the 29th November last the quotations were—

IN BRAZIL, November.

First and second,	24s. to 24s. 4d.
Third,	22s. 4d. to 23s. 8d.
Fourth,	20s. 9d. to 21s. 6d.
Fifth and sixth,	17s. 1d. to 19s. 4d.
Muscovado, yellow,	15s. 7d. to 16s. 6d.
Brown,	14s. 7d. to 15s. 1d.

IN LIVERPOOL, January

None in stock.
17s. 6d. to 19s. 6d.
16s. to 17s. 6d.
13s. 6d. to 15s.

At this period freights ruled low, 35s. to 40s.; and, as is always the case when there is an abundance of shipping seeking cargo, the foreigner advanced his rates for produce. Adding 3s. 6d. to 4s. for charges upon imports, there would be a loss of, say 3s. 6d. to 5s. 6d. upon white; 3s. 6d. upon yellow; 5s. 6d. upon low brown, and 3s. 6d. upon the better quality. The same result is found to have resulted upon Cuban and other foreign sugars.

The reduction in this article has not been so sudden as to entitle us to put down more than a portion of it as loss to either importer or producer. Bearing in mind, however, that, from the commencement of the year to the close, it has been arriving in this country at a cost considerably over what it would realise, and that we had a good stock to begin the year with, which has kept accumulating, I believe I am justified in assuming the result of the year's business to be a loss, upon the whole of our sugar imports, of at least £5 per ton; which, upon 400,000 tons of all descriptions, amounts to the sum of £2,000,000 sterling. In this I am borne out by some of our leading authorities, whose names I hand you for your own satisfaction. Having in this calculation merged the stock in hand at the commencement of the year, (107,000 tons,) which was imported at extreme prices, and lost much more than I

have taken as an average, it is but fair to add something for the depreciation of the *increase of stock* held at the close of the year, 50,000 tons, (the total stock having been 157,000 tons against 107,000 at the commencement.) If I estimate this depreciation at £3 per ton—it fell nearly £1 in the beginning of January, and has since been quoted lower—I am satisfied that I am within the mark. This will make the *total loss on sugar* £2,150,000 sterling.

In the important article of CORRECTION there has also been a serious loss upon the year's transactions; and this notwithstanding the fact that the import was lighter in 1851 than in either of the two preceding years, having been 22,100 tons of all descriptions against 22,700 in 1850, and 27,000 in 1849. The prices at the close of the year are stated by the *Lond n New Price-Current* to have been "from 8s. to 16s. per cwt. below this date last season." Messrs Littledale's annual circular shows a fall, in "native ordinary Ceylon" of 16s., and of 15s. in "middling plantation." The fall is less in some of the scarcer sorts. The greatest reduction, however, was in the middle of the year, "good ordinary native Ceylon," which was worth 57s. per cwt. in January, having fallen to 37s. in June. The total loss to importers, I am advised, cannot be estimated at less than £10 per ton, which, upon the total import of 22,100 tons,

makes up an amount of £221,000 sterling. It is worth while remarking here, as an instance of the blindness of Whig legislation, that although the duties on coffee were reduced last year from 6d. on foreign, and 4d. on colonial, to a uniform rate of 3d., to the serious injury of colonial interests, and apparently with no other object in view, the consumption was very little increased, having been 31,226,840 lb. in 1850, and only 32,564,164 lb. in 1851. The actual vend by retailers of *what is called coffee*—the adulterated article—is, however, known to have largely increased; and the grocer and fraudulent dealer, by the use of chicory, the admixture of which with coffee the Chancellor of the Exchequer refused to restrict, and of other worse ingredients, have been enabled to put far more than the amount of the duty remitted into their own pockets. The stock held over from 1850 was 19,300 tons; and as this was very little reduced in December 1851, and the bulk of it was bought at even higher prices than those ruling at the commencement of the year, it will not be unfair to estimate the loss upon it at £10 per ton, the same as that upon the importations. I will, however, assume it to have been only, in round numbers, £150,000. This will make the *total loss on coffee* £371,000.

In another important article—TEA—there have been very heavy losses. We commenced the year with prices

of *congou*, the leading article of *black tea*, at 1s. to 1s. 0½d. for “ordinary to good ordinary,” and better sorts proportionally higher. The year closed with the same teas at 8d. to 8½d., and a proportionate fall in other descriptions of black. In some sorts of *green* there has not been so great a fall; but upon all kinds (two excepted, of which the consumption is not large) I find the decline estimated by Messrs Littledale & Co. at 25 to 35 per cent. The fall per lb. may, with tolerable safety, be set down at 4d. It has not been so gradual as in the case of other descriptions of produce, having, on the contrary, occurred rather suddenly towards the middle and close of the season; and this fact has an important bearing upon the amount actually lost by importers. In the first four months of the year prices gave way a little; but the demand was good, and no serious disaster in the trade was expected. Imports, however, flowed in freely, beyond the requirements for consumption; and the new crop arriving unusually early by the clipper ships, now engaged between this country and China, a sort of panic ensued, and reductions of 2d. to 4d. per lb. were submitted to. With a view to render my calculations with regard to this article perfectly intelligible, I subjoin the state of imports, stock, and consumption, as given in Messrs Littledale’s *Circular of Jan. 3*:—

The imports for the year will be about 72,000,000 lb. against 48,300,000 in 1850.			
Deliveries,	do.	59,000,000	56,400,000
Stock,	do.	48,000,000	34,500,000

Thus, although the deliveries in 1851 exceeded those of 1850, there was an increased stock, caused by the unusually early arrival of the new crop. Under these circumstances, I find that I am fully justified in taking the loss upon the entire imports at 2d. per lb., which, upon 72,000,000 lb., will be £600,000. The stock on hand at the commencement of the year, 34,500,000 lb., may be estimated as having lost 4d. per lb., or £575,000, leaving in its place an accumulation of 48,000,000 lb. at the close of the year, upon most of which there is a farther loss upon the price at which it was imported, even assuming that it

was well bought, according to the range of prices here in November and December, when the bulk of the new crop reached us. I do not take into account, however, any loss upon this stock, or even upon its excess over that of the preceding year; and only set down the result as above, at a *total loss of* £1,175,000 for the year.

Even in the import of FOREIGN GRAIN the transactions of the year have been of a most unsatisfactory character, and the general result has been a loss, estimated at a very moderate computation to amount to, at the least, £500,000. The whole of this, however, has not fallen directly

upon British merchants, who are regularly engaged in the trade, but in part upon foreign houses; and upon speculators who, having been misled by the miscalculations of the Free-Trade press, and by an over-sanguine temperament, to anticipate a considerable revival of prices during the close of 1850 and the beginning of 1851, were induced to become holders of the article. In the most favourable cases, however, up to the slight revival which took place at the close of the past year, the importer has been unable to secure more than a bare brokerage, except upon French flour; and taking every redeeming

circumstance into consideration, I am warranted in setting down the loss of the year at £500,000, as above stated.

Upon a number of other important articles, the loss has been very heavy throughout the year, both to importers and holders of stock. Amongst these, I may mention many kinds of American provisions, colonial molasses, silk, indigo, jute, hides, linseed, and other seeds, linseed oil, gums, madder roots, dyes, dye-woods, spices, foreign fruits, &c. I shall only trouble your readers with a few, and give, in doing so, the stock and total decline during the year, not being able to give the aggregate loss in detail:—

Stock.		Decline.	
Indigo,	60,000 cwt.	9d. to 1s. per lb.	£280,000
Molasses,	10,397 tons (London)	£3, 10s. per ton.	33,000
Jute (imports. Liverpool),	86,450 bales.	£3, 9s. per ton.	
Linseed (Do.),	115,600 bales and pkts:	4s. to 5s. per qr.	
Linseed oil (Do.),	516 cases.	£4 to £5 per ton.	
Cochineal,	9,040 packages.	9d. per lb.	
Raw silk,		5 to 7½ per cwt.	

On dye-woods the loss has been fearful, cargoes imported having in many cases not realised more than actual freights; and foreign fruits have been a drug throughout the year, and have perished, or else been sold at ruinous reductions from import cost. The total loss upon the import of these articles, added to what I have already estimated, will make up a gross amount of *ten millions sterling*.

I have already stated that, in addition to the loss in first hands, there must have been a very serious one sustained by manufacturers, dealers, and retailers, throughout the country. In all cases of falling markets of either raw materials or produce, the cheaper import presses upon previously made purchases, and compels a sacrifice of a portion of stock in hand. The manufacturer who is consuming cotton bought at 7d. per lb., finds, when he has converted the raw material into goods, that he has to compete with his neighbour, who is willing to make a contract for the same article with cotton at 6d. per lb. The calico printer and dyer finds a competitor who has bought his dyes ten per cent below him. The grocer and tea-dealer has in the same way to accommodate his prices to those which happen to rule in the wholesale market. With respect to

the cotton manufacturer, we have been told that his business has been satisfactory; that he had made contracts in advance, which paid him a profit upon the raw material purchased for the purpose of fulfilling them. Suppose this to have been the case, which is only partially so, the loss must have fallen upon the *buyer*, who would have to take his goods into the home or the foreign market, in competition with more recent and cheaper purchases. Every speculative holder of produce, and every dealer, must have been similarly affected. I conceive, then, that I am not exaggerating the loss sustained by these parties, by estimating it at one-fifth of that which I have traced to importers, and adding another two millions sterling to the previous amount of ten millions.

And now, let me ask, at what are we to estimate the loss sustained by the shipping interest during the past year?

The amount of British tonnage entered inwards during the year ended 5th January 1852 was 4,388,245 tons, against 4,078,544 tons in the preceding year; the entries outwards were 4,147,007 tons against 3,960,764 tons; making a total, inwards and outwards, of 8,535,252 tons in 1851, against

8,039,308 in 1850—an increase of 495,944 tons. I refer to these returns with a view to base upon them my estimate of loss sustained; and certainly am not inclined to follow those superficial observers who are in the habit of taking the increase of tonnage, shown by them from time to time, as evidence of increased prosperity of the shipowner. It is well known that our steamers engaged in the foreign trade have enormously swelled the entries, both inwards and outwards, during the last two years. From this port alone we have now a fleet of five vessels of 300 tons and upwards, making fortnightly and monthly trips to the North of Europe and the Mediterranean, each trip of which counts for as much in the entries as the long voyage of a sailing vessel. The Cunard Line to the United States has been augmented; and we are establishing other lines to the Brazils, to Australia, &c. Our West Indian and Oriental Fleets have been similarly augmented. As a further cause of the apparent increase of sailing tonnage, the more rapid passages made by vessels of the clipper build may be mentioned—some of which, it is well known, have during the past year made the voyage out and home to China, the East Indies, &c., in from eight to ten months; whereas ships of the ordinary build and rig would have occupied above twelve months, and thus have come once only, instead of twice, into the returns. Deducting the steam and clipper ships, a correct return would, I believe, show a decrease instead of an increase in our mercantile marine; for it is well known that a large amount of British tonnage has during the past three years been rotting in the waters of California. Far better would it have been for some of the remainder, if, instead of contributing to swell these returns with a tale of delusive prosperity, it could have been laid up in dock, saving the cost of unprofitable wear and tear and of

wages. But our New Navigation Laws have rendered such a course of no avail to the British shipowner. If a portion of our mercantile navy had been laid up for a time, the foreigner would have promptly assumed its place, and benefited by the advance in freights which would have resulted from competition being withdrawn. As it is, during the whole of the past year, the British shipowner, in carrying on the struggle which has been forced upon him by our Free-Trade policy, has been injuriously met by this competition in every foreign port, and especially in the ports of our Eastern possessions and their dependencies, the carrying trade of which, formerly secured to the shipping of this country, afforded such a valuable source of remuneration to the British shipowner. In the ports of China we have been met with the same depressing competition. There is not, in fact, a country on the surface of the globe to which a ship could be sent, in cargo or in ballast, with any certainty of earning a return freight which would pay even ordinary expenses of wages and port-dues—necessary repairs being out of the question. In the attempt, which I propose to make, to form an estimate of the losses sustained upon shipping during the past year, it must be borne in mind that the year 1850, with which I shall have to compare it, was notoriously one of severe suffering to all parties interested in shipping. We had then begun to feel the effects of the ruinous policy upon which we had embarked; and the amount of loss sustained in that year had been previously unparalleled in the annals of our commerce. There was a decline, for example, of the rates current in 1848, of the extent of which the following figures, taken from the June number of *Blackwood*, furnishes a correct idea. The figures in question, I may remark, were based upon actual transactions:—

Calcutta, March 1848, Jute,	£5 5 0	December 1850, £3 5 0
" " " Sugar,	7 0 0	" 3 0 0 and £3 5 0
Bombay, March 1848, Rice,	3 5 0	May " 1850, " 1 12 6
Valparaiso, Oct. " Copper,	4 0 0	March 1851, 3 7 6

Other freights bore a similar ratio of decrease. During the past and pre-

sent year we have had sugar brought from Calcutta at as low as 30s.

per ton, and cotton from Bombay at £2, 5s. From China we have had tea as low as 40s.; whereas, in 1850, "The Oriental," American clipper, got £6 per ton, an ordinary British ship being able to command about £4. From the west coast of America we have lately had guano brought to this country for as low as 30s. to 40s. per ton. In March last the freight actually realised was £3, 12s. per ton. These, however, it will be said, are extreme cases. I give, therefore, a more general statement, although it is almost impossible to arrive at a fixed rate of freights for any portion of our long-voyage trade. Throughout the whole of our Eastern ports, and of China, as well as in the ports of the west coast of America, the rates have depended, as they did in 1850, upon the number of American vessels arriving in ballast from round Cape Horn in search of freight, after having earned a very ample remuneration from their previous voyage from the Atlantic ports of the United States—a voyage in the benefits of which British shipping is not allowed to participate;—and these have been most arbitrary and uncertain in amount. As a rule, I find that I may safely put down the long-voyage freights, both from the East and West, as having fallen 30 per cent during the past twelve months. This is the case even with regular traders; and with transient ships it is much more. With respect to Mediterranean and other European freights, the reduction is over 10 per cent for British vessels. In Canadian timber freights there has been an average fall to large ports of from 33s. to 30s. per load in 1850, to about 25s. in 1851. With respect to these ships, the bulk of the tonnage is taken up by timber-importers, some of whom are also owners; and the result of the voyage, so far as the profit to the ship is concerned, is mixed up with the result of the sale of the freight. The Australian voyage has been a set-off against the general loss on shipping. Emigrants and goods for these settlements have been in abundance, but ships' expenses have been increased. Only for great and costly precautions, these settlements

threaten to be the grave of as large an amount of shipping as that which is now rotting idle in the waters of San Francisco.

In endeavouring to arrive at an estimate of the gross amount of loss to British shipping during the past year, I avail myself of a calculation made by a gentleman who occupies the position of secretary to the Underwriters' Association—the Lloyd's—of Liverpool. In an estimate of the amount to be put down as the freight paid to British shipowners upon the imports of 1850, that gentleman considered that a fair average earning of freight upon long and short voyages would be £2 per register ton. The total entries inwards of 1851 have been 4,388,245 tons, the freight upon which, at the estimated rate of the year 1850, would have been thus, in round numbers, £8,776,490. Bearing in mind that a large portion of British shipping goes out in ballast, and that the earnings outwards are considerably less at all times than inwards, I shall not estimate the outward freight in 1850 at more than 25s. per register ton. Taking the tonnage outwards of 1851—4,147,007 tons—at this rate, the amount would be £5,183,750—making a total, inwards and outwards, of, in round numbers, £13,900,000. I have already said, and shown from its antecedents, that the year 1850 was a year of heavy sacrifice of British shipping. It is much if the bulk of our shipping during that year earned more than would pay for necessarily-occurring repairs, which in many cases were postponed until better times—which were hoped for—should arrive. Taking all things into account—the actual reduction of freights, and the necessity which has accrued for executing those repairs—I cannot set down the loss to the British shipowner during the past year at less than 20 per cent upon his freight, or £2,700,000 sterling. In addition to the shipping engaged in the foreign trade, I have to estimate as well the loss sustained upon our coasting tonnage, which amounted, in 1851, to 12,394,902 tons inwards, and 13,466,155 tons outwards. Upon the earnings of this class of vessels there was a reduction, in 1850, of fully 30 per cent. In fact, during

that year, it brought to the owners only loss and annoyance. During the past year it cannot be said that the freights earned have been materially reduced; but they have been earned only whilst the vessels were in rapid course of being thoroughly worn out, repairs bestowed upon them being felt to be hopeless outlay. I take, as the basis of my calculation, a tonnage about half of the aggregate "inwards and outwards"—viz. 13,000,000; and estimate the freight both ways—and it is not much over the average of one way—at 5s. per ton. We have thus a gross amount of freight earned, of £3,250,000. I might treat the whole of this sum as absolute loss; for it is notorious that, as compared with former years' earnings, it is so. Not one in a hundred of our coasters are paying interest and wages. Cost of necessary repairs they do not pay; and, in fact, they are only sailed either in the fallacious hope of better days to come, or until *they go to pieces*, and are destined to be broken up for the timber and the copper and iron bolts which they contain. I shall only estimate them, therefore, at the probable amount of their deterioration, which cannot be less than £2,000,000, making a *total loss upon British shipping of £4,700,000 sterling*. This may appear an extreme amount of loss to those who do not take into consideration the peculiar nature of shipping property, its constant deterioration, and the large proportion which expenses upon it ordinarily bear to the freights earned. With respect to the estimate which I have made of the loss upon our coasters, it will probably be exclaimed against as very vague and incapable of being proved. It must be borne in mind, however, that this class of property has been injuriously affected by a combination of causes, some of which it is only fair to refer to, as, to a certain extent, removing it out of the scope of my general arguments. Our coasting vessels have had to encounter severe competition with steam craft, particularly with respect to the traffic in merchandise and produce capable of bearing the higher rates of freights. Our internal railway communications have also interfered seriously with their traffic coastwise.

A considerable amount of our coal and iron carriage has been abstracted from the small vessels formerly employed by it. For example, I heard within the last few weeks, of a government contract for engine-coals from the northern coal-fields having been entered into, such coals to be laid down at one of our dockyards for a little over 16s. per ton *per rail*—if I remember right, the Great Northern. Still, much of the deterioration in this property is attributable to our new system, which virtually hands over a portion of our coasting trade to the foreign shipowner. Cargoes of Baltic timber, grain, and other produce from Europe, are constantly arriving in the Irish and the British Channel, to be ordered thence to whatever port they may be required, and be most marketable at, rendering a portion of the voyage to all intents and purposes a coasting voyage. And it is much to be feared that, not only as respects this class of shipping, but our ocean-going vessels as well, the British shipowner has not seen the worst, and that he will have to regret the expenditure which he is now making in the attempt, by increasing the sailing qualities of his ships, to compete with his active and more favourably situated rivals. The screw will shortly supersede the "clipper" in carrying merchandise, as the paddle-wheel has superseded every other mode of propulsion in carrying passengers and correspondence. And, in the meanwhile, the latter neutralises the advantages of early arrivals of merchandise, by preparing the consumer to expect it, and to make his arrangements accordingly. A cargo of tea, advised of by steamer and overland mail, although at a distance of two or three months' voyage, exercises nearly the same influence upon the market price as if it was already being landed in one of our ports. The building of expensive vessels calculated for speed in carrying would be an undoubted good under ordinary circumstances; but *it is not a paying speculation*. Moreover, other countries are rivalling us in this effort to improve our position; and in the mean time we are adding to a mercantile marine, which is unprofitable enough at its present extent.

I shall not trouble your readers by referring to the condition of more than one of the great internal trades of the kingdom—**THE IRON TRADE**—the manufacture of which employs a vast amount of labour both in England, Wales, and Scotland. On this article I find the following remarks in the Circular, dated January 17th, of an eminent Liverpool house, whose means of acquiring information are very great, and their care in compiling it acknowledged. You will perhaps be inclined to suspect, from the commencing paragraph, and you will be right in doing so, that they are Free-Traders.

"Whilst the year 1851 has been one of peculiar misfortune to a large section of the mercantile community, it has been generally one of prosperity to the manufacturing interests of the country. The low prices of produce of all kinds, which have entailed such serious losses upon importers, have highly advantaged the manufacturer's department, and contri-

buted to the comfort of the operative classes, whose condition was never better than at present. *The iron manufacturing interest has not participated in the prosperity referred to, the trade having been depressed throughout the year, and totally unremunerative to those engaged in it.* The anticipations of improvement which were indulged in at the beginning of the year have been disappointed, and prices have declined to the low rates stated in our accompanying quotations. It will be found that, as compared with the rates current at this period last year, the fall upon Welsh bars is about 10s. per ton; upon the inferior makes of Staffordshire iron, 7s. 6d. to 10s. per ton; on Scotch pig-iron, 5s. to 6s. per ton; and on tin plates about 4s. per box. *The depression must mainly be attributed to the excessive production, which the demand has not yet overtaken.*"

I append the make of the year, and the number of furnaces in blast, with the prices opposite, as given above, to show the total amount of the decline during the year:—

	Furnaces in blast.	Estimated make per	Rate of decline.	Amount of decline.
Scotland,	114	800,000 tons.	5s. 6d. per ton.	£220,000
North and South Wales,	147	805,000 "	10s. 0d. "	402,500
Staffordshire,	127	720,000 "	8s. 9d. "	315,000
Other counties,	83	385,000 "	say 7s. 6d. "	144,375
		2,710,000 "		
		Total decline in the year,		£1,181,875

Of this amount, probably fully one-half would be the actual loss sustained by makers and holders during the year. I am content, however, to set it down at £500,000. Something ought to be added for the deterioration of stocks throughout the country, the precise amount of which it is very difficult to ascertain. As, however, there are on hand, in Scotland alone, 850,000 tons of pig-iron, with no prospect of any serious decrease in the quantity, or improvement in price, for some time to come, unless the make is very materially reduced, I may very safely set down in this account an additional £200,000 for the depreciation throughout the kingdom—making thus a total loss upon iron of £700,000.

It must be perfectly obvious that the cheapness of all the necessaries and the luxuries of life, so much boasted of by the Manchester school

of political economists, is not a healthy cheapness, or one which can coexist with the well-being of the mercantile classes. The consumer has, during the past year, been fed and clothed, to a considerable extent, at the expense of that class. The importer of foreign produce, like the farmer, has been living upon his capital; and, even under the most favourable circumstances, must for years to come feel the consequences. The inquiry, then, becomes an important one—what has been the cause, or the combination of causes, which has brought about this disastrous state of things? And another equally important inquiry follows this—What interest in the country has been in fault? The Free-Trader will, no doubt, tell us that the cause of our market for imports being glutted, has been over-importations. Yet the very

increase of these importations is relied upon as the surest sign of the nation's advancing prosperity! In part, I admit that the mercantile classes have imported too largely; but, then, it was in anticipation of an increased power of the people to consume, which has not manifested itself to the extent required. For example, we imported, upon an already ample stock, 70,000 tons of sugar in 1851, more than in 1850. We consumed, however, only 15,600 tons more; and, as the result, we had on the 31st December last a stock on hand of 57,000 tons, or 50 per cent in excess of the stock of the preceding year. In coffee we had no increase; but the stock with which we commenced the year was equal to nine months' consumption, which ought to have deterred importations. Of tea we increased our imports by 23,700,000 lb. We only increased the deliveries, however, for export and home consumption 2,600,000 lb. Yet we had to commence the year with a stock equal to seven months' consumption, which we have increased by 13,500,000 lb. It will be said that our merchants have bought abroad at too high prices. I admit this too. Under the circumstances, as they have turned out on actual experience, we have paid as much too high as we have bought in excess of our requirements. This, however, is only a natural result of our boasted new system. We have increased our exports to nearly £69,000,000 sterling in 1851, against £65,750,000 in 1850; £59,000,000 in 1849, and £49,000,000 in 1848, regardless of the known fact that, in the long run, the whole of these vast sums would have to find their way back to this country in the shape of imported produce, which we had not, to anything like the required extent, increased our power to consume. We have paid high prices for produce abroad, from the very fact of our having so enormously increased our exports; for the effect of every arrival of a cargo in any foreign port is to create a demand for a remittance of some kind in return. If money is generally preferred, the rate of exchange rises against the parties remitting; and a demand is created for produce, as offering at least a chance

of a profitable result. If, on the other hand, produce is recklessly competed for, the money remittance to the exporter is lessened, and the purchases of the importer are bought high, and arrive at a ruinously losing market. Messrs Littledale and Co., in their last annual circular, very lucidly and briefly illustrate this, when referring to the business of 1849 and 1850. "These years," they remark, "were confessedly prosperous to the merchant; and why? Simply because the disasters of '47, and the long pending disturbances of '48, had so effectually checked operations, that *supply and demand were fairly equalised*, both at home and abroad; the foreign market, not being deluged with exports, gave a fair profit on the outward goods, while *reduced competition for returns enabled produce to be purchased at rates which again left a remunerating profit to the importer*, and secured a ready sale." In another way, increased exports, aided by the privileges which we have given to foreign shipping, contribute to bring about a glut of imports. We have had proofs of this fact during the past year, in which shipments have been made to Great Britain from the East Indies, China, the Brazils, &c., at high prices, in consequence of the inducements to speculation in produce held out by a superabundance of vessels, both British and foreign, competing for freights at the most ruinously low rates.

But I must expressly guard myself against admitting that the disasters of the past year can be attributed to the misconduct of the British merchant, properly so termed. Our old-established houses, both in the home and foreign markets, have been elbowed at every turn by a new class of men who have rushed into extensive operations with very little discretion, and many of whom, during the past year, have paid the penalty of their want of prudence and mercantile knowledge. Nor have the manufacturing body themselves been guiltless in the matter. The home consumption of the past few years has been unequal to the office of taking off a fair portion of the increased products of our looms and our forges; and hence the accumulation

of stocks of every kind has been poured without judgment, and far beyond their wants, into the markets of the foreigner. This has been especially the case with manufactured cotton goods, the quantity of which, exported in 1850, with fair boweds averaging 7½d. per lb. was 1,472,824,000 yards, against 1,169,000,000 yards in 1848 when the same cotton was only 4½d. per lb. During the past year, whilst a decline has been going on, which has reached nearly 3d. per lb., the exports have been 1,344,000,000 yards. Such a business as this could only be productive of one result; and I have not the slightest doubt that, if those who have been engaged in it would admit the truth, it would be found that their export operations during the past year have been the most unsuccessful on record. And not only to themselves has this been the case, but to every merchant carrying on a legitimate export business to foreign countries. Such merchants during the past year have been unable to discover a single article capable of being introduced into foreign markets with any reasonable hope of profit. Their shipments, however well purchased, and however well assorted to suit the wants of those markets, have arrived there when they were glutted with unsuitable trash of all descriptions, which the manufacturer had got rid of at any sacrifice to enable him to keep his machinery going, and which the adventurer has bought to enable him to keep his floating credit up, until a favourable turn in the price of the raw material should enable both to reap a fair reward for their enterprise. There is not a single market of importance—if, indeed, there be one at all—to which I can point as having returned cost price at home for the shipments of the year, taking them in the mass. If a few cases of individual profit have taken place, it has been when some favourable fluctuation in the rate of exchange has occurred to make up for the loss which would have accrued under an ordinary condition of the foreign money market. Such was the case last year with a small portion of our East India trade in particular. This market, however, and that of China, have been unre-

munerating generally during the whole of the year. The American market has only been saved from being disastrous by the impetus given to consumption by the Californian gold discoveries, and their effect upon the American banking system. The Brazilian trade, and that of the west coast of South America, have been losing ones, and would have been worse, but for the same stimulus, which, combined with that arising from the discoveries of gold in Australia, may be said to have affected favourably the trade of the eastern and western continents, and to have protected Europe and this country from—what must inevitably have occurred—a widely-spread monetary convulsion.

It would be a task utterly impossible, to ascertain precisely the amount of loss sustained upon our gross exports of the year, amounting to £68,490,659; but it is not difficult to perceive that it has been a very heavy one. In any case it must have been so, as far as regards our exports of manufactured cotton goods, which have amounted to £30,078,996; of metals, which have amounted to £8,905,894; of woollen manufactures, which have amounted to £9,856,259; and of silk goods, linens, &c., the export of which has confessedly been excessive, and with respect to the bulk of which, there has been a decline in the price of the raw material. The excess of our entire exports, however; over the legitimate wants of the foreigner, will account for a more considerable margin of loss—and that, too, upon all articles—than that which would have taken place under a decline in one or two raw materials alone. There has been a heavy loss sustained upon the labour and skill engaged in the composition of manufactured products; and I feel satisfied that I am not at all exceeding bounds in putting down the aggregate, from all the circumstances named, at fully 7½ per cent upon the total quantity shipped. This will make a loss to exporters of £5,250,000. It would not be fair, however, to treat the whole of this sum as the loss to the British merchant. I put down; therefore, the least I can do, viz., £2,500,000 as his share of his loss. In doing

this, I know that *I am much below the truth*. There are secrets, however, fast locked up in the safes of too many of our importing merchants, to which I have not the key; and of many articles, such as metal of all kinds, coals, &c., so much is sent out on ship's account, the result of which is mixed up in the freight balance-sheet, that I am not disposed to run the risk of being accused of exaggeration, when no data are within

my reach to appeal to in proof of my statements.

I think it will be admitted that I have pretty nearly substantiated the assertion with which I set out, viz., that the mercantile and trading interests were left poorer at the close of the year 1851, than they were at its commencement, by twenty millions sterling, and upwards. Let me recapitulate the items:—

Loss to British importers on Cotton,	.	.	.	£4,000,000
" " Sugar,	.	.	.	2,150,000
" " Coffee,	.	.	.	371,000
" " Tea,	.	.	.	1,066,600
" " Corn and Flour,	.	.	.	500,000
" " Dye-stuffs, Molasses, Silk, and other miscellaneous articles,	.	.	.	1,912,400
" " Manufacturers of goods in course of perfection, and dealers and retailers of stocks of produce, &c., depreciated,	.	.	.	2,000,000
" " Shipowners,	.	.	.	4,700,000
" " Iron manufacture,	.	.	.	700,000
" " by Exporters,	.	.	.	2,500,000
Total,	.	.	.	£19,900,000

It would have been perfectly easy for me to have performed more than the whole of my promise, had I not strictly guarded myself in every case against assuming anything which I could call forth denial which I am not fully prepared to meet. My own conviction is—and there are many who will *feelingly* confirm it—that I have understated rather than overstated the disasters of the year.

Where, in the face of these facts, can be the "*prosperity*" of which the Free-Trader has been drawing such glowing pictures? It is not gladdening the eyes of the merchant and importer. It has not rewarded the enterprise of the shipowner. It has not filled the pockets of the small trader or the shopkeeper. The millowner and the manufacturer have not only not felt it, but I am confident that the majority of this class have suffered severely, as the result of the year's operations. The labourer and the artisan, with the men of fixed money incomes, have been the only parties benefited by the cheapness of the past year. But it will be said these losses have been exceptional, and will not occur again. The importer has been taught to con-

fine his operations within the limits of legitimate demand; the manufacturer will produce no more than he can sell to a profit; and the exporter will cease to glut every foreign market. Prudence, indeed, suggests this course; but then, what will become of the statistical proofs, furnished us every month, of the nation's progress in well-doing? Our exports will no more be triumphantly pointed to as affording such proof; and our imports will cease to show that sort of prosperity, derived from the circumstance of a portion of the nation being enabled to live in abundance upon the losses of the remainder. If our exports and imports are reduced to the level of our power to sell at a fair profit, and to consume without the importer having to resort to sacrifice, the British shipowner, under our present system of competition with the foreigner, may lay up the larger portion of his ships in dock, and discharge his seamen to starve in our streets. It is idle, however, to talk now of confining our business within reasonable and profitable limits under our present system; and the Free-Trader durst not at this

moment even contemplate such a course; for what would be its first results? If production of manufactured goods is to be checked; if a portion of our looms and spindles are to be stopped; if one-fourth of our iron furnaces are to be blown out, the first result must be to destroy the boasted elysium at present existing amongst our labouring classes engaged in manufacturing processes. This should have been done last year to produce a really healthy and remunerative trade; but then the operative classes would not have been enabled to benefit by the ruinous cheapness of imported food and other necessities, which was existing around them. If imports are to be checked, as they must be checked in a corresponding ratio with exports; if the importing merchant is, by this course, to be enabled to sell at a profit, we must have comparative dearth coexisting with decreased means on the part of the labouring classes to purchase and consume. This important view of our position is well worthy of the serious consideration, not only of those who jump to the conclusion that the mercantile interest has been overtrading, but also of those who profess to see nothing but ruin and confusion as the result of the slightest enhancement of the price of any commodity which enters largely into the consumption of the people. Prudent trading during the past year would clearly have checked the productions of manufactures and other commodities, and with these the employment of labour. On the other hand, imports restricted to a prudent limit would as clearly have tended to raise prices against the home consumer.

We cannot, however, check our imports, for we have proclaimed that Great Britain, with her mighty capital and resources, shall become the depot of the merchandise of the world, and the foreign producers of that merchandise will hold us to our contract. So long as our ports are not closed against its admission; so long as the selfishness of capital prompts its possessor to seek gain, so long as ship-owners, foreign as well as British, are under the necessity of earning freights, and merchants and brokers throughout the world are eager to secure com-

missions, the surplus produce of every clime will seek a resting-place, though it may be only a temporary one, in the granaries and warehouses of Great Britain. We had a proof of this fact last year in the arrival here of several cargoes of tea, the surplus imports of the United States, which were brought in American shipping, and thrown upon our already depressed markets, to be sold at any sacrifice; and this very transaction, by the way, exhibits in a very striking manner the suicidal folly which we have committed with respect to the Navigation Laws. The tea in question, brought from an American port, was admitted into our markets upon the same terms as if it had been direct from the country of its growth. If the same operation was to take place from any port in Great Britain, an additional duty of 20 per cent would be levied on the cargo in America, because of its having been imported in a British bottom. It is, in fact, the very principle of Free Trade to invite imports, and to bring about their cheapness. A low cost of the raw materials of life and of labour is the great end and aim of their policy. Every possible increase of our import of foreign productions, they have proclaimed again and again, was good, inasmuch as it cheapened those productions to the home consumer, and at the same time enabled the foreigner to take more of the manufactures of this country. But these men failed to perceive that they have not in themselves the control of the tyrannous machinery which they have set in motion; that, whilst seeking only their own selfish aggrandisement, they have placed in the hands of a giant power a rod of iron to scourge their backs; that Ixion was never bound more inextricably to his wheel, or Mazeppa to his wild steed, than they are bound to the uncontrollable workings of that arbitrary power. These babes in political science omitted to consider the overriding influence of an inflexible money system in counteracting their shortsighted schemes of ambition and greed. The world, they designed, was to throw its treasures—its products of necessity and of luxury—at their feet, to be gathered by them at their own convenience, and at their own

price. But the system, which they had overlooked, said, "No, you shall not do this: I must have *my bond!*" If, in exchange for the increased imports poured in upon us, and which we have no power to turn aside from our shores, we fall behind one step in the task of producing and exporting an equivalent in the shape of manufactured goods or British products, our entire monetary system collapses, and brings down devastation and ruin upon our heads. The producer of British commodities, heavily weighted as he is with responsibilities—holding large stocks, or having his capital invested in fixed property—can no more resist the tyranny of this system than he can turn back the tide or arrest an avalanche. He must go on producing and exporting—or his class, at all events, must—whatever be the price of the raw material upon which he works, or the certainty that its sale must result in heavy loss. He must go on, because a monetary crisis is infinitely more disastrous in its results than the most disastrous losses arising from glut in the foreign or the British markets.

There is gross indecency, and, indeed, impudence, displayed by those parties who proclaim that a policy, which has produced such results as I have detailed, is not even to be examined with a view to its possible modification. All other monuments of the wisdom of mere man are found to require occasionally the improving hand; but the policy dictated by the Manchester school of economists is pronounced to be irrevocable, and not to be reviewed by the light of experience. Although it has inflicted ruin upon the great mass of our agricultural community; although it has been pregnant with commercial and industrial disaster; although it has falsified in its operations all the predictions of its authors; yet it has produced "a cheap loaf" and "cheap imports;" and upon these it is deemed sacrilegious for the statesman to impose his amending hand. But the common sense of the community, I venture to predict, will not submit to an imposture and injustice so gross. For the intelligent mercantile classes, I can answer that they will not. These men know, from the lessons taught

by their every-day transactions, that the existing miscalled system of Free Trade cannot be much longer persevered in without producing widespread ruin, and ultimate disaffection and anarchy. To enable us to increase our imports profitably, we must first have a corresponding increase of the ability of our own people to consume. To enable us to carry on a profitable trade in exports, we must first render the home producer of manufactures and other products less dependent than at present upon the foreign market; and this can only be done by enabling the masses of our own population, whether employed in agriculture or in other industrial pursuits, to consume more largely. To enable us to hold the position of being the merchants and brokers of the world, and the holders of its accumulated stores of wealth, we must first have provided for us a more expansive monetary system. The Free-Trader cannot, or will not, see the existence of these wants, obvious as they are, and necessary to be supplied, if his favourite policy is to be rendered a practicable one. The experience of the past six years of continually recurring disaster, from a share in which he has not been preserved harmless himself, appears to be entirely lost upon him. But it has not been lost upon the intelligent masses of the community; and I feel perfectly convinced that any attempt on the part of the manufacturing interest to raise an ignorant clamour of opposition to the efforts of the Earl of Derby's administration to snatch the country, by sound and patriotic legislation, from its present disorganised and suffering condition, will prove a ludicrous failure, and very justly draw down upon its authors the indignation and disgust of their fellow-countrymen.

Before concluding, I may be pardoned for addressing to the Public, and to the Legislature, a word or two of caution against placing the slightest dependence upon Board of Trade Returns, as affording evidence of the real condition of the nation. It has long been known that the principle upon which they are compiled is a most fallacious one; and they have

been rendered more so by our recent policy. Had these elaborate statistical documents afforded anything like an index to our condition, we ought, during the past ten years, to have been advancing in prosperity at a rate more rapid than was ever achieved by any people. They do not, however, form such an index, and, for all useful purposes, are as valueless as the paper upon which they are printed. But this is not all. Not only is the evidence afforded by them fallacious, but the figures contained in them are incorrect and often fraudulent. The entries at the Custom-Houses of merchandise shipped for foreign countries, may be valued at anything that the exporter pleases. There is no check whatever against such entries being falsified. It is the same with our imports, those brought in duty free being now no longer weighed by Government officers at the ship's side. A few dishonest men may at any time combine to increase or to decrease the amount of the next month's or year's return; and to exhibit growing prosperity, or the reverse. It is only necessary, in order to effect their object, to add fifty or a hundred per cent to the declared value of their shipments, or to undervalue them to the extent wished to be shown. We have continually been witnessing, during the past few years, the *extraordinary luck* of the late Whig Ministry in being always able, at seasons of emergency, when pressed by their opponents, to produce some favourable return from

the Board of Trade; and it is not very improbable that, whilst in opposition, they may be indulged by their Free-Trade allies throughout the country with the figures required to prove decreasing exports under a Conservative Government. But independently of such malpractices, committed from party motives, there are other causes in operation which render these returns utterly unworthy of credit. In a vast number of cases it is certain that goods exported are *not entered at all*. A few months ago it was discovered that an extensive forwarding merchant in this port had been systematically omitting entries at the Custom House for years past—no duty being chargeable—merely with a view to save the payment of the Liverpool dock and town dues; and the extent of such evasions may be conceived from the fact that—small as these dues are—the dock estate is considered to have suffered to the extent of at least £20,000 from the practice. During the past week, another case of the same description has been discovered; and there is too much reason to believe that this practice has become very prevalent on the part of the inferior clerks of our merchants.

Under these circumstances, a complete change in the mode of conducting the statistical department of the Board of Trade is imperatively called for; and, until this is effected, the sooner that Board suspends the issue of its delusive compilations, the better for the cause of truth.

LIVERPOOL, 12th March 1852.

POSTSCRIPT.

[The revelations contained in the foregoing article are of a nature eminently calculated to excite the astonishment of those who put faith in the representations of the Free-Traders. Although fully convinced of the accuracy of our esteemed correspondent, and the extensive means of knowledge which he possesses with regard to mercantile affairs, we considered it our duty, before publishing this article, to institute inquiries of our own in other quarters, and we are satisfied that it states the plain truth, without any feature of exaggeration. Indeed, it is in entire accordance with the tenor of the Trade Circulars, one of which, now lying before us, dated so late as the 22d of March, and emanating from a well-known Free-trading Manchester firm, refers to "the enormous losses sustained upon the exports made in the early part of last year, and the still greater losses on imports, many of which have been sustained by the same parties." In Glasgow, during the last year, the

commercial disasters have been frightful; and we are not aware that, up to the present time, there has been a symptom of the turning of the tide.

We observe that Mr Cardwell, in a late speech delivered by him in the House of Commons, reasserts, in pretty strong terms, his belief in the prosperity of the country, and dwells especially upon the cheering fact that the exports and imports have increased. Now, as he is one of the representatives of Liverpool, and ought to know something about mercantile matters, we beg to call his attention to the foregoing article, which surely is specific enough to admit of refutation, if it is not consistent with the truth. There has been, of late, a great deal of babble about prosperity, but no proof of its existence. This is an easy way, no doubt, of disposing of the question; and it may succeed with people who are not accustomed to watch the flux of public events, and the rise and fall of commerce. It is not difficult to deal in general terms and rounded periods, or to make broad averments, without substantiating them, in a parliamentary speech; but it is full time that the public should be led to discriminate between what is matter of fact and what is matter of opinion. We submit a statement from Liverpool to the notice of the member for Liverpool. It contains allegations which, if true, show that the large and important mercantile constituency which he represents is very far from sharing in that general prosperity which he believes to exist somewhere. In the language of a late eminent statesman, three courses are open to Mr Cardwell. He can either deny the statement of our correspondent, in which case we shall be glad to be furnished with a refutation; or, he may admit the statement, in which case nothing more need be said on the subject; or he may maintain a dignified silence, in which case he must pardon us if we arrive at the conclusion that, in reality, he knows very little about the matter—and so we commend him to his constituents.]

THE MOTHER'S LEGACY TO HER UNBORN CHILD.

WHEN we first saw this curious and deeply-interesting little volume, we were disposed to turn from it as one of those fantastic pseudo-antiques which came into vogue a few years ago, apparently, too, under high auspices. We regretted to see an indication of the continuance of so bad a fashion—namely, a professed reproduction of a work written one or two centuries before, but, in reality, a spurious performance, with no other recommendation than the very questionable one of a little petty cleverness in assuming the tone of antique language, and the cast of sentiment and observation belonging to a day gone by. And this, moreover, in flagrant disregard of the maxim, *flat experimentum in corpore vili*, was applied to religious subjects! We were, however, quickly undeceived as to the little volume before us, which we were

assured was a veritable reprint, “a fac-simile impression,” of a small work which had *bonâ fide* made its appearance, under most affecting circumstances, exactly two centuries and a quarter ago; and to that reprint it seems that we are indebted to no less a personage than the Very Reverend Dr Lee, the Principal, and the pious and learned head, of the University of Edinburgh. We cordially thank the very reverend gentleman for the great gratification which he has afforded us, and the service which he has rendered the public, by bringing under its notice once more, with every mark of genuineness and authenticity, and after no small pains bestowed upon the task, an exquisite memento of tenderness, piety, and love, in the *Mothers Legacie to her Vnborne Childe*. It is exactly what it professes to

The Mothers Legacie to her Vnborne Childe. By ELIZABETH IOCELINE. Reprinted from the edition of 1625; with a Biographical and Historical Introduction. William Blackwood and Sons.

be: in a word, a lovely young gentlewoman, newly married, conscious of being likely to become a mother, and also persuaded that, in giving birth to her infant, she herself would be called away, set to work—sweet soul! now and long since happy in eternity!—to frame a little manual of religious counsel for the guidance of that infant as it grew up. Listen to her own words—"It may seem strange to thee to receive these lines from a mother that died when thou wert borne." If these few words are not full of moving tenderness to the reader, he is made of different stuff from ourselves.

The "Mother," as we learn from the elaborate and learned "Introduction" of Principal Lee, was Elizabeth Brooke, the granddaughter of Bishop Chaderton, whose only daughter had married Sir Richard Brooke of Norton. The exemplary old bishop survived his own daughter several years, and

"Bestowed the utmost pains to train up his only grandchild in the most solid and serious, as well as the most elegant, branches of learning in which, during the greater part of the sixteenth century, no inconsiderable proportion of ladies of rank in England attained high proficiency. Dr Goad's enumeration of the female accomplishments in which she was nurtured includes languages and other liberal arts; but, above all, that pious discipline of the mind, which is both the beginning and the consummation of the wisdom which is from above."*

The Dr Goad here mentioned was Dr Thomas Goad, of whom Fuller, in his *Worthies of England*, makes mention as "a great and general scholar, exact critic, historian, schoolman, divine." He was chaplain to the Archbishop of Canterbury, and in that capacity possessed the power of licensing books. He knew both Bishop Chaderton and his granddaughter; and we shall now let him speak for himself in the matter; for he it was whose official *imprimatur* is impressed on this little book, which he introduces to the reader in the following quaint but beautiful "*Approbation*:"—

"Ovr lawes disable those that are vn-

der *Couertbaron*, from disposing by Will and Testament any temporall estate. But no law prohibiteth any possessor of morall and spirituall riches, to impart them vnto others, either in life by communicating, or in death by bequeathing. The reason is, for that corruptible riches, euen to those who haue capacity of alienating them, bring onely a ciuill propriety, but no morall and vertuous influence for the wel dispensing, or bestowing them: whereas vertue and grace haue power beyond al empeachment of sex or other debility, to enable and instruct the possessor to employ the same vnquestionably for the inward enriching of others.

"This truly rich bequeather, taking that care for the providing an euerlasting portion for her hoped issue, which too many parents bend wholly vpon earthly inheritance, by her death already hath giuen vnto her Testament that life and strength, whereof the Scripture speaketh, *A Testament is of force after death*—[Heb. ix. 17]—Now remained the other validitie & privilege of a Testament, that it be enacted in perpetual and inuiolable *Record*. Which in this was necessary not so much for the security of the chiefe and immediate Legatary, as for the benefit of all those, who, by the common kindred of Christianity, may claime their portion in this Legacy, left in *pious resus*: whereout, whosoeuer taketh, yet leaueth no whit the lesse for others in remainder.

"Wherefore vpon the very first view, I willingly not onely subscribed my *Approbat* for the registering this *Will*, among the most publike Monuments, (the rather worthy, because proceeding from the weaker sex) but also; as bound to do right vnto knowne vertue, vndertooke the care of the publication thereof, my selfe hauing heretofore been no stranger to the Testators education and eminent vertues. Whereof, I here beheld reflection cleere enough, though perhaps not so particularly euidnt to those that take knowledge of them onely by this Abstract.

"In her zealous affection to the holy Ministry, thereto dedicating, (if by sex capable) her yet scarce budding first fruits, I saw the lineaments of her owne parentage: Shee being the onely offspring deriued from a reuerend Grandfather, Doctor Chaderton, sometime Master of *Queens Colledge* in Cambridge, and publike Professor of Divinity in that *Vniuersitie*, afterward Lord Bishop, first of *Chester*, and thence of *Lincolne*: by and vnder whom shee was from her tender yeeres carefully nurtured, as in those accomplishments of knowledge in Lan-

* Introduction, p. 6.

gnages, History, and some Arts, so principally in studies of piety. And thus having from a childe knowne the holy Scriptures, which made her wise unto salvation through faith in Christ, how well shee continued in those things, which shee had learned,—[2 Tim. iii. 15, 16]—appeareth, as otherwise to those that knew her, so here to all by the frequent and pertinent application of them in these instructions.

"In her prosecution of the duty of obedience ynto Parents, I view the deepe impression, long since, when shee was not above six yeeres old, made in her minde by the last words of her owne Mother, charging her vpon her blessing to shew all obedience and reuerence to her Father (Sir Richard Brooke) and to her reuerend Grandfather.

"In the whole course of her pen, I observe her piety and humility: these her lines scarce shewing one sparke of the elementary fire of her secular learning: this her candle being rather lighted from the lampe of the Sanctuary.

"In her commission of the office of an Overseer to her husband, what eies cannot behold the flames of her true and vnspotted loue toward her dearest, who enioyed her about the space of six yeeres and a halfe, being all that while both an impartiall witness of her vertues, and an happy partner of those blessings both transitory and spirituall, wherewith shee was endowed.

"Beside the domestique cares pertaining to a wife, the former part of those yeeres were employed by her in the studies of morality and history, the better by the helpe of forreigne languages, not without a taste and facultie in Poetrie: Wherein some essay shee hath left ingenious, but chaste and modest like the Authour. Of all which knowledge shee was very sparing in her discourses, as possessing it rather to hide, than to boast of.

"Among those her eminencies describing our memory, was her owne most ready memory, enabling her vpon the first rehearsal to repeat about forty lines in English or Latine: a gift the more happy by her employment of it in carrying away an entire Sermon, so that she could (almost following the steps of the words, or phrase) write it downe in her Chamber.

"The latter yeeres of her life shee addicted to no other studies than Divinity, whereof some imperfect notes remaine, but principally this small Treatise found in her Deske vnfinished, by reason either of some troubles befalling her about a moneth before her end, or of preuention by mis-reckoning the time of her going

with this her first (now also last) Childe: which Treatise, intended for her childe, shee so leauing, recommended the same to her husband by her letter to him, written and subscribed by her owne hand, as hereafter followeth.

"The many blessings, shee enioyed, were not without some seasoning of afflictions, which by the good vse shee made of them, bred in her a constant temper of patience and more than womanly fortitude: especially in her latter time, when as the course of her life was a perpetuall meditation of death, amounting almost to a prophetically sense of her dissolution, even then when she had not finished the 27. yeere of her age, nor was oppressed by any disease, or danger, other than the common lot of child-birth, within some moneths approaching. Accordingly when she first felt herselfe quicke with childe (as then traueiling with death itselfe) shee secretly tooke order for the buying a new winding sheet: thus preparing and consecrating herselfe to him, who rested in a new Sepulcher wherein was neuer man yet layd. And about that time vndauntedly looking death in the face, priuately in her Closet betwene God and her, she wrote these pious Meditations; whereof her selfe strangely speaketh to her owne bowels in this manner, *It may seeme strange to thee to receive these lines from a mother, that died when thou wert borne.*

"October 12. 1622. In Cambridge-shire shee was made a mother of a daughter, whom shortly after, being baptized and brought vnto her, shee blessed, and gaue God thanks that her selfe had liued to see it a Christian: and then instantly called for her winding sheet to bee brought forth and laied vpon her.

"So having patiently borne for some nine daies a violent fever, and giuing a comfortable testimony of her godly resolution, she ended her prayers, speech, and life together, rendering her soule into the hand of her Redeemer, and leauing behinde her vnto the world a sweet perfume of good name, and to her onely childe (besides a competent inheritance) this Manuell, being a deputed Mother for instruction, and for solace a twinne-like sister, issuing from the same Parent, and seeing the light about the same time.

"Which composure because it commeth forth imperfect from the pen, doth the more expect to be supplied and made vp by practice and execution.

"*Sic approbanit*
"Tho. Goad."

Let us frankly own that we came to the close of this simple and touch-

ing narration with tears in our eyes; and those tears fell on reading the first few lines of the death-doomed expectant mother, which follow. Let who can read them unmoved; we know of nothing in print that is more melting to a heart of even but ordinary sensibility.

"TO MY TRVLV
louing, and most dearly
loued Husband,
Tourell Locelin.

"Mine owne deare loue, I no sooner conceiued an hope, that I should bee made a mother by thee, but with it entred the consideration of a mothers duty, and shortly after followed the apprehension of danger that might preuent mee from executing that care I so exceedingly desired, I meane in religious training our Childe. And in truth death appearing in this shape, was doubly terrible vnto mee. First, in respect of the painfulnesse of that kinde of death, and next of the losse my little one should haue in wanting mee.

"But I thank God, these feares were cured with the remembrance that all things work together for the best to those that loue God, and a certain assurance that he will giue me patience according to my pain.

"Yet still I thought there was some good office I might do for my Childe more than onely to bring it forth (tho' it should please God to take me) when I considered our frailty, our apt inclinations to sin, the Devil's subtilty, and the world's deceitfulness; against these how much desired I to admonish it! But still it came into my mind that death might depriue me of time, if I should neglect the present; I knew not what to do; I thought of writing; but then mine owne weakness appeared so manifestly, that I was ashamed and durst not undertake it. But when I could find no other means to expresse my motherly zeale, I encouraged my selfe with these reasons.

"First, that I wrote to a Childe, and though I were but a woman, yet to a childes iudgement, what I vnderstood might serue for a foundation to a better learning.

"Againe, I considered it was to my owne, and in priuate sort, and my loue to my owne might excuse my errorrs.

"And lastly, but chiefly, I comforted my selfe, that my intent was good, and that I was well assured God is the prosperer of good purposes.

"Thus resolved, I writ this ensuing

Letter to our little one, to whom I could not finde a fitter hand to conuey it than thine owne, which maist with authority see the performance of this my little legacy, of which my Childe is Executor.

"And (deare loue) as thou must be the ouerseer, for Gods sake, whē it shal faile in duty to God, or to the world, let not thy indulgence winke at such folly, but seuerely correct it: and that thy trouble may bee little when it comes to yeeres, take the more care when it is young. First, in prouiding it a nurse: O make choise, not so much for her complexion, as for her milde and honest disposition. Likewise if the child be to remain long abroad after waining, as neere as may be chuse a house where it may not learne to sweare, or speak scurrilous words.

"I know I may be thought too scrupulous in this: but I am sure thou shalt finde it a hard matter to breake a childe of that it learnes so young. It will be a great while, ere it will bee thought old enough to be beaten for euill words, and by that time it will bee so perfect in imperfections that blows will not mend it. And when some charitable body reproves or corrects it for these faults, let no body pittie it with the losse of the mother.

"Next; good sweet heart, keepe it not from schoole, but let it learne betimes: if it be a son, I doubt not but thou wilt dedicate it to the Lord as his Minister, if he wil please of his mercy to giue him grace and capacity for that great work. If it be a daughter, I hope my mother *Brook* (if thou desirest her) will take it among hers, & let them all learne one lesson.

"I desire her bringing vp may bee learning the Bible, as my sisters doe, good housewifery, writing, and good workes: other learning a woman needs not: though I admire it in those whom God hath blest with discretion, yet I desired not much in my owne, hauing seene that sometimes women haue greater portions of learning than wisdom, which is of no better vse to them than a main saile to a flye-boat, which runs it vnder water. But where learning and wisdom meet in a vertuous disposed woman, she is the fittest closet for all goodnesse. She is like a well-balanced ship that may beare all her saile. She is, Indeed, I should but shame my selfe, if I should goe about to praise her more.

"But, my deare, though she haue all this in her, she will hardly make a poore mans wife: Yet I leaue it to thy will. If thou desirest a learned daughter, I pray God giue her a wise and religious heart, that she may vse it to his glory, thy comfort, and her owne saluation.

"But howsoever thou disposest of her education, I pray thee labour by all meanes to teach her true humility: though I much desire it may be as humble if it be a son as a daughter; yet in a daughter I more feare that vice; Pride being now rather accounted a vertue in our sex worthy praise, than a vice fit for reproofe.

"Many Parents reade lectures of it to their children how necessary it is, and they haue principles that must not be disputed against. As first, looke how much you esteeme your selfe, others wil esteeme of you. Again, what you giue to others, you derogate from your selfe. And many more of these kindes. I haue heard men accounted wise that haue maintained this kind of pride vnder the name of generous knowing or vnderstanding themselves. But I am sure that hee that truly knowes himself shall know so much euill by himselfe, that hee shall haue small reason to think himselfe better than another man.

"Dearest, I am so feareful to bring thee a proud high minded child, that, though I know thy care will need no spur, yet I cannot but desire thee to double thy watchfulness ouer this vice, it is such a crafty insinuating deuill, it will enter little children in the likenesse of wit, with which their parents are delighted, and that is sweet nourishment to it.

"I pray thee, deare heart, delight not to haue a bold childe: modesty & humilitie are the sweetest ground-works of all vertue. Let not thy seruants giue it any other title than the Christen name, till it haue discretion to vnderstand how to respect others.

"And I pray thee be not profuse in the expence of clothes vpon it. Mee thinkes it is a vaine delight in parents to bestow that cost vpon one childe which would serue two or thre. If they haue not children enow of their owne to imploy so much cost vpon, *Pauper vbique iacet.*—[There wants not poore at euery doore.]

"Thus, Deare, thou seest my beleefe, if thou canst teach thy little one humility, it must needs make thee a glad father.

"But I know thou wonderest by this time what the cause should bee that we two continually vnclasp our hearts one to the other, I should reserue this to writing. Whē thou thinkest thus, deare, remember how grieuous it was to thee but to heare mee say, I may die, and thou wilt confesse this would haue bene an vnpleasant discourse to thee, and thou knowest I neuer durst displease thee willingly, so much I loue thee. All I now desire is, that the vnexpectednesse of it make it not more grieuous to thee.

But I know thou art a Christian, and therefore will not doubt of thy patience.

"And though I thus write to thee, as heartily desiring to be religiously prepared to die, yet, my deare, I despaire not of life, nay, I hope and daily pray for it, if so God will be pleased.

"Nor shall I think this labour lost, though I doe lue: for I will make it my owne looking glasse wherein to see when I am too seuer, when too remisse, and in my childes fault through this glasse to discerne mine owne errors. And I hope God will so giue me his grace, that I shall more skilfully act than apprehend a mothers duty.

"My deare, thou knowest me so well, I shall not need to tell thee I haue written honest thoughts in a disordered fashion, not obseruing method. For thou knowest how short I am of learning and naturall indowments to take such a course in writing. Or if that strong affection of thine haue hid my weaknesse from thy sight, I now professe seriously my owne ignorance: and though I did not, this following Treatise would bewray it: But I send it onely to the eies of a most louing Husband, and of a childe exceedingly beloued, to whom I hope it wil not be altogether vnprofitable.

"Thus humbly desiring God to giue thee all comfort in this life, and happiness in the life to come, I leue thee and thine to his most gracious protection.

"Thine inuolable,

"Eliza Jocelin."

Is there a mother, is there a woman living, who can read this heart-subduing passage without lively emotion and sympathy? What must haue been the feelings of the lovely writer, —who, in the homely language of worthy Dr Goad, "when she first felt herself quicko with childe, (as then traueilling with death it selfe) secretly tooke order for the buying a new winding sheet, . . . and vndauntedly looking death in the face, priuately in her Closet betwene God and her, wrote these pious meditations!"

Of her husband, Mr Tourell Joceline, to whom she was married in her twentieth year, little more seems to be known, than that he was a gentleman, probably a relation of the learned John Joceline, chaplain of Archbishop Parker; and it is indeed, as Principal Lee informs us,

"Most satisfactory to know that he possessed the unbounded confidence and

affection of his amiable wife, whose letter, addressed to him in the immediate prospect of death, is so tender and touching, and so replete with practical wisdom and hallowed principles, that no human being who is not past feeling can read it without deep emotion. Of the maternal counsels bequeathed to the unborn child, it is unnecessary to anticipate the judgment of the reader. We are told by Dr Goad, that 'this small treatise was found in her desk unfinished;' and it is affecting to know that the serenity of her mind, in looking forward to the eternal world, was not unclouded by occasional visitations of sadness. But these seasons of affliction were happily instrumental in weaning her from the deceitful allurements of things temporal, and establishing her soul in the perfect work of patience, and in the blessed hope of an eternal weight of glory.*

The Mothers Legacy, which, as we have seen, is "a small treatise found in her desk unfinished," consists of fourteen little sections, applicable to a "child" of either sex; every one of these sections breathing a spirit of solemn and exalted piety, and evidencing a writer whose brief life had been spent in profound meditations upon religious subjects. Its perfectly orthodox character is sufficiently guaranteed by the responsible editorship of the Reverend Principal; but in addition to that circumstance, we have no hesitation in adding our own humble testimony, that every line is redolent of *religion pure and undefiled*. *The Mothers Legacy* also affords decisive evidence of its accomplished writer's having received an education far higher than falls to the lot of women of our day. Several delicate and appropriate classical allusions here and there present themselves, as from a mind imbued with such subjects; the composition is pure and nervous, and the tone uniformly grave and earnest. The following is the Introductory Section, and affords an excellent specimen of the character and tendency of the whole:—

"Having long,† often and earnestly, desired of God that I might be a mother to one of his children, and the time now drawing on, which I hope he hath ap-

pointed to give thee vnto mee : It drew me into a consideration both wherefore I so earnestly desired thee, and (hauing found that the true cause was to make thee happy) how I might compass this happinesse for thee.

"I knew it consisted not in honour, wealth, strength of body or friends (though all these are great blessings) therefore it had bene a weak request to desire thee onely for an heire to my fortune. No, I neuer aimed at so poore an inheritance for thee, as the whole world : Neither would I haue begged of God so much paine, as I know I must endure, to haue only possesst thee with earthly riches, of which to day thou maist bee a great man, to morrow a poore beggar. Nor did an hope to dandle thy infancy moue mee to desire thee. For I know all the delight a Parent can take in a child is hony mingled with gall.

"But the true reason that I haue so often kneeled to God for thee, is, that thou mightest bee an inheritor of the Kingdome of Heauen. To which end I humbly beseech Almighty God thou maist bend all thy actions, and (if it bee his blessed will) give thee so plentifull a measure of his grace, that thou maist serue him as his Minister, if he make thee a man.

"It is true that this age holds it a most contemptible office, fit only for poore mens children, younger brothers, and such as haue no other means to liue. But for Gods sake bee not discouraged with these vaine speeches; but fortifie your self with remembring of how great worth the winning of one soule is in Gods sight, and you shal quickly finde how great a place it is to be a Priest vnto the liuing God. If it will please him to moue your heart with his holy Spirit, it will glow and burne with zeale to doe him seruice. The Lord open thy lips, that thy mouth may shew forth his praise.

"If I had skill to write, I would write all I apprehend of the happy estate of true labouring Ministers : but I may plainly say that of all men they by their calling are the most truly happy ; they are familiar with God, they labour in his Vineyard, and they are so beloued of him, that hee giues them abundance of knowledge. Oh bee one of them, let not the scorn of euil men hinder thee. Look how God hath provided for thee sufficient means ; thou needest not hinder thy study to look out for liuing, as the Israelites

* Introduction, p. 11.

† Her first and only child was not born till she had nearly completed her twenty-seventh year, and consequently after she had been married seven years.

hindred their worke to looke for straw : If thou beest not content with this, thou wilt not be with more ; God deliuer thee from couetousnesse.

"I desire thee that though thou takest a spirituall calling, thou wilt not seeke after the livings of the Church, nor promotions, though I honour them as I haue great cause, but I would haue thee so truly an humble and zealous Minister, that thy onely end should bee to doe God seruice, without desire of any thing to thy selfe, saue the Kingdome of Heauen. Yet as I would not haue thee seeke these things, so I would haue thee as carefull not to neglect Gods blessings, but with all thankfulness to receiue what hee bestowes, and to bee a carefull steward, distributing it to those that haue need.

"I could not chuse but manifest this desire in writing, lest it should please God to depriue me of time to speake.

"And if thou beest a daughter, thou maist perhaps think I haue lost my labour ; but read on, and thou shalt see my loue and care of thee and thy saluation is as great, as if thou wert a sonne, and my feare greater.

"It may peraduenture when thou comest to some discretion, appeare strange to thee to receiue these lines from a Mother that died when thou wert borne ; but when thou seest men purchase land, and store vp treasure for their vnborne babes, wonder not at mee that I am carefull for thy saluation, being such an eternall portion : and not knowing whether I shall liue to instruct thee when thou art borne, let me not be blamed though I write to thee before. Who would not condemne mee if I should bee carelesse of thy body while it is within me ? Sure a farre greater care belongs to thy soule ; to both these cares I will endeaour my selfe so long as I liue.

"Againe, I may perhaps bee wondred at for writing in this kind, considering there are so many excellent bookes,

whose least note is worth all my meditations. I confesse it, and thus excuse my selfe. I write not to the world, but to mine own child, who, it may be, will more profit by a few weeke instructions comming from a dead mother (who cannot euery day praise or reprove it as it deserves) than by farre better from much more learned. These things considered, neither the true knowledge of mine owne weaknesse, nor the feare this may come to the worlds eie, and bring scorne vpon my graue, can stay my hand from expressing how much I covet thy saluation.

"Therefore deare childe, reade here my loue, and if God take mee from thee be obedient to these instructions, as thou oughtest to bee vnto mee. I haue learnt them out of Gods Word, I beseech him that they may be profitable to thee."

The Principal informs us in his "Introduction," addressed to the Marchioness of Bute, that the present is "a fac-simile impression of an early and *genuine* edition" of the work, which he had lent to her ladyship ; and with equal justice and sternness, he reprobates certain spurious impressions, containing several unwarrantable deviations from the original text—to an extent which, in several instances, materially alters the author's meaning ; alluding especially to a recent republication. twelve years ago, at Oxford, of one of these spurious editions, as an appendix to a volume of Sermons." These are matters unsuited for detailed notice in our columns ; but the Principal amply vindicates the propriety of his censures, and entitles himself to our gratitude for the pious care with which he has presented this beautiful and instructive little performance, one quite unique, to the notice of the public.

THE APPEAL TO THE COUNTRY.

Nor thoughtlessly, nor in a spirit of vaunting triumph, do we hail the accession of Lord Derby's Ministry to power. It is an event of by far too great importance to be classed with other Ministerial changes: it is not, in any point of view, to be regarded as a party victory. The Whig Free-Trade Cabinet has fallen from its own inherent weakness and the consummate folly of its chief. With the country it never was popular. Whiggery, in the abstract, is not an enticing creed. It is founded upon pure negations: it neither seeks nor receives the sympathy of mankind. With a selfishness that would appear surprising, if Whig history did not afford us so many instances of its recurrence, the members of the late Cabinet, though ever ready, in obedience to popular clamour, to sanction any innovation, studiously kept themselves aloof, in their official character, from the great bulk of the men whom they counted as their regular supporters. The whole affairs of the State were lodged in the hands of a family alliance. Each Cabinet Council resembled rather a meeting of relatives than an assemblage of statesmen. Fathers, sons, and brothers-in-law, with other near kinsmen and connections, met to arrange the affairs of State, and to settle among themselves the succession to important offices. In their instance nature had not been bountiful in her gifts beyond the average. There was no plethora of talent among them—not a single vestige of genius. They were simply officials, so made by fortune rather than desert—some of them glib and adroit, as the better class of officials are—some of them singularly and preternaturally dull. And so, with hunger in their hearts, from quarter-day to quarter-day, they tried to rule the colossal empire of Britain and her colonies.

Of course, this arrangement, though convenient to the monopolisers, gave vast disgust to the men who were actually the props of the Government. The veteran Joseph, with an appetite unimpaired by age, querulously com-

plained of his exclusion from every kind of Board. The Manchester men desired, not only an extension of the suffrage, but an extension of patronage, which might conveniently take them in. All the Radicals grew sulky at being called upon to give their votes gratuitously. No one can be surprised at this. Patriotism, in its highest form, is not a common virtue, and very often is found combined with self-interest—just as the gold of California usually appears in combination with worthless quartz. Although anxious to avoid anything like illiberality in estimating our opponents, we cannot conscientiously state it as our opinion that the bulk of the Radical party are actuated by pure patriotism. Even if it were otherwise, it is evident that they had ground for complaint; and we all know how soon action follows upon a sense of injury or neglect. Therefore, in the House of Commons, there was little enthusiasm displayed in favour of the Whig Cabinet by the ultra-liberal faction.

Out of doors Lord John Russell had contrived, in one way or another, to disgust almost everybody. We are informed, on good authority, that up to the present moment he is wholly ignorant of the view which is entertained of his conduct by men of all parties—believing, in his own mind, that he is rather popular than otherwise, and wondering why the people have not petitioned *en masse* for his immediate restoration to office. We should be sorry to dispel any such agreeable impression; but truth compels us to say, that a grosser delusion never occupied the mind of any man. Lord John Russell's career, during the last seven years, has ruined him in the public estimation. He has not attempted to govern by principle, but by expediency. He has never risen to the proud elevation of a British statesman—he has simply shown himself to be an unscrupulous party leader. Whether in office or out of it, his measures have uniformly been based upon considerations of Whig supremacy—not upon those

higher views of public policy which a Premier of Great Britain should entertain. He issued his famous letter from Edinburgh propounding the abolition of the Corn Laws, not because he considered such a measure necessary for the welfare of the nation, but because he thought he had discovered an admirable opportunity of ousting the Government of Sir Robert Peel. He roused the Protestant feeling in 1850, although he was the man of all others directly chargeable with the measures which invited the Papal Aggression. And finally, at the last hour of his official existence, he produces a Reform Bill, which he had no expectation of carrying, simply that it may be made, at some future period, the instrument of party strife. These things are patent to all men, and are in every mouth; and therefore it is no wonder if Lord John Russell has lost all hold of the affections, and forfeited the confidence, of the country. Expediency may be tolerated, though we doubt the propriety of its ever being adopted in lieu of broad principle, but in cases only where expediency can be shown to conduce to the immediate public welfare. But that is not the sort of expediency which Lord John Russell affects. The public interest has been to him as nothing in comparison with the maintenance of party. Whig ascendancy has been, and is, the leading object of his life. So strong is that feeling in him, that he cannot even comport himself with a show of ordinary forbearance towards his political opponents. His Cabinet falls to pieces, almost without any external violence. He is compelled to resign; and, in resigning, takes the opportunity of flinging down, like the ill-favoured Ate, an apple of discord. Hardly is the new Ministry formed, before we find him actually engaged in the work of faction, and in direct communication with the acknowledged chiefs of the democracy.

This is not conduct which will find favour in the eyes of the British public. We do not regret, except for the character of public men, that Lord John Russell has thought fit to adopt this course; ~~and~~ on the contrary, we rejoice that he has indicated the policy which he intends hereafter to pursue.

He cannot hope, and he does not expect, again to govern with the old Whig party. The history of the last two years has demonstrated that to be impossible. He has entered into a new compact, not more scandalous, but decidedly more dangerous, than that of Lichfield House. He has thrown himself into the arms of Cobden and the men of Manchester, as he did before into those of O'Connell and his tail. He has taken sweet council with them already, and the terms of the union are sealed. If he should return to power, he can only return, not as a Whig, but as a Democrat.

Let no one be deceived in this matter. The coming strife is not as to the mere nature of the commercial policy which this country ought to pursue—it is not a simple question of import duties, or of direct or indirect taxation—it is a grand struggle between constitutional principle and that innovation whereof no man can foresee the end. Already it is so felt and acknowledged. The Roman Catholic clergy believe, and with reason, that the hour is now come when they can make their most vigorous assault upon Protestantism. Already the Irish priests have cursed and excommunicated from the altar those of their flock who had presumed to exercise their political privilege, by pledging themselves to support a member of Lord Derby's ministry. The Protestant champion of 1850 is now in league with the minions of the Pope. Radical and Papist go arm in arm together; for it is through the triumph of democracy that the apostate Church of Rome now seeks to accomplish her ends. Upon the ruins of the Protestant churches she hopes to establish her dominion.

Already are we told by Sir James Graham, the Spartacus of the present Parliament, that the voice of the country at next election, should it pronounce in favour of Lord Derby's Administration, will not be accepted as a clear indication of the public opinion. If in favour of Russell, Cobden, and Graham, all will be right; if otherwise, it will only be a proof that a further extension of the suffrage is required. Can faction go further than this? We scarce believe

it possible. Already, without waiting for an explanation of Lord Derby's intended policy, the old Anti-Corn-Law League has been resuscitated, and the old hocus-pocus of paper subscriptions has been renewed, on the understanding that only ten pounds shall be exacted for every hundred pounds nominally subscribed! Already has Mr Cobden, like Mars in the *Iliad*,* yelled from the tops of the factories, exerting himself to the utmost to prevent the formation of any kind of Government. Already have attempts been made to excite the prejudices and to rouse the passions of the populace. If we had been at all apprehensive as to the results of these combinations, the experience of the last three weeks would have quieted our minds, by exhibiting the harmlessness of the movement. But, in truth, we never did entertain the slightest apprehension. Not courting office—not having used any Parliamentary means to attain to it, by defeating the Russell ministry—Lord Derby could not refuse to comply with the wishes of his Sovereign, when directed to undertake the task of forming a new

Administration. Nay, more, it was at the suggestion of Lord John Russell himself, that Lord Derby was sent for, and honoured with her Majesty's commands. The position of parties in the House of Commons was such that no other arrangement was practicable, if the Government was to be carried on at all. The Whigs need not have resigned on account of their Palmerstonian defeat; nor do we believe they would have resigned, but for the certainty that, in the following week, at latest, they were doomed to ignominious exposure and total overthrow. It was Lord Derby's duty, as the leader of the only compact body of politicians in the Legislature—a duty which he owed alike to his Sovereign and his country—to form a new Ministry, and to undertake the conduct of the public affairs. Lord Derby did so; and has expressly and unequivocally declared his intention of abstaining, during the existence of the present Parliament, from introducing any measure which shall tend to unsettle that system of commercial policy which is at present in operation. Without concealing his opinions as to the effect of that system, he is willing—nay, desirous—to

* The passage to which we allude is certainly remarkable. It occurs in the twentieth book of the *Iliad*, and is as follows:—

“ Ἀλλ’ ἐδ’ Ἀρης-ἑτέρωθεν, ἐρεμνῇ λαίλαπι ἴσας,
Ὀξύ κατ’ ἀκροτάτης πόλεως Τρώεσσι κελεύων,
“ Ἄλλυτε πὰρ Σιμῶντι θίον ἐπὶ Καλλικολώνῃ.”

Which is thus literally reduced into English:—“ And Mars yelled aloud on the other side, like to a dark whirlwind, sharply animating the Trojans from the summit of the city, at other times running beside the Simois upon CALLICO-LONE.” Great is the ingenuity which the commentators have displayed in their researches as to the nature of this place, Callico-lone, which appears to have puzzled them. The most learned of them, however, agree in this, that it was a building situated without the walls of Troy, and decorated with a tall shaft; in short, that it bore a striking resemblance to a modern cotton factory! The reader need not be surprised at finding such allusions in Homer, who was not only a great poet, but an enlightened political economist. He was decidedly against unrestricted imports, as appears from the following passage, which is put into the mouth of Hector:—

“ Πρὶν μὲν γὰρ Πριάμοι πόλιν μέροπες ἄνθρωποι
Πάντες μυθέσκοντο πολύχρυσον πολύχαλκον·
Νῦν δὲ δὴ ἐξάπολλε δόμων κειμήλια καλά,
Πολλὰ δὲ δὴ Φρυγίην καὶ Μιθρινὴν ἐρατεινὴν
Κτήματα περνώμεν’ ἔκει, ἐπεὶ μέγας δωδύσατο Ζεὺς.”

We believe that the following translation will be found to express the meaning of the original in its integrity:—

Once we were a wealthy city, and our fame abroad resounded
As a place where gold and silver, and all precious things, abounded;
But we took to importation, and the sad effect has been,
That but little of our former wealth within the walls is seen.
It has-gone away to Phrygia, and Mæonia growing-grain,
And we've eaten all they gave us—Jove has made our thrift in vain.

—*Iliad*, xviii. 288-292.

wait for the deliberate judgment of the people of Great Britain, expressed in the only constitutional method, before attempting to modify or to change it. But he refuses, with equal wisdom and fairness, to explain to the present Parliament the nature of that policy which he may consider it his duty to submit for the consideration of another body. How was it possible to suppose that, in the face of so clear and distinct a declaration as this, any kind of agitation directed against the existence of the present Ministry could succeed? What pretext was there for agitation, seeing that the decision which must ultimately regulate the nature of our commercial policy depends upon the will of the constituents?

Really it is difficult to know what the Whigs would be at. They cannot keep office themselves—they cannot even agree among each other while in power—and yet they seem resolved that the functions of Government shall not be exercised by other hands. They insist, almost before Ministers have taken their seats, on Ministerial explanations; and, these explanations being given, they are extremely wroth and dissatisfied to find that they have no valid pretext for proceeding at once to extremities. They are furious at Lord Derby because he will not immediately propose a reversal of the existing commercial system! They even take up the cause of the farmers, insinuating that they have been desperately ill used by Lord Derby, and that the latter has been guilty of an entire abandonment of his principles!

We have no respect for the Whigs; but we really are sorry to see men who, a week or two ago, were engaged in the administration of public affairs, degrade themselves in so pitiable a manner. We have respect for the general character of public men; and, although of late years, that character has suffered considerably in the estimation of the country, we are very anxious that it should not be rated at too low an estimate. The appearance which Lord John Russell and his friends have made upon this occasion is purely lamentable. They have shown themselves able neither to rule respectably, nor to fall decently. The character which they have lost in power, they cannot redeem in Oppo-

sition. As for their attacks upon Lord Derby, they have greatly mistaken the nature of the men with whom they have to deal, if they suppose that, by any representations of theirs, they can shake the confidence, even of a single individual, in the integrity, honour, and prudence of that distinguished nobleman who is at the head of her Majesty's Government. There is not one supporter of the interests of British industry in the country, who is not willing, with the most perfect confidence, to leave the conduct of the cause in the hands of Lord Derby, and to accord to him, in the present crisis, his firm and unconditional support. Already the great Protection Associations, both in England and Scotland, have spoken out unequivocally on the subject; and here it may be worth while to quote one or two paragraphs from the address of the Council of the Scottish Protective Association, agreed to after Lord Derby had intimated, in the House of Lords, the line of policy which he intended to pursue during the sitting of the present Parliament:—

“In common with those who ardently desire that the Government of this great country should be conducted upon just, rational, and constitutional principles, we hail the recent accession of your Lordship and your colleagues to office, with the warmest gratitude towards our beloved Sovereign, who has thus graciously confided to you the Administration of the Empire. Your Lordship's high character, great experience, and commanding intellect, are to us so many guarantees that the condition of all classes of the community will receive your most earnest consideration, with the view to promote and re-establish that harmony of interests which is essential for the permanent welfare and tranquillity of the nation.

“Since the establishment of our Association, we have seen no reason to modify the views we originally entertained. We still continue to think that, under the pressure of the existing and necessary taxation, it is impossible for the great classes of British producers to maintain their ground in the home market against open and invited competition on the part of foreign nations. We believe that the effect of this system has been to depreciate invested capital, to lower incomes, and to depress the retail trade generally throughout the country; whilst its grievous operation upon the interests dependent on shipping, on the sugar-pro-

ducing colonies, and on those interested in the produce of land, is too evident to require illustration.

"In these circumstances, we desire to express to your Lordship our hearty and implicit confidence in your Lordship's justice and wisdom, being satisfied that the course which you may think fit to follow, cannot fail to be dictated by honour and tempered by prudence, and that the interests of all classes of the community cannot be lodged more safely than in your hands. We, therefore, take this opportunity of assuring your Lordship, that no effort of ours, collectively or individually, shall be spared, whereby we may contribute, in any degree, towards the stability of the present Government, as, by so doing, we are satisfied that we shall best promote the true interests of the country."

We have no manner of doubt that the sentiments so well expressed in this address will be responded to generally throughout the kingdom; and, in spite of all the efforts and misrepresentations of our enemies, we feel assured that a course so wisely and temperately begun, cannot but prove acceptable to the great body of the nation. Here are Lord Derby's own words explanatory of the course which he intends to follow; and it is most important, at the present moment, that these words should be thoroughly understood. Of their eloquence we need say nothing.

"My Lords, I go to the country when I think it is consistent with my duty to my Sovereign and my country that I should go there, not on any narrow view of whether a duty be imposed on corn or not—that question I leave to the deliberate judgment of the country, and to the general concurrence of the country, without which I will not bring forward that proposition. (Cheers.) I will not shrink from performing my duty for fear of any noisy agitation, if the general consent of Parliament and the country shall be with me in supporting a measure which I believe to be a useful measure for the country; but I will not strain the influence which may belong to the Government—I will not abuse the trust confided to me by my Sovereign—I will not coerce the consciences of the constituencies—I will not, by a mere majority in Parliament, force on the country a measure to which a great portion of the country should be adverse. (Cheers.) There may be those who will unite with us on general principles, and who, agreeing with us as to the distress which various interests in

the country suffer, may be ready to join in the endeavour to afford them relief, though there may be a difference as to the specific mode of affording that relief. But there are higher interests at stake. We are threatened with far more serious consequences than the result of the imposition or the non-imposition of a 4s., a 5s., or a 7s. duty on foreign corn. It is a question whether the Government of this country can be carried on, and on what principles it is to be carried on; and when I appeal to the country I appeal on this ground. Will you—Protectionist or Free-Trader—you who desire the advance of all the interests of the country—will you place your confidence and give your support to a Government which, in the hour of peril and danger, did not hesitate to take the post of danger when the helmsman had left the helm? (Loud cheers.) Will you support a Government which is exerting itself to protect this country against hostile attack, to maintain the peace of the world, to maintain and uphold the Protestant institutions of this country—(cheers)—to support, to the utmost of its power, religious and moral education throughout the land, and which will exert itself, moreover, I do not hesitate to say, to afford some opposition, to oppose some barrier against the recurrence of that continually encroaching democratic influence in this country—(cheers)—which is bent on throwing the whole power and authority of the country nominally into the hands of the masses, practically into the hands of demagogues and republicans, who exercise an influence over those unthinking masses? Will you support a Government which is determined to resist that dangerous and obnoxious influence, to preserve the influence and prerogative of the Crown, the rights of your Lordships' House, and the liberties of a freely-elected House of Parliament? (Loud cheers.) These are the questions on which, when I go to the country to make my appeal on behalf of myself and my colleagues, I claim—to use the words which the worst felon who stands in the prisoner's dock has a right to employ, but which I do not deem unworthy of the first minister of the crown of the first nation in the world, and to say—I elect to be tried by God and my country." (Loud cheers.)

We have, of course, no reason to complain of any efforts which may be made to give the Revolutionary party a majority in the next Parliament. That is all fair and natural. It will be for the constituencies to decide whether they will return men pledged to the maintenance of the Constitution

as it exists, and desirous to adopt such measures only as shall remedy injustice, and promote the harmony of interests throughout the country, or whether they will pronounce decidedly in favour of downright democracy. The question of Free Trade or Protection is undoubtedly one of immense importance, but it is not the only question which is now before the country. By bringing forward his mischievous Reform Bill, and, still more, by indicating his intention that, when brought forward again, that measure shall appear in a more extended shape, Lord John Russell has appealed, *as a democrat*, to the whole constituencies of Great Britain. If he returns to power, it can only be on the shoulders of the Radical party, with whose proceedings, indeed, he is now and for ever identified. The frail barrier of sentiment or opinion which separated the Ministerial Whig from the more sturdy Liberal, has been broken down by the hand of the late Premier. There is no room now for any distinction. He cannot retract what he has said, or retrieve what he has done. Of his own free will he has espoused the cause of revolution.

Therefore it is the more necessary that, at the coming election, men should distinctly understand what principle they virtually adopt in voting for particular candidates. The most strenuous efforts will be made to sink all other questions in that of the Corn Laws. We shall again hear the rhetorical commonplaces about taxing the bread of the people; and no doubt some ingenious gentlemen will illustrate their arguments, by reference to a couple of fabricated loaves of grossly unequal dimensions. For all this we are quite prepared. It has been the policy of our opponents for years back, both in their speeches and in their writings, to represent Free Trade as nothing more than the free importation of corn. In this way they get rid of the ugly circumstance, that many important branches of manufacture are still protected by large duties, and owe their present existence in this country simply to the retention of those. In this way, too, they try to persuade the other classes of the community, who are suffering under the operation of a

cruel and unnatural system, that they are compensated for diminished profits by the reduced price of bread, and that what they lose in wages they gain in the baker's account. A very favourite question of theirs is this—"You say that your wages are low—admitted. That is owing to the badness of the times, and circumstances over which we have no control; but we ask you to consider what your situation would be now, had the price of bread been kept up by an artificial Corn Law?" Of course, while putting such questions, they take especial care to conceal the fact, that the admitted "badness of the times" arises simply from the pernicious operation of Free Trade in another quarter; and thus they attempt to set the artisan against the agriculturist—to maintain the discord of interests, instead of promoting their harmony.

The evils which this wretched commercial system has brought both upon Great Britain and her Colonies, cannot be cured by a remedy applied solely to one injured interest. No such selfish cry has ever been raised on the part of the agriculturists; on the contrary, we have all along maintained that it is only by a deliberate revision of the whole system, with due consideration to the circumstances of each particular interest, that the proper measure of justice to British industry can be ascertained. Lord Derby does not propose in any way to favour the agriculturist at the expense of the artisan. His object and his desire is to place British labour on its proper footing, and to secure it against being crushed by the weight of foreign competition. We are of those who firmly believe in the reciprocity of interests in this great country. We cannot understand how one large interest can be unduly prostrated for the benefit of another. We are convinced that partial legislation ever has been, and ever must be, disastrous; and we agree entirely in the sentiment expressed by an eminent orator, in a speech delivered in the House of Commons—"Let them but once diminish the consumption of British-grown corn, and from that moment the consumption of iron, of hardware, of cotton, and of woollens must decline." There would come a

fresh displacement of labour, and a fresh lowering of wages; and discontent, disturbance, and misery, would prove its inevitable consequences." Now, although it may be rather out of place, in this part of our paper, to state any facts relating to the present condition of the country, we are tempted to give one instance, which fully corroborates the views of the said orator, and proves the justness of his remark. The wages of the iron miners and colliers in the west of Scotland, a numerous and important class, seeing that upwards of fifteen thousand persons are directly engaged in that branch of industry in the two counties of Lanark and Ayr, were in 1815, and previous years, from 5s. to 6s. per day—on the average *five and sixpence*. But now that the duty has been taken off foreign corn, and British agriculture has been depressed, their wages have fallen to 2s. 6d. or 3s. per day—on the average, *two and ninepence*. Now let us see what the miners have gained in exchange. The average price of wheat for the years 1812, 1843, 1844, and 1845, was 48s. 5½d. per quarter. If we assume the present price to be 38s., there is a diminution of about *one-fifth*. To that extent, therefore, we may presume that the miners have profited by the reduction of the price of bread; but we apprehend it would be difficult to persuade them that the benefit is at all commensurate to the loss. They may save a fifth upon one article of consumption, but their wages are reduced to *one-half*.

If it should be said that this is not a fair illustration, and that the depression in the iron districts arises from peculiar circumstances unconnected with the question of Free Trade, we reply, that to the iron trade, more perhaps than to any other in the kingdom, the most extravagant representations were made of the increased consumption which must follow on the opening of the ports. Not only have those promises utterly failed, but this most important branch of industry has been brought down to a point only short of absolute annihilation. The masters are not only realising no profit, but they are large annual losers by carrying on their works. The men, as we have already seen, are on half wages.

But who was the orator that, in 1839, predicted with such exceeding accuracy the decline of the iron and other trades as a necessary consequence of a diminution in the consumption of British corn? Hansard gives us the name: it is that of SIR JAMES GRAHAM.

In truth, unless an early and thorough revision of our whole commercial system is made, the mercantile interests of Great Britain will be placed in the greatest jeopardy. This may appear incredible to that portion of the public who are gulled by the political economists, and who are content to receive the Board of Trade returns of exports and imports as satisfactory proofs of prosperity. But there is not a merchant in one of our large towns who does not know that the case is otherwise. The present number of the Magazine contains a paper from a valued correspondent in Liverpool, giving a fearful account of the losses which have been sustained during the bygone year of prosperity and Free Trade; and we are enabled, on the very best authority, to state that Glasgow is at this moment suffering under the effects of extreme mercantile depression. This may, and undoubtedly does, conduce to cheapen commodities; but such cheapness will be dearly purchased by the sacrifice of capital, and the wholesale ruin of thousands. It is the knowledge of these facts, and, in many cases, the bitter experience of them, which has wrought such a change in the mercantile mind of the country. No one has profited—all have lost by Free Trade; and therefore it is no wonder if the resuscitated Anti-Corn-Law League should receive little countenance beyond its own particular domain. What the country most urgently requires, and what we expect to receive from the Government of Lord Derby, are measures calculated to secure the prosperity—not fictitious but real—of all the great interests of Britain; and it is to prevent the introduction of such measures that faction is exerting itself to the utmost. The Whigs cannot deny the fact that there has been a strong reaction throughout the country. They can assign that reaction to no other cause than a general conviction that the interests of the country have suffered,

instead of being promoted, by the practical working of Free Trade; and the existence of that conviction is of itself a clear proof that Free Trade has not fulfilled the anticipations of those who promoted it. It has long ceased to be a theory. It has been presented in a practical shape to the people of Great Britain, who, moreover, had experience of the older system of legislation; and every individual has had the opportunity of testing its effects, and feeling its operation upon his own circumstances. Can any man believe that, if Free Trade had tended to promote the prosperity of the country, or even to maintain it in its former position, there could have been any reaction at all? In that case the opponents of Free Trade might have as well attempted to overthrow Atlas, as to assail any portion of the policy inaugurated by the late Sir Robert Peel. The educated classes of England are still what they were described by Milton—"a nation not slow nor dull, but of a quick, ingenious, and piercing spirit; acute to invent, subtile and sinewy to discourse, not beneath the reach of any point that human capacity can soar to." What effect could any arguments against Free Trade have had on their minds, if the system was daily and yearly vindicating itself by promoting the general prosperity? If the facts had been favourable to their side, our friends of the press, who, in the exuberance of their humour, were wont to accuse us of entertaining a scheme for the restoration of the Heptarchy, would have been fully justified in their banter. As it was, we managed to live on, even under the load of their ridicule, being fully convinced that the day must ere long arrive when stern experience would open the eyes of the public to the real posture of the country, in spite of every delusion which interest and ingenuity could devise.

That such delusions have been practised, and that very largely, we have had frequent occasion to show. Dull statisticians like Mr Porter, shallow political pretenders like Mr Cardwell, and unscrupulous compilers like the Editor of the *Economist*, have done their utmost to persuade the public that the proofs of national prosperity are to be found in certain tables eman-

ating periodically from the Board of Trade. For some time we are inclined to believe that their efforts were rather successful than otherwise. Most men have an antipathy to figures, and a fondness for general results; and when they were joyously told that both the exports and the imports of the nation were on the increase, they concluded that all was right, and that the mercantile interest was advancing. We are almost inclined to give the Whig Ministry credit for the same sincere belief, at least up to the commencement of the Session of 1850. We do this the more readily, because we feel convinced that none of them were at all conversant with the real practical working of the commerce of Great Britain. If we were to make an exception at all, it would be in the case of Mr Labouchere; but this we shall not do, as ignorance is his best excuse for the statement he made regarding the position of the shipping interest in February of that year. After that period, however, it is not uncharitable to suppose that the Whigs must have lost confidence in the accuracy of their oracles. It might, undoubtedly, be too much to expect that they should have denounced oracles so perpetually delphic and comfortable to their cause, or that they should not have availed themselves of their aid in repeating to the very last the cuckoo cry of prosperity; but we must conclude that the Trade Circulars were brought, occasionally at least, under the notice of Sir Charles Wood; and surely no man, holding the office of Chancellor of Her Majesty's Exchequer, could fail to perceive that there was something manifestly inconsistent with the deductions which hitherto had been drawn from the trade tables, in the uniformly lugubrious, and frequently despairing tone of these valuable publications. The fact is that these Trade Circulars are by far the most authentic documents we have for ascertaining the real state of the country. They give us, from month to month, an accurate account of our commercial position. They emanate alike from Free-Trader and Protectionist—reveal the actual state of the market, and the amount of demand and supply—and admit of

no party colouring, except as regards anticipation of the future—rather a perilous commercial vaticination, as the result of each succeeding month is expected to justify the prediction of the previous issue. For nearly three years we have been unable to glean from these circulars a word of actual comfort. They are uniform in their accounts of depression and absolute want of profit in manufactures, and all of them confess that the home trade is most miserably contracted. This being the case, of what value are the tables of export? They are valuable simply as showing that the manufacturers *must* export what cannot be used at home, unless they choose at once to shut up their mills, and square their accounts with the banking establishments which have given them credit—a process which, in nine cases out of ten, would lead to most unpleasant results. As to the imports upon which so much stress has been laid, let the importers of Liverpool, Glasgow, and Bristol, tell us what they have made of their speculations for the last couple of years. We sympathise, most deeply, with the valuable class of men who have so suffered. They were not the originators of the system which has proved so fearfully hostile to their interests; and we firmly believe that, in giving their support and countenance to it, they were not actuated by any selfish motive. Their mistake was this—that they believed the effect of the Free-Trade measures would be to extend the foreign market of Britain, and greatly to increase its value. They contemplated a reciprocity which has not taken place, and which never can be established, unless the governments of other states fail in their duty to their own people. And here we may remark that nothing can be more odious than the spite and rancour exhibited by the Free-Traders towards the states which have not reciprocated. If the views of some of their organs were to be carried into effect, this miserable lack of liberality would be made a *casus belli*, and we are not quite certain that some members of the Peace Congress would object to such a declaration. These gentlemen have no idea that any kind of manufacture, which can at all interfere with their own, ought

to be permitted abroad. Since America has established her own cotton-factories, and applied herself to the working of her own mines, she has lost an amazing hold of the affections of Manchester. Sorry are we to say that Mr Cobden now seldom wafts his sighs across the Atlantic, and that apparently he has abandoned his scheme of rivetting together the valley of the Mississippi and Manchester “with hooks of steel.” The smoke of an American factory is excessively nauseous to his nostrils. John Bright has ceased to take any active interest in Pennsylvania. He opines that it has denied the faith according to *his* principles of brotherhood; and it may be that the charge is well founded. We hope our Transatlantic friends are prepared to stand the fearful consequences. Terrible as has been the denunciation of the Manchester men, launched against Russia, Austria, and every other non-reciprocating state of Europe which has made head against British calico, the Americans must expect a fuller volley of tenfold wrath for their unprincipled tergiversation. According to the views of Manchester, a Free-trading despotism is to be preferred to a Protectionist republic. Liberty is estimated according to the return which it brings, not to the children of the soil, but to the cottonocracy of Great Britain.

Even if it could be shown that the commercial policy at present in operation had tended to the prosperity of particular interests, and the realisation of individual fortunes, it would by no means follow, as a necessary consequence, that it is a desirable one for the nation at large. What are the symptoms which we find coincident with the increase of exports and imports? First, there is the wholesale depopulation of Ireland, and the great abandonment of tillage in that country, to the amount, we believe, of many millions of quarters of grain. Secondly, there is the ruin of the colonies, not in a metaphorical, but in the literal sense of the term. We have lying before us a copy of a Jamaica paper, *The Daily Advertiser*, of date 19th January last, containing a full report of a meeting in the parish of Saint George, convened for the purpose of taking into consideration the

present deplorable state of the colony. We regret much that we are precluded from commenting in this article upon the statements made by the several able speakers; but we may give, as a proof of the decline of the produce of the island, the following statement by Mr Mosack:—"The past history of Jamaica shows a crop and export of 150,000 hhds. of sugar, and 34,000,000 lb. of coffee. The present shows a crop and export of 36,000 hhds. of sugar, and 5,000,000 lb. of coffee." Another gentleman, Mr Dunbar, thus described the appearance of the island:—

"The present crisis of affairs is fearfully appalling, and cannot be viewed by those immediately concerned without the greatest dismay. Within the recollection of the youngest among us, but a few years ago, our fields wore the garb of luxuriant culture; our population was active and cheerful; our homes were easy, comfortable, and hospitable; and our towns and villages presented the appearance of busy lives. Now the scene is all changed. There is a widespread desolation; the din of industry is no longer heard; we have been driven by distress from our long-cherished homes; the jungle has taken possession of the fields where, but lately, the waving canes met the eyes; our costly buildings are mouldering into decay; and we ourselves are now suspended on the brink of a precipice, created by the unwise and heartless policy of the mother country, in the lowest abyss of which we must ere long be engulfed, unless some kind protecting angel should come to the rescue."

Still more significant, perhaps, of

the state of the colony is the account given by the collecting constable of the parish. We insert it here in order to show the effect of Liberal legislation upon British capital invested in a British colony:—

"I will show that properties which formerly paid £1400 taxes are now, if not entirely abandoned, very nearly so. Let the most favourable supporter of Free Trade policy ride over the Buff Bay River district, and at one glance he will see the awful, lamentable, miserably fallen state of our once valuable and flourishing coffee properties. Let him continue his ride through the sugar district, and I envy not the heart of that man who can look on approvingly when he beholds so many valuable estates grown up in common brushwood; the residences of many falling into decay, and scarce affording shelter to the watchman. Let him ask how long has all this been brought about, and I will tell him—that by the list I now hold in my hand, and about to submit to you, sir, it will be found that twenty-six of these coffee properties were valued in 1841 by the assessors of the parish, appointed by the House of Assembly, at a total of £53,060; that these properties paid £619 public and parish taxes; that fourteen of these sugar estates, now nearly all abandoned, were then valued for £83,600, and they then paid £782 taxes; that in 1850 the whole of the taxes of the twenty-six coffee properties amounted to, and were reduced to £147!—and of the fourteen sugar estates, £144. Are these not damning evidences of the destructive policy? Mr Sallas then laid before the meeting the following statement, which he had prepared for the occasion:—

SUGAR ESTATES.	Assessor's Value, 1841.	Public and Parish Taxes, 1841.	Public and Parish Taxes, 1850.
Eden,*	£4,500	£45 14 9	£5 0 1
Paradise,† . . .	7,000	60 18 9	12 3 11
Lenox,*	10,000	91 8 9	13 19 0
Hart Hill,* . . .	6,000	59 16 0	12 13 10
By Brook,* . . .	1,000	18 19 6	2 14 6
Hope,*	1,600	22 4 0	3 5 11
Spring Garden,† .	20,000	131 3 1	36 5 8
Cainwood,* . . .	6,000	56 10 0	9 1 10
Buff-Bay River,* .	3,000	33 2 6	6 13 4
Elysium,*	8,000	72 4 0	15 16 7
Craigmill,* . . .	3,500	35 14 0	4 9 10
Skibo,*	3,000	32 13 1	6 11 5
Chepstow,* . . .	8,000	39 4 0	9 13 4
White River,* . .	2,000	29 15 9	7 8 8
	£83,600	£782 8 2	£144 17 11

* Abandoned.

† In partial cultivation.

COFFEE PROPERTIES.	Assessor's value, 1841.	Public and Parish Taxes, 1841.	Public and Parish Taxes, 1850.
Wallenford,† . . .	£2,500	£23 16 0	£5 7 1
Ashcott,* . . .	300	6 15 0	2 1 8
Glengyle,† . . .	1,500	16 0 0	4 3 3
Cascade,† . . .	2,500	23 4 1	7 5 6
Birnamwood,* . . .	5,000	51 0 0	8 17 9
Spring Hill,* . . .	5,000	45 4 0	8 14 4
Smithfield,† . . .	1,500	15 11 6	4 3 11
Orange Vale,* . . .	2,500	39 15 0	11 18 5
Wakefield,† . . .	1,500	15 0 0	2 10 4
Ellerslie,† . . .	1,500	11 5 0	1 3 1
Middleton,* . . .	1,500	23 2 0	6 3 9
Corsham,* . . .	1,000	12 3 0	4 5 3
Green Hills,* . . .	800	8 19 6	1 3 11
Galloway,* . . .	1,000	12 15 6	3 12 7
Leighfield,* . . .	2,500	27 15 0	7 3 6
Silver Hill,* . . .	3,000	37 1 3	9 1 1
New Haven,* . . .	1,500	23 5 3	4 2 6
Mount Pleasant,† . . .	3,500	25 1 1	6 11 6
Cherry Hill,* . . .	360	5 3 11	2 3 6
Pleasant Mount,* . . .	3,000	27 19 0	7 15 10
Balcarres,* . . .	5,000	50 1 0	9 19 7
Prior Park,† . . .	1,000	33 3 0	7 0 1
Trinfalgar,† . . .	2,000	41 0 0	11 10 1
Dry River Retreat,* . . .	1,600	22 10 0	5 13 6
Rectory,* . . .	500	7 4 11	1 0 11
Mount St Bernard,* . . .	500	6 16 0	3 13 6
	£53,060	£619 12 3	£147 16 11

---I feel, Sir, that I assert the truth when I add, that my predecessors in office collected these heavy sums within the walls of their office, and the proprietors were then in a position to pay sufficiently early, to avail themselves of the ten per cent discount allowed by law for prompt payment. How different is it with me, Sir? I am necessitated not only to keep my hands constantly at the pump, but in too many cases I have been obliged to give the finishing stroke of destruction by levying upon the stock of these properties; and but for much forbearance on my part, heaven knows if others might not be hurried as quickly to ruin. These are truths patent to all; and I assert that this very fact of the taxes being so much reduced, so insignificant by comparison, and yet unable to be met, or met with the greatest difficulty, is an undeniable evidence of the total prostration of the island."

The third symptom to which we would refer is one of marked importance. We mean the enormous increase of emigrants from the British islands. The emigration from the United Kingdom, which, in 1843, amounted only to 57,212, rose in 1849

to the astounding number of 299,198, being 22,000 more than the entire combined population of the large counties of Perth and Fife, according to the census of 1841! How is that fact reconcilable with the professed prosperity of the country? Fourth, and last, because we need not here multiply examples, we have the returns of the Income-tax, which must be accepted, if anything is to be accepted, as a sure index of the state of the nation, and regarding which there can be no delusion, as in the case of export and import tables. Well, then, what do we find from these? Why, that in 1843 the amount of property assessed for trades and professions amounted to £63,021,901. That was under a protective policy. But in 1850, with Free Trade in full operation, that property, which, be it remarked, includes the entire profits arising from the commerce and manufactures of Great Britain, was estimated only at £51,977,566. Where, then, are the increased profits? Let the oracles of Free Trade explain.

Surely these are no wholesome

Abandoned.

† In partial cultivation.

symptoms of the state of the country. Taken singly, each of them implies an enormous amount of misery and decline; taken together, they furnish clear evidence of general national decay. They show us that trade, commerce, and manufactures are far less profitable than before. They show us that emigration from the mother country has multiplied five or six fold, and that the great stream of it is directed to America, a country which is flourishing under protective laws. They show us that agriculture, the only great staple of Irish industry, is largely on the decline. They show us that some of our once richest colonies—because the case of Jamaica is precisely that of several others—are prostrated, and the capital invested in them lost. And all this has taken place under the new commercial system!

Is this a policy to be pursued? Is it one which we are justified in pursuing? Is it one which can afford the slightest pretext for agitation? The answer to these questions must ere long be given by the country on the occasion of the general election. In the mean time, we would entreat the constituencies to consider what interests are at stake, and how much of the national welfare depends upon the nature of their decision. The symptoms of general decadence which we have just referred to cannot be gainsayed nor denied. They are clear ascertained facts, which we have, over and over again, denied the Free-Tradeists to account for or explain, consistently with their prosperity theories; but in no one instance yet has the challenge been accepted. We are not surprised at this backwardness. Reckless as are the champions of the League—unscrupulous as are their advocates—cunning and sophistical as are the compilers of returns—slippery as are the Whig officials—it would require more courage, craft, and ingenuity than belong to the whole body, to account satisfactorily for the one fact of the diminution of the value of the property assessed for trades and professions. While this fact remains unimpeached—and we have it on Parliamentary authority—it is absolute trash and childish babble to tell us

about increased exports and imports. Here are the detailed returns. They comprise, as we have already said, the whole commercial profits of the kingdom; and if we should seem to insist, more strongly than is our wont, upon this point, our apology lies in its paramount importance.

PROPERTY ASSESSED FOR TRADES AND PROFESSIONS.

1813,	.	.	£63,021,904
1848,	.	.	60,068,090
1850,	.	.	54,977,566

Can there be a more bitter commentary on the working of Free Trade—a more decisive summary of its effects—than is contained in the above three simple lines?

These are the results of that policy, to secure the adoption of which Sir Robert Peel broke up the great Conservative party, leaving the government of Great Britain, and the welfare of so many millions of human beings, in the hands of an incompetent faction, powerless of themselves, and depending mainly for support on the capricious votes of the democracy. What wonder if that democracy took due advantage of their position? Without them the Russell Cabinet was nothing; and each successive month the tone of the Minister became less firm and determined. Radicalism, in our day, has assumed an entirely new form. It affects a community of interest with the prosperity of British manufactures, though rather abroad than at home. Its focus is Manchester; its apostles are the men of the League. Brimful of hate and envy towards the aristocracy of Great Britain, these men are determined to leave no stone unturned whereby they may scramble upwards into power; and they calculate on the possible reconstruction of a Russell Cabinet as their most probable means of ascent. Their actual ulterior objects, after they have attained power, are best known to themselves: we hope never to see them placed in such a situation as shall admit of their broad development. In the mean time they are vociferously demanding an enlargement of the suffrage, and a reconstruction of the whole electoral system, by means of which additional

power may be given to the large manufacturing towns, and a huge mass of urban ignorance added to the constituencies. It is full time that their progress should be checked. Unless a stand be now made—unless the country shall rally around Lord Derby, and give him the means of stopping those perpetual inroads on the Constitution, it is by no means impossible that the revolutionary party may soon achieve a triumph. Henceforward, in any Liberal Administration, Lord John Russell can be little better than a cipher. Already there has been talk of deposing him—of electing new leaders for the conduct of the Opposition—of putting forward to the van men who are beset with less scruple, and unencumbered with aristocratic connection. The private history of Liberalism affords more than one instance of such depositions. Lord John must abdicate, or march onward at the head of the progressive democracy.

We are glad to perceive that this position of affairs is appreciated, not only at home but abroad. The advance of Radicalism, under the cover of Free-Trade opinions, has not escaped the notice of the French journalists: indeed it would be strange if it were otherwise, seeing that no long time has elapsed since the same movement was made in France by the acknowledged friends of Mr Cobden. The result of that movement is matter of common notoriety. We copy from the *Standard* of 20th March the following extract:—

“The *Assemblée Nationale*, in its remarks upon the new English Administration, makes the following just observations:—‘Lord Derby, with that elevation of sentiment, and that boldness of language, which give him a patrician superiority among English statesmen and orators, throws down a challenge to his adversaries upon the *ensemble* of Conservative policy. In this point of view we look on Lord Derby’s speech as the inauguration of a new phase in English policy. For several years back the agitators, Radicals, and English statesmen, have too much materialised the policy of England. Lord Derby is right in reacting against this tendency, which has caused the English constitution to lean too much to the side of democracy. It was by subordinating his policy to eco-

nomical questions that Sir Robert Peel threw parties into that state of mobility and confusion, which now raises such serious difficulties in the way of parliamentary government. The evil reached its extreme limits under Lord John Russell. For the honour and safety of the British Constitution, it is time to put an end to it. Thus Lord Derby does not accept the battle on the sole ground of Free Trade. He promises to disembarass the political life of England of that struggle of economical interests which has for ten years absorbed it. He aims at reconstituting in the country and the Parliament a Conservative majority, to defend traditional interests, old national institutions, and social and political principles, against disquietude and revolutionary tendencies. The English people, endowed with admirable good sense, will comprehend that power ought to be in the hands of a united and disciplined party, and of a compact and homogeneous majority; and not at the mercy of two or three factions, which can neither govern or allow others to govern; and will feel that, in the actual situation of Europe, England ought to have at its head a Ministry firmly and loyally Conservative.’”

Mr Cobden, in his speeches both at Manchester and Leeds, has thought fit to be quite explicit as to the avowed connection of the impending contest with ulterior political objects. At Leeds, he made use of the following language:—

“You feel, as all will now feel, that this is the critical time of this question. *Other questions are not so ripe as this.* You feel that this must be settled now and for ever, and therefore you come forward in all your strength, in order that you may put the finishing stroke upon it. But it is not merely the Corn-Law question which is involved in what we are now doing. If you settle the Corn question now, once and for ever, it *leaves the field open for other questions.*”

And again more enigmatically, but perhaps not less significantly—

“I have said that it is for the interest of the people that this one thing should be done, though, in saying this, I do not say that it is to be carried on to the exclusion of other important questions—as *reform in Parliament, or what other MOVEMENT MAY BE BEFORE YOU*—but I say you will be better able to do those things when you have obtained this charter of the bread of life. When you have received abundant food, with its chances of abundant labour, *you will be better able to*

ENTER UPON THAT NEW CAMPAIGN YOU HAVE CONCEDED *well drilled*; and, having beaten your opponents in one thing, you will find it is just the same party you have to beat in the other; for the monopolists in corn are, after all, the monopolists in political power. We may have in our ranks men who go various lengths in political reform and the question of the suffrage, but, at all events, I scarcely know anybody who voted in favour of the total repeal of the Corn Laws that is not willing to go onward also in the path of reform; whilst, on the other hand, they who would deprive you of the privilege of eating an untaxed loaf, they are the very men who will keep you out of the pale of the Constitution, and who will take advantage of their power to tax you in other things pretty roundly as well as the loaf. By settling this question, and securing for the working classes freedom for their industry, and the greatest abundance, under the laws of nature, in the supplies of food, we are placing them in the best possible position to fight any other battle."

We quote these passages simply for the purpose of showing that Mr Cobden considers the defeat of Lord Derby's Ministry as a necessary preliminary to ulterior objects, the nature of which may be interpreted according to the will of the reader. We have no leisure to make remarks upon the alteration of tone visible in these speeches, from that exhibited in others delivered in former years. Mr Cobden now admits that the question is not settled; and that is undoubtedly a very considerable concession. Also, he is not quite so minatory or threatening in his language as he used to be, which possibly may arise from a prudent conviction that certain acts, relating to sedition, which are contained in the statute-book, are not yet altogether in abeyance. He wisely confines himself to innuendo, trusting to the intelligence of his audience to supply the lack of direct speech. Only on one occasion does he transgress the limits of prudence; and we quote it, as reported in the *Times*, as an instance of that kind of suggestive oratory, of which the late Mr Hunt was esteemed a consummate master.

"I don't like to see a London newspaper saying we have not the working classes with us on this question, because it is a great libel on the working classes to say so. And another thing too; it is

trying to discredit the working classes with those who have at present political power, in order that, by-and-by, it may be turned against them, and enable them to say they did not, by their petitions, contribute to the repeal of the Corn Laws. Now, when the Corn Law was laid on in its most unmitigated severity in 1815, the loudest protests against it were made by the working classes. The working men of London made the loudest protests against it, though rather rudely I admit, for they tore the members' coats from their backs. (Cries of 'They did right.') They pulled them out of their carriages, soldiers had to be called up to protect the members of parliament, and the Houses of Parliament were surrounded by infantry and cavalry to enable them to pass this infamous corn law. The middle classes and the working classes then thoroughly co-operated in opposing this law; but the middle classes had not then the political power they have now. The working people *did their duty then, and I hope they will do it again.* (Shouts of 'We will, we will,' and loud cheers.) I hope they will do it not only in Yorkshire, where it is well said 'we are safe,' but elsewhere."

Far be it from us to put strained interpretations on the language of Mr Cobden. We do not care one rush what he says, considering the blatant absurdities of his speech on more than fifty occasions. No jack-pudding alive has exhibited himself to greater disadvantage, although jack-pudding exhibitions can always command an audience. But what we wish to bring out is this—that Mr Cobden, *the individual expressly consulted by LORD JOHN RUSSELL before the Chesham Place meeting was held*, refers uniformly to "ulterior objects" as the consequence of the defeat of Lord Derby's Ministry, and does not hesitate to express his hope that, in the event of the parliamentary majority being returned hostile to his notions, the working classes may proceed to acts of overt violence, similar to those which were committed on a previous occasion. If we misconstrue Mr Cobden's meaning, we ask his pardon; and, on a disclaimer of such being his intention, we shall make ready reparation. But we judge of words according to their ordinary significance, and we can gather no other meaning from his language.

We have lived too long in the

world to attach much importance to an agitation of so exceedingly equivocal a kind. Even Mr Cobden, who has had more experience in the agitating trade than any other man alive, and who has materially profited thereby, admitted the other day at Manchester that it would be no easy matter to maintain a popular ferment. "Leave this question," said he, "in suspense during a whole session of Parliament, and what will be the result? In the first place, we all know from experience that it will not be very easy to keep popular enthusiasm in that high and fervid state to which you can probably bring it in the course of a few weeks. You cannot keep the same enthusiasm alive for a number of months;" and, accordingly, he counselled immediate action. From what we can gather of the opinions of the working classes, we believe that he is right to this extent, that it would be impossible to keep up a prolonged agitation: we question much whether it is in his power to get up an agitation at all. The real objects of the League are as well known to the working classes as the characters of the men who compose it. One of the speakers at a late meeting of the "National Reform Association" in London, expressed the sentiments of the great majority of the operatives when he stated, "that they should not seek for the mere advancement of the manufacturing capitalist. He (the speaker) was a Chartist, but he would not support a mere manufacturing aristocracy, (cheers); he would never consent to turn the woollack into a cotton bag, (cheers); and he thought there were now arising daily questions deeply affecting the working man, which should be left to some one to decide not quite so deeply interested as his master." Another speaker at the same meeting observed that, "for his own part, he did not see what great good it would do the people if the Financial Reformers were in power. The people would not be in power, but the manufacturing capitalists; and, as to that, he believed many of the aristocracy had more chivalry, love of country, and fine generous feeling about them, than most of your mercantile classes." (Loud

cheers.) It is only by separating the question of free importation of corn from that of a revision of our whole commercial system, and by addressing himself exclusively to the former, that Mr Cobden hopes to succeed. The truth is, that he dare not go into the question of a revision of the commercial system. There is nothing which the members of the League dread more than the broaching of that subject; for the fact is, that a large number of our manufacturers depend for their existence upon the continuance of that Protection which has been withdrawn from other kinds of industry. Let every branch of manufacture which is at present protected by a duty, varying from 15 to 10 per cent, be subjected to the operation of Free Trade, or even protected only to the extent of 2½ per cent—as is the case with wheat, if we assume its average price to be 40s. per quarter—and six months will not elapse before a howl for manufacturing protection will be heard from one end of the country to the other. With this before them, it is not surprising if the members of the League should sedulously abstain from touching upon the question of a general commercial revision. More than two years ago, when we first drew the attention of the public to this subject, a letter, purporting to be written by Mr Cobden, went the round of the newspapers, in which it was averred that, with the exception of a small duty upon silks, there were no duties levied on foreign manufactures. In answer to that we gave a list of no less than sixty-six different kinds of manufactures upon which import duties of 10 per cent and upwards are levied. If our memory serves us right, Mr Cobden afterwards declared that he, for one, had no objection whatever that those import duties should be taken off; and we have, since then, more than once both requested and defied him to make such a proposition in the House of Commons. If those duties really are so trifling as some maintain them to be—if the remission of them would cause but little loss to the revenue, and not affect the manufacturers at all, why are they not removed? If we belonged to the Free-trading camp,

and really were of opinion that the continuance of these "fragments of protection," as we once heard them termed, were intrinsically of no importance, certainly we should make an effort to strengthen our position, and prevent the possibility of hostile attack or retort, by getting rid of them at once. We happen, however, to know that the manufacturers dare not make any such proposition. Let Mr Cobden go down to Paisley or Sheffield and try it, and we answer for it he will not be anxious to repeat the experiment again.

We rejoice to find that the "ulterior objects" of the Manchester men are well understood by the intelligent classes throughout the country, and that their insolent attitude and attempts at dictation have excited general and profound disgust. To do Mr Cobden justice, he has materially contributed towards this feeling. His conduct in the House of Commons on the 19th of March, and his coarse and vulgar contradiction of the statement of the Earl of March, deserved and received the unqualified disapprobation of every gentleman in the House; and we doubt not that, at the moment, Lord John Russell cursed the fatality which brought him into contact with such a counsellor. Bitter must have been the humiliation of the aristocratic Whigs to find themselves incorporated with a squadron under the command of so polished a leader! But, even without the able assistance of Mr Cobden, the League is likely to be obnoxious enough, especially among the mercantile community. A week or two ago a meeting of Leaguers was announced to be held in Liverpool, for the purpose, doubtless, of aiding the ten per cent subscription so auspiciously begun in Manchester. But, somehow or other, nobody thought proper to attend; or, at all events, the number of the self-sacrificers was so small that it was not deemed expedient to admit those dangerous gentlemen, the reporters, to their confidence and privacy. Accordingly, the meeting was "postponed"—*sine die*, we presume—but, in place of it, a numerous meeting of the Conservatives of Liverpool was held. The object of that meeting was essen-

tially practical. A large number of the electors of Liverpool, being convinced of the inefficiency of Sir T. B. Birch, and sick of the flippancy of Mr Cardwell, the present members for the borough, met together for the purpose of adopting a formal requisition to Mr Forbes Mackenzie, M.P., and Mr Charles Turner, chairman of the Dock Committee, to stand for Liverpool at next election. The following extract from the newspapers will show the tone which was adopted at that meeting, and the estimation in which the efforts of the League are held by the mercantile portion of the community:—

"Mr Samuel Holme, who moved the adoption of the requisition, in the course of his remarks, said he would not occupy time by going into any of those great questions which were agitating the public mind at this moment—questions which must be definitively settled, not so much mere fiscal questions—or whether there should be a duty of a few shillings imposed upon wheat. The question at issue was a more extended one, and must be treated at a larger meeting. The question was—Are the men of Manchester to be the rulers of England? (Loud cheers, and cries of 'No, never!') Are they, a number of them, to shake their purses in the faces of the aristocracy of England—(hear, hear)—in the faces of the commercial men of England—(hear, hear, and prolonged cheers)—in the faces of the agriculturists of England, and then to say, 'With a subscription of £47,000 at our back'—how much of it is paid I know not or care not—we will become the dictators of England; we will destroy the balance of the British Constitution; and we will dictate to you the principles upon which England shall be governed; and you shall do as we bid you, but shall have no voice in the matter.' (Laughter, and loud cheering.) A gentleman recently stood up at a public meeting, and threatened the aristocracy of England 'to look to their order,' but he (the speaker) asked any gentleman who had read the debates in the House of Lords, whether there was not a larger amount of talent and ability displayed there upon commercial questions than in the House of Commons? (Cheers.) He said with Cobbett, 'Thank God, we have a House of Lords;' and he trusted the people of England looked upon the Peers as a component part of the British Constitution—that Constitu-

tion which had been a blessing to mankind at large, and which had given strength and security to England when the thrones of Europe were tumbling. He asked, were they to barter these invaluable privileges away? Were they longer, by their unhappy divisions, which at the last election they had such reason to regret—(hear, hear)—to suffer two gentlemen (Mr Cardwell and Sir T. Birch) to represent a great commercial community in Parliament, gentlemen both of them amiable in private life, but utterly unfit to have placed in their hands so great a trust? (Cheers.)

“Mr Adam Hodgson said that he was present there to a great extent as a Free-Trader, but that he would throw Free Trade and everything else to the winds when the Constitution of the country was endangered. Referring to the recent meeting at Lord John Russell’s, Mr Hodgson said that he gathered, from what there took place, that Lord John Russell was prepared to bid higher now, and to give a more indefinite extension to that franchise which many of them thought had been already carried quite far enough. (Loud cheers.) This was one reason why he deemed the present a most important crisis. The fundamental principles of our Constitution were, however, safe in the keeping of Lord Derby. What, again, he asked, was Free Trade, compared with a resolute determination that Protestant England should be Protestant England still? (Loud

and the ‘Kentish fire!’)—and that, whether she carried on her traffic under what was called a restrictive or a free system, she should carry to the remotest nations of the world, with whom she had intercourse, her Scriptural principles and attachments?

“Many other speeches were delivered, and the requisition to Mr Mackenzie and Mr Turner was most heartily and most unanimously agreed to; after which three cheers were given for Lord Derby, three cheers for the Queen, and three for the Church.”

This is in the right spirit; and we trust that the example so well set by Liverpool will be followed generally throughout the country.

Is it not time that the ascendancy of mere faction should be brought to a close? Is it consistent with the honour and dignity of Great Britain, and with the welfare of the many millions of men who owe allegiance to the British Crown, that the government of the nation should be scrambled for, on account of the per-

quisites of office, as ignobly as a prize exposed for competition at a village fair? Is it seemly that the interests of the Empire should be put up to auction, to be knocked down to the largest bidder for popular support, with the most expansive conscience?—or that compacts for a prospective division of the spoil should be entered into by the leaders of factions hitherto irreconcilable on principle? Why is it that Mr Cobden, since the Whigs resigned, has become the confidant of Lord John Russell? He has not, we are well assured, abandoned one iota of his opinions. He is of the same mind as when he proposed the reduction of the army and navy, and the abandonment of national defences. He is the same Cobden who threatened the aristocracy with overthrow if they dared to oppose his will in a fiscal question. He is the identical senator who at Covent Garden, in December 1845, talked of “the Noodles and Doodles of the aristocracy,” and stated that, “before we have done with them, they shall be as insignificant and more contemptible than the round-frocked peasantry on his Grace’s estate.” He remains the unvarnished democrat. And yet this is the man from whom the ex-Premier of Britain craves counsel in preference to all others, within a fortnight of his abdication of office! What new tie was between them? None. Why should this scion of the house of Bedford have condescended to court so extraordinary an alliance, which Whigs of other and better days would have shunned with instinctive shuddering? What imaginable reason can be assigned, except that frightful craving for office, which sometimes is a positive disease?

We write strongly, because we feel strongly. Far be it from us to decry that noble ambition which, for hundreds of years, has inspired the most gifted men of the nation to take part in public affairs, and to act for the public benefit. Often has the occupancy of office been to those who filled the highest and most influential situations a burden rather than a benefit; often, but for the sake of their country and their sovereign, would they have been disposed to resign their trust,

and resume their simple habits and congenial pursuits in that private sphere which they were so well calculated to adorn. But the sense of duty prevailed over inclination, and they remained as STATESMEN, not as precarious politicians. Principle was to them all in all. Their pole-star was honour. They guided the vessel of the State with a firm hand, conscious of their great responsibility, and of the magnitude of their trust. They were no blundering navigators. They did not run the ship upon the reef and forsake her; and then, when better and bolder men were engaged in extricating her from the danger, attempt to embarrass their efforts for the sake of regaining their position. But we live in different times. One eye of Palinurus may be directed to the stars, but the other is gloating on his perquisites. The great question is not the safety of the ship, but the permanency of the appointed helmsman.

Setting aside those who are directly interested in his success—the members of the family compact, the officials, and those who expected to become officials—who are the uncompromising vindicators of Lord John Russell's past policy? We can find them nowhere. One short month ago, the Radicals had no confidence in him. To the Chartists—if we except Mr Feargus O'Connor, who lately manifested some unrequited marks of affection—he was peculiarly obnoxious. The Country party were in direct opposition to him. The Peelites rejected his overtures. The Church regarded him with dislike. The Protestant Dissenters put no faith in him. The Irish Roman Catholics denounced him with more than usual fervour. The colonists abhorred him. The shipping interest stood afar off. Even the Jews mistrusted the genuineness of his efforts in their behalf. Such was the situation of “the child of expediency,” towards the end of his official career; and can he now make it better? Only in one way. By carrying into full effect the alliance which he has already commenced, and by becoming, as we said before, a bold and uncompromising democrat.

He may do so, undoubtedly. He may, in order to regain power, and to

maintain his hold when he has regained it, tamper with the Constitution of the country. As the intelligence of the nation refuses to go with him, he may ask assistance from the mass of ignorance which lies beneath. He may, as the author of another Reform Bill, “upon an extended scale,” try to reduce the political arrangements of Great Britain to the level of those of France, and create in the country a dissatisfaction which, but for his efforts to recover his forfeited place, would never have existence. He may become the leader of an attack upon the national churches; and even, following the example of some younger brothers of the French noblesse, against the order from which he is descended. But in this he will not succeed. It would seem to be a rule of Providence, that the man who deserts the straight and beaten path cannot conduct himself aright. He loses his power of calculation. By his alliance with the Radicals, Lord John has forfeited the support of many of his best adherents. Such men as the Marquis of Lansdowne and Earl Fitzwilliam are not absolutely tied to party. They are hereditary Whigs, and would remain Whigs within the pale of the Constitution; but we mistake them greatly, and have formed a false estimate both of their character and their loyalty, if they are disposed, at the bidding of any man, to go a step beyond it. We believe they feel that, of late years, the reputation of their party has been soiled by so frequent and close a contact with the baser material. We believe that they would far rather occupy a respectable and sometimes useful place in Opposition, than submit to be dragged, against their will, to the verge of the democratic precipice. To them a Radical gain would be an incalculable loss: they can, assuredly, have little sympathy with Cobden and his crew.

In conclusion, we would entreat every man in the country who is opposed to democratic innovation, and who values the blessings of that Constitution which we now enjoy, to reflect that unless due support be given now to Lord Derby's Ministry, there may be no possibility of erecting another bulwark against the tide of

organic change—in other words, of Revolution. Men lived as calmly as we do, during the earlier days of the French commotions. They saw the waters rising gradually at their feet; but they would not believe that they could be overwhelmed, until the current became too strong for resistance. So is it always. We do not profit by the lessons of history, because we do not realise our own situation. We make light of things trivial in themselves, but which are, nevertheless, the necessary harbingers of greater things to come. No event which has occurred for the last twenty years is so significant as the movement of Lord John Russell towards Mr Cobden. It shows us what we must expect if the constituencies do not give their hearty support to Lord Derby and his Administration. We are not ashamed to confess that we greatly dread organic changes; but we dread them upon no narrow grounds. We do not advocate, and never have advocated, any class interests. What we wish to see is, a happy and contented people, united by that harmony of interest which cannot be attained if one class is to be unduly favoured at the expense of another, or if jealousies are to be sedulously promoted between natives of the same island, brothers in blood, subjects of the same sovereign, professing the same religion, and distinguishable only by a difference of craft and livelihood. What is there wanting but an equitable adjustment of interests, to restore peace and concord throughout the whole nation? Who stand in the way of that adjustment but the agitators who derive their fortune from their trade, and the trading politicians who, incapable of holding office themselves, will not allow others, with better and purer motives, to occupy it unmolested? If, as all concerned with trade and manufactures allow, the history of the last three years has been one of almost unmitigated disaster, why not allow some remedy to be tried? We do not fear the people—if by that word is meant the bulk of the operative masses—at all. Why should

we? For their cause we have ever strenuously contended. We wish to see the rights of British labour most thoroughly recognised and defended. If, in bygone years, our treasure was spent, and the labour of unborn generations mortgaged, most thanklessly, for the subsidy of Continental nations, who even failed to fulfil their part of the contract, it is the more reason that we should take care that no undue advantage is given to those nations over the people of our own soil; and that Englishmen should not be forced to emigrate, for the sake of carrying out a vain and impracticable theory.

We have looked over these pages, with much anxiety, to see if there is one word which we ought to alter or modify. We cannot find any. The approaching political struggle—however it may be disguised by local influences, whatever complexion it may assume in districts more or less interested in the solution of particular questions—is a national one, and upon its issue the destinies of the country must depend. If there are any who look with complacency on the expatriation of the British labourer, on the decline of the colonial empire, on the depression of once thriving branches of industry at home, and an unsettled trade abroad—if there are any who think that a democratic form of government is the safest and the best which can be devised by the wit of

who agree with Mr Cobden, that the instinct of the million is wiser than the wisdom of the wisest”—let them by all means cast the weight of their influence into the opposite scale. But let those who wish to see the harmony of interests restored, and the conflict of classes ended; who desire that labour should be justly dealt with, and native industry encouraged; who deprecate all rash innovations on the Constitution; who uphold the cause of Protestantism, and appreciate the value of sound government—let them rally around Lord Derby in answer to his noble appeal; and the triumph of the cause of truth, justice, humanity, and religion is secure.

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VOL. LXXI.

GOLD: ITS NATURAL AND CIVIL HISTORY.

THE progress of knowledge naturally leads to the discovery not only of new arts, and of new uses for artificial productions, but of new stores of natural wealth in the bowels of the earth itself, and of new methods of extracting and rendering them useful. This last point is amply illustrated by the history of the progressive discovery and development of our own most valuable mineral treasures—the coal and ironstone deposits—which add so much both to our natural resources and to our national strength.

But, independent of the advance of knowledge, the exploration and colonisation of new countries by a civilised race leads of necessity to the discovery of regions rich in mineral wealth, which were unknown before, and brings new metallic supplies into the markets of the world.

When Spain conquered Mexico first, and afterwards Peru and Chili, Europe became flooded with the precious metals to a degree unknown before in the history of modern nations. When Russia began to explore her provinces on the slopes of the Ural, gold-washings were discovered, which have, by their enormous yield, made up for the deficient

supply which commotion and misrule in Central and Southern America had caused in European countries. The possession of California by an observant and curious people, of Anglo-Saxon breed, was almost immediately followed by those wonderful discoveries which have made the world ring, and have attracted adventurers from every region. And, lastly, the turning of keen eyes upon river beds in Australia—still less known and examined than almost any district of America without the Arctic circle—has brought to light those vast stores of gold which appear destined to lay the basis of a new empire in the Australian archipelago.

Nor have such discoveries been confined to the so-called precious metals. The advance of North American civilisation towards the head waters of the Missouri has made known abundant mines of lead, which the cost of transport chiefly prevents as yet from seriously competing with European produce along the Atlantic border. The joint march of Canada and the United States along the shores of Lake Superior, has laid open veins of copper of inexhaustible magnitude—on a scale, we may say,

1. *Notes on the Distribution of Gold throughout the World.* London: JAMES WYLD. 1851.

2. *An Historical Inquiry into the Production and Consumption of the Precious Metals.* By WILLIAM JACOB, Esq., F.R.S. London: 1851.

in size and richness commensurate with the other great natural features of the American continent;—while, of coal and ironstone, the Central States of the Union are so full, that imagination itself cannot conceive a time when they shall cease to be sufficient for the wants of the whole civilised world.

Men untrained themselves to observe, and ignorant that it is intellectual knowledge which opens and guides the eye, affect to wonder—often, indeed, do seriously wonder—that gold so plentifully scattered over the surface of a country as it is said to be in California and Australia, or sprinkling with its yellow sheen thick veins of snowy quartz, should, for a time so comparatively long, have escaped observation. “What surprises me,” says Captain Sutter, in whose mill-race the gold was first discovered, “is, that this country should have been visited by so many scientific men, and that not one of them should have ever stumbled upon these treasures; that scores of keen-eyed trappers should have crossed the valley in every direction, and tribes of Indians have dwelt in it for centuries, and yet this gold should never have been discovered. I myself have passed the very spot above a hundred times during the last ten years, but was just as blind as the rest of them, so I must not wonder at the discovery not having been made earlier.”*

Such seeming blindness, indeed, is not really a matter of surprise. The ability to observe is an intellectual gift no less than the ability to reason; and, like the latter talent, the former also must be trained. It must be taught where to look, and what to look for; what the signs are of the presence of the thing we wish to find, and where they are likely to be met with.

It is not, in truth, a just reproach to unsuspecting men, that they have not seen what they never imagined the presence of. It would scarcely have been so, had they failed to see in a given place what they were told was likely to be found. Many of our

readers are familiar with the existence of black lines in the solar spectrum; many may have seen them, and justly wondered. Some may even recollect, when, years ago, Fraunhofer first announced their existence, how opticians everywhere mounted their most homogeneous prisms, and gazed at the spectrum eager to see them, and how many looked in vain. Of course, the failure was ascribed to the imperfection of their prisms, and not to their own defective skill. One philosopher we remember, then already distinguished, and whom now all delight to honour, of whom it was told that having obtained one of the beautifully perfect prisms of Fraunhofer's own manufacture, he was still unable to see the lines; but that another who had seen them came to his aid, instructed him how to look, and in an instant he not only clearly saw them, but exclaimed with wonder at his own blindness. Such were our own sensations also when first we saw them. Was it, then, a reproach to Sir Isaac Newton and his successors that these lines escaped them? The same reproach might be made to the predecessors of almost every discoverer in every walk of modern science. Many before him probably had looked from the same spot, with similar advantages for seeing, and had not seen. But they had gazed without any special object or previous instruction, and they had failed to discern what another coming after them, prepared to look for it, and knowing what it was like, and where likely to be, would have at once described.

Hence the discovery of most of the rich mines in past times was the result of some unlooked-for accident happening generally to naturally-observant but ignorant men. Thus Jacob says of the mines in the Hartz—

“There are various conflicting opinions among the learned in antiquities respecting the discovery of the mineral wealth of the Hartz. The most probable accounts fix it in the tenth century; and the tradition is, that a hunter of the name of Ramm, when engaged in the chase, had

* *California: its Past History, its Present Position, its Future Prospects*, p. 77

fastened his horse to a tree, who, by pawing with his feet, had scraped away the soil, and thereby discovered some minerals; that specimens of them were sent to the Emperor Otho, to whom all minerals, as regalities of the Empire, belonged, and who sent expert miners to examine the district, from Franconia."—(JACOB, i. p. 251.)

And again of the mines of Saxony—

"The mines of Saxony were first discovered in the tenth century, when the whole district in which they are situated was covered with wood and without inhabitants. Some carriers from Halle, on their way to Bohemia, whither they carried salt, observing metallic substances in the trucks made by the wheels, some of these were taken up and sent to Goslar to be examined, when they were found to consist of lead with a considerable quantity of silver. This led to the establishments for mining, which have continued, with some variations in their products, from the year 1169 to the present day."—(JACOB, i. p. 252.)

And of the mines of Potosi—

"In the latter end of the year 1545 the mines of the Cerro de Potosi were accidentally discovered. According to the account of Herrera, the discovery was owing to an Indian hunter, Diego Hualea, who, in pulling up a shrub, observed filaments of pure silver about the roots. On examination the mass was found to be enormous, and a very great part of the population was thereby drawn to the spot and employed in extracting the metal. A city soon sprang up, though in a district of unusual sterility. The mountain was perforated on all sides, and the produce, in a few of the first years, exceeded whatever has been recorded of the richest mines in the world."—(JACOB, ii. p. 57.)

And so with the discovery of the rich washings of California. As early as the time of Queen Anne, Captain Sheldrake, in command of an English privateer on the coast, discovered that the black sands of the rivers—

such as the washers now find at the bottom of their *rockers*—yielded gold largely, and pronounced the whole country to be rich in gold. But it remained in the hands of the Indians and the Jesuit fathers till 1820, when California was made a territory of the Mexican commonwealth, and a small party of adventurers came in. Captain Sheldrake and his published opinions had then been long forgotten,* and an accident made known again the golden sands in 1848, after the territory had been ceded to, and was already attracting adventurers from, the United States.

"The discoverer was Mr Marshall, who, in September 1817, had contracted with Captain Sutter to build a saw-mill near some pine woods on the American Fork, now a well-known feeder of the Sacramento river. In the spring of 1818 the saw-mill was nearly ready, the dam and race being constructed; but, when the water was set on to the wheel, the tail-race was found too narrow to let the water through quick enough. Mr Marshall, to save work, let the water right into the race with a strong stream, so as to sweep the race wider and deeper. This it did, and a great bank of gravel and mud was driven to the foot of the race. One day, Mr Marshall, on walking down the race to this bank, saw some glittering bits on the upper edge, and, having gathered a few, examined them and conjectured their value. He went down to Sutter's Fort and told the captain, and they agreed to keep it a secret until a certain grist mill of the captain's was finished. The news got about, however; a cunning Yankee carpenter having followed them in their visit to the mill-race, and found out the gold scales.

Forthwith the news spread. The first workmen were lucky, and in a few weeks some gold was sent to San Francisco, and speedily the town was emptied of people. In three months there were four thousand men at the diggings—Indians having been hired, eighty soldiers deserted from the

* We leave our readers to form their own opinion of the following passage from Mr Theodore Johnson's "Sights in the Gold Region":—"Speaking of the *Padres* of the old mission of San Francisco Dolores, he says, "That these priests were cognizant of the abundance of the precious metal at that period is now well known; but they were members of the extraordinary society of the Jesuits, which, jealous of its all-pervading influence, and dreading the effect of a large Protestant emigration to the western as well as to the eastern shores of America, applied its powerful injunctions of secrecy to the members of the order; and their faithful obedience, during so long a period, is another proof both of the strength and the danger of their organisation."—(Second Edition, p. 104.)

American posts, and runaways getting up from the ships in the harbour. Such ships as got away carried news to Europe and the United States; and, by the beginning of 1849, both sides of the Atlantic were in agitation."—(WYLD, pp. 34, 35.)

But when no accident has intervened to force the discovery upon the unsuspecting or unobservant, it has sometimes happened that great riches, unseen by others, have been discovered by persons who knew what to look for, what were the signs of the presence of the thing sought, and who had gone to particular places for the purpose of exploration. Such was the case in Australia.

The preliminary history of the Australian discovery is peculiar. From what he had seen of the Ural, and had learned of the composition of the chief meridian mountain ridge of Australia, Sir Roderick Murchison publicly announced, in 1845, his belief that Australia was a country in which gold was likely to be found—recommended that it should be sought for, and even memorialised the home government on the subject.* But although this opinion and recommendation were inserted and commented upon in the colonial newspapers—although the Rev. W. B. Clarke published letters predicting, for reasons given, the discovery of gold deposits in California and Australia—although

"Sir Francis Forbes of Sydney subsequently published and circulated in New South Wales a paper, in which he affirmed in the strongest manner, on scientific data, the existence of gold formations in New Holland—although a colonial geologist had been sent out some years before and was settled at Sydney—and lastly, although one part of the prediction was soon so wonderfully fulfilled by the Californian discoveries—yet even the discoveries in California did not arouse the New Hollanders to adequate researches, though reports were spread of wonderful discoveries in Victoria and South Australia, which were speedily discredited. It was reserved for a gentleman of New South Wales, Mr Edward Hammond Hargraves, to make the definite discoveries. He appears to have acted independently of all previous views on the subject; but having acquired experience in California, and

being struck with the resemblance between the Californian formations and those of New Holland, he determined on a systematic search for gold, which he brought to a successful issue on the 12th of February of this year 1850, by the discovery of gold diggings in the Bathurst and Wellington districts, and which he prosecuted until he had ascertained the existence of gold sands in no less than twelve places."—(WYLD, p. 30.)

When this was made known by Mr Hargraves in a formal report to the authorities at Sydney, in April 1850, they then (!) despatched the provincial geologist to examine the localities, and confirm the discoveries of Mr Hargraves! But the public did not wait for such confirmation. On the 1st of May the discoveries became known in Sydney. In thousands the people forsook the city, the villages, cattle stations, and farms, in the interior, for the neighbourhood of Bathurst, where the gold had been found. Summerhill Creek alone soon numbered its four thousand diggers, who thence speedily spread themselves along the other head waters of the Darling and Murrumbidgee—rivers flowing westward from the inland slope of the mountain ridge, (Blue Mountains and Liverpool range,) which runs nearly parallel to the south-eastern coast of Australia, and at the distance from it of about one hundred miles. Near Bathurst the summit of the ridge attains, in Mount Canobolus, a height of 4461 feet. In numerous places among the feeders of these streams, which themselves unite lower down to form the main channel of the Murray, gold was speedily found. It was successfully extracted also from the upper course of the Hunter River, and from the channel of Cox's River—both descending from the eastern slope of the same ridge, within the province of New South Wales. In the province of Victoria, the feeders of the Glenelg and other rivers, which descend from the southern prolongation of the same chain—the Australian Pyrenees—have yielded large quantities of gold; and recently, Geelong and Melbourne have become the scene of an excitement scarcely inferior to that which

has longer prevailed in the country round Bathurst. South Australia also, where the main river, Murray, passes through it to the sea at Adelaide, has been reported to contain the precious metal. So suddenly does the first spark of real fire spread into a great flame of discovery—so clearly can all eyes see, when taught how to look, what to look for, and in what circumstances.

But in New South Wales, and in the province of Victoria, the excitement, and the zeal and success in digging, have up to the latest advices been the greatest. In the beginning of June 1850, the Governor-General had already bestowed a grant of £500 upon Mr Ilargraves, and an appointment of £350 a-year, as acknowledgments of his services—acknowledgments he well deserved, but which might have been saved honourably to the colony, and creditably to science, had the recommendation made five years before by geologists at home, and by scientific colonists, been attended to. In the same month the Sir Thomas Arbutnot sailed from Sydney for England with £4000 worth of gold already among her cargo. The success of the explorers continues unchecked up to the latest arrivals from Australia. "When I left, on the 10th of August 1851," says the captain of one of her Majesty's ships of war, in a letter now before us, "there was then weekly coming into Sydney £13,000 of gold. One lump has been found one hundred and six pounds in weight." He adds, and we believe many are of this opinion, "that it appears to be one immense gold field, and that California is already thrown into the shade." The news of five months' later date only give additional strength to all previous announcements, anticipations, and predictions.

Now, in reflecting on these remarkable and generally unexpected discoveries, an enlightened curiosity suggests such questions as these:—What are the conditions geographical, physical, or geological, on which the occurrence of gold deposits depends? Why has the ability to predict, as in the Australian case, remained so long unexercised, or been so lately acquired? What are the absolute extent, and probable productive durability,

of the gold regions newly brought to light? What their extent and richness compared with those known at former periods, or with those which influence the market for precious metals now? What the influence they are likely to exercise on the social and financial relations of European countries? What the effect they will have on the growth and commerce of the States which border the Pacific, or which are washed by the Indian and Australian seas? In the present article we propose to answer a few of these questions.

And, first, as to the Geography of the question. There are no limits either in latitude or longitude, as used to be supposed, within which gold deposits are confined—none within which they are necessarily most abundant. In old times, the opinion was entertained that the precious metals favoured most the hot and equatorial regions of the earth. But the mines of Siberia, as far north as 69° of latitude, and the deposits of California, supposed to extend into Oregon, and even into Russian America, alone show the absurdity of this opinion.

Nor does the physical character of a country determine in any degree whether or not it shall be productive of gold. It may, like California, border the sea, or be far inland, like the Ural slopes, or the Steppes of the Kirghis; it may be flat, and of little elevation, or it may abound in streams, in lakes, and in mountains;—none of these conditions are necessarily connected with washings or veins of gold. It is true that mountain chains are usually seen at no great distance from localities rich in golden sands, and that metalliferous veins often cut through the mountains themselves. But these circumstances are independent of the mountains as mere physical features. It is not because there are mountains in a country that it is rich in gold, else gold mines would be far more frequent; and mountainous regions, like our own northern counties, would abound in mineral wealth. It is the nature of the rocks of which a country consists—its geological and chemical characters, in other words, which determine the presence or absence of the

most coveted of metals. Humboldt, indeed, supposed, from his observations, that, to be productive of gold, the chain of mountains which skirt the country must have a meridional direction. But further research has shown that this is by no means a necessary condition, although hitherto, perhaps, more gold has been met with in the neighbourhood of chains which have a prevailing north or south direction than of any other. We may safely say, therefore, that there are no known physical laws or conditions, by the application or presence of which the existence of gold can with any degree of probability be predicted.

Let us study for a little, then, the geology of a region of gold.

First, Every general reader now-a-days is aware that the crust of our globe consists of a series of beds of rock, laid one over the other, like the leaves of a book; and that of these the lowest layers, like the courses of stone in the wall of a building, are the oldest, or were the first laid down. These rocky beds are divided into three groups, of which the lowest, or oldest, is called the primary; the next in order, the secondary; and the uppermost, or newest, the tertiary.

Second, That in certain parts of the world this outer crust of rocks is broken through by living volcanoes, which, with intermissions more or less frequent, belch forth flames and smoke, with occasional torrents of burning lava. That where, or when, the cause of such eruptions is not sufficiently powerful to produce living volcanoes, earthquakes are occasioned; cracks or fissures, more or less wide, are produced in the solid rocks; smoking fumeroles appear; and vapour-exhaling surfaces show that fires, though languid and dormant for the time, still exist beneath. That besides the rocks of lava they have poured out, these volcanic agencies change the surface of a country more widely still by the alterations they gradually effect upon the previously existing slaty, calcareous, or sandstone rocks; converting limestone into marble, and baking sandstone into more or less homogeneous quartz, and common slates or hardened clays into

mica slates, gneiss, and granito-like rocks. That such volcanic agencies, producing similar phenomena, have existed in every geological epoch; and though the evidences of these are most extensive and distinct, perhaps, among the rocks of the oldest or primary period, that they are numerous and manifest also among those of the secondary and tertiary periods.

Third, That rocks of every age and kind, when exposed to the action of the air, the vicissitudes of the seasons, the beating of the rains, the force of flowing water, the dash of the incoustant sea, and other natural agencies, crumble down, wear away, or are torn asunder into fragments of every size. These either remain where they are formed, or are carried by winds and moving waters to distances, sometimes very great, but which are dependent on the force of the wind or water which impel them, and on the size or density of the fragments themselves. Thus are our shores daily worn away by the action of the sea, and the fragments distributed along its bottom by the tides and currents; and thus, from the far northern mountains of America, does the Missouri bring down detached fragments thousands of miles into the Gulf of Mexico, whence the Gulf Stream carries them even to the icy Spitzbergen.

Fourth, That over all the solid rocks, almost every where is spread a covering of this loose, and, for the most part, drifted matter, consisting of sands, gravels, and clays. These overspread not only valleys and plains, but hill-sides and slopes, and sometimes even mountain-tops, to a greater or less depth. There are comparatively few spots where these loose materials do not cover and conceal the native rocks; but in some localities, and especially in wide plains and deep river valleys, they are sometimes met with in accumulations of enormous depth. In our own island, a depth of two hundred feet of such superficial sands, gravels, and clays, is by no means unusual. They are often sorted into beds alternately coarse and fine, evidently by the action of moving water; and while the great bulk of the fragments of which our English gravels consist can generally be traced to native rocks at

no great distance from the spots on which they rest, yet among them are to be found fragments also, which must have been brought from Norway, and other places, many hundred miles distant.

On the surface of these drifted masses we generally live, and from the soils they form we extract by tillage the means of life.

Fifth, That these, occasionally thick, beds of drifted matter—*drift* we shall for brevity call it—are in some places cut through by existing rivers, the beds of which run between high banks of clay, sand, or gravel, which the action of the stream has gradually worn and washed away. This is seen in many of our own river valleys; and it is especially visible along the great rivers of North America. The effect of this wearing action is to remove, mix up, and re-distribute, towards the river's mouth, the materials which have been scooped out by the cutting water, and thus to produce, on a small scale, along the river's bed, what had long before been done in the large, when the entire bed of drift through which the river flows was itself spread over the plain or valley by more mighty waters.

These things being understood, a very wide geological examination of gold-bearing localities has shown—

First, That gold rarely occurs in available quantity in any of the stratified rocks, except in those which belong to the primary or oldest group, and in these only when or where they have been, more or less, disturbed or altered by ancient volcanic or volcanic-like action; by the intrusion, for example into cracks and hollows, of veins and masses of serpentine, granite, syenite, and other igneous rocks, in a melted or semi-fluid state.

Second, That among these primary stratified rocks a subdivision, to which the name of Silurian was given by Sir Roderick Murchison, has hitherto, as a whole, proved by far the richest in this kind of mineral wealth; though the slate-rocks below, and the sandstones and limestones above, in favourable circumstances, may be equally gold-bearing.

Third, That the drifted sands and

gravels, in which gold-washing is profitable, occur only in the proximity, more or less near, of such ancient and altered (so called metamorphic) rocks. They are, in fact, the fragments of such rocks broken up, pounded, and borne to their present sites by natural causes, operating long ages ago, but similar in kind to those which now degrade and carry away to lower levels the crumbling particles still torn off from our hardest mountains by the ceaseless tooth of time.

Numerous as have been the deposits of gold found in various ages and countries, they all confirm the general geological conclusions above stated. The main and most abundant sources of gold which were known to the ancients, occurred among the sands of rivers, and amid the gravels and shingles which formed their banks. Such were the gold-washings in the beds of the Phasis, the Pactolus, the Po, the Douro, the Tagus, and the mountain streams which descended from the alpine heights of Greece, of Italy, of America, of Asia Minor, and of many other countries. These rivers all descend from, or, early on their way, pass through or among, ancient rocks, generally old and altered Silurian strata, such as those we have spoken of, in which the gold originally existed, and from which the existing rivers, since they assumed their present channels, have in some few cases, and to a small amount, separated and brought it down. And if in any region, as in Nubia, Hungary, Bohemia, and Macedonia,* the ancient or mediæval nations followed up their search to the sources of the rich rivers, and were successful in finding and extracting gold from the native rocks, later explorations, wherever made, have shown that these mines were situated among old and disturbed deposits of the primary and Silurian age.

The more modern discoveries in America, Siberia, and elsewhere, prove the same. So that, among geologists, it is at present received as an established fact, that the primary, the so called azoic and palæozoic rocks, are the only great repositories of native gold.

There are no known laws, either physical or chemical, by which the almost exclusive presence of gold in these ancient rocks can be accounted for or explained. A conjecture has been hazarded, however, to which we shall for a moment advert.

From the fissures and openings which abound in volcanic neighbourhoods, gases and vapours are now seen continually to arise. Whatever is capable of being volatilised—driven off in vapour, that is—by the existing heat, rises from beneath till it reaches the open air, or some comparatively cool spot below the surface, where it condenses and remains. Such was the case also in what we may call the primary days of geology.

Gold is one of the few metals which occur, for the most part, in the native or metallic and malleable state. But in this state it is not volatile, and could not have been driven up in vapour by ancient subterranean heat. But, as in the case of many other metals, the prevailing belief is, that it has been so volatilised—not in the metallic state, however, but in some form of chemical combination in which it is capable of being volatilised. No such combinations are yet known, though their existence is not inconsistent with—may in fact be inferred from—our actual knowledge.

It is further supposed that, at the period when the primary rocks were disturbed by intrusions of granites, porphyries, serpentines, greenstones, &c., which we have spoken of as volcanic-like phenomena, the elementary bodies, which, by their union with the gold, are capable of rendering it volatile, happened to exist more abundantly than at the period of any of those other disturbances by which the secondary and tertiary rocks were affected; and that this is the reason why signs of gold-bearing exhalations, and consequently gold-bearing veins, are rare in the rocks of the newer epochs.

According to this view of the introduction of gold into the fissures and veins of the earliest rocks, its presence is due to what we may call the fortuitous and concurrent presence in the under crust of other elementary substances along with the gold, which by uniting with it could make it vola-

tile, rather than to the action or influence of any widely-operating chemical or physical law. The explanation itself, however, it will be remembered, is merely conjectural, and, we may add, neither satisfactory nor free from grave objections.

But from the geological facts we have above stated, several very interesting consequences follow, such as—

First, That wherever the rocks we have mentioned occur, and altered as we have described, the existence and discovery of gold are rendered probable. Physical conditions may not be equally propitious everywhere. Broad valleys and favourable river channels may not always coexist with primary rocks traversed by old volcanic disturbances; or the ancient sands and shingles with which the particles of abraded gold were originally mixed may, by equally ancient currents, have been scoured out of existing valleys, and swept far away. But these are matters of only secondary consideration, to be ascertained by that personal exploration which a previous knowledge of the geological structure will justify and encourage.

Whenever the geology of a new country becomes known, therefore, it becomes possible to predict the presence or absence of native gold, in available quantities, with such a degree of probability as to make public research a national, if not an individual duty. This led Sir Roderick Murchison to foretell the discovery of gold in Australia, as we have already explained; and similar knowledge places similar predictions within the power of other geologists.

We happen to have before us, at this present moment, a geological map of Nova Scotia. Two such maps have been published, one by Messrs Alger and Jackson; of Boston, and another by Dr Gesner, late colonial geologist for the province of New Brunswick. In these maps the north-western part of the province is skirted by a fringe of old primary rocks, partly metamorphic, and sometimes fossiliferous, and resting on a back ground of igneous rocks, which cover, according to Gesner, the largest portion of this end of the province. Were we inclined to try our hand at a geological prediction, we should counsel our friends in

the vale of Annapolis to look out for yellow particles along the course of the Annapolis river, and especially at the mouths and up the beds of the cross streams that descend into the valley from the southern highlands.

Nature, indeed, has given the Nova Scotians in this Annapolis valley a miniature of the more famed valley of the Sacramento. Their north and south mountains represent respectively the coast range and the Sierra Nevada of the Sacramento Basin. The tributaries in both valleys descend chiefly from the hills on the left of the main rivers. The Sacramento and the Annapolis rivers both terminate in a lake or basin, and each finally escapes through a narrow chasm in the coast ridge by which its terminating basin communicates with the open sea. The Gut of Digby is, in the small, what the opening into the harbour of San Francisco now called the "Golden Gate" and the "Narrows" is in the large; and if the Sacramento has its plains of drifted sand and gravel, barren and unpropitious to the husbandman, the Annapolis river, besides its other poor lands, on which only the sweet fern luxuriates, has its celebrated Aylesford sand plain, or devil's goose pasture—a broad flat "given up to the geese, who are so wretched that the foxes won't eat them, they hurt their teeth so bad." Then the south mountains, as we have said, consist of old primary rocks, such as may carry gold—disturbed, traversed by dykes, and changed or metamorphosed, as gold-bearing rocks usually are. Whether quartz veins abound in them we cannot tell; but the idle boys of Clare, Digby, Clements, Annapolis, Aylesford, and Horton, may as well keep their eyes about them, and the woodmen, as they hew and float down the pine logs for the supply of the Boston market. A few days spent with a "long Californian Tom," in rocking the Aylesford and other sands and gravel-drifts of their beautiful valley, may not prove labour in vain. What if the rich alluvials of Horton and Cornwallis should hide beneath more glittering riches, and more suddenly

enriching, than the famed crops of which they so justly boast? Geological considerations also suggest that the streams which descend from the northern slopes of the Cobequid Mountains should not be overlooked. It may well be that the name given to Cap d'Or by the early French settlers two hundred years ago, may have had its origin in the real, and not in the imaginary presence of glittering gold.

But to return from this digression. *Second*, The same facts which thus enable us to predict or to suggest inquiry, serve also to test the truth or falsehood of ancient traditions regarding the former fruitfulness in gold of countries which now possess only the fading memory of such natural but bygone wealth. Our geological maps direct us to European countries, in which all the necessary geological conditions coexist, and in which, were the world still young, a geologist would stake a fair reputation on the hazard of discovering gold. But the art of extracting gold from auriferous sands is simple, and easily practised. It is followed as successfully by the black barbarians of Africa as by the whitest savages of California. The longer a country has been inhabited, therefore, by a people among whom gold is valued, the less abundant the region is likely to be in profitable washings of gold. The more will it approach to the condition of Bohemia, where gold prevailed to a great extent, and was very productive in the middle ages, though it has been long worked out, and the very localities of its mines forgotten.*

Were it to become, for example, a matter of doubtful tradition, which the historian was inclined to pass by, that in the reign of Queen Elizabeth three hundred men were employed near Elvan's Foot—not far, we believe, from Wanlockhead in Scotland—at a place called the Gold Scour, in washing for the precious metal, who in a few summers collected as much as was valued at £100,000; or that in 1796, ten thousand pounds' worth of gold was collected in the alluvial soil of a small district in Wicklow—the geolo-

gist would com to his aid and assure him that the natural history of the neighbourhood rendered the occurrence of gold probable, and the traditions, therefore, worthy of reliance.

Third. They explain, also, why it is that, where streams flowing from one slope of a chain or ridge of mountains are found to yield rich returns to the gold-seekers, those which descend from the opposite slope often prove wholly unproductive. In the Ural, rich mines occur almost solely on the eastern, or Siberian slope of the great chain. On the western, or European slope, a few inconsiderable mines only are worked. So, as yet, in the Sierra Nevada in California, the chief treasures occur in the feeders of the Sacramento and San Joaquin rivers, which descend from its western side. The eastern slope, which falls towards the broad arid valley of the Mormons, is as yet unfamed, and may probably never prove rich in gold. These circumstances are accounted for by the fact that, in the Ural, the older rocks, of which we have spoken as being especially gold-bearing, form the eastern slope of the ridge only, the western flank of the range being covered for the most part by rocks of a more modern epoch. The same may be the case also with the Sierra Nevada where it is still unexplored: and the Utah Lake, though remote, by its saltiness lends probability to this conjecture.

Fourth, and lastly, they make clear the distinction between the "dry and wet diggings" we read of in our Californian news—why in so many countries the beds of rivers have been deserted by the gold-finders, and why the river banks, and even distant dry and elevated spots, have proved more productive than the channel itself.*

Let us attempt to realise for a moment the condition of a country like California, at the period, not geologically remote, when the gold-bearing drift was spread over its magnificent valley. The whole region was covered by the sea to an unknown depth. The snowy ridge, (Nevada,) and pro-

bably the coast ridge, also formed lines of rocky islands or peaks, which withstood the fury of the waves, and, if they were covered with ice, the wearing and degrading action also of the moving glaciers. The spoils of the crumbling rocks sank into the waters, and were distributed by tides and currents along the bottom of the valley. The narrow opening through the coast chain, by which the bay of San Francisco now communicates with the Northern Pacific, would, at the period we speak of, prevent the debris of the Nevada rocks from being washed out into the main basin of the Pacific, and this would enable the metallic, as well as the other spoils of these rocks, to accumulate in the bottom, and along the slopes of what is now the valley of California.

By a great physical change the country was lifted out of the sea, either at once or by successive stages, and it presented then the appearance of a valley long and wide, covered almost everywhere by a deep clothing of sands, gravels, and shingles, with which were intermingled—not without some degree of method, but at various depths, and in various proportions—the lumps and grains of metallic gold which had formerly existed in the rocks, of which the sands and shingles had formed a part.

And now the tiny streams, which had formerly terminated their short courses in the sea itself, flowed down the mountain slopes, united their waters in the bottom, and formed large rivers. These gradually cut their way into the superficial sands, washed them as the modern gold-washer does in his cradle, and collected, in certain parts of their beds, the heavier particles of gold which they happened to meet with in their descent. Hence the golden sands of the Sacramento and the San Joaquin, and of so many of the rivers celebrated in ancient story. But the beds of these rivers could never be the receptacle of all the gold of such a district. *They* derived nearly all their wealth from

* "In the Temeswar Bannat the washings were performed exclusively by the gypsies, who display great skill in finding it. They dig chiefly on the banks of the river Nera, where more gold is found than in the bottom of the stream."—JACOB, i. p. 245.

the sands and clays or gravels they had scooped out in forming their channels; and as these channels occupy only a small fraction of the surface of the bottoms and slopes of most river valleys, they could, or were likely to contain, only an equally small fraction of the mineral wealth of their several regions. The more ancient waters had distributed the gold throughout the whole drift of the country. The river, like a "long Tom," had cradled a small part of it, and proved its richness. The rest of the drift, if rocked by art, would prove equally, it might be even more, productive.

It is in this old virgin drift, usually untouched by the river, that the so-called dry diggings are situated. The reader will readily understand that, while no estimate can be formed of the quantity of gold which an entire valley like that of the Sacramento and San Joaquin, or which wide sandy plains like those of Australia, may ultimately yield, yet it will require great sagacity to discover, it may even be that only accident and long lapse of time will reveal, in what spots and at what depths the gold is most abundantly accumulated, and where it will best pay the cost of extraction.

We do not now advert to any of the other points connected with the history of gold on which our geological facts throw light. These illustrations are sufficient to show how rich in practical inferences and suggestions geological and chemical science is, in this as in many other special branches of mineral inquiry.

Nor need we say much in answer to our question,—"Why the ability to predict, as in the Australian case," or generally to draw such conclusions and offer such suggestions and explanations, has remained so long unanswered, or been so lately acquired? Geology and chemistry are both young sciences, almost unknown till within a few years, rapidly advancing, and every day applying themselves more widely and directly to those subjects which effect the material prosperity and individual comforts of mankind. Knowledge which was not possessed before our day, could obviously neither be applied at all by ancient nations, nor earlier by the moderns.

To the consideration of the absolute extent and probable productive durability of the gold regions newly brought to light—of their extent and richness compared with those known in former times—and of their probable effects on the social and financial relations of mankind, we shall now turn our attention.

In the preceding part we have explained the circumstances in which gold occurs—the geological conditions which appear to be necessary to its occurrence—and where, therefore, we may expect to find it. But no conditions chemical or geological at present known are able to indicate—*a priori*, and apart from personal examination and trial—in what quantity the precious metal is likely to occur, either in the living rocks of a gold-bearing district, or in the sands and gravels by which it may be covered. Yet, next to the fact of the existence of gold in a country, the quantity in which it is likely to occur, and the length of time during which a profitable yield may be obtained, are the questions which most interest, not only individuals on the spot, but all other countries to which the produce of its mines is usually sent, or from which adventurers are likely to proceed.

We have already remarked, that, in nearly all the gold regions which have been celebrated in past times, their mineral riches have been for the most part extracted from the drifted sands and gravels which overspread the surface. We have also drawn attention to the small amount of skill and intelligence which this extraction requires, and to the brief time in which such washings may be exhausted even by ignorant people. Most of our modern gold mines are situated in similar drifts. We may instance, from among the less generally known, those of Africa, from which are drawn the supplies that come to us yearly from the gold coast.

"Of all the African mines those of Bambock are supposed to be the richest. They are about thirty miles south of the Senegal river; and the inhabitants are chiefly occupied in gold-washing during the eight months of dry weather. About two miles from Natakou is a small round-topped hill, about 300 feet high, the

whole of which is an alluvial formation of sand and pulverised emery, with grains of iron ore and gold, in lumps, grains, and scales. This hill is worked throughout; and it is said the richest lumps are found deepest. There are 1200 pits or workings, some 40 feet deep—but mere holes unplanked. This basin includes at least 500 square miles. Forty miles north, at the foot of the Tabwara mountains, are the mines of Semayla, in a hill. This is of quartz slate; and the gold is got by pounding the rock in large mortars. In the river Semayla are alluvial deposits, containing emery impregnated with gold. The earth is washed by the women in calabashes. The mine of Nambia is in another part of the Tabwara mountains, in a hillock worked in pits. The whole gold district of Rambouk is supposed to extend over 10,000 square miles.

"Close to the Ashantee country is that of the Bunkatoos, who have rich gold workings, in pits at Bukanti and Kentosoe."—(WILD, p. 41.)

From this description we see that all the mines in the Senegal country are gold-washings, with the exception of those of Semayla, to which we shall hereafter allude. No skill is required to work them; and should European constitutions ever permit European nations to obtain an ascendancy in this part of Africa, such mines may be effectually exhausted before an opportunity is afforded for the application of European skill. And so in California and Australia, should the gold repositories be all of the same easily explored character, the metal may be suddenly worked out by the hordes of all classes who have been rushing in; and thus the influence of the mines may die away after a few brief years of extraordinary excitement.

When California first became famous, the popular inquiry everywhere was simply, what amount of immediate profit is likely to be realised by an industrious adventurer? What individual temptation, in other words, is there for me or my connections to join the crowd of eager emigrants?

Passing over the inflated and suspicious recitals which found their way into American and European journals,

such statements as the following, from trustworthy sources, could not fail to have a most stimulating effect—

"To give you an instance, however, of the amount of metal in the soil—which I had from a miner on the spot, three Englishmen bought a claim, 30 feet by 100 feet, for fourteen hundred dollars. It had been twice before bought and sold for considerable sums, each party who sold it supposing it to be nearly exhausted. In three weeks the Englishmen paid their fourteen hundred dollars, and cleared thirteen dollars a-day besides for their trouble. This claim, which is not an unusually rich one, though it has perhaps been more successfully worked, has produced in eighteen months over twenty thousand dollars, or five thousand pounds' worth of gold."*

Mr Coke is here describing the riches of a spot on the immediate banks of the river, where circumstances had caused a larger proportion than usual of that gold to be collected, or thrown together—which the river, in cutting out its gravelly channel, had separated or *rocked out*, as we have described in the previous part of this article. This rich spot, therefore, is by no means a fair sample of the country, though, from Mr Coke's matter-of-fact language, many might be led to think so. Few spots so small in size could reasonably be expected to yield so rich a store of gold, though its accumulation in this spot certainly does imply that the quantity of gold diffused through the drift of the country may in reality be very great. It may be so, however, and yet not pay for the labour required to extract it.

That many rich prizes have been obtained by fortunate and steady men in these diggings, there can be no doubt; and yet, if we ask what benefit the emigrant diggers, as a whole, have obtained, the information we possess shows it to be far from encouraging. On this subject we find, in one of the books before us, the following information:—†

"The inaccessibility of the *placers*, the diseases, the hardships, and the *very mo-*

* *A Ride over the Rocky Mountains.* By the Hon. HENRY J. COKE, p. 359.

† *Sights in the Gold Region, and Scenes by the Way.* By THEODORE J. JOHNSON. Second Edition. New York, 1850.

derate remuneration resulting to the great mass of the miners, were quite forgotten or omitted—in the communications and reports of a few only excepted.

"A few have made, and will hereafter make, fortunes there, and very many of those who remain long enough will accumulate something; but the great mass, all of whom expected to acquire large amounts of gold in a short time, must be comparatively disappointed. I visited California to dig gold, but chose to abandon that purpose rather than expose life and health in the mines; and as numbers were already seeking employment in San Francisco without success, and I had neither the means nor the inclination to speculate, I resolved to return to my family, and resume my business at home."—(P. 207.)

Thousands, we believe, have followed Mr Johnson's example; and thousands more would have lived longer and happier, had they been courageous enough, like him, to return home unsuccessful.

"The estimate in a former chapter of three or four dollars per day per man, as the average yield during my late visit to the gold regions, has been most extensively and generally confirmed since that period. Innumerable letters, and persons lately returned from the diggings, (including successful miners,) now fix the average at from three to four dollars per day for each digger during the season."—(P. 213.)

"Thus far the number of successful men may have been one in every hundred. In this estimate those only should be considered successful who have realized and safely invested their fortunes. The thousands who thus far have made their fortunes, but are still immersed in speculations, do not belong as yet to the foregoing number."—(P. 245.)

This is applying the just principle, "Nemo ante obitum beatus," which is too generally forgotten when the first sudden shower of riches falls upon ourselves or our neighbours.

"Individual efforts, as a general rule, must prove abortive. So far as my knowledge enables me to judge, they already have. I do not know of a single instance of great success at the mines on the part of a single member of the passengers or ship's company with whom I came round Cape Horn: of the former there were a hundred, and of the latter twenty. Many have returned home, who can tell the truth."—(P. 219.)

This last extract does not contain Mr Johnson's own experience, but that of a physician settled at San Francisco, from whose communication he quotes; and the same writer adds many distressing particulars, which we pass by, of the fearful misery to which those free men, of their own free will, from the thirst of gold, have cheerfully exposed themselves.

"Quid non mortalia pectora cogis
Auri sacra fames?"

The latest news from Australia contains a repetition of the Californian experience. A recent *Australian and New Zealand Gazette* speaks thus of the gold-hunters—

"In all parts of the colony, labour is quitting its legitimate employment for the lottery of gold-hunting; and, as a natural consequence, industrial produce is suffering. Abundant as is the metal, misery among its devotees is quite as abundant. The haggard look of the unsuccessful, returning disheartened in search of ordinary labour, is fully equalled by the squalor of the successful, who, the more they get, appear to labour the harder, amidst filth and deprivation of every kind, till their wasted frames vie with those of their less lucky neighbours. With all its results, gold-finding is both a body and soul debasing occupation; and even amongst so small a body of men, the vices and degradation of California are being enacted, in spite of all wholesome check imposed by the authorities."

It is indeed a melancholy reflection that, wherever such mines of the precious metals have occurred, there misery of the most extreme kind has speedily been witnessed. The cruelties of the Spanish conquerors towards the Indian nations of Mexico and Peru, are familiar to all. They are now brought back fresh upon our memories by the new fortunes and prospects of the western shores of America. Yet of such cruelties the Spaniards were not the inventors. They only imitated in the New, what thousands of years before the same thirst for gold had led other conquerors to do in the Old World. Diodorus, after mentioning that, in the confines of Egypt and the neighbouring countries, there are parts full of gold mines, from which, by the

labour of a vast multitude of people, much gold is dug, adds—

"The kings of Egypt condemn to these mines, not only notorious criminals, captives in war, persons falsely accused, and those with whom the king is offended, but also all their kindred and relations. These are sent to this work, either as a punishment, or that the profit and gain of the king may be increased by their labours. There are thus infinite numbers thrust into these mines, all bound in fetters, kept at work night and day, and so strictly guarded that there is no possibility of their effecting an escape. They are guarded by mercenary soldiers of various barbarous nations, whose language is foreign to them and to each other; so that there are no means either of forming conspiracies, or of corrupting those who are set to watch them. They are kept to incessant work by the overseer, who, besides, lashes them severely. Not the least care is taken of the bodies of these poor creatures; they have not a rag to cover their nakedness; and whoever sees them must compassionate their melancholy and deplorable condition; for though they may be sick, or maimed, or lame, no rest, nor any intermission of labour, is allowed them. Neither the weakness of old age, nor the infirmity of females, excuses any from that work to which all are driven by blows and cudgels, till at length, borne down by the intolerable weight of their misery, many fall dead in the midst of their insufferable labour. Thus these miserable creatures, being destitute of all hope, expect their future days to be worse than the present, and long for death as more desirable than life." *

How truly might we apply to gold the words of Horace—

"Te semper anteil sæva necessitas,
Clavos trabalis et cuneos manu,
Gestans aliena, nec severus
Unus abest, liquidumque plumbum."

There was both irony and wisdom in the counsel given by the Mormon

leaders to their followers after their settlement on the Salt Lake, "*The true use of gold* is for paving streets, covering houses, making culinary dishes; and when the saints shall have preached the gospel, raised grain, and built up cities enough, the Lord will open up the way for a supply of gold to the perfect satisfaction of his people." This kept the mass of their followers from moving to the diggings of Western California. They remained around the lake "to be healthy and happy, to raise grain and build cities." †

But the occurrence of individual disappointment, or misery in procuring it, will not prevent the gold itself from afterwards exercising its natural influence upon society when it has been brought into the markets of the world. When the riches of California began to arrive, therefore, graver minds, whose thoughts were turned to the future as much as to the present, inquired, *first*, how much gold are these new diggings sending into the markets?—and, *second*, how long is this yield likely to last?

1st, To the first of these questions—owing to the numerous channels along which the gold of California finds its way into commerce—it seems impossible to obtain more than an approximate answer. Mr Theodore Johnson (p. 246) estimates the produce for

1818, at 8 million dollars.

1849, from 22 to 37 million dollars.

Or in the latter year, from four to seven millions sterling. It would, of course, be more in 1850, as it is assumed to be by Mr Wyld, from whose pamphlet (p. 22) we copy the following table of the estimated total yield of gold and silver by all the known mines of the world, in the five years named in the first column:—

		Silver.	Total.
1800	—	—	£10,250,000
1840	£5,000,000	£6,750,000	11,750,000
1848	7,000,000	6,750,000	13,750,000
1850	17,500,000	7,500,000	25,000,000
1851	22,500,000	7,500,000	30,000,000

* Quoted by JACOB, vol. i. pp. 56, 57.

† *The Mormons, or Latter-Day Saints*, (a cotemporary history,) p. 227. London, 1851.

Supposing the Russian mines, from which upwards of four millions' worth of the gold of 1848 was derived, to have remained equally productive in 1850 and 1851, this estimate assigns a yield of £10,000,000 worth of gold to California in 1850, and £15,000,000 to California and Australia together in 1851.

The *New York Herald* (October 31st, 1851) estimates the produce of the Californian mines alone, for the years 1850 and 1851, at

1850, 68,587,000 dollars, or £13,717,000	
1851, 75,000,000 "	£15,000,000

These large returns may be exaggerations, but they profess to be based on the custom-house books, and may be quite as near the truth as the lower sums of Mr Wyld. But supposing either statement to contain only a tolerable guess at the truth, it may well induce us anxiously to inquire, in the second place, how long is such a supply to continue?

2d, Two different branches of scientific inquiry must be followed up in order to arrive at anything like a satisfactory answer to this second question. We must investigate both the probable durability of the surface diggings, and the probable occurrence of gold in the native rocks.

Now, the duration of profitable gold-washing in a region depends, *first*, on the extent of country over which the gold is spread, and the universality of its diffusion. *Second*, on the minimum proportion of gold in the sands which will pay for washing; and this, again, on the price of labour.

The valley of the Sacramento and San Joaquin rivers, in California, is 500 miles long, by an average of 50 miles broad; comprehending an area, therefore, of 25,000 square miles.

We do not know as yet over how much of this the gold is distributed; nor whether, after the richest and most accessible spots have been hunted out, and apparently exhausted, the surface of the country generally will admit of being washed over with a profit. We cannot draw a conclusion in reference to this point from any of the statements yet published

as to the productiveness of particular spots. But, at the same time, we ought to bear in mind that deserted spots may often be returned to several times, and may yield, to more careful treatment, and more skilful methods in after years, returns of gold not less considerable than those which were obtained by the first adventurers. Besides, if we are to believe Mr Theodore Johnson,

"There is no reason to doubt that the whole range of mountains extending from the cascades in Oregon to the Cordilleras in South America, contain greater or less deposits of the precious metals; and it is well known that *Senora*, the northern state of Mexico, is equally rich in gold as the adjoining country." *Alta California*. The Mexicans have hitherto proved too feeble to resist the warlike Apaches in that region, consequently its treasure remains comparatively undisturbed." (P. 231.)

Passing by Mr Johnson's opinion about the Oregon mountains, what he says of *Senora* has probably a foundation in truth, and justifies us in expecting from that region a supply of gold which may make up for any falling off in the produce of the diggings of California for many years to come.

The question as to the minimum proportion of gold in the sands of California, or in those of Australia—the state of society, the workmen and the tools, in both countries being much the same—which can be extracted with a profit, or the minimum daily yield which will make it worth extracting, has scarcely as yet become a practical one.

As a matter of curiosity, however, connected with this subject, it is interesting to know what is the experience of other gold regions in these particulars.

In Bohemia, on the lower part of the river Iser, there were formerly gold-washings. "The sand does not now yield more than *one grain of gold in a hundredweight*; and it is supposed that so much is not regularly to be obtained. There are at present no people searching for gold, and there have been none for several centuries."* This, therefore, may be

considered less than the minimum proportion which will enable washers to live even in that cheap country. In the famed gold country of Minas Geraes, in Brazil, where gangs of slaves are employed in washing, the net annual amount of gold extracted seems to be little more than £4 a-head; and in Columbia, where provisions are dearer, "a mine, which employs sixty slaves, and produces 20 lb. of gold of 18 carats annually, is considered a good estate."*

These also approach so near to the unprofitable point, that gold-washing, where possible, has long been gradually giving way, in that country, to the cultivation of sugar and other agricultural productions.

In regard to Siberia, Rose, in his account of his visit to the mines of the Ural and the Altai, gives the results of numerous determinations of the proportion of gold in the sands which are considered worth washing at the various places he visited. Thus on the Altai, at Katharinenburg, near Beresowsk, and at Nei-winskoi, near Neujiangsk, and at Wilyskoi, near Nischnei Tagilsk, the proportions of gold in 100 poods† of sand, were respectively—

Katharinenburg, } 1.1 to 2.5, or an av-
erage of 1.3 solotniks.
Nei-winskoi, ½ solotnik.
Wilyskoi, 1½ solotnik.

These are respectively 72, 26, and 80 troy grains to the ton of sand;

and although the proportion of 26 grains to the ton is little more than is found unworth the extraction from the sands of the Iser, and implies that nearly 19 tons of sand must be washed to obtain one troy ounce of gold, yet it is found that this washing can in Siberia be carried on with a profit.

In the gold-washings of the Eastern slopes of the Ural, near Miask, the average of fourteen mines in 1829 was about 1½ solotniks to the 100 poods, or 60 grains to the ton of sand. The productive layers varied in thickness, from 2 to 10 feet, and were covered by an equally variable thickness of sand and gravel, which was too poor in gold to pay for washing.‡

We have no data, as yet, from which to judge of the richness of the Californian and Australian sands, compared with those of Siberia. And, if we had, no safe conclusion could be drawn from them as to the prolonged productiveness of the mines, in consequence of another interesting circumstance, which the prosecution of the Uralian mines has brought to light. It is in every country the case that the richest sands are first washed out, and thus a gradual falling off in every locality takes place, till spot by spot the whole country is deserted by the washers. We give an example of this falling off in four of the Ural mines in five successive years. The yield of gold is in solotniks from the 100 poods of sand—

	I.	II.	III.	IV.
1825,	2.28 sol.	1.56 sol.	5.64 sol.	
1826,	1.43 "	0.83 "	2.46 "	7.28 sol.
1827,	0.64 "	0.77 "	1.43 "	5.0 "
1828,	0.58 "	0.29 "	1.92 "	3.52 "

As all the Ural diggings exhibit this kind of falling off, it has been anticipated, from time to time, that the general and total yield of gold by the Siberian mines would speedily diminish. But so far have these expectations been disappointed, that the produce has constantly increased from 1829 until now. On an average of the last five years, the quantity of

gold yielded by the Russian, and chiefly by the Siberian mines, is now greater than that obtained from the South American gold mines in their richest days.§

While, therefore, it is certain that the new American and Australian diggings will individually, or on each spot, become poorer year by year, yet, as in Siberia, the extension of the

* JACON, ii. pp. 263, 264, note.

† A pood is 36 lb. Russian, of which 100 are about 90 English avoirdupois; and a solotnik, 1-96th of a Russian pound, or about 65½ troy grains.

‡ ROSE, *Reise nach dem Ural*, &c., chaps. ii. iv. viii. Berlin, 1842.

§ Compare WYLD, p. 26, with JACON, ii. pp. 62, 167.

search, and the employment of improved methods, may not only keep up the yield for a long period of years, but may augment the yearly supply even beyond what it has yet been.

But while so much uncertainty attends the consideration of the extent, richness, and durability of mines situated in the gold-bearing sands and gravels, something more precise and definite can be arrived at in regard to the gold-bearing rocks. In nearly all the gold countries of past times, the chief extraction of the precious metal, as we have said, has been from the drifted sands. It is so also now in Siberia, and it was naturally expected that the same would be the case in California. And as other countries had for a time yielded largely, and then become exhausted, so it was predicted of this new region, and it was too hastily asserted that the increasing thousands of diggers who were employed upon its sands must render pre-eminently shortlived its gold-bearing capability. This opinion was based upon the two considerations—*first*, that there is no source of reproduction for these golden sands, inasmuch as it is only in very rare cases that existing rivers have brought down from native rocks the metallic particles which give their value to the sands and gravels through which they flow—and *second*, that no available quantity of gold was likely to be found in any living rocks.

But in respect of the living rocks, two circumstances have been found to coexist in California, which have not been observed in any region of gold-washings hitherto explored, and which are likely to have much effect on the

special question we are now considering. These two circumstances are the occurrence of numerous and, it is said, extensive deposits of the precious metals in the solid quartz veins among the spurs of the Sierra Nevada, and of apparently inexhaustible beds of the ores of quicksilver.

The discovery of gold in the native rock was by no means a novelty. The ancient Egyptians possessed mines in the Sahara and other neighbouring mountains. "This soil," says Diodorus, "is naturally black; but in the body of the earth there are many veins shining with white marble, (quartz?) and glittering with all sorts of bright metals, out of which those appointed to be overseers cause the gold to be dug by the labourers—a vast multitude of people."*

At Altenberg also, in Bohemia, in the middle ages, the mixed metals (gold and silver) were found in beds of gneiss;† and, at present, in the Ural and Altai, a small portion of the gold obtained is extracted from quartz veins, which penetrate the granite and other rocks; but these and other cases, ancient and modern, though not forgotten, were not considered of consequence enough to justify the expectation of finding gold-bearing rocks of any consequence in California. It is to another circumstance that we owe the so early discovery of such rocks in this new country, and, as in so many other instances, to a class of men ignorant of what history relates in regard to other regions.

As early as 1824, the inner country of North Carolina was discovered to be productive of gold. The amount

* JACOB, i. p. 56. In copying the above extract from Diodorus, we inserted the word *quartz* in brackets after his word "marble," under the impression that the old Egyptian mines were, like the similar ones in California, really situated in veins of quartz, and not of marble. We have since communicated with a gentleman who, about twenty years ago, accompanied M. Linant, a French engineer in the service of Mehemet Ali, to examine these mines, and he informs us that the gold was really found in *quartz veins* traversing a black slaty rock. The locality, as may be seen in Sharpe's *Chronology and Geography of Ancient Egypt*, plate 10, is in the Eastern Desert, about the middle of the great bend of the Nile, and about the 21st parallel. The samples of rock brought down by M. Linant were considered rich enough to justify the despatch of a body of miners, who were subsequently attacked by the natives, and forced to abandon the place. A strong government would overcome this difficulty; and modern modes of crushing and extraction might possibly render the mines more productive than ever. A very interesting account of these mines is to be found in a work by Quatremere de Quincy—"Notice des Pays voisins de l'Egypte."

† *Ibid.* p. 247.

extracted in that year was only 6000 dollars, but it had reached in 1829 to 128,000 dollars. The washings were extended both east and west, and finally it was made out that a gold region girdles the northern part of Virginia, the two Carolinas, and Georgia. This region is situated towards the foot of the mountains, and where the igneous rocks begin to disturb and penetrate the primary stratified deposits. As the sands became poorer in this region, the ardent miners had followed up their stream-washings to the parent rock, and in veins of rusty quartz had discovered grains and scales of native gold. To obtain these, like the Africans at Se-mayla, they blasted, crushed, and washed the rock.

Now, among the first who, fired by fresher hopes, pushed to the new treasure-house in California, came the experienced gold-seekers from the Carolinian borders. Following the gold trail into the gulches and ravines of the Snowy ridge, some of them were able to fix their trained eyes on quartz veins such as they had seen at home, and, scattered through the solid rock, to detect sparkling grains of gold which might long have escaped less practised observers. And through the same men, skilled in the fashion and use of the machinery found best and simplest for crushing and separating the gold, the necessary apparatus was speedily obtained and set to work to prove the richness of the new deposits. This richness may be judged of by the following statements:—

“Some of the chief quartz workings are in Nevada and Mariposa Counties, but the best known are on the rancho or large estate bought by Colonel Fremont from Alvarado, the Mexican governor. They are those of Mariposa, Agua Fria, Nouveau Monde, West Mariposa, and Ave Maria—the first leased by an American company, the third by a French, and the others by English companies. Some of the quartz has been assayed for £7000 in the ton of rock. A Mariposa specimen was in the Great Exhibition.

“The Agua Fria mine was surveyed and examined by Captain W. A. Jackson, the well-known engineer of Virginia, U.S., in October 1850, for which purpose openings were made by a cross cut of sufficient depth to test the size of the

vein and the richness of the ore. The vein appears to be of a nearly uniform thickness—of from three and a half to four and a half feet—and its direction a few points to the north of east; the inclination of the vein being 45°. Of the ore, some specimens were transmitted to the United States Mint in January 1851; and the report of the assays then made, showed that 277 lb. of ore produced 173 oz. of gold—value 3222 dollars, or upwards of £650 sterling; being at the rate of £5256 a ton.

“The contents of the vein running through the property, which is about 600 feet in length, and crops out on a hill rising about 150 to 200 feet above the level of the Agua Fria Creek, is estimated at about 18,000 tons of ore to the water level only; and how far it may descend below that, is not at present known.

“The West Mariposa mine, under Colonel Fremont's lease, has a vein of quartz which runs the whole length of the allotment, averages six feet in thickness, and has been opened in several places. The assay of Messrs Johnson and Mathey states that a poor specimen of 11 oz. 9 dwt. 18 grains, produced of gold 2 dwt. 17 grains, which would give £1347 per ton; and a rich specimen, weighing 17 oz. 12 dwt. gave 3 oz. 15 dwt. 9 grains, being at the rate of £21,482 per ton.”—(W.L.D., pp. 36-39.)

The nature and durability of the influence which the discovery and working of these rich veins is likely to have, depends upon their requiring capital, and upon their being in the hands of a limited number of adventurers. In consequence of this they cannot be suddenly exhausted, but may continue to yield a constant supply for an indefinite number of years.

In connection with the durability of this supply from the quartz veins—besides the unsettled question as to the actual number and extent of such veins which further exploration will make out—there is the additional question as to how deep these veins will prove rich in gold. Our readers are probably aware that what are called veins are walls, more or less upright, which rise up from an unknown depth through the beds of rock which we have described as overlying each other like the leaves of a book. This wall generally consists of a different material from that of which

the rocks themselves consist, and, where a cliff occurs, penetrated by such veins, can readily be distinguished by its colour from the rocks through which it passes. Now, when these veins contain metallic minerals, it has been long observed that, in descending from the surface, the mineral value of the vein undergoes important alterations. Some are rich immediately under the surface of the ground; others do not become so till a considerable depth is reached; while in others, again, the kind of mineral changes altogether as we descend. In Hungary the richest minerals are met with at a depth of eighty or a hundred fathoms. In Transylvania, veins of gold, in descending, become degraded into veins of lead. In Cornwall, some of the copper veins increase in richness the greater the depth to which the mine is carried; while others, which have yielded copper near the surface, have gradually become rich in tin as the depth increased.*

Now, in regard to the auriferous quartz veins, it is the result of past experience that they are often rich in the upper part, but become poorer as the explorations are deepened, and soon cease to pay the expense of working. In this respect it is just possible that the Californian veins may not agree with those of the Ural and of other regions, though this is a point which the lapse of years only can settle. Two things, however, are in favour of the greater yield of the Californian veins than those of other countries in past times—that they will be explored by a people who abound in capital, in engineering skill, and in energy, and that it is now ascertained that veins may be profitably rich in gold, though the particles are too small to be discerned by the naked eye. Thus, while all the explorations will be made with skill and economy, many veins will be mined into, which in other countries have been passed over with neglect; and the extraction of gold from all—but especially from the poorer sands and veins—will be aided by the second circumstance to which we have adverted as peculiar to California, the

possession of vast stores of quicksilver.

“The most important, if not the most valuable, of the mineral products of this wonderful country, is its quicksilver. The localities of several mines of this metal are already known, but the richest yet discovered is the one called Forbes’s mines, about sixty miles from San Francisco, near San José. Originally discovered and denounced, according to the Mexican laws then in force, it fell under the commercial management of Forbes of Tepic, who also has some interest in it. The original owner of the property on which it is situated, endeavoured to set aside the validity of the denouncement; but whether on tenable grounds or otherwise, I know not. At this mine, by the employment of a small number of labourers, and two common iron kettles for smelting, they have already sold quicksilver to the amount of 200,000 dollars, and have now some two hundred tons of ore awaiting the smelting process. The cinnabar is said to yield from sixty to eighty per cent of pure metal, and there is no doubt that its average product reaches fifty per cent. The effect of these immensely rich deposits of quicksilver, upon the wealth and commerce of the world, can scarcely be too highly estimated, provided they are kept from the clutches of the great monopolists. Not only will its present usefulness in the arts be indefinitely extended and increased by new discoveries of science, but the extensive mines of gold and silver in Mexico, Chili, and Peru, hitherto unproductive, will now be made available by its application.”—(JONSON’S *Sights in the Gold Region*, p. 201.)

By mere washing with water, it is impossible to extract the finer particles and scales of gold either from the natural sand or from the pounded rock. But an admixture and agitation with quicksilver licks up and dissolves every shining speck, and carries it, with the fluid metal, to the bottom of the vessel. The amalgam, as it is called, of gold and quicksilver thus obtained, when distilled in a close vessel, yields up its quicksilver again with little loss, and leaves the pure gold behind. For the perfect extraction of the gold, therefore, from its ores, quicksilver is absolutely necessary, and it can be performed most cheaply where the latter metal is

cheapest and most abundant. Hence the mineral conditions of California seem specially fitted to make it an exception to all gold countries heretofore investigated, or of which we have any detailed accounts. They promise it the ability to supply a large export of gold, probably long after the remunerative freshness of the diggings, properly so called, whether wet or dry, shall have been worn off.

But both the actual yearly produce of gold, and the probable permanence of the supply, have been greatly increased by the still more recent discoveries in Australia. A wider field has been opened up here for speculation and adventure than North-Western America in its best days ever presented. We have already adverted to the circumstances which preceded and attended the discovery of gold in this country, and new research seems daily to add to the number of districts over which the precious metal is spread. It is impossible, however, even to guess over how much of this vast country the gold field may extend, and of richness enough to make washing possible and profitable. The basin of the river Murray, in the feeders of which gold has been found in very many places, has a mean length from north to south of 1400 miles, and a breadth of 400—comprising an area of from 500,000 to 600,000 square miles. This is four times the area of California, and five times that of the British Islands; but whether the gold is generally diffused over this wide area, or whether it is confined to particular and limited localities, there has not as yet been time to ascertain.

It is chiefly in the head waters or feeders of the greater streams which flow through this vast basin that the metal has hitherto been met with; but the peculiar physical character of the creeks, and of the climate in these regions, suggests the probability that the search will be profitably extended downwards along the entire course of the larger rivers. Every reader of Australian tours and travels is aware of the deep and sudden floods to which the great rivers of the country are subject, and of the disastrous inundations to

which the banks of the river Murray are liable. The lesser creeks or feeders of this river, in which the washings are now prosecuted, are liable to similar visitations. The Summerhill creek, for example, at its junction with the Lewis river, is described as fifty or sixty yards wide, and the "water as sometimes rising suddenly twenty feet." Now, supposing the gold drift to have been originally confined to the districts through which the upper waters of these rivers flow, the effect of such floods, repeated year by year, must have been to wash out from their banks and bottoms, and to diffuse along the lower parts of their channels, or of the valleys they flooded, the lighter portions, at least, of metallic riches in which the upper country abounded. The larger particles or lumps may have remained higher up: but all that the force of a deep stream in its sudden flood could carry down, may be expected among the sands and gravels, and in the wider river beds, and occasionally flooded tracts of the lower country. In other words, there is reason to believe that from its head waters on the western slopes of the Australian Alps, to its mouth at Adelaide, the Murray will be found to some degree productive in gold, and more or less remunerative to future diggers.

But there is in reality no reason to believe that the gold of the great Australian basin was ever confined—at least since the region became covered with drift—to the immediate neighbourhood of the mountains, or to the valleys through which its mountain streams pursue their way. We have already fully explained that it is not to the action of existing rivers on the native gold-bearing rocks of the mountain, that the presence of the precious metal in their sands is generally due, but to that of numerous degrading causes, operating simultaneously and at a more ancient period, when the whole valley was covered deep with water. By these, the debris of the mountains here, as in California, must have been spread more or less uniformly over the entire western plain. This vast area, therefore, comprehending so many thousand square miles, may,

through all its drifted sands and gravels, be impregnated with metallic particles. Dry diggings, consequently, may be hereafter opened at great distances from the banks of existing streams. Time alone, in fact, can tell over how much of this extensive region it will pay the adventurer to dig and wash the wide-spread depths of drift.

Then there is the province of Victoria, south of the Australian Alps, in which gold is described as most plentiful. The streams which descend from the southern slope of these mountains are numerous, in consequence of the peculiarly large quantity of rain which falls on this part of Australia,* and over a breadth of 200 miles they are represented as all rich in gold. And besides, the country east of the meridian chain, between Bathurst and the sea, and all the still unknown portion of the Australian continent, have yet to add their stores to those of Victoria and of the basin of the Murray. And though we do not know to what extent quartz veins prevail in the mountains of New South Wales, we have authentic statements as to their existence not very remote from Bathurst, and as to their being rich in gold. Here also, therefore, as in California, there may be a permanent source of gold supply, which may continue to yield, after the washings have ceased to be greatly remunerative—which may even augment in productiveness as that of the sands declines. On the whole, then, although it is impossible to form any estimate of the actual amount of gold which year by year the great new mining fields are destined to supply to the markets of the world, yet we think two deductions may be assumed as perfectly certain from the facts we have stated—*first*, that the average annual supply for the next ten years is likely to be greater than it ever was since the commencement of authentic history—and *second*, that the supply, though the washings fall off, will be kept up for an indefinite period, by the ex-

ploration of the gold-bearing quartz veins in Australia and America.

In the table we have copied from Mr Wyld, the produce of gold for 1851 is estimated—guessed is a better word—at £22,500,000. Advices from Melbourne to the 22d of December state that the receipts of gold in that place in a single day had amounted to 16,333 ounces—that the total produce of the Ballarat and Mount Alexander diggings, from their discovery on the 29th September to the 17th of December, two months and a half, had been 243,414 ounces, valued at £730,242—that from twenty thousand to thirty thousand persons were employed at the diggings—and that the auriferous grounds, already known, which can be profitably worked, cannot be dug for years to come “by any number of people that can by possibility reach them.” Those from Sydney calculate the export from that place to have been at the rate of three millions sterling a-year; while the report of the Government Commissioners, “On the extent and capability of the mines in New South Wales,” gives it as their unanimous opinion, that they offer a “highly remunerative employment to at least a hundred thousand persons—four times the number now employed.” With these data, there appears no exaggeration in the estimate now made in the colony, that the yearly export of gold will not be less than seven or eight millions sterling. With this more accurate knowledge of the capabilities of Australia than was possessed when Mr Wyld’s estimate was made, and with the hopes and rumours that exist as to other new sources of supply, are we wrong in guessing that the total produce of gold alone, for the present and some succeeding years, cannot be less than £25,000,000 to £30,000,000 sterling? What was the largest yield of the most fruitful mines in ancient times compared with this? The annual product of the ancient Egyptian mines of gold and silver is said by Herodotus

* The reader will be interested by satisfying himself of this fact, so peculiar to Victoria, and so favourable to it as a place of settlement. He will find it pictured before his eye in the newly-published small and cheap, but beautifully executed, *School Physical Atlas* of Mr Keith Johnston.

to have been inscribed on the walls of the palace of the ancient kings at Thebes, and the sum, as he states it in Grecian money, was equal to six millions sterling! This Jacob* considers to be a gross exaggeration; but he believes, nevertheless, that "the produce of the mines of that country, together with that of the other countries whose gold and silver was deposited there, far exceeded the quantity drawn from all the mines of the then known world in subsequent ages, down to the discovery of America."

And what did America yield after the discovery by Columbus, (1492,) and the triumphs of Cortes and Pizarro? Humboldt estimates the annual yield of gold, from the plunder of the people and from the mines united—

From 1492	1521	at	£52,000
... 1521	1546	at	£630,000

And from the discovery of the silver mine of Potosi in 1545, to the end of the century, the produce of silver and gold together was about £2,100,000 from America; and from America and Europe together, £2,250,000 a-year.

Again, during the eighteenth century, the yearly produce of the precious metals—gold and silver together—obtained from the mines of Europe, Africa, and America, is estimated by Mr Jacob (ii. p. 167) at £8,000,000; and for the twenty years previous to 1830, at about £5,000,000 sterling.† And although the greatly enlarged produce of the Russian mines, in gold especially, has come in to make up for the failure or stoppage of the American mines since 1800, yet what does the largest of all past yields of gold amount to, compared with the quadrupled or quintupled supply there seems now fair and reasonable grounds for expecting?

And what are to be the consequences of the greatly augmented supply of gold which these countries promise? Among the first will be to provoke and stimulate the mining industry of other countries to new activity and new researches; and thus,

by a natural reaction, to add additional intensity to the cause of change. Such was the effect of the discovery of America upon mining in Europe, and especially in Germany. "In fourteen years after 1516, not less than twenty-five noble veins were discovered in Joachimsthal in Bohemia, and in sixty years they yielded 1,250,000 marcs of silver."‡ And,

"The discovery of America, and of the mines it contained," says Mr Jacob, "seems to have kindled a most vehement passion for exploring the bowels of the earth in search of gold in most of the countries of Europe, but in no part of it to so great an extent as in the Bishopric of Salzburg. The inhabitants of that country seemed to think themselves within reach of the Apple of the Hesperides and of the Golden Fleece, and about to find in their streams the Pactolus of antiquity. Between the years 1538 and 1562,§ more than a thousand leases of mines were taken. The greatest activity prevailed, and one or two large fortunes were made."—(Jacob, i. p. 250.)

This impulse has already been felt as the consequence of recent discovery. The New York papers have just announced the discovery of new deposits of gold in Virginia, "equal to the richest in California;" in Queen Charlotte's Island gold is said to have been found in great abundance; in New Caledonia and New Zealand it is spoken of; and the research after the precious metal is at the present moment propagating itself throughout the civilised world. And that the activity thus awakened is likely to be rewarded by many new discoveries, and by larger returns in old localities, will appear certain, when we consider, *first*, that the geological position and history of gold-producing regions is far better understood now than it ever was before; *second*, that the value of quartz veins, previously under-estimated, has been established by the Californian explorations, and must lead in other countries to new researches and new trials; *thirdly*, that the increased supply of quicksilver

* JACOB, i. p. 55.

† *Ibid.* ii. p. 267.

‡ FOURNET, p. 169.

§ Cortes invaded Mexico in 1519; Pizarro landed in Peru in 1527; and Potos was discovered in 1545.

which California promises may call into new life hosts of deserted mines in Southern America and elsewhere; and, *lastly*, that improved methods of extraction, which the progress of chemical science is daily supplying, are rendering profitable the poorer mines which in past days it was found necessary to abandon.

About the end of the seventeenth century the reduction in the price of quicksilver, consequent on the supplies drawn from the mines of Idria, greatly aided the mines of Mexico, (Jacob, ii. p. 153;) and of the effects of better methods Rose gives the following illustrations, in his description of the celebrated Schlangenberg mine in Siberia:—

“At first, *orés* containing only four solotniks of silver were considered unfit for smelting, and were employed in the mines for filling up the waste. These have long already been taken out, and replaced by poorer ores, which in their turn will probably by-and-by be replaced by still poorer.”—“The ancient inhabitants washed out the gold from the ochre of these mines, as is evident from the heaps of refuse which remain on the banks of the river Smejewka. This refuse has been found rich enough in gold to pay for washing and extracting anew.”*

The history of all mining districts, and of all smelting and refining processes,† present us with similar facts; and the aspects of applied science, in our day, are rich in their promise of such improvements for the future. If, therefore, to all the considerations we have presented we add those from which writers like McCulloch‡ had previously anticipated an increased supply of the precious metals—such as the pacification of Southern America, and the application of new energy to the mines of that country, and probably under the direction of a new race—the calmest and coolest of our readers will, we think, coincide with us in anticipating from *old* sources, as well as from *new*, an increased and prolonged production of the precious metals.

Of the social and political consequences of these discoveries, the most striking and attractive are those which are likely to be manifested in the immediate neighbourhood—using the word in a large sense—of the countries in which the new gold mines have been met with. The peopling of California and Australia—the development of the boundless traffic which Western America and the islands of the Australasian, Indian, and Chinese seas are fitted to support—the annexation of the Sandwich Islands (!)—the establishment of new and independent dominions on the great islands to the south and west—the throng of great ships and vessels of war we can in anticipation see dotting and over-awing the broad Pacific—the influence, political and social, of these new nations on the old dominions and civilisation of the fabled East, and of still mysterious China and hidden Japan;—we may almost speak of this *forward* vision, as Playfair has written of the effect upon his mind of Hutton's expositions of the *past*—“The mind seemed to grow giddy by looking so far back into the abyss of time; and while we listened with earnestness and admiration to the philosopher, who was now unfolding to us the order and series of these wonderful events, we became sensible *how much farther reason may sometimes go than imagination can venture to follow*.”

But its influence, though less dazzling, will be as deep and perceptible upon the social relations of the older monarchies of Europe. Our own richly commercial and famed agricultural country, and its dependencies, will be especially affected. Prices will nominally rise—commerce and general industry will be stimulated—and a gilding of apparent prosperity will overspread class interests, which would otherwise languish and decline. How far this is likely to be favourable to the country, on the whole—to interfere with, disguise, or modify the effect of party measures.

* Rose, *Reise nach dem Ural*, i. 555-7.

† To some of our readers this remark may call to mind the beautiful process of Mr Lee Pattinson, of Newcastle, for refining lead, by which so much more silver is now extracted from all our lead ores, and brought to market.

‡ *Commercial Dictionary*, edit. 1847, p. 1056.

—we have recently discussed in previous articles, and shall for the present pass by.

Perhaps that portion of its influence which, in this country of great money fortunes, and in some of the Continental states, is attracting most attention, is the change likely to be produced by it in the bullion market, especially in the relative values of gold and silver, and even (should this not materially alter, in consequence of an enlarged produce from the silver mines) in the real value of annuities, stock, and bonds of every description. It has occasionally happened in ancient times, that by a sudden large influx of gold the comparative value of that metal has been lowered in an extraordinary degree. Thus Strabo, in his *Geography*, (book iv. chap. vi. sect. 9,) has the following passage:—

“Polybius relates that, in his time, mines of gold were found among the Taurisci Norici, in the neighbourhood of Aquileia, so rich that, in digging to the depth of two feet only, gold was met with, and that the ordinary sinkings did not exceed fifteen feet; that part of it was in the form of native gold, in pieces as large as a bean or a lupin, which lost only one-eighth in the fire; and that the rest, though requiring more purification, gave a considerable product; that some Italians, having associated themselves with the barbarians to work the mines, in the space of two months the price of gold fell one-third throughout the whole of Italy; and that the Taurisci, having seen this, expelled their foreign partners, and sold the metal themselves.”*

Were anything of this nature to happen—though very far less in degree—as a consequence of the recent discoveries, it could not fail to produce a serious monetary revolution, and much pecuniary distress, both individual and general, which the wisest legislation could neither wholly prevent nor remove. Such a sudden and extreme effect many have actually anticipated from them, and measures have, in consequence, been taken, even by Continental governments, such as are detailed in the following passage from Mr Wyld's pamphlet:—

“Among the many extraordinary incidents connected with the Californian dis-

coveries, was the alarm communicated to many classes, which was not confined to individuals, but invaded governments. The first announcement spread alarm; but, as the cargoes of gold rose from a hundred thousand dollars to a million, bankers and financiers began seriously to prepare for an expected crisis. In England and the United States the panic was confined to a few; but, on the Continent of Europe, every government, rich and poor, thought it needful to make provision against the threatened evils. The governments of France, Holland, and Russia, in particular, turned their attention to the monetary question; and, in 1850, the government of Holland availed itself of a law, which had not before been put in operation, to take immediate steps for selling off the gold in the banks of Amsterdam, at what they supposed to be the then highest prices, and to stock themselves with silver. This operation was carried on concurrently with a supply of bullion to Russia for a loan, a demand for silver in Austria, and for shipment to India; and it did really produce an effect on the silver market.

“The particular way in which the Netherlands operations were carried out was especially calculated to produce the greatest disturbance of prices. The ten-florin gold pieces were sent to Paris, coined there into napoleons, and silver five-franc pieces drawn out in their place. At Paris, the premium on gold, in a few months, fell from nearly two per cent to a discount, and at Hamburg a like fall took place. In London, the great silver market, silver rose between the autumn and the New Year, from 5s. per oz. to 5s. 1½d. per oz., and Mexican dollars from 4s. 10½d. to 4s. 11½d. per oz.; nor did prices recover until towards the end of the year 1851, when the fall was as sudden as the rise.”—(WYLD, pp. 20, 21.)

Now, without identifying ourselves with any unreasonable fears, or partaking of the alarms occasionally expressed, either at home or abroad, we cannot shut our eyes to the certainty of a serious amount of influence being exercised upon monetary and financial affairs, by a long continuance of the increased supplies of gold which are now pouring into the European and American markets. We concede all that can fairly be demanded, in the way of increased supply—to meet the wants of the new commerce springing up in the Pacific

* Quoted in JOHNSTON'S *Notes on North America*, vol. ii. pp. 216, 217.

and adjacent seas—to allow of the increased coinage which the new States in North America, and the growing population of our own colonies require—to make up for the extending use of gold and silver in articles of luxury which increasing wealth and improving arts must occasion—to restore the losses from hoarding, from shipwreck, from wear and tear of coin, and the thousand other causes of waste—and to admit of the large yearly storing of coin for the purposes of emigration: all that can fairly be demanded to meet these and other exigencies we admit; and yet there will still, at the present rate of yield, be a large annual surplus, which must gradually cheapen gold in the market. There are no data upon which we can base any calculations as to the yearly consumption of gold alone for all these purposes; but estimates have been made by Humboldt, Jacob, and M'Culloch, of the probable consumption of gold and silver together, up to a very recent period. The latter author disposes of the annual supply of the metals—estimated at nine millions before the recent discoveries—in the following manner:—

Consumption in the arts in	
Europe and America, . . .	£1,840,000
Exportation to Australia and	
India,	2,600,000
Waste of coin (at 1 per cent,) . . .	1,600,000
Making together,	£5,040,000

which was very nearly the supposed yield of all known mines, when Mr M'Culloch's estimate was made. If

we add a half to all these items—as we conceive a very liberal allowance—we shall have a round sum of thirteen and a half millions sterling of gold and silver together, as sufficient to supply all the wants of increasing use in the arts, waste in coinage, extending commerce, colonial settlement, State extension, and Eastern exportation. But the actual produce for 1851 is estimated at £30,000,000 and if we deduct . . . 13,500,000

thereremains a balance of £16,500,000—irrespective of all increase which is likely to be caused by the extension of the Australian gold field, and by the operation of the various other causes we have adverted to in the present article. This surplus also will consist chiefly of gold; so that whatever interest may otherwise attach to the curious fact stated by Mr Wyld, it is clear that his conclusion is premature, that no alteration is to be looked for in the relative market values of the two precious metals. Only a greatly increased activity and produce in the silver mines can prevent it.

But, independent of the question as between the two metals, there remains as certain the influence of the surplus gold supply upon the general bullion and other markets. The immediate demands, or actual outlets for increased coinage, may for a few years absorb even this large surplus, but its final action in lowering the comparative value of gold, and in altering nominal prices and values generally, cannot be reasonably doubted.

LIFE OF NIEBUHR.

THE name of Niebuhr is so inveterately associated with certain profound discussions in historical criticism, that we must beg our readers to read twice over the notice at the foot of our page, in order to assure themselves that it is not the History of Rome, but the Life of its author, that we are about to bring before their attention. We shall hardly, perhaps, be able to abstain from some glance at that method of historical criticism so justly connected with the name of Niebuhr, but it is the life and personal character of the man which will occupy us on the present occasion.

One observation on that historical criticism we will at once permit ourselves to make, because it has a distinct bearing upon the intellectual character of Niebuhr, as well as on the peculiarities of his historical work. The distinguishing character of that school of historical criticism, of which he may be considered the founder, is not its scepticism, for it was no new thing to doubt of the extraordinary events related of the early periods of Roman, or of any other history. There have been always people sceptically disposed. Our David Hume could very calmly give it as his opinion that true history begins with the first page of Thucydides. It was nothing new, therefore, to disturb our faith in the earlier portions of the Roman history, or to pronounce them to be fables. The novelty lay in the higher and more patient and more philosophical manner in which those fables were investigated, and their origin, and their true place and connection with history, determined. The elder sceptic, having satisfied himself that a narrative was fabulous, threw it aside: the modern critic follows the spirit, the life of the nation, into the fable itself. He does not attempt, as the half-doubting, half-believing historian

has done, to shape it at once to the measure of modern credence, by merely modifying a few of the details, reducing an extravagance, or lopping off a miracle; but, taking his stand on whatever facts remain indisputable, or whatever knowledge may be obtained from collateral sources, he investigates thoroughly the fabulous or poetic narrative. He endeavours to transport himself into the times when men thought after a poetic fashion—or, at all events, when pleasure and excitement, not accuracy and instruction, were the objects they aimed at; he labours to form an estimate of the circumstances that kindled their imagination, to show *how the fable grew*, and thus to extract from it, in every sense of the word, its full historical significance.

How difficult such a task, and how precarious, after all, the result of such labours, we must leave at present to the reflection of our readers. What we have here to observe is, that such a method of historical criticism is not to be pursued by a mind stored only with dry erudition, or gifted only with the faculty of withholding its belief. Such store of erudition is indispensable, but it must be combined with that strong power of imagination which can recall into one vivid picture the scattered knowledge gained from many books, and which enables its possessor to live in the scenes and in the minds of the bygone ages of humanity. Accordingly, it is this combination of ardent imagination with most multifarious erudition that we meet with in Niebuhr; and it is not the life of a dry pedant, or of one of cold sceptical understanding, or of a mere philologist, that we have here presented to us.

These two volumes are extremely entertaining. They are chiefly composed of the letters of Niebuhr; nor do we remember to have ever encountered a series of letters of more un-

flagging interest. This interest they owe in great measure to the strongly-marked personal character of the writer. They are not only good letters, containing always something that suggests reflection, but they sustain their biographical or dramatic character throughout. It ought to be added, too, that they are most agreeably translated. The work has been altogether judiciously planned, and ably executed. A candid and explicit preface at once informs us of the sources from which it is derived; we are forewarned that many materials requisite to a complete life of Niebuhr still remain inaccessible; meanwhile, what is here presented to us bears an authentic stamp, and appears, as matters stand, to be the best biography that could be given to the English public. Of the merits of Niebuhr himself the author has preferred that others should speak. He has chosen almost entirely to restrict himself within the modest province of the translator or the editor. Into the motives of this reticence we have no business to pry: whatever is done, is done well; whatever is promised is ably performed. A book professing to be the Life of Niebuhr will excite some expectations which this publication will not satisfy; but when an author limits himself to a distinct and serviceable task, and performs that task well, he is entitled to our unreserved thanks, and to our simple commendation, unmixed with any murmur of complaint.

Interesting as we have found this book, still the perusal of two compact octavo volumes may deter some readers who might desire, at a rather less cost of time, to obtain an insight into the life and character of Niebuhr. To such readers the following abbreviated sketch may not be unacceptable. We must premise that the present work is founded on a memoir of Niebuhr published by his sister-in-law, Madame Hensler. This consists of a series of his letters divided into sections, each section being preceded by such biographical notice as was necessary to their explanation. The English author has retained this arrangement, adding, however, considerably to the narrative of Madame Hensler from other authentic sources,

and omitting such of the letters as he judged might be devoid of interest. Nearly one-half of these, we are told, have been omitted—chiefly on the ground that they were on learned subjects, and might detract from the interest of the biography. We have no doubt that a sound discretion has been exercised on this point; nevertheless we trust that these two volumes will meet with sufficient encouragement to induce the author to publish that third volume at which he hints, and which is to contain “the letters referred to, together with the most valuable portions of his smaller writings.” We sincerely hope that one who has performed this task so well will continue to render the same good services to the English public. The arrangement we have alluded to—that of letters divided into sections, with a biographical notice at the head of each, sufficient to carry us over the ensuing section—seems to us very preferable to the ordinary plan of our memoir writers, who attach the explanatory notice to each separate letter. Under this last plan, one never settles down fairly to *letter-reading*. We cannot, of course, in the following sketch, retain the advantages of this arrangement, but must put together our facts and our quotations in the best order we can.

Idle and cursory readers, who have only heard or thought of Niebuhr as the provoking destroyer of some agreeable fictions—as the ruthless enemy of poetic and traditionary lore—will be surprised to find what a deep earnestness of conviction there was in this man, and how his enthusiasm for truth and for all virtue rises into romance. Once for all, let no man parade his love of poetry, with the least hope of being respected for it, who has not a still greater love of truth. Nay, if we reflect patiently and calmly upon this matter, we shall find that there is but one way to keep this flower of poesy in perennial bloom—it is to see that the waters of truth are flowing free and clear around it. We may be quite sure that to whatever level this stream, by its own vital force, shall rise or sink, the same fair lily will be seen floating just on the surface of it. Just where these waters lie open to

the light of heaven, do we find this beautiful creation looking up from them into the sky.

The scene and circumstances amongst which the childhood of Niebuhr was passed, appear to us to be singularly in accordance with the future development and character of the man. They were favourable to concentration of thought, and to an independent, self-relying spirit; they were favourable to the exercise of an imagination which was fed continually by objects remote from the senses, and by knowledge obtained from books, or else from conversation with his father, who was both a learned man and a great traveller. If nature, in one of her freaks—or, let us say, if some German fairies, of an erudite species, had resolved to breed a great scholar, who should be an independent thinker—who should be devoted to books, yet retain a spirit of self-reliance—who should have all the learning of colleges without their pedantry, and read through whole libraries, and yet retain his free, unfettered right of judgment—how would they have proceeded to execute their project? Would they have thrown their little pupil at the feet of some learned professor at Bonn or Göttingen? Not at all. They would have carried their changeling into some wild tract of country, shut him up there with his books, and given him for his father a linguist and a traveller. They would have provided for him just those circumstances into which young Niebuhr was thrown. His childish imagination was no sooner kindled than he found himself wandering in all quarters of the globe, and listening to the stories of the most remote ages.

This father of our historian—Carsten Niebuhr—was himself a remarkable man; full of energy, of great perseverance, and of strong feelings. He had been one of five travellers despatched by the Danish Government on an expedition of discovery into the East. In crossing the deserts of Arabia, his four companions sank under the hardships and calamities they encountered. This was in the first year of their journey; nevertheless, he pursued his way alone, and spent six years in exploring the East. He had returned to Copenhagen, and

“was on the point,” says our biography, “of undertaking a journey into the interior of Africa, when he fell in love with a young orphan lady, the daughter of the late physician to the King of Denmark.” He gives up Africa, and all the world of travel and discovery, for this “young orphan lady;” and a few years after his marriage, we find him settled down at Meldorf, as *land-schreiber* to the province of South Dithmarsh—a civil post, whose duties seem chiefly to have concerned the revenues of the province.

This Meldorf is a little, decayed, antiquated town, not without its traditions of municipal privileges; and Dithmarsh is what its name suggests to an English ear—an open marshy district, without hills or trees, with nothing but the general sky, which we all happily share in, to give it any beauty. One figures to one's self the traveller, who had been exploring the sunny regions of the East, or who had been living at Copenhagen, in the society of scholars and of statesmen, retiring, with his young orphan lady, to this dreary Dithmarsh, peopled only by peasantry. Even the high-road runs miles off from his habitation, so that no chance can favour him, and no passing or belated traveller rests at his door. He occupies his spare hours in building himself a house; in which operation there is one little fellow standing by who takes infinite delight. This is our Barthold George Niebuhr, who had been born in Copenhagen on the 27th of August 1776. He and an elder sister will be principal inhabitants of the new house when it is built, and their education be the chief care and occupation of the traveller.

Barthold is in his sixth or seventh year when his father writes thus of him:—

“He studied the Greek alphabet only for a single day, and had no further trouble with it: he did it with very little help from me. The boy gets on wonderfully. Boje says he does not know his equal; but he requires to be managed in a peculiar way. May God preserve our lives, and give us grace to manage him aright! Oh if he could but learn to control the warmth of his temper—I believe I might say his pride! He is no longer

so passionate with his sister : but if he stumbles in the least in repeating his lessons, or if his scribblings are alluded to, he fires up instantly. He cannot bear to be praised for them ; because he believes he does not deserve it. In short, I repeat it, he is proud ; he wants to know everything, and is angry if he does not know it. . . . My wife complains that I find fault with Barthold unnecessarily. I did not mean to do so. He is an extraordinarily good little fellow ; but he must be managed in an extraordinary way ; and I pray God to give me wisdom and patience to educate him properly."

Here we have "his picture in little;" the wonderful quickness and application, the extreme conscientiousness, and the warmth of temper which distinguished the man Niebuhr through his career. But who is this Boje, who says "he does not know his equal?" And how happens it that there is any one in Meldorf—a place, we are told, quite destitute of literary society—who is entitled to give 'an opinion on the subject? This Boje was ex-editor of the *Deutsches Museum*, and translator, we believe, of Walter Scott's novels ; and has been lately appointed prefect of the province. His coming is a great event to the Niebuhrs, a valuable acquisition to their society, and of especial importance to young Barthold ; for Boje has "an extensive library, particularly rich in English and French, as well as German books," to which library our youthful and indefatigable student is allowed free access. French and English he has, from a very early age, been learning from his father and mother. Are we not right in saying, that no Teutonic fairies could have done better for their pupil? By way of nursery tale, his father amuses him with strange accounts of Eastern countries, of the Turks, of sultans, of Mahomet and the caliphs. He is already a politician. "He had an imaginary empire called Low-England, of which he drew maps, and he promulgated laws, waged wars, and made treaties of peace there." Then comes Boje to give him his first lesson upon *myths*. The literary prefect of Dithmarsch, writing to a friend, says :—

"This reminds me of little Niebuhr. His docility, his industry, his devoted love for me, procure me many a pleasant hour. A short time back, I was reading

Macbeth' aloud to his parents, without taking any notice of him, till I saw what an impression it made on him. Then I tried to render it intelligible to him, and even explained to him how the witches were only poetical beings. When I was gone, he sat down, (he is not yet seven years old), and wrote it all out on seven sheets of paper, without omitting one important point, and certainly without any expectation of receiving praise for it ; for, when his father asked to see what he had written, and showed it to me, he cried for fear he had not done it well. Since then, he writes down everything of importance that he hears from his father or me. We seldom praise him, but just quietly tell him when he has made any mistake, and he avoids the fault for the future."

Very surprising accounts are given of the boy's precocious sagacity in picturing to himself a historic scene, with all its details, or following out the probable course of events. These accounts are rather *too* surprising. When the war broke out in Turkey, it so excited his imagination that he not only dreamt of it, but anticipated in his dreams, and we suppose also in his waking hours, the current of events. His notions were so just, and his knowledge of the country, and the situations of the towns, so accurate, that, we are told, "the realisation of his nightly anticipations generally appeared in the journals a short time afterwards." One would say that the fairies had indeed been with him. Madame Hensler's narrative partakes here, in some measure, of that marvellous character which accompanies family traditions of all kinds, whether of the Roman *gens* or the Danish household. But on other occasions, and from Niebuhr's own words, we learn that, owing to his minute knowledge, his most tenacious memory, and his vivid imagination, he, at a very early time, manifested that spirit of quite philosophical divination which led him to his discoveries in Roman history. We say quite philosophical divination ; for we do not suppose that Niebuhr claimed for himself, or his friends for him, any mysterious intuition into the course of events ; but there is occasionally, both in the memoir and in the letters, a vagueness of expression on this subject which might lead to misap-

prehension, and which one wishes had been avoided.

We must now follow this precocious pupil to the University at Kiel. A lad of seventeen, we find him already a companion for professors. Writing home to his parents, he says of Dr Hensler:—"My ideas about the origin of the Greek tribes, the history of the colonisation of the Greek cities, and my notions in general about the earliest migration from west to east, are new to him; and he thinks it probable that they may be correct. He exhorts me to work them out, and bring them into as clear a form as I can." Meanwhile, he is to be occupied, heart and soul, in studying metaphysics under Reinhold, one of the most celebrated disciples of Kant. To enumerate the studies in which he is alternately engaged, would be to pass in review the whole series of subjects which are taught in a university; just as, at a somewhat later period, to enumerate all the languages which he had learnt, would be simply to name in order every language which a European scholar, by the aid of grammar and dictionary, could learn. His father, with a very excusable pride, makes out, in one of his letters, a list of his son's attainments of this kind: he was, more or less, master of some twenty languages.

In this philologist, however, there was no want of poetic feeling or vivid imagination. When reading the ancients, he completely lived in their world and with them. He once told a friend who had called on him and found him in great emotion, that he often could not bear to read more than a few pages at a time in the old tragic poets; he realised so vividly all that was said, and done, and suffered. "He could see Antigone leading her blind father—the aged (Edipus) entering the grove—he could catch the music of their speech." Neither in this youth, so stored, so fed with books, was there any deadness of heart towards the living friend. We have some letters full of a painful sensitiveness at the apprehension that his correspondent had forgotten or grown cold towards him. The gravest fault in his character was too quick a temper; but if this led him to take offence unjustly, he was

always sufficiently just and generous to seek for reconciliation. Least of all had his erudition or his erudite labours quenched the moral enthusiasm of his nature. From childhood up to manhood, from manhood to his latest day, the same high sense of moral rectitude pervaded all his judgments, and influenced all his actions. The same boy who would not receive praise if he did not think he deserved it, in after years would not draw a salary if he did not think it was rigidly earned, nor accept a present even from a municipality—from the city of Geneva—for rendering a service which he had spontaneously performed. At the university of Kiel we find him breaking with an intimate friend, and much to his own regret, because he finds that friend holding philosophical tenets destructive, as he thinks, of the sentiment of moral obligation. "He is a fatalist and indifferentist. I subscribe to Kant's principles with all my heart. I have broken with M., not from any dispute we have had, but on account of the detestable conclusions which necessarily follow from his opinions, conclusions that absolutely annihilate morality. I really loved him notwithstanding, but, with such principles, I could not be his friend." Considering the singular and precarious tenure by which a Kantian holds his faith in the freedom of the will, this was rather severe dealing, not a quite perfect example of philosophical toleration; but it shows, at least, that the heart was in the right place.

Up to this moment have not the fairies done well? But now comes a new element into the calculations, a new phase of the drama, with which no fairies condescend to deal. Young Niebuhr like the rest of us *must live*, must earn the wherewithal, must choose his career, his profession. Here the fairies forsake him. Here, in more true and prosaic style, he is unfaithful to himself. We cannot but regard it as the great and continuous error of his life, that he did not devote himself to learning as his profession. He could have done so. At the very same time there came an offer of a professorship, and a proposal to be the private secretary of Count Schimmelman, the Danish

minister of finance. He chose the latter. That the professorship offered to him was connected with but slender emolument, can have had little to do with the determination, because other and more eminent and more lucrative professorships would have speedily been open to him, and because the mere love of money was never a strong inducement in the mind of Niebuhr. Political ambition seems to have been the motive that turned the scale. Looking now at his life as an accomplished completed career, it is impossible not to regret this choice. We see ten of the most precious years of his early manhood wasted in financial and other public business, which a hundred others could have transacted as well; it is, in fact, a mere fragment of his life that is exclusively or uninterruptedly devoted to letters. He is more frequently at the head of some national bank, or revenue department, than in the professor's chair; and the author of the Roman history has to say of himself, that "calculations are my occupation; merchants, Jews, and brokers, my society."

Niebuhr had, whilst at the university, formed an acquaintance which led afterwards to a matrimonial engagement. Amelia Behrens, younger sister of Madame Hensler, who was the daughter-in-law of the Professor Hensler previously mentioned, seems from the first to have thoroughly appreciated the high character and great attainments of the young student. She herself must have been a woman of very superior mind; she had great sweetness of temper, and was in every way calculated for the wife of the ardent, generous, hasty, but affectionate Niebuhr. The first mention that is made of Miss Behrens is not very auspicious. In a letter to his father, he has been lamenting his painful timidity and bashfulness before ladies, and thus continues,—"However much I may improve in other society, I am sure I must get worse and worse every day in their eyes; and so, out of downright shyness, I scarcely dare speak to a lady; and as I know, once for all, that I must be insupportable to them, their presence becomes disagreeable to me. Yesterday, however, I screwed up

my courage, and began to talk to Miss Behrens and young Mrs Hensler. Now, in gratitude and candour, I must confess that they were sociable enough towards me to have set me at my ease, if my shyness were not so deeply rooted. But it is of no use. I avoid them, and would rather be guilty of impoliteness, by avoiding them, than by speaking to them, which I should now feel to be the greatest impoliteness of all." Circumstances, however, after he had left the university of Kiel, brought him into social and unreserved communication with the family of the Behrens; and this lady whom he avoided, dreading her precisely because she *did* interest his youthful imagination, became his betrothed.

Here the biography takes a very eccentric course. Niebuhr not only comes to England on foreign travel, which is precisely what we should expect of such a person, but he settles himself down at Edinburgh as a student. *The life seems to go back.* After having entered on official duties, engaged himself to be married, and thus pledged himself to the real business of life, we see this erudite youth, with his tale of twenty languages nearly complete, entering the classes at Edinburgh, and writing about them as if he were recommencing his university career. If this work of Madame Hensler were one of old date, and we felt authorised to exercise upon it that conjectural criticism so fashionable in our times, we should boldly say that the authoress, deceived by the similarity of name, had intercalated into her series some letters of *another Niebuhr*; we should dispute the identity of the Niebuhr who writes from the university of Edinburgh, with him who passed through the university of Kiel, and was afterwards, for a short time, secretary to Count Schimmelman. Such conjectural emendations being, however, altogether inadmissible, we must accept the facts and the letters as they are here given us.

Niebuhr's motives for this residence in Scotland were, according to Madame Hensler's account, of a very miscellaneous description. Besides the advantages to be derived from visiting a foreign land, "he was to

brace up and strengthen both his mental and physical energies in preparation for active life." Why this should be better accomplished as a student in Edinburgh than as a citizen in Copenhagen, we do not apprehend; nor what there was in the air of Denmark that had enfeebled the spirit of self-reliance or of enterprise. But we are told that "he had become too dependent on the little details of life. He felt that he stood, so to speak, outside the world of realities." Therefore he sets himself down for a year as a student at Edinburgh.

London, of course, is first visited. He speaks highly of the English. Throughout his life he entertained a predilection for our countrymen, and extols the integrity and honesty of the national character. We feel a certain bashfulness, a modest confusion, when we hear such praises; but, as national characters nowhere stand very high, we suppose we may accept the compliment. Occasionally we sell our patriotic votes, as at St Alban's and elsewhere; occasionally we fill our canisters of preserved meats with poisonous offal; and there is not a grocer's shop in all England where some adulterated article of food is not cheerfully disposed of. Nevertheless, it seems we are a shade more honest than some of our neighbours. The compliment does not greatly rejoice us.

However, it is not all praise that we receive. He finds "that true warm-heartedness is extremely rare" amongst us. We shall be happy to learn that it is commonly to be met with in any part of the world. He laments, too, the superficiality and insipidity of general conversation. "That narrative and commonplaces form the whole staple of conversation, from which all philosophy is excluded—that enthusiasm and loftiness of expression are entirely wanting, depresses me more than any personal neglect of which, as a stranger, I might have to complain. I am, besides, fully persuaded that I shall find things very different in Scotland; of this I am assured by several Scotchmen whom I already know."

In this full persuasion he sets forth to Scotland. We have an account of his journey, which, read in these railroad times, is amusing enough. The

translator of the letters has evidently been determined that we should not miss the humour of the contrast. Niebuhr gives his absent Amelia as minute a description of the mode of travelling as if he were writing from China. After describing the post-chaises, "very pretty half-coaches, holding two," and the royal mail, rapid, "but inconvenient from the smallness of its build, and particularly liable to be upset," he proceeds to the old-fashioned stage-coach—

"In travelling by this, you have no further trouble than to take your place in the office for as far as you wish to go; for the proprietor of the coach has, at each stage, which are from ten to fifteen English miles at most from each other, relays of horses, which, unless an unusual amount of travelling causes an exception, stand ready harnessed to be put to the coach. Four horses, drawing a coach with six persons inside, four on the roof, a sort of conductor beside the coachman, and overlaid with luggage, have to get over seven English miles in the hour; and, as the coach goes on without ever stopping, except at the principal stages, it is not surprising that you can traverse the whole extent of the country in so few days. But, for any length of time, this rapid motion is quite too unnatural. You can only get a very piece-meal view of the country from the windows, and, with the tremendous speed with which you go, can keep no object long in sight; you are unable also to stop at any place."

After three days' travelling "at this tremendous speed," he reached Newcastle, from which the above letter was dated. The rest of the journey was also performed with the same unnatural rapidity. By some chance he made acquaintance with a young medical student, and the two together commenced housekeeping in Edinburgh on a very frugal and sensible plan.

The letters which Niebuhr wrote to his parents from Edinburgh, and which contained his observations on the graver matters of politics and of learning, were unfortunately burnt; those which were addressed to his betrothed have been alone preserved, and these chiefly concern matters of a domestic and personal nature. We hear, therefore, very little of the more learned society into which, doubtless, Niebuhr occasionally entered.

With Professor Playfair he formed an intimacy which was afterwards renewed at Rome. Other names are mentioned, but no particulars are given. The subjects which he principally studied in Edinburgh were mathematics and physical sciences. Philological and historical studies he prosecuted by himself, and by way of recreation. "In these departments he regarded the learned men there as incomparably inferior to the Germans." A Mr Scott, an old friend of his father's, and to whom he brought letters of introduction, was the most intimate acquaintance he possessed. The quite patriarchal reception that he received from Mr Scott and his family will be read with interest. As to his impressions of the Scotch, as a people, these are extremely various: he is at one time charmed with their unexampled piety; at another, he finds it a dreary formalism; and then, again, from the height of his Kantian philosophy, he detects a shallow French infidelity pervading the land. Such inconsistencies are natural and excusable in a young man writing down his first impressions in a most unreserved correspondence. But there would be very little gained by quoting them here at length. We pass on from this episode in the life, and now proceed with the main current of events.

On his return to Copenhagen, Niebuhr was appointed assessor at the board of trade for the East India department, with some other secretaryship or clerkship of a similar description. Thereupon he married, (May 1800;) and in some letters written soon after this event, he describes himself as in a quite celestial state of happiness. "Amelia's heavenly disposition, and more than earthly love, raise me above this world, and its it were separate me from this life."

Then come official promotion and increased occupation. Nevertheless his favourite studies are never altogether laid aside. The day might be spent at his office or in the exchange, in drawing up reports, in correspondence or in interviews with most uninteresting people, and when the night came he was often exhausted both in body and in mind;

yet, "if he got engaged at once in an interesting book or conversation, he was soon refreshed, and would then study till late at night."

Towards the end of 1805 a distinguished Prussian statesman, whose name is not here given, and who was then at Copenhagen on a mission from his government, sounded Niebuhr on his willingness to enter the Prussian service in the department of finance. After much hesitation and some correspondence, Niebuhr finally accepted a proposal made to him of "the joint-directorship of the first bank in Berlin, and of the *Seehandlung*," a privileged commercial company (as a note of the editor informs us) for the promotion of foreign commerce. Such were the labours to which Niebuhr was willing to devote the extraordinary powers of his mind—such were the services which his contemporaries were willing to accept from him. But we have only to glance at the date of these transactions to call to mind that we are traversing no peaceful or settled times. We are, in fact, in the thick of the war. Whilst Niebuhr was working at his assessorship in Copenhagen, that city was bombarded by the English; and now that he goes to take possession of his directorship in Berlin, he has to fly with royalty itself before the armies of Napoleon. The battle of Jena, and many other battles, have been fought and lost, and the French are advancing on the capital. Flight to Memel, ministerial changes, alternate rise and fall of Von Stein and Count Hardenberg—in all these events poor Niebuhr was now implicated. When peace is made with Napoleon, we find him despatched to Holland to negotiate a Dutch loan, the Prussian government being in great distress for money to pay the contributions imposed upon them by the French. Then follows some misunderstanding with Count Hardenberg, who has succeeded to power, which happily interrupts for a time the official career of our great scholar. He is appointed Professor of History in the university of Berlin. In Michaelmas 1810 the university reopened, and Niebuhr delivered his first course of lectures on the history of Rome.

For about three years we now see him in what every one will recognise as his right and legitimate place in the world, and labouring at his true vocation. His lectures excited the keenest interest—he was encouraged to undertake his great work, *The History of Rome*: it is in this interval that both the first and second volumes were published. An extract from his letters will show the pleasant change in his career, and give us some insight into the position he held in the university.

“Milly (his wife Amelia) has told you that the number of my hearers was much greater than I had anticipated. But their character, no less than their number, is such as encourages and animates me to pursue my labours with zeal and perseverance. You will feel this when I tell you that Savigny, Schleiermacher, Spalding, Ancillon, Nicolovius, Schmedding, and Suvern were present. Besides the number and selectness of my audience, the general interest evinced in the lecture exceeds my utmost hopes. My introductory lecture produced as strong an impression as an oration could have done; and all the dry erudition that followed it, in the history of the old Italian tribes, which serves as an introduction to that of Rome, has not driven away even my unlearned hearers. The attention with which Savigny honours me, and his declaration that I am opening a new era for Roman history, naturally stimulates my ardent desire to carry out to the full extent the researches which one is apt to leave half finished as soon as one clearly perceives the result to which they tend, in order to turn to something fresh. . . .

“With a little more quiet, my position would be one more completely in accordance with my wishes than I have long ventured even to hope for. There is such a real mutual attachment between my acquaintances and myself, and our respective studies give such an inexhaustible interest to conversation, that I now really possess in this respect what I used to feel the want of; for intercourse of this kind is quickening and instructive. The lectures themselves, too, are inspiring, because they require persevering researches, which, I venture to say, cannot remain unfruitful to me; and they are more exciting than mere literary labours, because I deliver them with the warmth inspired by fresh thoughts and discoveries, and afterwards converse with those who have heard them, and to whom they are as new as to myself. This makes the lectures a positive delight to me, and I feel quite averse to bring them

to a close. What I should like, would be to have whole days of perfect solitude, and then an interval of intercourse with the persons I really like, but not to remain so many hours together with them as is customary here. It would be scarcely possible to have less frivolity and dullness in a mixed society. Schleiermacher is the most intellectual man amongst them. The complete absence of jealousy among these scholars is particularly gratifying.”

It is not long we are allowed to pause upon this agreeable and fruitful era of intellectual activity. Two volumes, however, are published of that history of which it is not here our purpose to speak, of which we would not wish to speak lightly or inconsiderately, which we admire and would cordially applaud, but which, we feel, has not yet received its exact place or value in the historical literature of Europe. We have not the time, nor will we lay claim to the profound erudition requisite, to do full justice to Niebuhr's *History of Rome*. We do not regret, therefore, that the present occasion calls for no decided verdict; and that it does not devolve on us to draw the line, and show where just, and bold, and discriminating criticism terminates, and where ingenious and happy conjecture begins to assume the air and confidence of history. On one point there can be no dispute—that his work exercised a great, and, upon the whole, a most salutary influence on historical criticism. It is not too much to say, that no history has been written since its appearance in which this influence cannot be traced.

Both volumes were received in a most cordial and encouraging manner by his friends and by the public, and materials for a third volume were being collected, when suddenly we hear that our professor—is drilling for the army! Napoleon's disastrous campaign in Russia has given hope to every patriotic German to throw off the degrading yoke of France. Niebuhr, though by his father's side of Danish extraction, was, in heart, wholly a German. When the Landwehr was called out he refused to avail himself of the privilege of his position to evade serving in it—he sent in his name as a volunteer, and prepared himself by the requisite

exercises. Meanwhile, till he could do battle with the musket, he fought with the pen, and edited a newspaper. "Niebuhr's friends in Holstein," writes Madame Hensler, "could hardly trust their eyes when he wrote them word that he was drilling for the army, and that his wife entered with equal enthusiasm into his feelings. The greatness of the object had so inspired Madame Niebuhr, who was usually anxious, even to a morbid extent, at the slightest imaginable peril for the husband in whom she might truly be said to live, that she was willing and ready to bring even her most precious treasure as a sacrifice to her country."

French troops were now constantly passing through Berlin, on their way from the fatal plains of Russia. The dreadful sufferings which they had manifestly endured did not fail to excite a general compassion; but their appearance excited still more the patriotic hopes of the citizens to liberate themselves from the degrading domination of France. Berlin was evacuated by the French. Then came the Cossacks, following in the route of the common enemy. "They bivouac," says a letter of Niebuhr, "with their horses in the city; about four in the morning they knock at the doors, and ask for breakfast. This is a famous time for the children, for they set them on their horses, and play with them." Here is an extract that will bring the times vividly before us. Niebuhr is writing to Madame Hensler:—

"I come from an employment in which you will hardly be able to fancy me engaged—namely, exercising. Even before the departure of the French, I began to go through the exercise in private, but a man can scarcely acquire it without a companion. Since the French left, a party of about twenty of us have been exercising in a garden, and we have already got over the most difficult part of the training. When my lectures are concluded, which they will be at the beginning of next week, I shall try to exercise with regular recruits during the morning, and, as often as possible, practise shooting at a mark. . . . By the end of a month, I hope to be as well drilled as any recruit who is considered to have finished his training. The heavy musket gave me so much trouble at first, that I almost despaired of being able to handle

it; but we are able to recover the powers again that we have only lost for want of practice. I am happy to say that my hands are growing horny; for as long as they had a delicate bookworm's skin, the musket cut into them terribly. . . .

"I mentioned to you a short time since, my hopes of getting a secretaryship on the general staff. With my small measure of physical power, I should have been a thousand times more useful in that office than as a private soldier. The friend I have referred to would like me to enter the ministry. Perhaps something unexpected may yet turn up. Idle, or busy about anything but our liberation, I cannot be now."

It is impossible to read the account of these stirring times *just now*, without asking ourselves whether it is probable that our own learned professors of Oxford and Cambridge may ever have their patriotism put to a similar trial. Perhaps, even under similar circumstances, they would act the wiser part by limiting themselves to patriotic exhortations to the youth under their control or influence. Of one thing we feel persuaded, that there would be no lack of ardour, or of martial enthusiasm, amongst the students of our venerable universities. After a few months drilling and practising, there would be raised such a corps of riflemen from Oxford and Cambridge as fields of battle have not often seen. How intelligence *tells*, when you put a musket in its hands, is as yet but faintly understood. We, for our own part, hope that the *voluntary principle* will here arouse itself in time, and do its bidding nobly. For as to that ordinary militia, which is neither voluntary service nor thorough discipline, where there is neither intelligence, nor ardour, nor professional spirit, nor any one good quality of a soldier, we have no confidence in it whatever: we would not willingly trust our hen-coops to such a defence; there is neither body nor soul in it. As a reserve force from which to recruit for the regular army, it may be useful. But to drill and train a set of unwilling servitors like these, with the intention of taking the field with them, would be a fatal mistake; for it would lull the nation into a false sense of security. But a regiment of volunteers of the spirited and intelligent youth of England, we would match with entire confidence

against an equal number of any troops in the world. Why should not there be permanent rifle-clubs established in every university, and in every town? These, and our standing army, increased to its necessary complement, would constitute a safe defence. Volunteers, it is said, cannot be kept together except in moments of excitement. And this was true while the volunteers had only to drill and to march; but practice with the rifle is itself as great an amusement as archery, or boating, or cricket, or any other that engages the active spirit of our youth. There is a skill to be acquired which would prompt emulation. There is an art to learn. These clubs would meet together, both for competition, and for the purpose of practising military evolutions on a larger scale, and thus the spirit of the institution would be maintained, and its utility increased. Nor would it be difficult to suggest some honorary privilege which might be attached to the volunteer rifleman. Such, we are persuaded, is the kind of militia which England ought to have for her defence; such, we are persuaded, is the only force, beside the standing army, on which any reliance can safely be placed.

All honour to the historian who unravels for us the obscurities of the past! Nevertheless, one simple truth will stare us in the face. We take infinite pains to understand the Roman *comitia*; we read, not without considerable labour, some pages of Thucydides; yet the daily English newspaper has been bringing to our door accounts of a political experiment now enacting before us, more curious and more instructive than Roman and Grecian history can supply. The experiment, which has been fairly performed on a neighbouring shore, gives a more profound lesson, and a far more important one, than twenty Peloponnesian wars. That experiment has demonstrated to us that, *by going low enough*, you may obtain a public opinion that shall sanction a tyranny over the whole intelligence of the country. A man who, whatever his abilities, had acquired no celebrity in civil or military life, inherits a name; with that name he appeals to the universal suffrage of France; and universal

France gives him permission to do what he will with her laws and institutions—to destroy her parliament—to silence her press—to banish philosophy from her colleges. It is a lesson of the utmost importance; and moreover, a fact which, at the present moment, justifies some alarm. It is not intelligent France we have for our neighbour, but a power which represents its military and its populace, and which surely, if we are to calculate on its duration, is of a very terrific character. But we must pursue our biographical sketch of the life of Niebuhr.

Although our professor never actually shoulders that musket of which we have seen him practising the use, and gets no nearer to the smoke of powder than to survey the battle of Bautzen from the heights, he is involved in all the civil turmoils of the time. He is summoned to Dresden, where the King of Prussia and the Emperor of Russia are in conference together. He follows the Sovereigns to Prague; he is again despatched to Holland, to negotiate there for subsidies with the English commissioners. Saddest event of all, his domestic happiness receives a fatal blow in the death of his wife. She must have been a woman of tender spirit and elevated character. She entered ardently into all the pursuits, and shared all the fame, of her husband. A few days before her death, Niebuhr, as he was holding her in his arms, asked her if there was no pleasure that he could give her—nothing that he could do for her sake. She replied, with a look of unutterable love, “You shall finish your history, whether I live or die.”

The history, however, proceeded very slowly. When public tranquillity was restored, Niebuhr did not return to his professor's chair; he went, as is very generally known, to Rome on a diplomatic mission. Here he spent a considerable portion of his life; and although his residence in that city might seem peculiarly favourable to his great undertaking, yet it proved otherwise;—either his time was occupied in the business or the ceremonial attached to his appointment, or his mind was unhinged. Besides, we have seen, from his own confession, that he needed such stimulants as

those he found at Berlin, of friends, and conversation, and a literary duty, to keep him to one train of inquiry or of labour. It was very much the habit of his mind to propose to himself numerous works or literary investigations. We have amongst his loose memoranda of an earlier date one headed thus, "Works which I have to complete." The list comprises no less than seven works, every one of which would have been a laborious undertaking. No scheme or outline of these several projected books was to be found, but the writer of the Memoir before us remarks that we are not to infer from this that such memoranda contain mere projects, towards whose execution no step was ever taken.

"That Niebuhr proposed," says Madame Hensler, "any such work to himself, was a certain sign that he had read and thought deeply on the subject; but he was able to trust so implicitly to his extraordinary memory, that he never committed any portion of his essays to paper till the whole was complete in his own mind. His memory was so wonderfully retentive that he scarcely ever forgot anything which he had once heard or read, and the facts he knew remained present to him at all times, even in their minutest details.

"His wife and sister once playfully took up Gibbon, and asked him questions from the table of contents about the most trivial things, by way of testing his memory. They carried on the examination till they were tired, and gave up all hope of even detecting him in a momentary uncertainty, though he was at the same time engaged in writing on some other subject."

Niebuhr married a second time. Madame Hensler, accompanied by her niece, had visited him in his affliction; their presence gradually cheered him; and Margaret Hensler, the niece, "soothed him with her gentle attentions, and gave him peculiar pleasure with her sweet singing. After some time he engaged himself to her, and married her before he left Berlin."

We have now to follow him to Rome. The correspondence is here, as indeed throughout these volumes, very entertaining; and it would be utterly impossible to convey to our readers, in our brief survey, a fair impression of the sort of interest this work possesses. The memoir may be

regarded as merely explanatory of the letters, and the letters themselves are not distinguished so much by remarkable passages as by a constantly sustained interest. They are not learned, for the erudite portion of the correspondence has been omitted, but they are never trivial; they perpetually suggest some topic of reflection, and are thoroughly imbued with the character and personality of the writer. We have lately had several biographies of eminent men written on the same plan, the letters being set forth as the most faithful portraiture of the man; but in none of these, so far as we can recall them to mind, are the letters at once so valuable in themselves, and so curious for the insight they give us into the character and feelings of the writer.

In reading Niebuhr's letters from Italy, we must always bear in mind that they are written by one of warm and somewhat irascible temper, and who has a standard of moral excellence which would be thought of a most inconvenient altitude by the people of any country in Europe. He is honest as the day, but open to receive very sudden and much too strong impressions. We must also look at the date of his letters, and ask ourselves what changes may have taken place since Niebuhr wrote. With these precautions, they will be found to convey many very instructive hints. From his first entrance into Italy to the last hour of his residence, he expresses the same opinion of the low standard of intellectual culture amongst its educated classes. Whilst he is yet at Florence, he writes thus:—

"My preconceived opinion of the scholars and higher classes in Italy has proved perfectly correct, as I was convinced would be the case, because I possessed sufficient data to form an accurate idea of them. I have always allowed the existence of individual exceptions, as regards erudition; but even in these cases, there is not that cultivation of the whole man which we demand and deem indispensable. I have become acquainted with two or three literary men of real ability; but, in the first place, they are old men, who have only a few years longer to live; and when they are gone, Italy will be, as they say themselves, in a state of barbarism; and, in the second, they are like statues wrought to be placed in a frieze

on the wall—the side turned towards you is of finished beauty, the other unhewn stone. They are much what our scholars may have been sixty or eighty years ago. No one feels himself a citizen. . . .

"The three genuine and intellectual scholars of my acquaintance, Morelli, Garatoni, and Fontana, are all ecclesiastics. They are, however, only ecclesiastics by profession, for I have not found in them the slightest trace either of a belief in the dogmas of Catholicism, or of the pietism which you meet with in Germany. *When an Italian has once ceased to be a slave of the Church, he never seems to trouble his head about such matters at all. Metaphysical speculations are utterly foreign to his nature, as they were to the old Romans.* Hence the vacuity of mind which has become general since the suppression of freedom, except in the case of those who find a sphere of action in writing literary and historical memoirs. Their public men are immeasurably behind the Germans in knowledge and cultivation."

What matter for reflection there is here, the reader will not need our assistance to point out. Let those who censure Protestantism for the spirit of speculation it is connected with, either as cause or effect, consider how important a part that speculative tendency plays in sustaining the intellectual activity of a people.

When Niebuhr arrives at Rome, the picture that he draws is still darker. Even the antiquities of the city seem to have given him little pleasure; he was more disturbed at what had been taken away than gratified by the little that remained. Then, although he well knew that the life of an ambassador at Rome could not be free from restraint and interruption, yet the courtly formalities he was compelled to observe were far more vexatious than he had anticipated. Housekeeping, too, perplexed him. Things were dear, and men not too honest. "Without a written agreement nothing can be done." In a letter to Savigny, he writes thus :—

"Rome has no right to its name; at most, it should be called New Rome. Not one single street here goes in the same direction as the old one; it is an entirely foreign vegetation that has grown up on a part of the old soil, as insignificant and thoroughly modern in its style as possible, without nationality, without history. It is very characteristic

that the really ancient and the modern city lie almost side by side.

"There are nowhere any remains of anything that it was possible to remove. The ruins all date from the time of the emperors; and he who can get up an enthusiasm about them, must at least rank Martial and Sophocles together. . . . St Peter's, the Sistine Chapel, and the Loggie, are certainly splendid; but even St Peter's is disfigured internally by the wretched statues and decorations.

Science is utterly extinct here. Of philologists, there is none worthy of the name except the aged De Rossi, who is near his end. The people are apathetic.

"This, then, is the country and place in which my life is to be passed! It is but a poor amends that I can get from libraries, and yet my only hope is from the Vatican. That we may be crossed in every way, this is closed till the 5th of November, and to have it opened sooner is out of the question; in other respects, all possible facilities have been promised me by the Pope himself, Cardinal Gonsalvi, Monsignor Testi, and the Prefect of the library, Monsignor Baldi. This last is now engaged in printing, at his own cost, a work on which he has expended six hundred scudi, without hope of receiving any compensation for it. It is on seventeen passages in the Old Testament, in which he has found the cross mentioned by name. . . . At Terni, I found the old art of land-surveying still extant: I rode along what was probably an ancient 'limes,' found the 'rigor,' and the 'V. l'eder.' I shall go there again, if I live till next autumn. It is a charming place. There are at least fifty houses in the town, among them one very large, which date from the Roman times, and which have never yet been observed or described by any traveller. Several of the churches are Roman private houses. If one could but discover in Rome anything like this! I long inexpressibly to have it for my burial-place. Everything is ancient in Terni and its neighbourhood—even the mode of preparing the wine. Oh to have been in Italy five hundred years ago!"

One of the most agreeable topics mentioned in the period of his biography, is the interest Niebuhr took in the new school of German art then springing up at Rome. Every one, from prints and engravings, if from no other source, is now acquainted with the works of Cornelius, Overbeck, Veit, Schadow, and others. They were then struggling with all the usual difficulties of unemployed and

unrecognised genius. Niebuhr neither possessed, nor affected to possess, any special knowledge of art, but he was delighted with the genuine enthusiasm of his fellow-countrymen; he kindled in their society; he was persuaded of their great talent, and exerted whatever influence he possessed in obtaining for them some high employment. He wished that the interior of some church or other public building should be placed at their disposal, to decorate it with suitable paintings. The scattered notices that we find here of these artists we pass over very unwillingly, but we must necessarily confine ourselves to the course of our narrative.

By his first wife, Niebuhr had no family. His second, *Gretchen* as she is affectionately called—and who, we may observe in passing, is described as equally amiable, though not quite so intellectual or cultivated as the first—brought him several children, one son and three daughters. The birth of his son, April 1817, was an event which gave him the keenest delight, and kindled in all their fervour his naturally ardent affections. It was the first thing, we are told, that really dispelled the melancholy that fell on him after the loss of his *Milly*. It is curious and touching to note how he mingled up his reminiscences of his first wife with this gift brought him by the second. Writing to Madame Hensler, he says:—

“The trial is over, but it has been a terrible trial. How *Gretchen* rejoices in the possession of her darling child after all her suffering, you can well imagine. Her patience was indescribable. In my terrible anxiety I prayed most earnestly, and entreated my *Milly*, too, for help. I comforted *Gretchen* with telling her that *Milly* would send help.”

Then come plans for the education of the boy. How much does the following brief extract suggest!—

“I am thinking a great deal about his education. I told you a little while ago how I intended to teach him the ancient languages very early, by practice. I wish the child to believe all that is told him; and I now think you write in an assertion which I have formerly disputed, that it is better to tell children no tales, but to keep to the poets. But while I shall repeat and read the old poets to

him in such a way that he will undoubtedly take the gods and heroes for historical beings, I shall tell him, at the same time, that the ancients had only an imperfect knowledge of the true God, and that these gods were overthrown when Christ came into the world. He shall believe in the letter of the Old and New Testaments, and I shall nurture in him from his infancy a firm faith in all that I have lost, or feel uncertain about.”

On the opposite page we read the following letter to the same correspondent, Madame Hensler:—

“I have spent yesterday and last night in thinking of my *Milly*, and this day, too, is sacred to these recollections. I saw her a few days ago in a dream. She seemed as if returning to me after a long separation. I felt uncertain, as one so often does in dreams, whether she was still living on this earth, or only appeared on it for a transient visit. She greeted me as if after a long absence, asked *hastily* after the child, and took it in her arms.

“Happy are those who can cherish such a hallowing remembrance as that of the departure of my *Milly* with pious faith, trusting for a brighter and eternal spring. Such a faith cannot be acquired by one’s own efforts. Oh that it may one day be my portion!”

“My son shall have a firm faith in all that I have lost, or feel uncertain about!” May the paternal hope, and the paternal confidence in its own “plans of education,” be fully justified.

One thing appears evident, that a residence at Rome (at least at the period when Niebuhr wrote) could not be very propitious to the cultivation of faith in educated minds. What is brought before us very vividly in these letters, and without any purposed design, is the combination of cold, worldly formalism, not to say hypocrisy, with harsh intolerant measures. The priesthood, with whom Niebuhr mingles, detest fanaticism, yet act with systematic bigotry. What union can be more repulsive than this—the cold heart and the heavy hand! A pious Chaldean, a man of great ability, comes to Rome to get a Bible printed there in his native language, under the censorship of the Propaganda. He applies to Niebuhr to assist him with money; Niebuhr exerts himself in his cause. The Chaldean is banished from Rome. His offence is

not, as might perhaps be apprehended, the wish to print the Bible; he has accepted assistance from our Bible Society in carrying out his scheme. In sharp contrast with bigoted conduct of this description, we have Niebuhr's general impression of the utter coldness of heart amongst the ecclesiastics at Rome. They run as follows—(the R. in this extract stands for Ringseis, a physician who had accompanied the Crown Prince of Bavaria to Rome, and who was a zealous and pious Catholic):—

“About the Italians you will have heard R's. testimony, and we Protestants can leave it to him to paint the clergy, and the state of religion in this country. In fact, we are all cold and dead compared to his indignation. His society has been a great pleasure to us all, even to our reserved friend Bekker, who in general turns pale at the very thought of Popery, and finds me far too indulgent. With an enthusiast so full of heart as R. you can get on; between such a luxuriance of fancy and the unshackled reason, there is much such an analogy as subsists between science and art; whilst, on the contrary, the slavish subjection to the Church is ghastly death. The most superficial prophet of so-called enlightenment cannot have a more sincere aversion to enthusiasm than the Roman priesthood; and, in fact, their superstition bears no trace of it. Little as the admirers of Italy care for my words, I know that I am perfectly correct in saying, that even among the laity you cannot discover a vestige of piety.”

Meanwhile the years pass on, and the education of the little boy really begins. Niebuhr says he succeeds in the task better than he could venture to hope. Our readers cannot but be curious to know what was the course of instruction the great historian pursued.

“Marcus already knows no inconsiderable number of Latin words, and he understands grammar so well that I can now set him to learn parts of the conjunctions without their teasing him like dead matter: he derives many of the forms from his own feeling. I am reading with him selected chapters from Hygin's *Mythologium*—a book which perhaps it is not easy to use for this purpose, and which yet is more suited to it than any other, from the absence of formal periods, and the interest of the narrative. For German, I write fragments of the Greek mythology for him. I began with the

history of the Argonauts; I have now got to the history of Hercules. I give everything in a very free and picturesque style, so that it is as exciting as poetry to him: and, in fact, he reads it with such delight that we are often interrupted by his cries of joy. The child is quite devoted to me; but this educating costs me a great deal of time. However, I have had my share of life, and I shall consider it as a reward for my labours if this young life be as fully and richly developed as lies within my power.

“Unexpected thoughts often escape him. Two days ago he was sitting beside me and began, ‘Father, the ancients believed in the old gods; but they must have believed also in the true God. The old gods were just like men.’”

All this time we have said nothing of the political embassy of Niebuhr. He was appointed ambassador to Rome to negotiate a concordat with the Pope. But it appears that several years elapsed before he received his instructions from his own court. We hardly know, therefore, whether to say that the negotiations were prolonged, or that their commencement had been delayed. Niebuhr always speaks in high terms of the Pope, (Pius VII.,) as a man every way estimable. Between them a very friendly feeling seems to have subsisted. There does not appear, therefore, to have been any peculiar or vexatious delay on the part of the Holy See. After Niebuhr had been in Rome more than four years, Count Hardenberg, the Prussian minister, who had been attending the conference at Laybach, made his appearance on the scene. To him, as we gather from the very brief account before us, was attributed with some unfairness the merit of concluding the negotiations. However this might be, the terms of this concordat were at length agreed upon, and Niebuhr had no longer any peculiar mission to detain him at Rome. Shortly afterwards he petitioned for leave of absence, and returned to Germany. He never went back again to Rome, but happily resumed the professor's chair—this time, however, in the University of Bonn; or rather he delivered lectures at Bonn, for it does not appear that he was an appointed professor.

But before we leave Rome for Bonn, or diplomacy for the profes-

social duties, we must glance at a little essay given us in the appendix, written by Chevalier Bunsen, and entitled *Niebuhr as a Diplomatist in Rome*. Bunsen was, during part of this period, secretary to the embassy, and of course in perpetual communication with Niebuhr. The few anecdotes he relates present us with a very distinct picture of this German Cato amongst the modern Romans. Judging by what are popularly understood to be the qualifications of a diplomatist, we should certainly say that our historian was by no means peculiarly fitted for this department of the public service. He was an unbending man, had much of the stoic in his principles, though very little of the stoic in his affections, and was more disposed to check or crush the hollow frivolity about him than to yield to it, or to play with it. He could throw a whole dinner-table into consternation, by solemnly denouncing the tone of levity which the conversation had assumed. At the house of some prince in Rome the events then transpiring in Greece had led Niebuhr to speak with earnestness on the future destiny of the Christian Hellenes. On the first pause that occurred, a fashionable diner-out contrived to turn the conversation, and in a few moments the whole table was alive with a discussion—on this important point, whether a certain compound sold at the Roman coffee-houses, under the slang name of “aurora,” was mostly coffee or mostly chocolate! Niebuhr sat silent for some time; but he, too, took advantage of the next pause to express his indignation and surprise, that “in such times, and with such events occurring around us, we should be entertained with such miserable trifles!” For a short time all were mute. Not a very diplomatic style, we should say, of conversation.

It was very characteristic of such a man, that, on the occasion of giving a grand entertainment in his character of ambassador, he should have the music of the Sistine Chapel performed in his house. He detested the modern Italian operatic music. He thought it becoming his ambassadorial position that something national should be selected. He therefore chose that celebrated music which

all foreigners make it a point of duty to go and listen to at the Sistine Chapel during Passion Week. When the gay assemblage, after an animated conversation, repaired for the concert to the brilliantly lighted saloon, a choir of sixteen singers from the chapel filled the air with their solemn strains. We do not wonder, as Chevalier Bunsen says, that “the assembly was evidently seized with a peculiar feeling,” or that many of them stole away to something they thought more amusing.

Even his connection with the learned men of Rome was not of long continuance. But this was owing to no want of sympathy in their studies or pursuits on the part of Niebuhr, as the following anecdote will testify—(those who know Leopardi as a poet will read it with peculiar interest):—

“I still remember the day when he (Niebuhr) entered with unwonted vivacity the office in which I was writing, and exclaimed, ‘I must drive out directly to seek out the greatest philological genius of Italy that I have as yet heard of, and make his acquaintance. Just look at the man’s critical remarks upon the *Chronicle of Eusebius*. What acuteness! What real erudition! I have never seen anything like it before in this country—I must see the man.’

“In two hours he came back. ‘I found him at last with a great deal of trouble, in a garret of the Palazzo Mattei. Instead of a man of mature age, I found a youth of two or three and twenty, deformed, weakly, and who has never had a good teacher, but has fed his intellect upon the books of his grandfather, in his father’s house at Recanati; has read the classics and the Fathers; is, at the same time, as I hear, one of the first poets and writers of his nation, and is withal poor, neglected, and evidently depressed. One sees in him what genius this richly endowed nation possesses.’ Capei has given a pleasing and true description of the astonishment experienced by both the great men at their first meeting; of the tender affection with which Niebuhr regarded Leopardi, and all that he did for him.”

Our diminishing space warns us that we must limit ourselves to the last scene of the life and labours of Niebuhr. After some intervals spent at Berlin, he took up his residence at Bonn, recommenced his lectures, recommenced his History. Before proceeding further in his task, he found

it necessary to revise the two volumes already published. In this revision he engaged so zealously that he almost re-wrote them. The third volume, as is well known, was not published in his lifetime: the manuscript was revised for the press by his friend and disciple, Professor Classen.

This and other manuscripts ran the risk of being consumed by the flames; for his new house, in the planning and arrangement of which he had taken much pleasure, was burnt down on the night of the 6th February 1830. It was indeed a misfortune, he said, but he did not feel as he felt "that night when he was near headquarters at the battle of Bautzen, and believed the cause of his country to be, if not lost, in the most imminent peril." But though much else was destroyed, the books and papers were preserved; and there was great rejoicing when here and there a precious treasure was found again, which had been looked on as lost; and the reappearance of the longed-for manuscript of the second volume of the history (then going through the press) was greeted with hearty cheers.

The prospect of public affairs, now embroiled by the French Revolution of 1830, seems to have disturbed him more than the loss of his house. From the selfishness of the governing party, and the rashness of their opponents, he was disposed to predict the saddest results—loss of freedom, civil and religious. "In fifty years," he says in one place, "and probably much less, there will be no trace left of free institutions, or the freedom of the press, throughout all Europe—at least on the Continent." In this enforced darkness, Protestantism would, of course, have no chance against her great antagonist. Wherever the spirit of mental freedom decays, the Roman Catholic must triumph. He says, "Already, all the old evils have awakened to full activity; all the priestcraft, all, even the most gigantic plans for conquest and subjugation; and there is no doubt that they are secretly aiming at, and working towards, a religious war, and all that tends to bring it on."

The interest which Niebuhr took in the public events of Europe was indirectly the cause of his last illness. One evening he spent a considerable

time waiting and reading in the hot news-room, without taking off his thick fur cloak, and then returned home through the cold frosty night air, heated in mind and body. He looked in, as he passed, on his friend Classen, to unburden some portion of his fervid cares for the universal commonwealth. "But," said he, "I have taken a severe chill, I must go to bed." And from the couch he then sought he never rose again.

"On the afternoon of the 1st of January 1830," thus concludes the account of his last days which we have from the pen of Professor Classen, "he sank into a dreamy slumber: once, on awakening, he said that pleasant images floated before him in sleep; now and then he spoke French in his dreams; probably he felt himself in the presence of his departed friend De Serre. As the night gathered, consciousness gradually faded away; he woke up once more about midnight, when the last remedy was administered; he recognised in it a medicine of doubtful operation, never resorted to but in extreme cases, and said in a faint voice, 'What essential substance is this? Am I so far gone?' These were his last words; he sank back on his pillow, and within an hour his noble heart had ceased to beat."

Any attempt at the final estimate of Niebuhr as a historian, we have already said we shall not make. The permanence of the structure that he has reared must be tested by time and the labours of many scholars. Indeed, where a reputation like this is concerned, old father Time will be slow in his operations—he is a long while trimming the balance and shuffling the weights—perhaps new weights are to be made. Niebuhr's great and salutary influence in historical literature, we repeat, is undeniable; and this signal merit will always be accorded to him. For his character as a man, this is better portrayed even by the few extracts we have been able to make from his letters, than by any summary or description we could give. But these extracts have necessarily been brief, and are unavoidably taken, here and there, from letters which it would have been much more desirable to quote *in extenso*, and therefore we recommend every reader who can bestow the leisure, to read these volumes for himself. He will find them, in the best sense of the word, very amusing.

THOMAS MOORE.

THE recent death of the Poet Moore has rendered it incumbent on us, as taking an interest in the literary honour of the empire, to give a brief sketch of his career. In this outline we scarcely need say that we shall be guided by the most perfect impartiality. We have the due feeling for the memory of genius, and the due respect for the sacredness of the grave. Though differing from Moore in political opinions, we shall be willing to give him the praise of sincerity; and, though declining panegyric, we shall with equal willingness give our tribute to the talents which adorned his country.

It is to be hoped that a Memoir will be supplied by some of those friends to whose known ability such a work can be intrusted; and with as much of his personal correspondence, and personal history, as may be consistent with the feelings of his family and the regard for his fame.

Thomas Moore was born in Dublin on the 30th of May 1780. His parentage was humble; but it is the glory of Britain to disregard pedigree, where nature has given the ability which leads to distinction.

The period at which Moore first came before the public eye was one singularly exciting to Ireland. The Civil War under James II. had left bitterness in the Roman Catholic mind, and the Penal Laws gave ample topics for the declaimers. But, from the commencement of the reign of George III., those laws had undergone a course of extinction, and all the harsher parts of their pressure were gradually abolished.

We are not the panegyrists of those laws; they erred, in making the *religious belief* of the Romanist an object of penalty. Faith, let it be of whatever blindness, cannot be enlightened by force of law. But we are to remember, that the Irish Roman Catholics had been in *arms* against their sovereign; that they had shed English blood in the quarrel of a religion notoriously persecuting; that they had brought foreign troops into the country in aid of their rebellion; and

that they had formed an alliance with France, then at war with England. It was further to be remembered, that in their Parliament under a returned rebel, who had abdicated the throne of both islands—and whose success would have made Ireland a vassal, as he himself was a pensioner, of France—they had confiscated (against the most solemn promises) the property of two hundred leading Protestants, and would have eventually confiscated the whole property of Protestantism.

Ireland had made itself a field of battle, and the only relief for its emergencies was to make it a *garrison*.

The wisdom of that measure was shown in its fruits—the true test of all statesmanship: Ireland remained undisturbed for *seventy* years. During the party and popular fritations of the two first Brunswick reigns, during the two Scottish invasions of 1715 and 1715, and during the American war, Ireland was perfectly tranquil—certainly not through loyalty, and as certainly through law. At that time there was no favoured party of agitation—no faction suffered to clamour itself into place, and the country into tumult. There was no relaxation of the laws of the land for scandalous intrigue or insolent importunity. The rule was strict, and strictly administered; no manufacture of grievance was permitted to give a livelihood to a disturber, and no celebrity was in the power of a demagogue, but the ascent to the pillory. Common sense, public justice, and vigilant law, were the *triad* which governed Ireland, and their fruits were seen in the most rapid, vigorous, and extensive improvement of the country. No kingdom of Europe had ever so quickly obliterated the traces of civil war. Improvement was visible, in every form of national progress. Ireland had previously been a country of pasture, and, of course, of depopulation: it became a country of tillage. It had formerly been totally destitute of commerce: it now pushed its trade to the thriving States of America, and grew

in wealth by the hour. It was formerly compelled, by the want of native manufactures, to purchase the clothing of its population from England : it now established the northern province as an emporium of the linen trade, which it still holds, and which is more than a gold mine to a crowded population.

The increase of human life in Ireland was perhaps the most memorable in the annals of statistics. In the beginning of the eighteenth century the population was calculated at little more than 700,000. It now started forth by *millions*. And the national increase of wealth, intelligence, and public spirit, was shown in a manner equally significant and singular. Ireland had the honour of *inventing* (if we may use the word) the Volunteers. The threat of a French invasion had alarmed the people, and Parliament asked the important question of the Viceroy, What forces were provided for the defence of the kingdom? His answer was, that he had but 7000 men at his disposal. The nation instantly determined to take the defence on themselves, and they raised an army such as the world had never before seen—wholly spontaneous in its rise, self-equipped, serving without pay, self-disciplined—80,000 men ready for the field!

The armies of Greece and Rome, even when republican, were *conscriptions*; the *levée en masse* in France was compulsory, and the guillotine was the recruiting officer; the gigantic columns of the Imperial armies were chiefly raised under the absolute scourge. The *land-sturm* of the Germans was created under the rigidity of a system which drove the whole population into the field—rightly and righteously drove them; for what but the low selfishness of brawling and bustling Radicalism, or the petty penury of superannuated avarice, would declare it a hardship to defend one's own country, or hesitate to pay the manly and necessary expenditure which fitted them for that defence? But Ireland, without hesitation, and without stipulation—without the pitiful pusillanimity of a weaver's soul and body, or the shrinking selfishness of a pawnbroker in the shape

of a legislator—rushed to arms, and scared away invasion!

The expense of this illustrious effort was enormous, the occupation of time incalculable—but the act was heroic. And let what will come, whether Ireland is to have a career worthy of her natural powers, or to perish under the ascendancy of her deadly superstition, that *act* will form the brightest jewel in her historic diadem, as it will the noblest inscription on her tomb. But the whole effort implied the prosperity, as well as the patriotism, of the kingdom. Paupers cannot equip themselves for the field. The country must have had substantial resources to meet the expenditure. The arming of the volunteers would have exhausted the treasury of half the sovereigns of Europe, and yet the country bore it freely, fearlessly, and without feeling the slightest embarrassment in those efforts which were at the moment extending her interests through the world.

We have alluded to this fragment of Irish history, because it illustrates the system of fraud and falsehood under which pretended patriotism in Ireland has labelled, and continues to libel, England—a system which talks of peace, while it is perpetually provoking hostility; which boasts of its zeal for the country, while it is cutting up every root of national hope;—and which is equally boastful in the streets, and cowardly in the field.

But another crisis came, and the manliness of the national character was to be tried in a still severer emergency. The Penal Laws were virtually extinguished, on the presumption that Popery was reconcilable by benefits, and that Irish patriotism was not always the language of conspiracy. The mistake was soon discernible in a Popish League for the subversion of the English Government. The "United Irishmen"—a name in itself a falsehood, for the object was to crush one-half of the nation, by establishing the tyranny of the other—were formed into a League. But the League was broken up, not in the field, but in the dungeon, and the insurrection was extinguished by the executioner. Wolfe Tone, the Secretary of the United Irishmen, came over, in a French ship of war, to

effect the *peaceful* liberation of his "aggrieved country," was imprisoned, and cut his own throat. Lord Edward Fitzgerald, the hero of novels, and the martyr of poetry, lurked in the capital, in the *soldierly* disguise of a milkwoman, was taken in his bed, wounded in the arrest, and died of the wound. Not one of the leading conspirators died in the field; all who were not hanged begged their lives, delivered up their secrets for their own contemptible safety, and were transported to America, there to recover their courage, and wipe off their shame, by libelling England.

But among the most cruel acts of those villains was the attempt to involve the students of the University in their crime. Their converts were few, and those among the most obscure; but those were effectually ruined. A visitation was held under the Lord Chancellor Clare, and the delinquents were chiefly expelled. On this occasion Moore was questioned. His intimacy with the family of the Emmetts, who seem all to have been implicated in the charge, and his peculiar intercourse with the unfortunate and guilty Robert Emmett, who, a few years after, was hanged for open insurrection, rendered him liable to suspicion. He was accordingly examined at that formidable tribunal. But his stature was so undersized, his appearance so boyish, and his answers were given with such evident simplicity, that, to suppose *him* intrusted with the secrets of conspiracy, still less the sharer of a sanguinary revolt, seemed next to impossible, and he was dismissed without animadversion. Thus the future author of so many strains on the slavery of Ireland, and the tyranny of England, the publisher of such stores—

"Of fluent verse, and furious prose,
Sweet songster of fictitious woes"—

was "quite pour la peur," and sent to receive the plaudits of his friends for his firmness, and the cautions of his own common sense with respect to his intimacies for the future.

Moore's want of stature was an actual misfortune to him through life, which, though not shown with the bitterness of Byron on his lameness,

must have been a source of perpetual vexation in society. He was one of the smallest men, perhaps, in existence, above a dwarf. Yet he was well-proportioned; and his lively countenance, which looked the very mirror of good-nature, aided by his manners, which had by instinct the grace of good society, made his figure, after the first introduction, almost forgotten. When he had established his fame; of course, none adverted to defects of any kind, and the "little Tom Moore" of Ireland became the Mr Moore of England, by the consent of all circles. He possessed, also, those gifts which create popularity. The people of Ireland have a remarkable fondness for music, and Moore was a musician by nature. Of music he knew nothing as a science, but he felt its soul. The heavy harmonies of Germany—in which the chief object is to show the toil of the performer and the patience of his auditory, to press discords into the service, and to crush the very sense of pleasure—would not have been endured by the Irish, who, like all lovers of the genuine art, prefer songs to musical problems, and to be bewitched rather than be bewildered. Moore, accordingly, cultivated the finer part—its feeling. He has been heard to say, "that if he had an original turn for anything, it was for music;" and he certainly produced, in his earliest career, some of the most original, tender, and tasteful melodies in existence for the Piano, which he touched with slight, but sufficient skill; and, sung to his own soft and sweet lines, he realised more of the *magic* of music than any performer whom we ever heard.

This subject, however apparently trivial, is not trifling in a Memoir of Moore; for, independently of its being his chief introduction into society, it was a *characteristic* of the man. He was the originator of a style, in which he had many imitators, but no equal; and after he abandoned it for other means of shining, almost no follower. It was neither Italian, nor, as we have observed, German; it had neither the frivolity of the French school nor the wildness of the Irish; it was exclusively his own—a mixture of the playful and the pathetic;

sweet, and yet singular; light, and yet often drawing tears. This effect, the finest in music—for what taste would compare a Sinfonia to a song?—he accomplished by the admirable management of a sweet voice, though but of small compass, accompanied by a few chords of the instrument, rather filling up the intervals of the voice than loading them: the whole rather an exquisite recitation than a song; the singer more the *minstrel* than the *musician*.

This description of his early powers, however extravagant it may seem to strangers, will be recognised as literally true by those who heard him in Ireland, and in the budding of his talent. He was an *inventor*; his art required the united taste of the composer and the poet, and this accounts for its having perished with him.

But a larger field was soon to open before Moore. The Rebellion of 1798 was a death-blow to the hopes of all those sanguine speculators who longed to become Presidents of the new republic. It drained the national resources—it disgusted the national understanding—it made Ireland disunited, and England at once contemptuous of Irish feeling, and suspicious of Irish loyalty. The safety of the empire obviously rendered it impossible to leave in its rear a nation which might throw itself, at a moment's notice, into the arms of France, Spain, or America—which had actually solicited a French army, and which still carried on transactions amounting to treason at home, and alliance abroad. Thus, the *regenerators* of Ireland, instead of raising her to a republic, sank her into a province. Even the dream of national independence was at an end; her Parliament was extinguished, and the only reality was the UNION.

Still, though the national pride was deeply hurt by the measure, the graver judgment of the nation acquiesced in the extinction of the Legislature. This was the fruit of those concessions which had been made by the ignorance of Government, and demanded by the intrigues of the Opposition. From the period of lowering the franchise to the Roman Catholic forty-shilling freeholder, the votes of the Romish peasantry became to the Government a terror, to the Oppo-

sition a snare, and to both, the sources of a new policy. In a few sessions more, the Parliament must have become almost totally *Papist*. Thus, after much declamation in the clubs, and much murmuring in the streets—after threats of declaring the mover of the measure “an enemy to his country”—and after a duel between the celebrated Grattan, the head of the Opposition, and Corry, the Chancellor of the Irish Exchequer, the diadem was taken off the head of Ireland, and quietly lodged in Whitehall. England thenceforth became the field of Irish ambition, and the mart of Irish ability.

Moore came to London apparently for the purpose of commencing his studies as a barrister. Whether his volatile and fanciful spirit would have relished the details of a profession demanding so much labour in its rudiments, and so much perseverance in its pursuit, is now not worth a question, for he probably never opened a book of law; but he had brought with him a book of a more congenial kind: a translation of *Anacreon*, to be published by subscription, and dedicated “by permission” to the Prince of Wales, (George IV.,)—an honour obtained, like all his early popularity, through his musical accomplishments.

Moore was not a scholar, in the sense of a Markland or a Bentley; but he had the best part of scholarship, the spirit of his author. The elegance of this versification of the old Greek lover of “smiles and wine” was universally acknowledged. All former translations of *Anacreon* were poor and pedantic, to the richness and grace of the volume then offered to the public eye.

Whether the original was the work of Ionia or Athens; whether one-half of the Odes were not *imitations* in later Greek, with Gregory Nazianzen and a dozen others for their authors; whether Polycrates or Hipparchus was their patron—in short, the questions which still perplex Oxford, and break the rest of Cambridge—which drive both into the logomachies of Tentonic criticism, and waste English pens and patience on the imported drudgeries of the Leipsic press—were matters which gave the translator but slight trouble. Nature had created him for

the translation—the praises of wine and beauty, of flowers and sunshine, were a language of his own; they formed his style through the greater part of his life; and Cupid and Bacchus never had a laureate more devoted, and more successful.

After lingering for some years in London, fêted by the great and followed by the little, Moore was appointed to an office in the West Indies. Thus was harshly hazarded the life of a man of genius; and the talent which was destined to distinguish his country was sent to take its chance of the yellow fever. The guest of princes and the favourite of fashion must have felt many a pang at finding himself consigned to Bermuda. The poetic romance of the “still vexed Bermoothes” was probably insufficient to console him for the pavilion at Brighton, and the soirees of Portman Square. But necessity must not deliberate—the *res angusta domi* was imperative—and he submitted to banishment with the grace and gaiety that never forsook him. The appointment was unfortunate. Connected with the public revenue, it had been transacted by deputy; and Moore, on his arrival, found himself answerable for the chasms in the official chest. No one charged him with those chasms. But, as the lawyers hold, “the Crown makes no bad debts,” the unlucky poet was responsible in a sum which would have mortgaged all Parnassus, and made the Nine insolvent. The appointment was finally resigned, and Moore, *solutus negotiis*, shook off the dust of his feet against the gates of the West Indies.

Taking advantage of his proximity to America, he now resolved to visit the great Republic, Canada, and the wonder of the Transatlantic world, Niagara!

America was made by Moore the subject of some spirited poetry; but it had another effect, less expected, yet equally natural—it cured him of Republicanism. The lofty superstitions which haunt the sepulchres of Greece and Rome, the angry ambition which stimulated the Irish patriot into revolt, or that fantasy of righting the wrongs of all mankind, which put live coals into the hands of the Frenchman to heap on the altar of imaginary

freedom, were all extinguished by the hard reality before his eyes. He found the Americans, as all have found them, vigorous, active, and persevering in their own objects; men of canals, corduroy roads, and gigantic warehouses; sturdy reclaimers of the swamp and the forest; bold backwoodsmen, and shrewd citizens, as they ought to be; but neither poets nor painters, nor touched with the tenderesses of romance, nor penetrating the profound of philosophy. Even their patriotism startled the mourner over the sufferings of the *Isle of Saints*; and the *Ledger*, more honoured than the *Legend*, offended all his reveries of a

“Paradise beyond the main,
Unknown to lucre, lash, and chain.”

Even the habits of Republicanism were found too primitive to be pleasing. He had the honour of an interview with Jefferson, then president; and this “four years’ monarch” received him in his nightgown and slippers, and stretched at his length on a sofa. Moore recoiled at this display of *nonchalance*, and would have been perfectly justified in turning on his heel, and leaving this vulgarity to the indulgence of “showing a Britisher” the manners of a “free and intelligent citizen.” This rough specimen of freedom disgusted him, as well it might; and though Republicanism in rhyme might still amuse his fancy, he evidently shrank from the reality ever after.

Canada increased his poetical sketches. He wrote some spirited Odes on its stern landscape, and some bitter lines on the United States, in revenge for its extinction of his dreams. But, with America, he left all revolution behind him, and never more cast a “longing, lingering look” on the subversion of thrones.

On his return to Europe, he found it necessary to consider into what new path he was to turn. He had long left the hope of shining on the bench; office was now closed upon him; authorship was his only resource; and to authorship he turned with all the quickness of his nature, sharpened by the Roman’s

“MAGISTER ARTIS, VENTER.”

The exertion became more important to him, from his having made a disinterested match; and, in the spirit of a poet, been contented to take beauty as the marriage portion. He now retired into the country, and prepared for a life of vigorous authorship. In this choice, he evidently consulted his immediate circumstances more than the natural direction of his mind. Such a man was made for cities; all his habits were social, and he must have languished for society. The cooing of doves and the songs of nightingales were not the music to accompany such verses as these—

"Fly not yet, 'tis just the hour,
When pleasure, like the midnight flower,
That scorns the eye of vulgar light,
Begins to bloom for sons of night,
And maids who love the moon."

We can imagine the look of melancholy with which, after having finished his stanzas, Moore gave a moonlight glance to the woods and wilds, as he stood at his cottage door, and thought of the lively scenes at that moment glittering in London. Solitude may be the place of the philosopher, and universities the stronghold of science; but, for the knowledge of life, the play of character, the vigour of manly competitorship, and even the variety of views, events, and character, which make the true materials of the poetic faculty, association with our kind is indispensable. The poet in retirement either becomes the worship of a circle of women, who pamper him with panegyric, until he degenerates into silliness; or, living alone, becomes the worse thing—a worshipper of himself. Like a garrison cut off from its supplies, he lives on short allowance of ideas; like a hermit, thinks his rags sanctity, and his nonsense Oracles; or, like Robinson Crusoe, imagines his geese conversible, and his island an empire.

It is true, that Moore suffered less from this famine of poetic food than most of his race. His buoyancy of spirit never lost sight wholly of London, and his annual visit to the concerts and conversations of Berkeley Square, and other scenes of high life, refreshed his recollections. But when he tells us that *Lalla Rookh* was written "amid the snows of two or three Derbyshire winters," and, in a

phraseology which seems like apologising to himself for this exile, talks of his "being enabled by that concentration of thought, which retirement alone can give, to call up around him some of the sunniest of his Eastern scenes," the very toil and turgidity of the language show us that he felt himself in the *wrong* place. In fact, now that naked necks, turned-down shirt-collars, and dishevelled hair, no longer make poets à la Byron—when even the white waistcoats of Young England are no longer proof of chivalry—we wish to save the innocent hearts and fantastic heads of the rising generation from the experiment which Don Quixote performed so little to the satisfaction of Sancho Panza in the desert. We never heard of a great poet living a hundred miles from a metropolis. Contiguity to the world of men and women was essential. All the leaders of the tribe lived as near London as they could. Cowley lived within a walk, Pope within a drive, Milton within sight, of the walls—Shakespeare saw London Bridge every day of his life—Dryden lived in the Grecian Coffee-house—Byron, with his own goodwill, never would have stirred out of Bond Street; and when the newspapers and Doctors' Commons at length drove him abroad, he nestled down in Venice, instead of singing among the slopes of the Apennines, or acting distraction among the pinnacles of the Alps. It is even not improbable that the last few and melancholy years of Moore's life owed some of their depression to the weariness of this unnatural solitude.

On his return from America in 1803, we lose sight of him for a while. He was then probably harassed by government transactions connected with his luckless appointment; but in 1805 he gave unhappy evidence of his revival by the publication of *Poems by Mr Thomas Little*.

We have no desire to speak of this work. Perhaps "his poverty, but not his will," was in fault. He made some kind of apology at the time, by attributing the performance "to an imagination which had become the slave of the passions;" and subsequently he made the better apology of excluding it from his collected

volumes. Yet, in this work, he did less harm to society than injustice to himself. The graver classes, of course, repelled it at once; the fashionable world took but little notice of a book which could not be laid in their drawing-rooms; and the profligate could be but little excited by its babyisms, for Moore's amatory poems were always babyish. They wanted, in a remarkable degree, the fervency of passion. They prattled rather than felt: they babbled of lips and eyes like an impudent child; their Cupid was always an Urchin, and the urchin was always in the nursery. His verses of this school were flowing, but they never rose above prettiness; they never exhibited love in its living reality—in its seriousness and power—its madness of the brain, and absorption of the soul—its overwhelming raptures, and its terrible despair. There is a deeper sense of the truth and nature of *passion* in a single ballad of Burns than in all the amatory poems that Moore ever wrote.

The injustice to himself consisted in his thus leaving it in the hands of every stranger, to connect the life of the man with the licentiousness of the author. Yet we have never heard that his life was other than decorous; his conversation certainly never offended general society—his manners were polished—and we believe that his mind was at all times innocent of evil intention. Still, these poems threw a long shade on the gentle lustre of his fame.

He now fell under the lash of the *Edinburgh Review*, never more sternly, and seldom so justly, exercised. Moore indignantly sent a message to the editor. Jeffrey, refusing to give up the name of the Zoilus in disguise, accepted the message, and the parties met. Fortunately some friend, with more sense than either, sent also *his* message, but it was to the Bow Street magistrates, and the belligerents were captured on the field. In conveying the instruments of war to Bow Street, the bullets had fallen out; and this circumstance was, of course, too comic to be forgotten by the wits. The press shot forth its epigrams, the point of which was the harmlessness of the hostilities. It was observed—

"That the pistols were leadless
Is no sort of news,
For blank-cartridge should always
Be fired at *Reviews*."

We transcribe but another squib.

"A Scotchman and Irishman went out to fight,
Both equal in fierceness, both equal in fright;
Not a pin, 'twixt the heroes, in valour to choose,
The son of the *Scissors*, and son of the Muse."

The whole affair was an illustration of the barbaric absurdity of duelling. Lord Brougham was subsequently supposed to be the layer on of the critical lash. If Jeffrey had given him up, Moore would have shot him if he could; and if Brougham had survived, he would have shot Jeffrey. Thus, two of the cleverest men of their day might have been victims to the bastard chivalry of the nineteenth century. How Moore himself would have fared in the fray, no one can tell; but being as honourably savage as any of his countrymen, and as untameable as a tiger-cat, he would certainly have shot somebody, or got pistolled himself.

His next work was an opera. This attempt did not encourage him in trial of the stage. It had but a brief existence. Moore, though lively, was not a wit; and though inventive, was not dramatic. The inimitable "*Duenna*" of the inimitable Sheridan has expelled all Opera from the English stage, by extinguishing all rivalry.

But a broader opportunity now spread before him. A musical collector in Ireland had compiled a volume of the Native melodies, which, though generally rude in science, and always accompanied by the most aboriginal versification, attracted some publicity. Moore, in his happiest hour, glanced over these songs, and closed with the proposal of a publisher in Ireland to write the poetry, and bring the melodies themselves into a *civilised* form. The latter object he effected by the assistance of Stevenson, an accomplished musician, and even a popular composer: the former might be safely intrusted to himself.

It is to be remembered (though Ireland may be wroth to the bottom of its sensibilities) that its most

remote musical pedigree falls within the last century; that all beyond is shared with Scotland; and that the harmonies which Ossian shook from his harp, and which rang in the palaces of Fingal, and the nursing of Romulus and Remus, have equal claims to authenticity. Beyond the last century, the claims of Ireland to music were disputed by Scotland; and there was a species of partnership in their popular airs. But the true musician of Ireland was Carolan, a blind man who wandered about the houses of the country gentlemen, like Scott's minstrel, except that his patriotism was less prominent than his love of eating and drinking. He thought more of pay than of Party, and limited his Muse to her proper subjects—Love and Wine. But he was a musician by nature, and therefore worth ten thousand by art; and the finest melodies in Moore's portfolio were the product of a mind which had no master, and no impulse but its genius.

Time had not weaned Moore from the absurdity of imagining that every rebel must be a hero, or that men who universally begged their lives, or died by the rope, were the true regenerators of the country. His early connection with the Emmett family had been distressingly renewed by the execution of Robert Emmett, justly punished for a combination of folly and wickedness, perhaps without example in the narratives of impotent convulsion. Emmett was a barrister, struggling through the first difficulties of his difficult profession, when somebody left him a luckless legacy of five hundred pounds. He laid it all out in powder and placards, and resolved to "make a Rebellion." Without any one man of note to join him, without even any one patron or member of faction to give the slightest assistance, without any one hope but in *miracle*, he undertook to overthrow the Government, to crush the army, to extinguish the Constitution, to remodel the Aristocracy, to scourge the Church, to abolish the throne, and, having achieved these easy matters, to place Mr Robert Emmett on the summit of Irish empire.

Accordingly, he purchased a green coat with a pair of gold epaulettes;

rushed from a hovel in a back street, at the head of about fifty vagabonds with pikes; was met and beaten by a party of yeomanry going to parade; ran away with his *army*; hid himself in the vicinity of Dublin for a few days; was hunted out, and was tried and hanged. Those are the actual features of the transaction, where poetry has done its utmost to blazon the revolt, and partisanship has lavished its whole budget of lies on the heroism of the revoler; those *are* the facts, and the only facts, of Mr Robert Emmett's revolution.

Moore made his full advantage of the disturbances of the time; and it must be allowed that they wonderfully improved his poetry. Their strong reality gave it a strength which it never possessed before, and the imaginary pontings of boys and girls were vividly exchanged for the imaginary grievances of men. What can be more animated than these lines:—

"Oh, for the swords of former time!

Oh, for the men who bore them!

When, armed for Right, they stood sublime,

And tyrants crouched before them.

When, pure yet, ere courts began

With honours to enslave him,

The best honours worn by man,

Were those which virtue gave him.

Oh, for the swords, &c."

Or this—

LAMENT.

"Forget not the field where they perished,

The truest, the last of the brave!

All gone, and the bright hope we cherished

Gone with them, and quenched in their grave.

Oh, could we from Death but recover

Those hearts as they bountied before,

In the face of high heaven to fight over

This combat for freedom once more."

The phrase used in the speeches of the late "Agitator," till it grew ridiculous by the repetition, will be found in the following fine lines:—

"Remember thee! yes, while there's life in this heart,

It shall never forget thee, all lorn as thou art,
More dear in thy sorrow, thy gloom and thy showers,

Than the rest of the world in their sunniest hours.

Wert thou all that I wish thee, great, glorious, and free,

First flower of the earth, and first gem of the sea,

I might hail thee with prouder, with happier
brow,
But, oh, could I love thee more deeply than
now?
No! thy chains, as they rankle, thy blood, as
it runs,
But make thee more painfully dear to thy
sons,
Whose hearts, like the young of the desert-
bird's nest,
Drink love in each life-drop that flows from
thy breast." *

It would be *cruel* to ask for the evidence of all this tyranny—a link of the chains that rankle on the limbs of Ireland, or a drop of the blood that so perpetually oozes from her wounds. But poetry is privileged to be as "unhappy" as it pleases—to weep over sorrows unfelt by the world—and to fabricate wrongs, only to have the triumph of sweeping them away. We would tolerate half the harangues of the Irish disturbers for one poet like Moore.

Some of the most finished of those verses were devoted to the memory of Emmett, and they could not have been devoted to a subject more unworthy of his poetry. In Ireland, for the last five hundred years, every fault, folly, and failure of the nation is laid to the charge of England. The man who *invents* a "grievance" is sure to be popular; but if he is to achieve the supreme triumph of popularity, he must fasten his grievance on the back of England; and if he pushes his charge into practice, and is ultimately banished or hanged, he is canonised in the popular calendar of patriotism. This absurdity, equally unaccountable and incurable, actually places Emmett in the rank of the Wallaces and Kosciuskos;—thus degrading men of conduct and courage, encountering great hazards for great principles, with a selfish simpleton, a trifler with conspiracy, and a runaway from the first sight of the danger which he himself had created. Moore's hero was a feeble romancer; his national regenerator a street rioter; and his patriotic statesman merely a giddy gambler, who staked his pittance on a silly and solitary throw for supremacy, and saw his stake swept away by the policeman! Totally foolish as Ireland has ever been in her politics, she ought to be most ashamed of this display before the

world—of inaugurating this stripling-revolutionist, this fugitive champion, this milk-and-water Jacobin, among her claims to the homage of posterity. Yet this was the personage on whose death Moore wrote these touching lines:—

"O breathe not his name, let it sleep in the
shade,
Where cold and unhonoured his relics are
laid;
Sad, silent, and dark, be the tears that we
shed,
As the night-dew that falls on the grass o'er
his head.
But the night-dew that falls, though in silence
it weeps,
Still brightens with verdure the grave where
he sleeps,
And the tear that we shed, though in secret
it rolls,
Shall long keep his memory green in our
souls."

On the death of the celebrated Richard Brinsley Sheridan, some of his Notes and Manuscripts were put into Moore's hands, and the alliance constituted by the Whiggism of both was presumed to insure a satisfactory tribute to the remembrance of perhaps the most gifted man of the age. But their Whiggism was different; Sheridan's was party, and Moore's was prejudice. Sheridan had put on and off his Whiggism, with the grave affectation, or the sarcastic ease, of one who knew its worthlessness; Moore adopted it with the simplicity of ignorance, and the blind passion of the native character. The result was, a biography that pleased no one. Those whom Sheridan had lashed in the House of Commons, thought that it was too laudatory; while his admirers charged it with injustice. However, to those who cared nothing for the partisanship of either, the volume was amusing, occasionally eloquent, though less anecdotal than was to be expected from a career almost *one anecdote* from the beginning. On the whole, it sustained Moore's reputation.

His *Life of Byron*, at a later period, had an increased popularity. The subject was singularly difficult; Byron had provoked a quarrel with the world, and was proud of the provocation. He had led a career of private petulance, which was deeply offensive to individuals, and he disclaimed all respect for those higher

decorums which society demands. The power of his verse had thrown a shield over the living poet, but a severe tribunal apparently awaited the dead. Moore accomplished his task with dexterity; judicious selection, and still more judicious suppression, were exercised; and he was enabled to produce a performance at once faithful to the fame of the dead, and free from insult to the living.

A more reluctant glance must be given to Moore's political writings. In this unhappy digression from the natural pursuits of a poet, Moore showed all the *monomania* of the Irish Papist. England is now familiar with the singular contradiction of fact to phrase, which exists in all the partisanship of Ireland. The first principle of the modern orator in Ireland is a reckless defiance of the common sense of mankind; facts fly before him, and truths are trampled under his heel. In the most insolent challenges to the law, he complains that he is tongue-tied; in the most extravagant license of libel, he complains of oppression; and in the most daring outrage against authority, he complains that he is a *slave*! Summoning public meetings for the purpose of extinguishing the Government, and summoning them with *impunity*, he pronounces the Government to be a tyrant, and the land a dungeon. The reader who would conceive the condition of Ireland from its Papist speakers must think that he is listening to the annals of Norfolk Island, or the mysteries of a French *oubliette*. Moore's politics shared the *monomania* of his Popish countrymen.

But he suddenly turned to more congenial objects, and produced his popular poem of *Lalla Rookh*. The scenery of India gave full opportunity to the luxuriance of his style; the wildness of Indian adventure, and

the novelty of Indian romance, excited public curiosity, and the volume found its way into every drawing-room, and finally rested in every library. But there its course ended; the glitter which at first dazzled, at length exhausted, the public eye. We might as well look with unwearied delight on a piece of tissue, and be satisfied with vividness of colour, in place of vividness of form. Moore's future fame will depend on his *National Melodies*.

He received large sums for some of his volumes; but what are occasional successes, when their products must be expanded over a life! He always expressed himself as in narrow circumstances, and his retired mode of living seemed to justify the expression. Towards the close of his days, his friend the Marquis of Lansdowne obtained for him a pension of £300 a-year. But he had not long enjoyed this important accession to his income before his faculties began to fail. His memory was the first to give way; he lingered, in increasing decay, for about two years, till on the 26th of February he died, at the age of nearly 72.

His funeral took place in a neighbouring churchyard, where one of his daughters was buried. It was so strictly and so unnecessarily private that but two or three persons attended, of the many who, we believe, would have willingly paid the last respect to his remains.

Thus has passed away a great poet from the world—a man whose manners added grace to every circle in which he moved—animation to the gay, and sentiment to the refined. If England holds his remains, Ireland is the heir of his fame; and if she has a sense of gratitude, she will give some public testimonial of her homage to the genius which has given another ray to the lustre of her name.

MY NOVEL; OR, VARIETIES IN ENGLISH LIFE.

BY PISISTRATUS CAXTON.

BOOK XI.—INITIAL CHAPTER.

It is not an uncommon crotchet amongst benevolent men to maintain that wickedness is necessarily a sort of insanity, and that nobody would make a violent start out of the straight path unless stung to such disorder by a bee in his bonnet. Certainly, when some very clever, well-educated person, like our friend, Randal Leslie, acts upon the fallacious principle that "roguey is the best policy," it is curious to see how many points he has in common with the insane: what over-cunning—what irritable restlessness—what suspicious belief that the rest of the world are in a conspiracy against him, which it requires all his wit to baffle and turn to his own proper aggrandisement and profit. Perhaps some of my readers may have thought that I have represented Randal as unnaturally far-fetched in his schemes, too wire-drawn and subtle in his speculations; yet that is commonly the case with very refining intellects, when they choose to play the knave;—it helps to disguise from themselves the ugliness of their ambition, just as a philosopher delights in the ingenuity of some metaphysical process, which ends in what plain men call "atheism," who would be infinitely shocked and offended if he were entitled an atheist. As I have somewhere said or implied before, it is difficult for us dull folks to conceive the glee which a wily brain takes in the exercise of its own ingenuity.

Having premised thus much on behalf of the "Natural" in Randal Leslie's character, I must here fly off to say a word or two on the agency in human life exercised by a passion rarely seen without a mask in our debonnaire and civilised age—I mean Hate.

In the good old days of our forefathers, when plain speaking and bard blows were in fashion—when a man had his heart at the tip of his tongue, and four feet of sharp iron dangling at his side, Hate played an honest,

open part in the theatre of the world. In fact, when we read history, it seems to have "starred it" on the stage. But now, where is Hate?—who ever sees its face? Is it that smiling, good-tempered creature, that presses you by the hand so cordially? or that dignified figure of state that calls you its "right honourable friend?" Is it that bowing, grateful dependant?—is it that soft-eyed Amaryllis? Ask not, guess not; you will only know it to be Hate when the poison is in your cup, or the poniard in your breast. In the Gothic age, grim Humour painted "the Dance of Death;" in our polished century, some sardonic wit should give us "the Masquerade of Hate."

Certainly, the counter-passion betrays itself with ease to our gaze. Love is rarely a hypocrite. But Hate—how detect, and how guard against it? It lurks where you least suspect it; it is created by causes that you can the least foresee; and Civilisation multiplies its varieties, whilst it favours its disguise: for Civilisation increases the number of contending interests, and Refinement renders more susceptible to the least irritation the cuticle of Self-Love. But Hate comes covertly forth from some self-interest we have crossed, or some self-love we have wounded; and, dullards that we are, how seldom we are aware of our offence! You may be hated by a man you have never seen in your life; you may be hated as often by one you have loaded with benefits;—you may so walk as not to tread on a worm; but you must sit fast on your easy-chair till you are carried out to your bier, if you would be sure not to tread on some snake of a foe. But, then, what harm does the Hate do us? Very often the harm is as unseen by the world as the hate is unrecognised by us. It may come on us, unawares, in some solitary byway of our life; strike us in our unsuspecting privacy; thwart us in some blessed hope we have

never told to another: for the moment the world sees that it is Hate that strikes us, its worst power of mischief is gone.

We have a great many names for the same passion—Envy, Jealousy, Spite, Prejudice, Rivalry; but they are so many synonyms for the one-old heathen demon. When the death-giving shaft of Apollo sent the plague to some unhappy Achaean, it did not much matter to the victim whether the god were called Helios or Smintheus.

No man you ever met in the world seemed more raised above the malice of Hate than Andley Egerton: even

in the hot war of politics he had scarcely a personal foe; and in private life he kept himself so aloof and apart from others that he was little known, save by the benefits the waste of his wealth conferred. That the hate of any one could reach the austere statesman on his high pinnacle of esteem,—you would have smiled at the idea! But Hate is now, as it ever has been, an actual Power amidst “the Varieties of Life;” and, in spite of bars to the door, and policemen in the street, no one can be said to sleep in safety while there wakes the eye of a single foe.

CHAPTER II.

The glory of Bond Street is no more. The title of Bond Street Lounger has faded from our lips. In vain the crowd of equipages and the blaze of shops: the renown of Bond Street was in its pavement—its pedestrians. Art thou old enough, O reader! to remember the Bond Street Lounger and his incomparable generation? For my part, I can just recall the decline of the grand era. It was on its wane when, in the ambition of boyhood, I first began to muse upon high neckcloths and Wellington boots. But the ancient *habitués*—the *magni nominis umbræ*—contemporaries of Brummell in his zenith—boon companions of George IV. in his regency—still haunted the spot. From four to six in the hot month of June, they sauntered stately to and fro, looking somewhat mournful even then—foreboding the extinction of their race. The Bond Street Lounger was rarely seen alone: he was a social animal, and walked arm in arm with his fellow-man. He did not seem born for the cares of these ruder times; not made was he for an age in which Finsbury returns members to Parliament. He loved his small talk; and never since then has talk been so pleasingly small. Your true Bond Street Lounger had a very dissipated look. His youth had been spent with heroes who loved their bottle. He himself had perhaps supped with Sheridan. He was by nature a spendthrift: you saw it in the roll of his

walk. Men who make money rarely saunter; men who save money rarely swagger. But saunter and swagger both united to stamp PRODIGAL on the Bond Street Lounger. And so familiar as he was with his own set, and so amusingly supercilious with the vulgar residue of mortals whose faces were strange to Bond Street. But He is gone. The world, though sadder for his loss, still strives to do its best without him; and our young men, now-a-days, attend to model cottages, and incline to Tractarianism—I mean those young men who are quiet and harmless, as a Bond Street Lounger was of old—*redeant Saturniæ regna*. Still the place, to an unreflecting eye, has its brilliancy and bustle. But it is a thoroughfare, not a lounge. And adown the thoroughfare, somewhat before the hour when the throng is thickest, passed two gentlemen of an appearance exceedingly out of keeping with the place. Yet both had the air of men pretending to aristocracy—an old-world air of respectability and stake in the country, and Church-and-Stateism. The burlier of the two was even rather a beau in his way. He had first learned to dress, indeed, when Bond Street was at its acmé, and Brummell in his pride. He still retained in his garb the fashion of his youth; only what then had spoken of the town, now betrayed the life of the country. His neckcloth ample and high, and of snowy whiteness, set off to comely

advantage a face smooth-shaven, and of clear, florid hues; his coat of royal blue, with buttons in which you might have seen yourself *veluti in speculum*, was, rather jauntily, buttoned across a waist that spoke of lusty middle age, free from the ambition, the avarice, and the anxieties that fret Londoners into threadpapers; his smallclothes of greyish drab, loose at the thigh and tight at the knee, were made by Brummell's own breeches-maker, and the gaiters to match (thrust half-way down the calf) had a manly dandyism that would have done honour to the beau-ideal of a county member. The profession of this gentleman's companion was unmistakable—the shovel-hat, the clerical cut of the coat, the neck-cloth without collar, that seemed made for its accessory—the band, and something very decorous, yet very mild, in the whole mien of this personage, all spoke of one who was every inch the gentleman and the parson.

"No," said the portlier of these two persons—"no, I can't say I like Frank's looks at all. There's certainly something on his mind. However, I suppose it will be all out this evening."

"He dines with you at your hotel, Squire? Well, you must be kind to him. We can't put old heads upon young shoulders."

"I don't object to his head being young," returned the Squire; "but I wish he had a little of Randal Leslie's good sense in it. I see how it will end: I must take him back into the country; and if he wants occupation, why, he shall keep the hounds, and I'll put him into Brooksby farm."

"As for the hounds," replied the Parson, "hounds necessitate horses; and I think more mischief comes to a young man of spirit, from the stables, than from any other place in the world. They ought to be exposed from the pulpit, those stables!" added Mr Dale thoughtfully; "see what they entailed upon Nimrod! But agriculture is a healthful and noble pursuit, honoured by sacred nations, and cherished by the greatest men in classical times. For instance, the Athenians were—"

"Bother the Athenians!" cried the

Squire irreverently; "you need not go so far back for an example. It is enough for a Hazeldean that his father and his grandfather and his great-grandfather all farmed before him; and a devilish deal better, I take it, than any of those musty old Athenians—no offence to them. But I'll tell you one thing, Parson—a man, to farm well, and live in the country, should have a wife; it is half the battle."

"As to a battle, a man who is married is pretty sure of half, though not always the better half, of it," answered the Parson, who seemed peculiarly facetious that day. "Ah, Squire, I wish I could think Mrs Hazeldean right in her conjecture!—you would have the prettiest daughter-in-law in the three kingdoms. And I think, if I could have a good talk with the young lady apart from her father, we could remove the only objection I know to the marriage. Those Popish errors—"

"Ah, very true!" cried the Squire; "that Pope sticks hard in my gizzard. I could excuse her being a foreigner, and not having, I suppose, a shilling in her pocket—bless her handsome face!—but to be worshipping images in her room instead of going to the parish church, that will never do. But you think you could talk her out of the Pope, and into the family pew?"

"Why, I could have talked her father out of the Pope, only, when he had not a word to say for himself, he bolted out of the window. Youth is more ingenuous in confessing its errors."

"I own," said the Squire, "that both Harry and I had a favourite notion of ours, till this Italian girl got into our heads. Do you know we both took a great fancy to Randal's little sister—pretty, blushing, English-faced girl as ever you saw. And it went to Harry's good heart to see her so neglected by that silly, forgetful mother of hers, her hair hanging about her ears; and I thought it would be a fine way to bring Randal and Frank more together, and enable me to do something for Randal himself—a good boy, with Hazeldean blood in his veins. But Violante is so handsome, that I don't wonder at the boy's choice; and then it is our fault—we

let them see so much of each other, as children. However, I should be very angry if Rickeybockey had been playing sly, and running away from the Casino in order to give Frank an opportunity to carry on a clandestine intercourse with his daughter."

"I don't think that would be like Riccabocca; more like him to run away in order to deprive Frank of the best of all occasions to court Violante, if he so desired; for where could he see more of her than at the Casino?"

SQUIRE.—"That's well put. Considering he was only a foreign doctor, and, for aught we know, went about in a caravan, he is a gentlemanlike fellow, that Rickeybockey. I speak of people as I find them. But what is your notion about Frank? I see you don't think he is in love with Violante, after all. Out with it, man; speak plain."

PARSON.—"Since you so urge me, I own I do not think him in love with her; neither does my Carry, who is uncommonly shrewd in such matters."

SQUIRE.—"Your Carry, indeed!—as if she were half as shrewd as my Harry. Carry—nonsense!"

PARSON, (reddening).—"I don't want to make invidious remarks; but, Mr Hazeldean, when you sneer at my Carry, I should not be a man if I did not say that—"

SQUIRE, (interrupting).—"She was a good little woman enough; but to compare her to my Harry!"

PARSON.—"I don't compare her to your Harry; I don't compare her to any woman in England, sir. But you are losing your temper, Mr Hazeldean!"

SQUIRE.—"I!"

PARSON.—"And people are staring at you, Mr Hazeldean. For decency's sake, compose yourself, and change the subject. We are just at the Albany. I hope that we shall not find poor Captain Higginbotham as ill as he represents himself in his letter. Ah! is it possible? No, it cannot be. Look—look!"

SQUIRE.—"Where—what—where? Don't pinch so hard. Bless me, do you see a ghost?"

PARSON.—"There—the gentleman in black!"

SQUIRE.—"Gentleman in black! What!—in broad daylight! Nonsense!"

Here the Parson made a spring forward, and, catching the arm of the person in question, who himself had stopped, and was gazing intently on the pair, exclaimed—

"Sir, pardon me; but is not your name Fairfield? Ah, it is Leonard—it is—my dear, dear boy! What joy! So altered, so improved, but still the same honest face. Squire, come here—your old friend, Leonard Fairfield."

"And he wanted to persuade me," said the Squire, shaking Leonard heartily by the hand, "that you were the gentleman in black; but, indeed, he has been in strange humours and tantrums all the morning. Well, Master Lenny; why, you are grown quite a gentleman! The world thrives with you—eh! I suppose you are head-gardener to some grandee."

"Not that, sir," said Leonard smiling. "But the world has thriven with me at last, though not without some rough usage at starting. Ah, Mr Dale, you can little guess how often I have thought of you and your discourse on Knowledge; and, what is more, how I have lived to feel the truth of your words, and to bless the lesson."

PARSON, (much touched and flattered).—"I expected nothing less of you, Leonard; you were always a lad of great sense, and sound judgment. So you have thought of my little discourse on Knowledge, have you?"

SQUIRE.—"Hang knowledge! I have reason to hate the word. It burned down three ricks of mine; the finest ricks you ever set eyes on, Mr Fairfield."

PARSON.—"Tha' was not knowledge, Squire; that was ignorance."

SQUIRE.—"Ignorance! The deuce it was. I'll just appeal to you, Mr Fairfield. We have been having sad riots in the shire, and the ring-leader was just such another lad as you were!"

LEONARD.—"I am very much obliged to you, Mr Hazeldean. In what respect?"

SQUIRE.—"Why, he was a village genius, and always reading some cursed little tract or other; and got

mighty discontented with King, Lords, and Commons, I suppose, and went about talking of the wrongs of the poor, and the crimes of the rich, till, by Jove, sir, the whole mob rose one day with pitchforks and sickles, and smash went Farmer Smart's thrashing-machines; and on the same night my ricks were on fire. We caught the rogues, and they were all tried; but the poor deluded labourers were let off with a short imprisonment. The village genius, thank heaven, is sent packing to Botany Bay."

LEONARD.—"But, did his books teach him to burn ricks, and smash machines?"

PARSON.—"No; he said quite the contrary, and declared that he had no hand in those misdoings."

SQUIRE.—"But he was proved to have excited, with his wild talk, the boobies who had! 'Gad, sir, there was a hypocritical Quaker once, who said to his enemy, 'I can't shed thy blood, friend, but I will hold thy head under water till thou art drowned.' And so there is a set of demagogical fellows, who keep calling out, 'Farmer This is an oppressor, and Squire That is a vampire! But no violence! Don't smash their machines, don't burn their ricks! Moral force, and a curse on all tyrants!' Well, and if poor Hodge thinks moral force is all my eye, and that the recommendation is to be read backwards, in the devil's way of reading the Lord's Prayer, I should like to know which of the two ought to go to Botany Bay—Hodge who comes out like a man, if he thinks he is wronged, or 'tother sneaking chap, who makes use of his knowledge to keep himself out of the scrape?"

PARSON.—"It may be very true; but when I saw that poor fellow at the bar, with his intelligent face, and heard his bold clear defence, and thought of all his hard struggles for knowledge, and how they had ended, because he forgot that knowledge is like fire, and must not be thrown amongst flax—why, I could have given my right hand to save him. And, oh Squire, do you remember his poor mother's shriek of despair when he was sentenced to transportation for life—I hear it now! And what, Leonard—what do you think

had misled him? At the bottom of all the mischief was a Tinker's bag. You cannot forget Sprott?"

LEONARD.—"Tinker's bag!—Sprott!"

SQUIRE.—"That rascal, sir, was the hardest fellow to nab you could possibly conceive; as full of quips and quirks as an Old Bailey lawyer. But we managed to bring it home to him. Lord! his bag was choke-full of tracts against every man who had a good coat on his back; and as if that was not enough, cheek by jowl with the tracts were lucifers, contrived on a new principle, for teaching my ricks the theory of spontaneous combustion. The labourers bought the lucifers—"

PARSON.—"And the poor village genius bought the tracts."

SQUIRE.—"All headed with a motto—'To teach the working-classes that knowledge is power.' So that I was right in saying that knowledge had burnt my ricks; knowledge inflamed the village genius, the village genius inflamed fellows more ignorant than himself, and they inflamed my stackyard. However, lucifers, tracts, village genius, and Sprott, are all off to Botany Bay; and the shire has gone on much the better for it. So no more of your knowledge for me, begging your pardon, Mr Fairfield. Such uncommonly fine ricks as mine were, too! I declare, Parson, you are looking as if you felt pity for Sprott; and I saw you, indeed, whispering to him as he was taken out of court."

PARSON, (looking sheepish.)—"Indeed, Squire, I was only asking him what had become of his donkey, an unoffending creature."

SQUIRE.—"Unoffending! Upset me amidst a thistle-bed in my own village green. I remember it. Well, what did he say *had* become of the donkey?"

PARSON.—"He said but one word; but that showed all the vindictiveness of his disposition. He said it with a horrid wink, that made my blood run cold. 'What's become of your poor donkey?' said I, and he answered—"

SQUIRE.—"Go on. He answered—"

PARSON.—"Sausages."

SQUIRE.—“Sausages! Like enough; and sold to the poor; and that’s what the poor will come to if they listen to such revolutionising villains. Sausages! Donkey sausages!—(spitting)—’Tis as bad as eating one another; perfect cannibalism.”

Leonard, who had been thrown into grave thought by the history of Sprott and the village genius, now pressing the Parson’s hand, asked permission to wait on him before Mr Dale quitted London; and was about to withdraw, when the Parson, gently detaining him, said—“No; don’t leave me yet, Leonard—I have so much to ask you, and to talk about. I shall be at leisure shortly. We are just now going to call on a relation of the Squire’s, whom you must recollect, I am sure—Captain Higginbotham—Barnabas Higginbotham. He is very poorly.”

“And I am sure he would take it kind in you to call too,” said the Squire with great good-nature.”

LEONARD.—“Nay, sir, would not that be a great liberty?”

SQUIRE.—“Liberty! To ask a poor sick gentleman how he is? Nonsense. And I say, sir, perhaps, as no doubt you have been living in town, and know more of new-fangled notions than I do—perhaps you can tell us whether or not it is all humbug, that new way of doctoring people?”

“What new way, sir? There are so many.”

“Are there? Folks in London *do* look uncommonly sickly. But my poor cousin (he was never a Solomon) has got hold, he says, of a homey—homely—What’s the word, Parson?”

PARSON.—“Homœopathist.”

SQUIRE.—“That’s it! You see the Captain went to live with one Sharpe Currie, a relation who had a great deal of money, and very little liver;—made the one, and left much of the other in Ingee, you understand. The Captain had *expectations* of the money. Very natural, I dare say; but Lord, sir! what do you think has happened? Sharpe Currie has done him! Would

not die, sir; got back his liver, and the Captain has lost his own. Strangest thing you ever heard. And then the ungrateful old Nabob has dismissed the Captain, saying, ‘He can’t bear to have invalids about him;’ and is going to marry, and I have no doubt will have children by the dozen!”

PARSON.—“It was in Germany, at one of the Spas, that Mr Currie recovered; and as he had the selfish inhumanity to make the Captain go through a course of waters simultaneously with himself, it has so chanced that the same waters that cured Mr Currie’s liver have destroyed Captain Higginbotham’s. An English homœopathic physician, then staying at the Spa, has attended the Captain hither, and declares that he will restore him by infinitesimal doses of the same chemical properties that were found in the waters which diseased him. Can there be anything in such a theory?”

LEONARD.—“I once knew a very able, though eccentric homœopathist, and I am inclined to believe there may be something in the system. My friend went to Germany: it may possibly be the same person who attends the Captain. May I ask his name?”

SQUIRE.—“Cousin Barnabas does not mention it. You may ask it of himself, for here we are at his chambers. I say, Parson, (whispering slyly,) if a small dose of what hurt the Captain is to cure him, don’t you think the proper thing would be a—legacy? Hâ! ha!”

PARSON, (trying not to laugh,) —“Hush, Squire. Poor human nature! We must be merciful to its infirmities. Come in, Leonard.”

Leonard, interested in his doubt whether he might thus chance again upon Dr Morgan, obeyed the invitation, and with his two companions followed the woman—who “did for the Captain and his rooms”—across the small lobby, into the presence of the sufferer.

CHAPTER III.

Whatever the disposition towards merriment at his cousin’s expense entertained by the Squire, it vanished instantly at the sight of the Cap-

tain's doleful visage and emaciated figure.

"Very good in you to come to town to see me—very good in you, cousin; and in you too, Mr Dale. How very well you are both looking. I'm a sad wreck. You might count every bone in my body."

"Hazeldean air and roast beef will soon set you up, my boy," said the Squire kindly. "You were a great goose to leave them, and these comfortable rooms of yours in the Albany."

"They *are* comfortable, though not showy," said the Captain, with tears in his eyes. "I had done my best to make them so. New carpets—this very chair—(morocco!)—that Japan cat (holds toast and muffins)—just when—just when—(the tears here broke forth, and the Captain fairly whimpered)—just when that ungrateful bad-hearted man wrote me word 'he was—was dying and lone in the world;' and—and—to think what I've gone through for him!—and to treat me so. Cousin William, he has grown as hale as yourself. and—and—"

"Cheer up, cheer up!" cried the compassionate Squire. "It is a very hard case, I allow. But you see, as the old proverb says, 'tis ill waiting for a dead man's shoes;' and in future—I don't mean offence—but I think if you would calculate less on the livers of your relations; it would be all the better for your own. Excuse me."

"Cousin William," replied the poor Captain, "I am sure I never calculated; but still, if you had seen that deceitful man's good-for-nothing face—as yellow as a guinea—and have

gone through all I've gone through, you would have felt cut to the heart as I do. I can't bear ingratitude. I never could. But let it pass. Will that gentleman take a chair?"

PARSON.—"Mr Fairfield has kindly called with us, because he knows something of this system of homœopathy which you have adopted, and may, perhaps, know the practitioner. What is the name of your doctor?"

CAPTAIN, (looking at his watch).—"That reminds me, (swallowing a globule.) A great relief these little pills—after the physic I've taken to please that malignant man. He always tried his doctor's stuff upon me. But there's another world, and a juster!"

With that pious conclusion, the Captain again began to weep.

"Touched," muttered the Squire, with his forefinger on his forehead. "You seem to have a good tidy sort of nurse here, Cousin Barnabas. I hope she's pleasant, and lively, and don't let you take on so."

"Hist!—don't talk of her. All mercenary; every bit of her fawning! Would you believe it? I give her ten shillings a-week, besides all that goes down of my pats of butter and rolls, and I overheard the jade saying to the laundress that 'I could not last long; and she'd—EXPECTATIONS!' Ah, Mr Dale, when one thinks of the sinfulness there is in this life! But I'll not think of it. No—I'll not. Let us change the subject. You were asking my doctor's name? It is—"

Here the woman 'with expectations' threw open the door, and suddenly announced—"DR MORGAN."

CHAPTER IV.

The Parson started, and so did Leonard.

The Homœopathist did not at first notice either. With an unobservant bow to the visitors, he went straight to the patient, and asked, "How go the symptoms?"

Therewith the Captain commenced, in a tone of voice like a schoolboy reciting the catalogue of the ships in Homer. He had been evidently con-

ning the symptoms, and learning them by heart. Nor was there a single nook or corner in his anatomical organisation, so far as the Captain was acquainted with that structure, but what some symptom or other was dragged therefrom, and exposed to day. The Squire listened with horror to the morbid inventory—muttering at each dread interval, "Bless me! Lord bless me! What,

more still! Death would be a very happy release!" Meanwhile the Doctor endured the recital with exemplary patience, noting down in the leaves of his pocket-book what appeared to him the salient points in this fortress of disease to which he had laid siege, and then, drawing forth a minute paper, said—

"Capital—nothing can be better. This must be dissolved in eight table-spoonfuls of water; one spoonful every two hours."

"Table-spoonful?"

"Table-spoonful."

"'Nothing can be better,' did you say, sir?" repeated the Squire, who, in his astonishment at that assertion applied to the Captain's description of his sufferings, had hitherto hung fire—"nothing can be better?"

"For the diagnosis, sir!" replied Dr Morgan.

"For the dogs' noses, very possibly," quoth the Squire; "but for the inside of Cousin Higginbotham, I should think nothing could be worse."

"You are mistaken, sir," replied Dr Morgan. "It is not the Captain who speaks here—it is his liver. Liver, sir, though a noble, is an imaginative organ, and indulges in the most extraordinary fictions. Seat of poetry, and love, and jealousy—the liver. Never believe what it says. You have no idea what a liar it is! But—ahem—ahem. Cott—I think I've seen you before, sir. Surely your name's Hazeldean?"

"William Hazeldean, at your service, Doctor. But where have you seen me?"

"On the hustings at Lansmere. You were speaking on behalf of your distinguished brother, Mr Egerton."

"Hang it!" cried the Squire: "I think it must have been my liver that spoke there! for I promised the electors that that half-brother of mine would stick by the land; and I never told a bigger lie in my life!"

Here the patient, reminded of his other visitors, and afraid he was going to be bored with the enumeration of the Squire's wrongs, and probably the whole history of his duel with Captain Dashmore, turned, with a languid wave of his hand, and said, "Doctor, another friend of mine, the

Rev. Mr Dale,—and a gentleman who is acquainted with homœopathy."

"Dale? What, more old friends!" cried the Doctor, rising; and the Parson came somewhat reluctantly from the window nook, to which he had retired. The Parson and the Homœopathist shook hands.

"We have met before on a very mournful occasion," said the Doctor, with feeling.

The Parson held his finger to his lips, and glanced towards Leonard. The Doctor stared at the lad, but he did not recognise in the person before him the gaunt care-worn boy whom he had placed with Mr Prickett, until Leonard smiled and spoke. And the smile and the voice sufficed.

"Cott—and it is the poy!" cried Dr Morgan; and he actually caught hold of Leonard, and gave him an affectionate Welch hug. Indeed, his agitation at these several surprises became so great that he stopped short, drew forth a globule—"Aconite—good against nervous shocks!"—and swallowed it incontinently.

"Gad," said the Squire, rather astonished, "'tis the first doctor I ever saw swallow his own medicine! There must be something in it."

The Captain now, highly disgusted that so much attention was withdrawn from his own case, asked in a querulous voice, "And as to diet? What shall I have for dinner?"

"A friend!" said the Doctor, wiping his eyes.

"Zounds!" cried the Squire, retreating, "do you mean to say, sir, that the British laws (to be sure, they are very much changed of late) allow you to diet your patients upon their fellow-men? Why, Parson, this is worse than the donkey sausages."

"Sir," said Dr Morgan, gravely, "I mean to say, that it matters little what we eat, in comparison with care as to whom we eat with. It is better to exceed a little with a friend, than to observe the strictest regimen, and eat alone. Talk and laughter help the digestion, and are indispensable in affections of the liver. I have no doubt, sir, that it was my patient's agreeable society that tended to restore to health his dyspeptic relative, Mr Sharpe Currie."

The Captain groaned aloud.

"And, therefore, if one of you gentlemen will stay and dine with Mr Higginbotham, it will greatly assist the effects of his medicine."

The Captain turned an imploring eye, first towards his cousin, then towards the Parson.

"I'm engaged to dine with my son—very sorry," said the Squire. "But Dale, here"—

"If he will be so kind," put in the Captain, "we might cheer the evening with a game at whist—double dummy."

Now, poor Mr Dale had set his heart on dining with an old college friend, and having, no stupid, prosy double dummy, in which one cannot have the pleasure of scolding one's partner, but a regular orthodox rubber, with the pleasing prospect of scolding all the three other performers. But as his quiet life forbade him to be a hero in great things, the Parson had made up his mind to be a hero in small ones. Therefore, though with rather a rueful face, he accepted the Captain's invitation, and promised to return at six o'clock to dine. Meanwhile, he must hurry off to the other end of the town, and excuse himself from the pre-engagement he had already formed. He now gave his card, with the address of a quiet family hotel thereon, to Leonard, and not looking quite so charmed with Dr Morgan as he was before that unwelcome prescription, he took his leave. The Squire, too, having to see a new churn, and execute various commissions for his Harry, went his way, (not, however, till Dr Morgan had assured him that, in a few weeks, the Captain might safely remove to Hazeldean;) and Leonard was about to follow, when Morgan hooked his arm in his old *protégé's*, and said, "But I must have some talk with you; and you have to tell me all about the little orphan girl."

Leonard could not resist the pleasure of talking about Helen; and he got into the carriage, which was waiting at the door for the homœopathist.

"I am going into the country a few miles to see a patient," said the Doctor; "so we shall have time for undisturbed consultation. I have so often wondered what had become of you. Not hearing from Prickett, I

wrote to him, and received an answer as dry as a bone from his heir. Poor fellow! I found that he had neglected his globules, and quitted the globe. Alas, *pulvis et umbra sumus*! I could learn no tidings of you. Prickett's successor declared he knew nothing about you. I hoped the best; for I always fancied you were one who would fall on your legs—bilious-nervous temperament; such are the men who succeed in their undertakings, especially if they take a spoonful of *chamomilla* whenever they are over-excited. So now for your history and the little girl's—pretty little thing—never saw a more susceptible constitution, nor one more suited—to pulsatilla."

Leonard briefly related his own struggles and success, and informed the good Doctor how they had at last discovered the nobleman in whom poor Captain Digby had confided, and whose care of the orphan had justified the confidence.

Dr Morgan opened his eyes at hearing the name of Lord L'Estrange. "I remember him very well," said he, "when I practised murder as an allopathist at Lansmere. But to think that wild boy, so full of whim, and life, and spirit, should become staid enough for a guardian to that dear little child, with her timid eyes and pulsatilla sensibilities. Well, wonders never cease. And he has befriended you too, you say. Ah, he knew your family."

"So he says. Do you think, sir, that he ever knew—ever saw—my mother?"

"Eh! your mother?—Nora?" exclaimed the Doctor quickly; and, as if struck by some sudden thought, his brows met, and he remained silent and musing a few moments; then, observing Leonard's eyes fixed on him earnestly, he replied to the question:—

"No doubt he saw her; she was brought up at Lady Lausmere's. Did he not tell you so?"

"No." A vague suspicion here darted through Leonard's mind, but as suddenly vanished. His father! Impossible. His father must have deliberately wronged the dead mother. And was Harley L'Estrange a man capable of such wrong? And

had he been Harley's son, would not Harley have guessed it at once, and so guessing, have owned and claimed him? Besides, Lord L'Estrange looked so young;—old enough to be Leonard's father!—he could not entertain the idea. He roused himself, and said falteringly—

"You told me you did not know by what name I should call my father."

"And I told you the truth, to the best of my belief."

"By your honour, sir?"

"By my honour, I do not know it."

There was now a long silence. The carriage had long left London, and was on a high-road somewhat lonelier, and more free from houses than most of those which form the entrances to the huge city. Leonard gazed wistfully from the window, and the objects that met his eyes gradually seemed to appeal to his memory. Yes! it was the road by which he had first approached the metropolis, hand in hand with Helen—and hope so busy at his poet's heart. He sighed deeply. He thought he would willingly have resigned all he had won—*independence, fame, all*—to feel again the clasp of that tender hand—again to be the sole protector of that gentle life.

The Doctor's voice broke on his reverie. "I am going to see a very interesting patient—coats to his stomach quite worn out, sir—man of great learning, with a very inflamed cerebellum. I can't do him much good, and he does me a great deal of harm."

"How harm?" asked Leonard, with an effort at some rejoinder.

"Hits me on the heart, and makes my eyes water—very pathetic case—grand creature, who has thrown himself away. Found him given over by the allopathists, and in a high state of *delirium tremens*—restored him for a time—took a great liking to him—could not help it—swallowed a great many globules to harden myself against him—would not do—brought him over to England with the other patients, who all pay me well (except Captain Higginbotham.) But this poor fellow pays me nothing—costs me a great deal in time and turnpikes, and board and lodging.

Thank Heaven I'm a single man, and can afford it! My poy, I would let all the other patients go to the allopathists if I could but save this poor big penniless princely fellow. But what can one do with a stomach that has not a rag of its coat left? Stop—(the Doctor pulled the check-string.) This is the stile. I get out here and go across the fields."

That stile—those fields—with what distinctness Leonard remembered them. Ah, where was Helen? Could she ever, ever again be his child-angel?

"I will go with you, if you permit," said he to the good Doctor. "And while you pay your visit, I will saunter by a little brook that I think must run by your way."

"The Brent—you know that brook? Ah, you should hear my poor patient talk of it, and of the hours he has spent angling in it—you would not know whether to laugh or cry. The first day he was brought down to the place, he wanted to go out and try once more, he said, for his old deluding demon—a one-eyed perch."

"Heavens!" exclaimed Leonard. "are you speaking of John Burley?"

"To be sure, that is his name—John Burley."

"Oh, has it come to this? Cure him, save him, if it be in human power. For the last two years I have sought his trace everywhere, and in vain, the moment I had money of my own—a home of my own. Poor, erring, glorious Burley. Take me to him. Did you say there was no hope?"

"I did not say that," replied the Doctor. "But art can only assist nature; and, though nature is ever at work to repair the injuries we do to her, yet, when the coats of a stomach are all gone, she gets puzzled, and so do I. You must tell me another time how you came to know Burley, for here we are at the house, and I see him at the window looking out for me."

The Doctor opened the garden gate to the quiet cottage to which poor Burley had fled from the pure presence of Leonard's child-angel. And with heavy step, and heavy heart, Leonard mournfully followed, to behold the wrecks of him whose wit had glorified orgy, and "set the table in a roar."—Alas, poor Yorick!

CHAPTER V.

Audley Egerton stands on his hearth alone. During the short interval that has elapsed since we last saw him, events had occurred memorable in English history, wherewith we have nought to do in a narrative studiously avoiding all party politics even when treating of politicians. The new Ministers had stated the general programme of their policy, and introduced one measure in especial that had lifted them at once to the dizzy height of popular power. But it became clear that this measure could not be carried without a fresh appeal to the people. A dissolution of Parliament, as Audley's sagacious experience had foreseen, was inevitable. And Audley Egerton had no chance of return for his own seat—for the great commercial city identified with his name. Oh sad, but not rare, instance of the mutabilities of that same popular favour now enjoyed by his successors! The great commoner, the weighty speaker, the expert man of business, the statesman who had seemed a type of the practical steady sense for which our middle class is renowned—he who, not three years since, might have had his honoured choice of the largest popular constituencies in the kingdom—he, Audley Egerton, knew not one single town (free from the influences of private property or interest) in which the obscurest candidate, who bawled out for the new popular measure, would not have beaten him hollow. Where one popular hustings, on which that grave sonorous voice that had stilled so often the roar of faction, would not be drowned amidst the hoots of the scornful mob?

True, what were called the close boroughs still existed—true, many a chief of his party would have been too proud of the honour of claiming Audley Egerton for his nominee. But the ex-Minister's haughty soul shrunk from this contrast to his past position. And to fight against the popular measure, as member of one of the seats most denounced by the people,—he felt it was a post in the grand army of parties below

his dignity to occupy, and foreign to his peculiar mind, which required the sense of consequence and station. And if, in a few months, these seats were swept away—were annihilated from the rolls of Parliament—where was he? Moreover, Egerton, emancipated from the trammels that had bound his will while his party was in office, desired, in the turn of events, to be nominee of no other man—desired to stand at least freely and singly on the ground of his own services, be guided by his own penetration; no law for action, but his strong sense and his stout English heart. Therefore he had declined all offers from those who could still bestow seats in Parliament. Those he could purchase with hard gold were yet open to him. And the £5000 he had borrowed from Levy were yet untouched.

To this lone public man, public life, as we have seen, was the all in all. But now more than ever it was vital to his very wants. Around him yawned ruin. He knew that it was in Levy's power at any moment to foreclose on his mortgaged lands—to pour in the bonds and the bills which lay within those rosewood receptacles that lined the fatal lair of the sleek usurer—to seize on the very house in which now moved all the pomp of a retinue that vied with the *valetaille* of dukes—to advertise for public auction, under execution, "the costly effects of the Right Hon. Audley Egerton." But, consummate in his knowledge of the world, Egerton felt assured that Levy would not adopt these measures against him while he could still tower in the van of political war—while he could still see before him the full chance of restoration to power, perhaps to power still higher than before—perhaps to power the highest of all beneath the throne. That Levy, whose hate he divined, though he did not conjecture all its causes, had hitherto delayed even a visit, even a menace, seemed to him to show that Levy still thought him one "to be helped," or, at least, one too powerful to crush. To secure his

position in Parliament unshackled, unfallen, if but for another year,—new combinations of party might arise, new reactions take place, in public opinion! And, with his hand pressed to his heart, the stern firm man muttered,—“If not, I ask but to die in my harness, and that men may not know that I am a pauper, until all that I need from my country is a grave.”

Scarce had these words died upon his lips ere two quick knocks in succession resounded at the street door. In another moment Harley entered, and, at the same time, the servant in attendance approached Audley, and announced Baron Levy.

“Beg the Baron to wait, unless he would prefer to name his own hour to call again,” answered Egerton, with the slightest possible change of colour. “You can say I am now with Lord L’Estrange.”

“I had hoped you had done for ever with that deluder of youth,” said Harley, as soon as the groom of the chambers had withdrawn. “I remember that you saw too much of him in the gay time, ere wild oats are sown; but now surely you can never need a loan; and if so, is not Harley L’Estrange by your side?”

EGERTON.—“My dear Harley!—doubtless he but comes to talk to me of some borough. He has much to do with those delicate negotiations.”

HARLEY.—“And I have come on the same business. I claim the priority. I not only hear in the world, but I see by the papers, that Josiah Jenkins, Esq., known to fame as an orator who leaves out his h’s, and young Lord Willoughby Whiggolin, who is just now made a Lord of the Admiralty, because his health is too delicate for the army, are certain to come in for the city which you and your present colleague will as certainly vacate. That is true, is it not?”

EGERTON.—“My old committee now vote for Jenkins and Whiggolin. And I suppose there will not be even a contest. Go on.”

“So my father and I are agreed that you must condescend, for the sake of old friendship, to be once more member for Lansmere!”

“Harley,” exclaimed Egerton, changing countenance far more than

he had done at the announcement of Levy’s portentous visit—“Harley—No, no!”

“No! But why? Wherefore such emotion?” asked L’Estrange, in surprise.

Audley was silent.

HARLEY.—“I suggested the idea to two or three of the late Ministers; they all concur in advising you to accede. In the first place, if declining to stand for the place which tempted you from Lansmere, what more natural than that you should fall back on that earlier representation? In the second place, Lansmere is neither a rotten borough, to be bought, nor a close borough, under one man’s nomination. It is a tolerably large constituency. My father, it is true, has considerable interest in it, but only what is called the legitimate influence of property. At all events, it is more secure than a contest for a larger town, more dignified than a seat for a smaller. Hesitating still? Even my mother entreats me to say how she desires you to renew that connection.”

“Harley,” again exclaimed Egerton; and, fixing upon his friend’s earnest face, eyes which, when softened by emotion, were strangely beautiful in their expression—“Harley, if you could but read my heart at this moment, you would—you would—” His voice faltered, and he fairly bent his proud head upon Harley’s shoulder; grasping the hand he had caught, nervously, clingly—“Oh Harley, if I ever lose your love, your friendship!—nothing else is left to me in the world.”

“Audley, my dear dear Audley, is it you who speak to me thus? You, my school friend, my life’s confidant—you?”

“I am grown very weak and foolish,” said Egerton, trying to smile. “I do not know myself. I, too, whom you have so often called ‘Stoic,’ and likened to the Iron Man in the poem which you used to read by the riverside at Eton.”

“But even then, my Audley, I knew that a warm human heart (do what you would to keep it down) beat strong under the iron ribs. And I often marvel now, to think you have gone through life so free from the wilder passions. Happier so!”

Egerton, who had turned his face from his friend's gaze, remained silent for a few moments, and he then sought to divert the conversation, and roused himself to ask Harley how he had succeeded in his views upon Beatrice, and his watch on the Count.

"With regard to Peschiera," answered Harley, "I think we must have overrated the danger we apprehended, and that his wagers were but an idle boast. He has remained quiet enough, and seems devoted to play. His sister has shut her doors both on myself and my young associate during the last few days. I almost fear that, in spite of very sage warnings of mine, she must have turned his poet's head, and that either he has met with some scornful rebuff to incautious admiration, or that he himself has grown aware of peril, and declines to face it; for he is very much embarrassed when I speak to him respecting her. But if the Count is not formidable, why, his sister is not needed; and I hope yet to get justice for my Italian friend through the ordinary channels. I have secured an ally in a young Austrian prince, who is now in London, and who has promised to back, with all his influence, a memorial I shall transmit to Vienna. *Apròpos*, my dear Audley, now that you have a little breathing-time, you must fix an hour for me to present to you my young poet, the son of *her* sister. At moments the expression of his face is so like hers."

"Ay, ay," answered Egerton quickly, "I will see him as you wish, but later. I have not yet that breathing-time you speak of; but you say he has prospered; and, with your friendship, he is secure from fortune. I rejoice to think so."

"And your own *protégé*, this Randal Leslie, whom you forbid me to dislike—hard task!—what has he decided?"

"To adhere to my fate. Harley, if

it please Heaven that I do not live to return to power, and provide adequately for that young man, do not forget that he clung to me in my fall."

"If he still cling to you faithfully, I will never forget it. I will forget only all that now makes me doubt him. But you talk of not living, Audley! Pooh!—your frame is that of a predestined octogenarian."

"Nay," answered Audley, "I was but uttering one of those vague generalities which are common upon all mortal lips. And now farewell—I must see this Baron."

"Not yet, until you have promised to consent to my proposal, and be once more member for Lonsmere. Tut! don't shake your head. I cannot be denied. I claim your promise in right of our friendship, and shall be seriously hurt if you even pause to reflect on it."

"Well, well, I know not how to refuse you, Harley; but you have not been to Lonsmere yourself since—since that sad event. You must not revive the old wound—you must not go; and—and I own it, Harley; the remembrance of it pains even me. I would rather not go to Lonsmere."

"Ah! my friend, this is an excess of sympathy, and I cannot listen to it. I begin even to blame my own weakness, and to feel that we have no right to make ourselves the soft slaves of the past."

"You do appear to me of late to have changed," cried Egerton suddenly, and with a brightening aspect. "Do tell me that you are happy in the contemplation of your new ties—that I shall live to see you once more restored to your former self."

"All I can answer, Audley," said L'Estrange, with a thoughtful brow, "is, that you are right in one thing—I am changed; and I am struggling to gain strength for duty and for honour. Adieu! I shall tell my father that you accede to our wishes."

CHAPTER VI.

When Harley was gone, Egerton sunk back on his chair, as if in extreme physical or mental exhaustion, all the lines of his countenance relaxed, and jaded.

"To go back to that place—there—there—where— Courage, courage—what is another pang?"

He rose with an effort, and folding his arms tightly across his breast,

paced slowly to and fro the large, mournful, solitary room. Gradually his countenance assumed its usual cold and austere composure—the secret eye, the guarded lip, the haughty collected front. The man of the world was himself once more.

“Now to gain time, and to baffle the usurer,” murmured Egerton, with that low tone of easy scorn, which bespoke consciousness of superior power and the familiar mastery over hostile natures. He rang the bell: the servant entered.

“Is Baron Levy still waiting?”

“Yes, sir.”

“Admit him.”

Levy entered.

“I beg your pardon, Levy,” said the ex-minister, “for having so long detained you. I am now at your commands.”

“My dear fellow,” returned the Baron, “no apologies between friends so old as we are; and I fear that my business is not so agreeable as to make you impatient to discuss it.”

EGERTON, (with perfect composure.) — “I am to conclude, then, that you wish to bring our accounts to a close. Whenever you will, Levy.”

THE BARON, (disconcerted and surprised.) — “*Peste! mon cher*, you take things coolly. But if our accounts are closed, I fear you will have but little to live upon.”

EGERTON. — “I can continue to live on the salary of a Cabinet Minister.”

BARON. — “Possibly; but you are no longer a Cabinet Minister.”

EGERTON. — “You have never found me deceived in a political prediction. Within twelve months, (should life be spared to me) I shall be in office again. If the same to you, I would rather wait till then, formally and amicably to resign to you my lands and this house. If you grant that reprieve, our connection can thus close, without the *éclat* and noise, which may be injurious to you, as it would be disagreeable to me. But if that delay be inconvenient, I will appoint a lawyer to examine your accounts, and adjust my liabilities.”

THE BARON, (soliloquising.) — “I don’t like this. A lawyer! That may be awkward.”

EGERTON, (observing the Baron, with a curl of his lip.) — “Well, Levy, how shall it be?”

THE BARON. — “You know, my dear fellow, it is not my character to be hard on any one, least of all upon an old friend. And if you really think there is a chance of your return to office, which you apprehend that an *esclandre* as to your affairs at present might damage, why, let us see if we can conciliate matters. But, first, *mon cher*, in order to become a Minister, you must at least have a seat in Parliament; and, pardon me the question, how the dence are you to find one?”

EGERTON. — “It is found.”

THE BARON. — “Ah, I forgot the £5000 you last borrowed.”

EGERTON. — “No; I reserve that sum for another purpose.”

THE BARON, (with a forced laugh.) — “Perhaps to defend yourself against the actions you apprehend from me?”

EGERTON. — “You are mistaken. But to soothe your suspicions, I will tell you plainly, that finding any sum I might have insured on my life would be liable to debts preincurred, and (as you will be my sole creditor) might thus at my death pass back to you; and doubting whether, indeed, any office would accept my insurance, I appropriate that sum to the relief of my conscience. I intend to bestow it, while yet in life, upon my late wife’s kinsman, Randal Leslie. And it is solely the wish to do what I consider an act of justice, that has prevailed with me to accept a favour from the hands of Harley L’Estrange, and to become again the member for Lansmere.”

THE BARON. — “Ha!—Lansmere! You will stand for Lansmere?”

EGERTON, (winning.) — “I propose to do so.”

THE BARON. — “I believe you will be opposed, subjected to even a sharp contest. Perhaps you may lose your election.”

EGERTON. — “If so, I resign myself, and you can foreclose on my estates.”

THE BARON, (his brow colouring.) — “Look you, Egerton, I shall be too happy to do you a favour.”

EGERTON, (with stateliness.) — “Favour! No, Baron Levy, I ask

from you no favour. Dismiss all thought of rendering me one. It is but a consideration of business on both sides. If you think it better that we shall at once settle our accounts, my lawyer shall investigate them. If you agree to the delay I request, my lawyer shall give you no trouble; and all that I have, except hope and character, pass to your hands without a struggle."

THE BARON.—"Inflexible and ungracious, favour or not—put it as you will—I accede, provided, first, that you allow me to draw up a fresh deed, which will accomplish your part of the compact; and secondly, that we saddle the proposed delay with the condition that you do not lose your election."

EGERTON.—"Agreed. Have you anything further to say?"

THE BARON.—"Nothing, except that, if you require more money, I am still at your service."

EGERTON.—"I thank you. No; I owe no man aught except yourself. I shall take the occasion of my retirement from office to reduce my establishment. I have calculated already, and provided for the expenditure I need, up to the date I have specified, and I shall have no occasion to touch the £5000 that I still retain."

"Your young friend, Mr Leslie,

ought to be very grateful to you," said the Baron, rising. "I have met him in the world—a lad of much promise and talent. You should try and get him also into Parliament."

EGERTON, (thoughtfully).—"You are a good judge of the practical abilities and merits of men, as regards worldly success. Do you really think Randal Leslie calculated for public life—for a Parliamentary career?"

THE BARON.—"Indeed I do."

EGERTON, (speaking more to himself than Levy).—"Parliament without fortune—'tis a sharp trial; still he is prudent, abstemious, energetic, persevering; and at the onset, under my auspices and advice, he might establish a position beyond his years."

THE BARON.—"It strikes me that we might possibly get him into the next Parliament; or, as that is not likely to last long, at all events into the Parliament to follow—not for one of the boroughs which will be swept away, but for a permanent seat, and without expense."

EGERTON.—"Ay—and how?"

THE BARON.—"Give me a few days to consider. An idea has occurred to me. I will call again if I find it practicable. Good day to you, Egerton, and success to your election for Lansmere."

CHAPTER VII.

Peschiera had not been so inactive as he had appeared to Harley and the reader. On the contrary, he had prepared the way for his ultimate design, with all the craft and the unscrupulous resolution which belonged to his nature. His object was to compel Riccabocca into assenting to the Count's marriage with Violante, or, failing that, to ruin all chance of his kinsman's restoration. Quietly and secretly he had sought out, amongst the most needy and unprincipled of his own countrymen, those whom he could snub to depose to Riccabocca's participation in plots and conspiracies against the Austrian dominions. These his former connection with the Carbonari enabled him to track in their refuge in London; and his knowledge of the charac-

ters he had to deal with fitted him well for the villanous task he undertook.

He had, therefore, already collected witnesses sufficient for his purposes, making up in number for their defects in quality. Meanwhile, he had (as Harley had suspected he would) set spies upon Randal's movements; and the day before that young traitor confided to him Violante's retreat, he had, at least, got scent of her father's.

The discovery that Violante was under a roof so honoured, and seemingly so safe as Lord Lansmere's, did not discourage this bold and desperate adventurer. We have seen him set forth to reconnoitre the house at Knightsbridge. He had examined it well, and discovered the quarter which he judged favourable to a *coup-de-main*, should that become necessary.

Lord Lansmere's house and grounds were surrounded by a wall, the entrance being to the high-road, and by a porter's lodge. At the rear there lay fields crossed by a lane or by-road. To these fields a small door in the wall, which was used by the gardeners in passing to and from their work, gave communication. This door was usually kept locked; but the lock was of the rude and simple description common to such entrances, and easily opened by a skeleton key. So far there was no obstacle which Peschiera's experience in conspiracy and gallantry did not disdain as trivial. But the Count was not disposed to abrupt and violent means in the first instance. He had a confidence in his personal gifts, in his address, in his previous triumphs over the sex, which made him naturally desire to hazard the effect of a personal interview; and on this he resolved with his wonted audacity. Randal's description of Violante's personal appearance, and such suggestions as to her character and the motives most likely to influence her actions, as that young lynx-eyed observer could bestow, were all that the Count required of present aid from his accomplice.

Meanwhile we return to Violante herself. We see her now seated in the gardens at Knightsbridge, side by side with Helen. The place was retired, and out of sight from the windows of the house.

VIOLANTE.—“But why will you not tell me more of that early time? You are less communicative even than Leonard.”

HELEN, (looking down, and hesitatingly.)—“Indeed there is nothing to tell you that you do not know; and it is so long since, and things are so changed now.”

The tone of the last words was mournful, and the words ended with a sigh.

VIOLANTE, (with enthusiasm.)—“How I envy you that past which you treat so lightly! To have been something, even in childhood, to the formation of a noble nature; to have borne on those slight shoulders half the load of a man's grand labour. And now to see Genius moving calm in its clear career; and to say inly, ‘Of that genius I am a part!’”

“HELEN, (sadly and humbly.)—“A part! Oh, no! A part? I don't understand you.”

VIOLANTE.—“Take the child Beatrice from Dante's life; and should we have a Dante? What is a poet's genius but the voice of its emotions? All things in life and in Nature influence genius; but what influences it the most, are its sorrows and affections.”

Helen looks softly into Violante's eloquent face, and draws nearer to her in tender silence.

VIOLANTE, (suddenly.) — “Yes, Helen, yes—I know by my own heart how to read yours. Such memories are ineffaceable. Few guess what strange self-weavers of our own destinies we women are in our veriest childhood!” She sunk her voice into a whisper: “How could Leonard fail to be dear to you—dear as you to him—dearer than all others?”

HELEN, (shrinking back, and greatly disturbed.) — “Hush, hush! you must not speak to me thus; it is wicked—I cannot bear it. I would not have it be so—it must not be—it cannot!”

She clasped her hands over her eyes for a moment, and then lifted her face, and the face was very sad, but very calm.

VIOLANTE, (twining her arm round Helen's waist.) — “How have I wounded you?—how offended? Forgive me—but why is this wicked? Why must it not be? Is it because he is below you in birth?”

HELEN.—“No, no—I never thought of that. And what am I? Don't ask me—I cannot answer. You are wrong, quite wrong, as to me. I can only look on Leonard as—as a brother. But—but, you can speak to him more freely than I can. I would not have him waste his heart on me, nor yet think me unkind and distant, as I seem. I know not what I say. But—but—break to him—indirectly—gently—that duty in both forbids us both to—to be more than friends—than—”

“Helen, Helen!” cried Violante, in her warm, generous passion, “your heart betrays you in every word you say. You weep; lean on me, whisper to me; why—why is this? Do you fear that your guar-

dian would not consent? He not consent! He who—"

HELEN.—"Cease—cease—cease."

VIOLANTE.—"What! You can fear Harley—Lord L'Estrange? Fie; you do not know him."

HELEN, (rising suddenly).—"Violante, hold; I am engaged to another."

Violante rose also, and stood still, as if turned to stone; pale as death, till the blood came, at first slowly, then with suddenness from her heart, and one deep glow suffused her whole countenance. She caught Helen's hand firmly, and said, in a hollow voice—

"Another! Engaged to another! One word, Helen—not to him—not to—Harley—to—"

"I cannot say—I must not. I have promised," cried poor Helen, and as Violante let fall her hand, she hurried away.

Violante sat down, mechanically. She felt as if stunned by a mortal blow. She closed her eyes, and breathed hard. A deadly faintness seized her; and when it passed away, it seemed to her as if she were no longer the same being, nor the world around her the same world—as if she were but one sense of intense, hopeless misery, and as if the universe were but one inanimate void. So strangely immaterial are we really—we human beings, with flesh and blood—that if you suddenly abstract from us but a single, impalpable, airy thought, which our souls have cherished, you seem to curdle the air, to extinguish the sun, to snap every link that connects us to matter,

and to benumb everything into death, except woe.

And this warm, young, southern nature, but a moment before was so full of joy and life, and vigorous, lofty hope. It never till now had known its own intensity and depth. The virgin had never lifted the veil from her own soul of woman. What, till then, had Harley L'Estrange been to Violante? An ideal—a dream of some imagined excellence—a type of poetry in the midst of the common world. It had not been Harley the Man—it had been Harley the Phantom. She had never said to herself, "He is identified with my love, my hopes, my home, my future." How could she? Of such, he himself had never spoken; an internal voice, indeed, had vaguely, yet irresistibly, whispered to her that, despite his light words, his feelings towards her were grave and deep. O false voice! how it had deceived her. Her quick convictions seized the all that Helen had left unsaid. And now suddenly she felt what it is to love, and what it is to despair. So she sat, crushed and solitary, neither murmuring nor weeping, only now and then passing her hand across her brow, as if to clear away some cloud that would not be dispersed; or heaving a deep sigh, as if to throw off some load that no time henceforth could remove. There are certain moments in life in which we say to ourselves, "All is over; no matter what else changes, that which I have made my all is gone evermore—evermore." And our own thought rings back in our ears, "Evermore—evermore!"

CHAPTER VIII.

As Violante thus sat, a stranger, passing stealthily through the trees, stood between herself and the evening sun. She saw him not. He paused a moment, and then spoke low, in her native tongue, addressing her by the name which she had borne in Italy. He spoke as a relation and excused his intrusion: "For," said he, "I come to suggest to the daughter the means by which she can restore to her father his country and his honours."

At the word "father" Violante roused herself, and all her love for

that father rushed back upon her with double force. It does so ever—we love most our parents at the moment when some tie less holy is abruptly broken; and when the conscience says, "There, at least, is a love that never has deceived thee!"

She saw before her a man of mild aspect and princely form. Peschiera (for it was he) had banished from his dress, as from his countenance, all that betrayed the worldly levity of his character. He was acting a part, and he dressed and looked it.

"My father!" she said quickly, and in Italian. "What of him? And who are you, signior? I know you not."

Peschiera smiled benignly, and replied in a tone in which great respect was softened by a kind of parental tenderness.

"Suffer me to explain, and listen to me while I speak." Then, quietly seating himself on the bench beside her, he looked into her eyes, and resumed.

"Doubtless, you have heard of the Count di Peschiera?"

VIOLANTE.—"I heard that name, as a child, when in Italy. And when she with whom I then dwelt, (my father's aunt,) fell ill and died, I was told that my home in Italy was gone, that it had passed to the Count di Peschiera—my father's foe."

PESCHIERA.—"And your father, since then, has taught you to hate this fancied foe?"

VIOLANTE.—"Nay; my father did but forbid me ever to breathe his name."

PESCHIERA.—"Alas! what years of suffering and exile might have been saved your father, had he but been more just to his early friend and kinsman; nay, had he but less cruelly concealed the secret of his retreat. Fair child, I am that Giulio Franzini, that Count di Peschiera. I am the man you have been told to regard as your father's foe. I am the man on whom the Austrian emperor bestowed his lands. And now judge if I am in truth the foe. I have come hither to seek your father, in order to dispossess myself of my sovereign's gift. I have come but with one desire, to restore Alphonso to his native land, and to surrender the heritage that was forced upon me."

VIOLANTE.—"My father, my dear father! His grand heart will have room once more. Oh! this is noble enmity, true revenge. I understand it, signior, and so will my father, for such would have been his revenge on you. You have seen him?"

PESCHIERA.—"No, not yet. I would not see him till I had seen yourself; for you, in truth, are the arbiter of his destinies, as of mine."

VIOLANTE.—"I—Count? I—arbiter of my father's destinies? Is it possible!"

PESCHIERA, (with a look of compassionate admiration, and in a tone yet more emphatically parental.)—"How lovely is that innocent joy; but do not indulge it yet. Perhaps it is a sacrifice which is asked from you—a sacrifice too hard to bear. Do not interrupt me. Listen still, and you will see why I could not speak to your father until I had obtained an interview with yourself. See why a word from you may continue still to banish me from his presence. You know, doubtless, that your father was one of the chiefs of a party that sought to free Northern Italy from the Austrians. I myself was at the onset a warm participator in that scheme. In a sudden moment I discovered that some of its more active projectors had coupled with a patriotic enterprise schemes of a dark nature—and that the conspiracy itself was about to be betrayed to the government. I wished to consult with your father; but he was at a distance. I learned that his life was condemned. Not an hour was to be lost. I took a bold resolve, that has exposed me to his suspicions, and to my country's wrath. But my main idea was to save him, my early friend, from death, and my country from fruitless massacre. I withdrew from the intended revolt. I sought at once the head of the Austrian government in Italy, and made terms for the lives of Alphonso and of the other more illustrious chiefs, which otherwise would have been forfeited. I obtained permission to undertake myself the charge of securing my kinsman in order to place him in safety, and to conduct him to a foreign land, in an exile that would cease when the danger was dispelled. But unhappily he deemed that I only sought to destroy him. He fled from my friendly pursuit. The soldiers with me were attacked by an intermeddling Englishman; your father escaped from Italy—concealing his retreat; and the character of his flight counteracted my efforts to obtain his pardon. The government conferred on me half his revenues, holding the other at its pleasure. I accepted the offer to save his whole heritage from confiscation. That I did not convey to him, what I pined to do—viz., the information that I held but in trust what was bestowed by

the government, and the full explanation of what seemed blamable in my conduct—was necessarily owing to the secrecy he maintained. I could not discover his refuge; but I never ceased to plead for his recall. This year only I have partially succeeded. He can be restored to his heritage and rank, on one proviso—a guarantee for his loyalty. That guarantee the government has named: it is the alliance of his only child with one whom the government can trust. It was the interest of all Italian nobility, that the representation of a house so great falling to a female, should not pass away wholly from the direct line;—in a word, that you should ally yourself with a kinsman. But one kinsman, and he the next in blood, presented himself. Brief—Alphonso regains all that he lost on the day in which his daughter gives her hand to Giulio Franzini, Count di Peschiera. Ah,” continued the Count, mournfully, “you shrink—you recoil. He thus submitted to your choice is indeed unworthy of you. You are scarce in the spring of life. He is in its waning autumn. Youth loves youth. He does not aspire to your love. All that he can say is, love is not the only joy of the heart—it is joy to raise from ruin a beloved father—joy to restore, to a land poor in all but memories, a chief in whom it reverences a line of heroes. These are the joys I offer to you—you, a daughter, and an Italian maid. Still silent! Oh speak to me!”

Certainly this Count Peschiera knew well how woman is to be wooed and won; and never was woman more sensitive to those high appeals which most move all true earnest womanhood, than was the young Violante. Fortune favoured him in the moment chosen. Harley was wrenched away from her hopes, and love a word crased from her language. In the void of the world, her father's image alone stood clear and visible. And she who from infancy had so pined to serve that father, who had first learned to dream of Harley as that father's friend! She could restore to him all for which the exile sighed; and by a sacrifice of self! Self-sacrifice, ever in itself such a temptation to the noble! Still, in the midst of the

confusion and disturbance of her mind, the idea of marriage with another seemed so terrible and revolting, that she could not at once conceive it; and still that instinct of openness and honour, which pervaded all her character, warned even her inexperience that there was something wrong in this clandestine appeal to herself.

Again the Count besought her to speak; and with an effort she said, irresolutely—

“If it be as you say, it is not for me to answer you; it is for my father.”

“Nay,” replied Peschiera. “Pardon, if I contradict you. Do you know so little of your father as to suppose that he will suffer his interest to dictate to his pride. He would refuse, perhaps, even to receive my visit to hear my explanations; but certainly he would refuse to buy back his inheritance by the sacrifice of his daughter to one whom he has deemed his foe, and whom the mere disparity of years would incline the world to say he had made the barter of his personal ambition. But if I could go to him sanctioned by you—if I could say your daughter overlooks what the father might deem an obstacle—she has consented to accept my hand of her own free choice—she unites her happiness, and blends her prayers, with mine,—then, indeed, I could not fail of success: and Italy would pardon my errors, and bless your name. Ah! Signorina, do not think of me save as an instrument towards the fulfilment of duties so high and sacred—think but of your ancestors, your father, your native land, and reject not the proud occasion to prove how you reverence them all!”

Violante's heart was touched at the right chord. Her head rose—her colour came back to her pale cheek—she turned the glorious beauty of her countenance towards the wily tempter. She was about to answer, and to seal her fate, when at that instant Harley's voice was heard at a little distance, and Nero came bounding towards her, and thrust himself, with rough familiarity, between herself and Peschiera. The Count drew back, and Violante, whose eyes were still fixed on his face, started at the change that passed there. One quick gleam of rage sufficed in an instant

to light up the sinister secrets of his nature—it was the face of the baffled gladiator. He had time but for few words.

"I must not be seen here," he muttered; "but to-morrow—in these gardens—about this hour. I implore

you, for the sake of your father—his hopes, fortunes, his very life, to guard the secret of this interview—to meet me again. Adieu!"

He vanished amidst the trees, and was gone—noiselessly, mysteriously, as he had come.

CHAPTER IX.

The last words of Peschiera were still ringing in Violante's ears when Harley appeared in sight, and the sound of his voice dispelled the vague and dreamy stupor which had crept over her senses. At that voice there returned the consciousness of a mighty loss, the sting of an intolerable anguish. To meet Harley there, and thus, seemed impossible. She turned abruptly away, and hurried towards the house. Harley called to her by name, but she would not answer, and only quickened her steps. He paused a moment in surprise, and then hastened after her.

"Under what strange taboo am I placed?" said he gaily, as he laid his hand on her shrinking arm. "I inquire for Helen—she is ill, and cannot see me. I come to sun myself in your presence, and you fly me as if gods and men had set their mark on my brow. Child!—child!—what is this? You are weeping?"

"Do not stay me now—do not speak to me," answered Violante through her stifling sobs, as she broke from his hand and made towards the house.

"Have you a grief, and under the shelter of my father's roof? A grief that you will not tell to me? Cruel!" cried Harley, with inexpressible tenderness of reproach in his soft tones.

Violante could not trust herself to reply. Ashamed of her self-betrayal—softened yet more by his pleading voice—she could have prayed to the earth to swallow her. At length, checking back her tears by a heroic effort, she said, almost calmly, "Noble friend, forgive me. I have no grief, believe me, which—which I can tell to you. I was but thinking of my poor father when you came up; alarming myself about him, it may be, with vain superstitious fears; and so—even

a slight surprise—your abrupt appearance, has sufficed to make me thus weak and foolish; but I wish to see my father!—to go home—home!"

"Your father is well, believe me, and pleased that you are here. No danger threatens him; and you, *here*, are safe."

"I safe—and from what?"

Harley mused irresolute. He inclined to confide to her the danger which her father had concealed; but had he the right to do so against her father's will?

"Give me," he said, "time to reflect, and to obtain permission to intrust you with a secret which, in my judgment, you should know. Meanwhile, this much I may say, that rather than you should incur the danger that I believe he exaggerates, your father would have given you a protector—even in Randal Leslie."

Violante started.

"But," resumed Harley, with a calm, in which a certain deep mournfulness was apparent, unconsciously to himself—"but I trust you are reserved for a fairer fate, and a nobler spouse. I have vowed to live henceforth in the common workday world. But for you, bright child, for you, I am a dreamer still!"

Violante turned her eyes for one instant towards the melancholy speaker. The look thrilled to his heart. He bowed his face involuntarily. When he looked up, she had left his side. He did not this time attempt to follow her, but moved away and plunged amidst the leafless trees.

An hour afterwards he re-entered the house, and again sought to see Helen. She had now recovered sufficiently to give him the interview he requested.

He approached her with a grave and serious gentleness.

"My dear Helen," said he, "you

have consented to be my wife, my life's mild companion; let it be soon—soon—for I need you. I need all the strength of that holy tie. Helen, let me press you to fix the time."

"I owe you too much," answered Helen, looking down, "to have a will but yours. But your mother," she added, perhaps clinging to the idea of some reprieve—"your mother has not yet—"

"My mother—true. I will speak first to her. You shall receive from my family all honour due to your gentle virtues. Helen, by the way,

have you mentioned to Violante the bond between us?"

"No—that is, I fear I may have unguardedly betrayed it, against Lady Lansmere's commands too—but—but—"

"So, Lady Lansmere forbade you to name it to Violante. This should not be. I will answer for her permission to revoke that interdict. It is due to Violante and to you. Tell your young friend all. Ah, Helen, if I am at times cold or wayward, bear with me—bear with me; for you love me, do you not?"

CHAPTER X.

That same evening Randal heard from Levy (at whose house he staid late) of that self-introduction to Violante which (thanks to his skeleton-key) Peschiera had contrived to effect; and the Count seemed more than sanguine—he seemed assured as to the full and speedy success of his matrimonial enterprise. "Therefore," said Levy, "I trust I may very soon congratulate you on the acquisition of your family estates."

"Strange!" answered Randal, "strange that my fortunes seem so bound up with the fate of a foreigner like Beatrice di Negra and her connection with Frank Hazeldean." He looked up at the clock as he spoke, and added—

"Frank, by this time, has told his father of his engagement."

"And you feel sure that the Squire cannot be coaxed into consent?"

"No; but I feel sure that the Squire will be so choleric at the first intelligence, that Frank will not have the self-control necessary for coaxing; and, perhaps, before the Squire can relent upon this point, he may, by some accident, learn his grievances on another, which would exasperate him still more."

"Ay, I understand—the *post obit*?" Randal nodded.

"And what then?" asked Levy.

"The next of kin to the lands of Hazeldean may have his day."

The Baron smiled.

"You have good prospects in that direction, Leslie: look now to another. I spoke to you of the borough of

Lansmere. Your patron, Audley Egerton, intends to stand for it."

Randal's heart had of late been so set upon other and more avaricious schemes, that a seat in Parliament had sunk into a secondary object; nevertheless, his ambitious and all-grasping nature felt a bitter pang, when he heard that Egerton thus interposed between himself and any chance of advancement."

"So!" he muttered sullenly—"so. This man, who pretends to be my benefactor, squanders away the wealth of my forefathers—throws me penniless on the world; and, while still encouraging me to exertion and public life, robs me himself of—"

"No!" interrupted Levy—"not robs you; we may prevent that. The Lansmere interest is not so strong in the borough as Dick Avenel's."

"But I cannot stand against Egerton."

"Assuredly not—you may stand with him."

"How?"

"Dick Avenel will never suffer Egerton to come in; and though he cannot, perhaps, carry two of his own politics, he can split his votes upon you."

Randal's eyes flashed. He saw at a glance, that if Avenel did not overrate the relative strength of parties, his seat could be secured.

"But," he said, "Egerton has not spoken to me on such a subject; nor can you expect that he would propose to me to stand with him, if he foresaw the chance of being ousted by

the very candidate he himself introduced."

"Neither he nor his party will anticipate that possibility. If he ask you, agree to stand—leave the rest to me."

"You must hate Egerton bitterly," said Randal; "for I am not vain enough to think that you thus scheme but from pure love to me."

"The motives of men are intricate and complicated," answered Levy, with unusual seriousness. "It suffices to the wise to profit by the actions, and leave the motives in shade."

There was silence for some minutes. Then the two drew closer towards each other, and began to discuss details in their joint designs.

Randal walked home slowly. It was a cold moonlit night. Young idlers of his own years and rank passed him by, on their way from the haunts of social pleasure. They were yet in the first fair holiday of life. Life's holiday had gone from him for ever. Graver men, in the various callings of masculine labour—professions, trade, the state—passed him also. Their steps might be sober, and their faces careworn; but no step had the furtive stealth of his—no face the same contracted, sinister, suspicious gloom. Only once, in a

lonely thoroughfare, and on the opposite side of the way, fell a foot-fall, and glanced an eye, that seemed to betray a soul in sympathy with Randal Leslie's.

And Randal, who had heeded none of the other passengers by the way, as if instinctively, took note of this one. His nerves crisped at the noiseless slide of that form, as it stalked on from lamp to lamp, keeping pace with his own. He felt a sort of awe, as if he had beheld the wraith of himself; and ever, as he glanced suspiciously at the stranger, the stranger glanced at him. He was inexpressibly relieved when the figure turned down another street and vanished.

That man was a felon, as yet undetected. Between him and his kind there stood but a thought—a veil air-spun, but impassable, as the veil of the Image at Saïs.

And thus moved and thus looked Randal Leslie, a thing of dark and secret mischief—within the pale of the law, but equally removed from man by the vague consciousness that at his heart lay that which the eyes of man would abhor and loathe. Solitary amidst the vast city, and on through the machinery of Civilisation, went the still spirit of Intellectual Evil.

CHAPTER XL.

Early the next morning Randal received two notes—one from Frank, written in great agitation, begging Randal to see and propitiate his father, whom he feared he had grievously offended; and then running off, rather incoherently, into protestations that his honour as well as his affections were engaged irrevocably to Beatrice, and that her, at least, he could never abandon.

And the second note was from the Squire himself—short, and far less cordial than usual—requesting Mr Leslie to call on him.

Randal dressed in haste, and went at once to Limmer's hotel.

He found the Parson with Mr Hazledean, and endeavouring in vain to soothe him. The Squire had not slept all night, and his appearance was almost haggard.

"Oho! Mr young Leslie," said he, throwing himself back in his chair as Randal entered—"I thought you were a friend—I thought you were Frank's adviser. Explain, sir; explain."

"Gently, my dear Mr Hazledean," said the Parson. "You do but surprise and alarm Mr Leslie. Tell him more distinctly what he has to explain."

SQUIRE.—"Did you or did you not tell me or Mrs Hazledean, that Frank was in love with *Violante Riekeybockey*?"

RANDAL. (as if amazed).—"I! Never, sir! I feared, on the contrary, that he was somewhat enamoured of a very different person. I hinted at that possibility. I could not do more, for I did not know how far Frank's affections were seriously engaged. And indeed, sir, Mrs Hazel-

dean, though not encouraging the idea that your son could marry a foreigner and a Roman Catholic, did not appear to consider such objections insuperable, if Frank's happiness were really at stake."

Here the poor Squire gave way to a burst of passion, that involved, in one tempest, Frank, Randal, Harry himself, and the whole race of foreigners, Roman Catholics, and women. While the Squire himself was still incapable of hearing reason, the Parson, taking aside Randal, convinced himself that the whole affair, so far as Randal was concerned, had its origin in a very natural mistake: and that while that young gentleman had been hinting at Beatrice, Mrs Hazeldean had been thinking of Violante. With considerable difficulty he succeeded in conveying this explanation to the Squire, and somewhat appeasing his wrath against Randal. And the Dissimulator, seizing his occasion, then expressed so much grief and astonishment at learning that matters had gone as far as the Parson informed him—that Frank had actually proposed to Beatrice, been accepted, and engaged himself, before even communicating with his father; he declared so earnestly, that he could never conjecture such evil—that he had had Frank's positive promise to take no step without the sanction of his parents; he professed such sympathy with the Squire's wounded feelings, and such regret at Frank's involvement, that Mr Hazeldean at last yielded up his honest heart to his consoler—and gripping Randal's hand, said, "Well, well, I wronged you—beg your pardon. What now is to be done?"

"Why, you cannot consent to this marriage—impossible," replied Randal: "and we must hope therefore to influence Frank by his sense of duty."

"That's it," said the Squire; "for I'll not give way. Pretty pass things have come to, indeed! A widow too, I hear. Artful jade—thought, no doubt, to catch a Hazeldean of Hazeldean. My estates go to an outlandish Papisical set of mongrel brats! No, no, never!"

"But," said the Parson, mildly, "perhaps we may be unjustly pre-

judiced against this lady. We should have consented to Violante—why not to her? She is of good family?"

"Certainly," said Randal.

"And good character?"

Randal shook his head, and sighed. The Squire caught him roughly by the arm—"Answer the Parson!" cried he, vehemently.

"Indeed, sir, I cannot speak ill of the character of a woman, who may, too, be Frank's wife; and the world is ill-natured, and not to be believed. But you can judge for yourself, my dear Mr Hazeldean. Ask your brother whether Madame di Negra is one whom he would advise his nephew to marry."

"My brother!" exclaimed the Squire furiously. "Consult my distant brother on the affairs of my own son!"

"He is a man of the world," put in Randal.

"And of feeling and honour," said the Parson; "and, perhaps, through him, we may be enabled to enlighten Frank, and save him from what appears to be the snare of an artful woman."

"Meanwhile," said Randal, "I will seek Frank, and do my best with him. Let me go now—I will return in an hour or so."

"I will accompany you," said the Parson.

"Nay, pardon me, but I think we two young men can talk more openly without a third person, even so wise and kind as you."

"Let Randal go," growled the Squire. And Randal went.

He spent some time with Frank, and the reader will easily divine how that time was employed. As he left Frank's lodgings, he found himself suddenly seized by the Squire himself.

"I was too impatient to stay at home and listen to the Parson's prising," said Mr Hazeldean, nervously. "I have shaken Dale off. Tell me what has passed. Oh! don't fear—I'm a man, and can bear the worst."

Randal drew the Squire's arm within his, and led him into the adjacent park.

"My dear sir," said he, sorrowfully, "this is very confidential what I am about to say. I must repeat it to you, because without such confi-

dence, I see not how to advise you on the proper course to take. But if I betray Frank, it is for his good, and to his own father;—only do not tell him. He would never forgive me—it would for ever destroy my influence over him.”

“Go on, go on,” gasped the Squire; “speak out. I’ll never tell the ungrateful boy that I learned his secrets from another.”

“Then,” said Randal, “the secret of his entanglement with Madame di Negra is simply this—he found her in debt—nay, on the point of being arrested—”

“Debt!—arrested! Jezabel!”

“And in paying the debt himself, and saving her from arrest, he conferred on her the obligation which no woman of honour could accept save from her affianced husband. Poor Frank!—if sadly taken in, still we must pity and forgive him!”

Suddenly, to Randal’s great surprise, the Squire’s whole face brightened up.

“I see, I see!” he exclaimed, slapping his thigh. “I have it—I have it. ’Tis an affair of money! I can buy her off. If she took money from him, the mercenary, painted baggage! why, then, she’ll take it from me. I don’t care what it costs—half my fortune—all! I’d be content never to see Hazeldean Hall again, if I could save my son, my own son, from disgrace and misery; for miserable he will be, when he knows he has broken my heart and his mother’s. And for a creature like that! My boy, a thousand hearty thanks to you. Where does the wretch live? I’ll go to her at once.” And as he spoke, the Squire actually pulled out his pocket-book and began turning over and counting the bank-notes in it.

Randal at first tried to combat this

bold resolution on the part of the Squire; but Mr Hazeldean had seized on it with all the obstinacy of his straightforward English mind. He cut Randal’s persuasive eloquence off in the midst.

“Don’t waste your breath. I’ve settled it; and if you don’t tell me where she lives, ’tis easily found out, I suppose.”

Randal mused a moment. “After all,” thought he, “why not? He will be sure so to speak as to enlist her pride against himself, and to irritate Frank to the utmost. Let him go.”

Accordingly, he gave the information required; and, insisting with great earnestness on the Squire’s promise not to mention to Madame di Negra his knowledge of Frank’s pecuniary aid, (for that would betray Randal as the informant;) and satisfying himself as he best might with the Squire’s prompt assurance, “that he knew how to settle matters, without saying why or wherefore, as long as he opened his purse wide enough,” he accompanied Mr Hazeldean back into the streets, and there left him—fixing an hour in the evening for an interview at Limmer’s, and hinting that it would be best to have that interview without the presence of the Parson. “Excellent good man,” said Randal, “but not with sufficient knowledge of the world for affairs of this kind, which *you* understand so well.”

“I should think so,” quoth the Squire, who had quite recovered his good-humour. “And the Parson is as soft as buttermilk. We must be firm here—firm, sir.” And the Squire struck the end of his stick on the pavement, nodded to Randal, and went on to Mayfair as sturdily and as confidently as if to purchase a prize cow at a cattle show.

CHAPTER XII.

“Bring the light nearer,” said John Burley—“nearer still.”

Leonard obeyed, and placed the candle on a little table by the sick man’s bedside.

Burley’s mind was partially wandering; but there was method in his madness. Horace Walpole said that

“his stomach would survive all the rest of him.” That which in Burley survived the last was his quaint wild genius. He looked wistfully at the still flame of the candle: “It lives ever in the air!” said he.

“What lives ever?”

Burley’s voice swelled—“Light!”

He turned from Leonard, and again contemplated the little flame. "In the fixed star, in the Will-o'-the-wisp, in the great sun that illumines half a world, or the farthing rushlight by which the ragged student strains his eyes—still the same flower of the elements. Light in the universe, thought in the soul—ay—ay—Go on with the simile. My head swims. Extinguish the light! You cannot; fool, it vanishes from your eye, but it is still in the space. Worlds must perish, suns shrivel up, matter and spirit both fall into nothingness, before the combinations whose union makes that little flame, which the breath of a babe can restore to darkness, shall lose the power to unite into light once more. Lose the power!—no, the necessity:—it is the one *Must* in creation. Ay, ay, very dark riddles grow clear now—now when I could not cast up an addition sum in the baker's bill! What wise man denied that two and two made four? Do they not make four? I can't answer him. But I could answer a question that some wise men have contrived to make much knottier." He smiled softly, and turned his face for some minutes to the wall.

This was the second night on which Leonard had watched by his bedside, and Burley's state had grown rapidly worse. He could not last many days, perhaps many hours. But he had evinced an emotion beyond mere delight at seeing Leonard again. He had since then been calmer, more himself. "I feared I might have ruined you by my bad example," he said, with a touch of humour that became pathos as he added, "That idea preyed on me."

"No, no; you did me great good."

"Say that—say it often," said Burley, earnestly; "it makes my heart feel so light."

He had listened to Leonard's story with deep interest, and was fond of talking to him of little Helen. He detected the secret at the young man's heart, and cheered the hopes that lay there, amidst fears and sorrows. Burley never talked seriously of his repentance; it was not in his nature to talk seriously of the things which he felt solemnly. But his high animal spirits were quenched with

the animal power that fed them. Now, we go out of our sensual existence only when we are no longer enthralled by the Present, in which the senses have their realm. The sensual being vanishes when we are in the Past or the Future. The Present was gone from Burley; he could no more be its slave and its king.

It was most touching to see how the inner character of this man unfolded itself, as the leaves of the outer character fell off and withered—a character no one would have guessed in him—an inherent refinement that was almost womanly; and he had all a woman's abnegation of self. He took the cares lavished on him so meekly. As the features of the old man return in the stillness of death to the aspect of youth—the lines effaced, the wrinkles gone—so, in seeing Burley now, you saw what he had been in his spring of promise. But he himself saw only what he had failed to be—powers squandered—life wasted. "I once beheld," he said, "a ship in a storm. It was a cloudy, fitful day, and I could see the ship with all its masts fighting hard for life and for death. Then came night, dark as pitch, and I could only guess that the ship fought on. Towards the dawn the stars grew visible, and once more I saw the ship—it was a wreck—it went down just as the stars shone forth."

When he had made that allusion to himself, he sat very still for some time, then he spread out his wasted hands, and gazed on them, and on his shrunken limbs. "Good," said he, laughing low; "these hands were too large and rude for handling the delicate webs of my own mechanism, and these strong limbs ran away with me. If I had been a sickly puny fellow, perhaps my mind would have had fair play. There was too much of brute body here! Look at this hand now! you can see the light through it! Good, good!"

Now, that evening, until he had retired to bed, Burley had been unusually cheerful, and had talked with much of his old eloquence, if with little of his old humour. Amongst other matters, he had spoken with considerable interest of some poems and other papers in manuscript which had been left in the house by a former

lodger, and which, the reader may remember, that Mrs Goodyer had urged him in vain to read, in his last visit to her cottage. But *then* he had her husband Jacob to chat with, and the spirit bottle to finish, and the wild craving for excitement plucked his thoughts back to his London revels. Now poor Jacob was dead, and it was not brandy that the sick man drank from the widow's cruise. And London lay afar amidst its fogs, like a world resolved back into nebulae. So to please his hostess and distract his own solitary thoughts, he had condescended (just before Leonard found him out) to peruse the memorials of a life obscure to the world, and new to his own experience of coarse joys and woes. "I have been making a romance, to amuse myself, from their contents," said he. "They may be of use to you, brother author. I have told Mrs Goodyer to place them in your room. Amongst those papers is a journal—a woman's journal; it moved me greatly. A man gets into another world, strange to him as the orb of Sirins, if he can transport himself into the centre of a woman's heart, and see the life there, so wholly unlike our own. Things of moment to us, to it so trivial; things trifling to us, to it so vast. There was this journal—in its dates reminding me of stormy events of my own existence, and grand doings in the world's. And those dates there, chronicling but the mysterious unrevealed record of some obscure loving heart! And in that chronicle, O Sir Poet, there was as much genius, vigour of thought, vitality of being, poured and wasted, as ever kind friend will say was lavished on the rude outer world by big John Burley! Genius, genius; are we all alike, then, save when we leach ourselves to some matter-of-fact material, and float over the roaring seas on a wooden plank or a herring tub?" And after he had uttered that cry of a secret anguish, John Burley had begun to show symptoms of growing fever and disturbed brain; and when they had got him into bed, he lay there muttering to himself, until towards midnight he had asked Leonard to bring the light nearer to him.

So now he again was quiet—with his face turned towards the wall; and Leonard stood by the bedside sorrowfully, and Mrs Goodyer, who did not heed Burley's talk, and thought only of his physical state, was dipping cloths into iced water to apply to his forehead. But as she approached with these, and addressed him soothingly, Burley raised himself on his arm, and waived aside the bandages. "I do not need them," said he, in a collected voice. "I am better now. I and that pleasant light understand one another, and I believe all it tells me. Pooh, pooh, I do not rave." He looked so smilingly and so kindly into her face, that the poor woman, who loved him as her own son, fairly burst into tears. He drew her towards him and kissed her forehead.

"Peace, old fool," said he fondly. "You shall tell anglers hereafter how John Burley came to fish for the one-eyed perch which he never caught; and how, when he gave it up at the last, his baits all gone, and the line broken amongst the weeds, you comforted the baffled man. There are many good fellows yet in the world who will like to know that poor Burley did not die on a dunguill. Kiss me! Come, boy, you too. Now, God bless you, I should like to sleep." His cheeks were wet with the tears of both his listeners, and there was a moisture in his own eyes, which nevertheless beamed bright through the moisture.

He laid himself down again, and the old woman would have withdrawn the light. He moved uneasily. "Not that," he murmured—"light to the last!" And putting forth his wan hand, he drew aside the curtain so that the light might fall full on his face. In a few minutes he was asleep, breathing calmly and regularly as an infant.

The old woman wiped her eyes, and drew Leonard softly into the adjoining room, in which a bed had been made up for him. He had not left the house since he had entered it with Dr Morgan. "You are young, sir," said she with kindness, "and the young want sleep. Lie down a bit: I will call you when he wakes."

"No, I could not sleep," said Leonard. "I will watch for you."

The old woman shook her head. "I must see the last of him, sir; but I know he will be angry when his eyes open on me, for he has grown very thoughtful of others."

"Ah, if he had but been as thoughtful of himself!" murmured Leonard; and he seated himself by the table, on which, as he leaned his elbow, he dislodged some papers placed there. They fell to the ground with a dumb, moaning, sighing sound.

"What is that?" said he starting.

The old woman picked up the manuscripts and smoothed them carefully.

"Ah, sir, he bade me place these papers here. He thought they might keep you from fretting about him, in case you would sit up and wake. And he had a thought of me, too; for I have so pined to find out the poor young lady, who left them years ago. She was almost as dear to me as he is; dearer perhaps until now—when—when—I am about to lose him."

Leonard turned from the papers, without a glance at their contents; they had no interest for him at such a moment.

The hostess went on—

"Perhaps she is gone to heaven before him; she did not look like one long for this world. She left us so suddenly. Many things of hers besides these papers are still here; but I keep them aired and dusted, and strew lavender over them, in case she ever come for them again. You never heard tell of her, did you, sir?" she added, with great simplicity, and dropping a half curtsy.

"Of her?—of whom?"

"Did not Mr John tell you her name—dear—dear;—Mrs Bertram."

Leonard started;—the very name so impressed upon his memory by Harley L'Estrange.

"Bertram!" he repeated. "Are you sure?"

"Oh yes, sir! And many years after she had left us, and we had heard no more of her, there came a packet addressed to her here, from over sea, sir. We took it in, and kept it, and John would break the seal, to know if it would tell us anything about her; but it was all in a foreign language like—we could not read a word."

"Have you the packet? Pray show it to me. It may be of the greatest value. To-morrow will do—I cannot think of that just now. Poor Burley!"

Leonard's manner indicated that he wished to talk no more, and to be alone. So Mrs Goodyer left him, and stole back to Burley's room on tiptoe.

The young man remained in deep reverie for some moments. "Light," he murmured. "How often 'Light' is the last word of those round whom the shades are gathering!"* He moved, and straight on his view through the cottage lattice there streamed light, indeed—not the miserable ray lit by a human hand—but the still and holy effulgence of a moonlit heaven. It lay broad upon the humble floors—pierced across the threshold of the death chamber, and halted clear amidst its shadows.

Leonard stood motionless, his eye following the silvery silent splendour.

"And," he said inly—"and does this large erring nature, marred by its genial faults—this soul which should have filled a land, as yon orb the room, with a light that linked earth to heaven—does it pass away into the dark, and leave not a ray behind? Nay, if the elements of light are ever in the space, and when the flame goes out, return to the vital air—so thought, once kindled, lives for ever around

* Every one remembers that Goethe's last words are said to have been, "More Light;" and perhaps what has occurred in the text may be supposed a plagiarism from those words. But, in fact, nothing is more common than the craving and demand for light a little before death. Let any consult his own sad experience in the last moments of those whose gradual close he has watched and tended. What more frequent than a prayer to open the shutters and let in the sun! What complaint more repeated, and more touching, than "that it is growing dark?" I once knew a sufferer—who did not then seem in immediate danger—suddenly order the sick room to be lit up as if for a gala. When this was told to the physician, he said gravely, "No worse sign."

and about us, a part of our breathing atmosphere. Many a thinker, many a poet, may yet illumine the world, from the thoughts which you genius, that will have no name, gave forth—to wander through air, and recombine again in some new form of light.”

Thus he went on in vague speculations, seeking, as youth enamoured of fame seeks too fondly, to prove that mind never works, however erratically, in vain—and to retain yet, as an influence upon earth, the soul about to soar far beyond the atmosphere where the elements that make fame abide. Not thus had the dying man interpreted the endurance of light and thought.

Suddenly, in the midst of his reverie, a low cry broke on his ear. He shuddered as he heard, and hastened forebodingly into the adjoining room. The old woman was kneeling by the bedside, and chafing Burley's hand—eagerly looking into his face. A glance sufficed to Leonard. All was over. Burley had died in sleep—calmly, and without a groan.

The eyes were half open, with that look of inexpressible softness which death sometimes leaves; and still they were turned towards the light; and the light burned clear. Leonard closed tenderly the heavy lids; and, as he covered the face, the lips smiled a serene farewell.

OUR LONDON COMMISSIONER.

In the northern outskirts of London, there is a dingy-looking, ill-shaped building, on the bank of a narrow canal, where at one time, not very long ago, real water fell in sparkling cascades, Trafalgars were fought in veritable vessels, and, triumphant over all, radiant in humour and motley, with wit at his fingers' ends, and ineffable character in his feet, laughed, hobbled, jeered, flouted, and pirouetted the clown, Joseph Grimaldi. The audiences, in those days, were partial to beer. Tobacco was a pleasant accompaniment to the wonders of the scene. Great effect was produced by farces of a very unsentimental kind; and the principal effort of the author was to introduce as much bustle and as many kicks into his piece as he could. A bloody nose secured three rounds of applause; a smack on the cheek was a successful repartee; a coarse oath was only emphatic—nobody blushed, everybody swore. There were fights in the pit, and the police-office was near at hand. It was the one place of entertainment for a poor and squalid district. Poverty and dirt went there to forget themselves, and came away unimproved. It was better, perhaps, than the beer-shop, certainly better than the prize-fight, but not so good as the tea-garden and hop. This

building is now the Theatre Royal, Sadler's Wells, presided over by one of the best actors on the English stage, and ringing, night after night, to the language of Shakspeare and Massinger. How does the audience behave? Better than young gentlemen of the Guards at a concert of sacred music; better than young ladies of fashion at a scientific lecture. They don't yawn, they don't giggle, they don't whisper to each other at the finest passages; but there is intense interest—eyes, heart, mind, all fixed on the wondrous evolvment of the story. They stay, hour by hour, silent, absorbed, attentive, answering the touch of the magician's wand, warming into enthusiasm, or melting into tears, with as fine an appreciation of the working of the play as if they had studied the Greek drama, and been critics all their days. Are they the same people, or the same class of people, who roared and rioted in the pit in the days of the real water? Exactly the same. The boxes are three shillings, the pit a shilling, the gallery a sixpence. There are many fustian jackets in the pit, and in the gallery a sprinkling of shirt sleeves. Masters of trades, and respectable shopkeepers, and professional men, and their families are in the boxes; and Mr Phelps is as great

a benefactor to that neighbourhood as if he had established a public park, or opened a lyceum for education. There is a perceptible difference, we are told, in the manners of the district. You can't raise a man in any one department without lifting him up in all. Improve his mind, you refine his character; teach him even mathematics, he will learn politeness; give him good society, he will cease to be coarse; introduce him to Shakspeare, Jonson, Beaumont, Massinger, and Webster, he will be a gentleman. A man with friends like these will not go to the tap of the Black Dog. Better spend his sixpence at Sadler's Wells, and learn what was going on in Rome in the time of Coriolanus, or learn the thanklessness of sycophantic friends in the Athenian Timon. With the bluff and brutal Henry VIII. they are quite familiar, and form a very tolerable idea of a certain pinchbeck cardinal's pride, from the insolence of the overweening Wolsey. That energy and honour overcome all impediments, they have long discovered from the story of the Lady of Lyons, and the graudeur of self-devotion in the noble aspirations of Ion. A world like this opening to their eyes, reflects a pleasant light on the common earth they inhabit. "One touch of nature makes the whole world kin." The same sentiment brings a big sob into their rough throats, and swells the gentle bosom of the delicate young lady in the front row of the dress circle. If the Queen were there, there would be a quivering of the royal lip. Jack Wiggins, the tinman, cries as if he were flogged. Let us off to see Sadler's Wells, where a new play is to be acted, with our old friend James VI. for its hero. A pretty hero for a play!—The pedantic, selfish, ambitious, and cowardly son of Mary Stuart, who kissed the hand recking with his mother's blood, and held out the Scottish crown to be an awmous-dish, into which Elizabeth disdainfully threw her niggard charity, like an old maid depositing a farthing in the plate at the Magdalen Hospital door. This play is improperly called a tragedy, because a few people happen to be killed in the course of it. The foundation is de-

cidedly comic—horribly, grotesquely comic. There the laughter tries in vain to banish the shudder, and between them a compound is created which we believe to be new to the stage. The conventional tyrant of tragedy is entirely done away with. There are no knittings of brows and crossings of elbows, starts and struttings, such as we generally see made the accompaniments of revenge and hatred. There is a low, selfish, cruel nature, disguised in ludicrous repartee and jocular conversation—a buffoon animated by the soul of Richard III., a harlequin's lath tipt with deadly poison—our ordinary ideas turned topsy-turvy, and Polonius running his sword through Hamlet behind the arras. Whether this historical view of James be correct or not, does not matter to the play. It is the view chosen by the author on a preponderating weight of evidence; and the point of his career chosen for the development of these blacker portions of his disposition is the Gowrie plot, where even the king's adulators were unable to hide the murmurs of the people, who certainly believed his conduct to have been cruel and unjust.

Such a piece of acting as Mr Phelps's presentment of James is rarely seen on the stage. His command of the Scotch dialect is wonderful in an Englishman; his walk, his look, his attitude, are as palpable indications of character as the language he employs. There is not a turn of his mouth, or a leer of his eye, that is not in harmony with the general design. His pride, terror, abasement, doubt, triumph, and final despair, are all given with a marvellous versatility, which yet never trenches on the identity of the actor's creation. But touches are here and there added, some to soften, some to darken, till the whole is like a Dutch picture—laboriously minute in all its details, and perfect as a finished whole.

The English envoy, Sir John Ayliffe, has been sent by Elizabeth with an answer to a demand made by James, that she should proclaim him her successor on the English throne. He has diverged from his road to Holyrood to the castle of the Laird of Restalrig—the secret, but principal

agent in a plot for seizing the king; and is greatly alarmed on hearing that Spanish and Roman agents are at the Scottish court, promising the king great pecuniary assistance if he will march across the Border, and, with the help of the discontented Catholic nobility, assert his claim by force. He therefore agrees to aid Restalrig in his attempt to secure the king, and proceeds on his way to Edinburgh. Lord Gowrie, with his brother, is on a visit to the Laird, Gowrie being, of course, in love with his daughter, and is easily worked on to aid the plot by hearing of certain indignities which had been offered to his mother in his absence by the minions of the king. He also goes to Edinburgh, and here we are introduced to his mother, the widowed countess, who urges him to revenge her wrongs, and vindicate his honour by confronting the oppressor. Restalrig has also come to the capital, encounters his friend Gomez, the Spanish agent, and is by him requested to take care of certain sums of gold which have been sent over for the purpose of purchasing the assistance of the nobles to the views of Spain. We now come into the court of Holyrood. James gabbles, and storms, and fleeces, and goes through the most strange, yet natural evolutions—hears a negative reply from England delivered by Sir John Ayliffe—is startled by the apparition of Gowrie drest in his father's arms—and dismisses the court with a threat of vengeance against all his opponents, especially the heirs of his old enemy, Lord Ruthven.

The interest of the plot hangs on the intellectual combat between the wily and sagacious laird, and the truculent and relentless king. With some of the gold obtained from the Spaniard, Restalrig induces James to move the court to Falkland, in order to be more easily seized when in the vicinity of Gowrie's house; but James carries his design farther, and goes into the mansion of the Gowries, having arranged with his train to follow him, and make themselves masters of his hosts. When Restalrig's triumph in the success of his plan and the imprisonment of the king is at its height, a chivalrous sense of honour in the young earl has disconcerted the whole design, by

restoring James to liberty, and admitting his followers. Slaughter then takes place; but while James is rejoicing in his gratified revenge, and the destruction of his enemies, it is announced to him that Restalrig, at the head of the men of Perth, is at the gate; they are clamorous for vengeance—the alarm-bells are ringing—strange yells of an outraged populace are heard—James, in an agony of cowardly remorse, blames the instruments of his cruelty—and the curtain falls, leaving him in immediate expectation of being torn to pieces in punishment of his useless crime. The performers have little to do in this play, except to bring out the peculiarities of the king. Restalrig is played with a rough humour, and appreciation of the part, by Mr Bennet; but the effect of the young earl, upon whom a great deal depends in the scene of the release, is entirely destroyed by the unfortunate voice and feebleness of the actor. As an exhibition, however, of how one great performer can vivify a whole play in spite of all drawbacks, we pronounce the acting of Mr Phelps in some respects without a parallel on the modern stage.

In the good old comedy of the "Man of the World," he is no less remarkable in his delineation of Sir Pertinax Macsycophant. His power over the Scotch dialect is the same; and it is only a less-powerful performance, from the character itself being less diversified, and the tragic element being entirely omitted. Disagreeable characters both, from their hardness and selfishness; and we should like to see the same art applied to some softer and more captivating specimens of the Scottish species.

We have been forced already to confess that single character pieces are the only style of drama to which full justice can be done in any theatre in London. Many people, deluded by this circumstance, and preferring the perfection of one to the mediocrity of many, will gravely tell you that the drama itself ought to be formed, in this respect, on the model of the stage; that the interest ought to be concentrated in the hero, and the others kept entirely subordinate, or at least only endowed with vitality enough to

enable them to survive the kicks and buffets with which the chief personage of the plot asserts his superiority. That one central interest must exist in a properly-constructed drama, there is no doubt; but it is a terrible narrowing of the author's walk if you debar him from affixing this interest to a group, and limit it entirely to one. You force him to descend to mere peculiarities, and the evolution of character in its most contracted sense—thereby, and to this extent, trenching upon the province of farce, which consists in a development of the humours of some selected individual. The drama, on the other hand, paints humanity in the abstract, modified in its particular action by the position and character of the personages of the story; and in so far as, for the sake of one chief actor, the movement of the play is made to depend on him, the poet sinks from being the Titian or Michael Angelo of his art, into the Watson Gordon, Phillips, or Pickersgill;—high names certainly; but portrait-painting, even at its best, is not history. Let any man read *Julius Cesar*, and think of the Kembles, Young, Macready, and Ellistoun all in the same play, and talk no more of a one-charactered drama as the fittest for representation, and the highest of its class. A one-charactered drama is only the best when there is but one good actor in a theatre; if there were three good actors, a three-charactered play would speedily arise; where all were good, Shakspeare would reappear—that is to say, crowds would go to see Shakspeare, instead of going, as now, to see this or that performer in Hamlet or Macbeth.

The nearest approach to this diffusion of excellence is to be found on the French stage. A unity of purpose is visible in the whole company. The flunky who announces the countess's carriage enters into the spirit of the scene, and is as completely the flunky, and nothing more, as Regnier is the marquis, and nothing less. But one man we possess on the English boards, who is very superior to Regnier and all his clan. Charles Matthews has more graceful ease, more untiring vivacity, more genial comprehension, than the very finest

of the Parisians. For ninety-five nights he has held a hushed theatre in the most complete subjection to his magic art, and was as fresh and forcible on the last night of the course as at its beginning. Yet never once does he raise his voice above drawing-room pitch; no reliance has he on silver shoe-buckles or slashed doublets; he wears the same coat and other habiliments in which he breakfasts at home or dines with a friend. Never once does he point an epigram with a grimace, or even emphasise a sentiment with a shrug of his shoulders. The marvel is how the effect is created; for there is no outward sign of effort or intention. That the effect is there, is manifest from pit to gallery; and yet, there stands a quiet, placid, calm-eyed, pleasant-mannered, meek-voiced, bald-headed, gentlemanly stockbroker, with respectable brass-buttoned blue coat and grey trousers, such as is to be seen on any day of the week pursuing his way from St John's Wood or Brompton; and, at first sight, as unfit for theatrical representation as the contents of his ledger for the material of an epic poem. But he is placed in queer and unaccountable situations?—made intensely interesting by some strange instance of mistaken identity?—or endangered in life and fame by some curiously ingenious piece of circumstantial evidence? Nothing of the kind. The man is before you all the time. You know his whole circumstances as well as he himself does. He has a wife and daughter; he lives in a well-furnished capacious house—we should say in the upper part of Baker Street; and probably a brass plate reveals to the inquiring passenger that it is the residence of Mr Affable Hawk. That is his name: a merchant or stockbroker, at one time very honest and very rich; but his partner, a Mr Sparrow, has eloped with the co-partnery funds, leaving Mr Hawk's affairs in inextricable confusion, and throwing him into the disagreeable necessity of living on his wits. He has a great and available capital, and lays it out to the best advantage. Never did wits so stand in the stead of money before. With them he pays off debts, with them he embarks in speculations, and on their

security raises loans, throwing seed in the stoniest places, and receiving a hundredfold. Nor is his triumph over a set of trustful spinsters, or persons unaccustomed to business. He does not live upon pigeons, but, like the lovers in Boccaccio, makes an excellent dinner on a sharp-beaked falcon. Mr Hardcore will stand no more nonsense. He rushes into the house—hat on head, stick in hand. He will have his money, or issue a writ at once. With a gentlemanly motion towards his head, Mr Affable convicts him silently of ill-breeding and impertinence, and the hat is instantly removed. With the utmost suavity, he requests the irate creditor to write to his clerk to stop farther proceedings, and to add, in a post-script, a cheque for £200. The man is staggered by the immensity of the impertinence. But the calm superiority of his debtor makes itself felt in spite of his utmost efforts. Certain shares in a brilliant speculation have been secured by Mr Hawk for his friend at a very low premium. The letter to the clerk is written. But the cheque for £200? Sir Harry Lester, a rich baronet, is about to marry Mr Hawk's daughter; all debts are to be paid by the enraptured son-in-law; a fitting breakfast must be given; a few trinkets, a few dresses. You wouldn't have such a glorious prospect spoiled by the want of such a trifle? Hardcore writes the cheque, and rushes off to secure the depreciated shares. Another comes in who throws himself on the charity of his debtor, pleads poverty, distress, even starvation. How can the polished and humane Mr Hawk resist so touching an appeal? He can't. He doesn't. He goes for three pounds, as an instalment of which it appears he has already paid nine, making a remarkably good return on the loan of our penurious friend, Mr Earthworm. That gentleman rejoices in the success of his "dodge," and appears triumphant in his conquest over the feelings of Mr Hawk. But the benevolent debtor now returns, pays the three sovereigns, and hurries his visitor off to make way for Mr Grossmark, who is about to purchase shares in a speculation of Mr Hawk's, which is to yield three hundred per cent.

"How much is required?" says the miserable Earthworm—"three hundred pounds?" He thinks he can raise the sum—a friend who is very rich will help him: he will advance the money. "But the four hundred pounds are required at once." Is it *four* hundred?" A bow from Mr Hawk. "Well, my friend will not stick at that." "And the five hundred pounds will set the matter afloat," said Mr Hawk; "but go—there's a good fellow—for I hear Grossmark's step, and the shares are promised to him." Earthworm's disguise is seen through, and falls off like the traveller's cloak before the heat of the sun. "Here! here's the money," he cries—puts a pile of notes into Mr Hawk's reluctant hand, and the bargain is closed. Prosperity once more seems an inhabitant of Baker Street. He has received seven hundred pounds, and can now provide a trousseau, and furnish forth a wedding breakfast. Twenty thousand pounds he has settled on his daughter; but they are any twenty thousand he may be able to extract from the uncountable riches of his son-in-law. This noble specimen of Hibernian honour rejoices in a double name; one being Sir Harry Lester, with which to tickle the ears of the millionaires of Baker Street, and the other his work-day appellation under which he enacts the distinguished part of a stag in railways, and a defaulter in other speculations. His interview with Mr Hawk would be diamond cut diamond if the strength and brilliancy weren't all on one side. Preliminaries are settled—the amount of marriage portion agreed upon—a description of the Lester estates, including a salt marsh taken on trust, and all things verging towards a satisfactory fulfilment. The salt marsh instantly suggests to the ingenious Hawk a perfect California of speculation; divided into shares, market rigged, property realised, and no other inquiries are made. But the course of true love never did run smooth. In the most dramatic scene of the play, the mutual discovery is made that Mr Hawk is an insolvent, and Sir Harry a swindler—the Lester estates are in an Irish bog, the salt marsh is the sea. Pleasant is it to

see the mild self-composure, and sublime self-reliance of Mr Hawk. For some years he has softened his creditors' hearts, and amused their hopes with reports of the return of his runaway partner Mr Sparrow, with all the funds of the firm, and a vast increase of capital by successful trade in the East. That expedient has been tried so often that it begins to lose its effect. The creditors laugh when he mentions Sparrow's name. What can be better than to make Sir Harry bronze his countenance, shave off his beard, put on a wig, buy a carriage in Long Acre, and post up to Baker Street at the very moment, decisive of his fate, when his creditors, now aware of the failure of his chance of marrying his daughter to a fortune, are to assemble with their united claims and remorselessly convey him to the Fleet? Sir Harry agrees. Hawk retires to mature his plans; but Mrs Hawk, radiant with some unexpected good news, hurries in—stops Sir Harry from the execution of his infamous plot, and waits in happy expectation the *dénouement* of the piece. The creditors come in—they bawl, they grin, they scold, they bully. Sparrow is appealed to in vain. They have heard too much of that Levanter's return to believe in it any more. Hawk! a carriage rattles up to the door. They look out of the window: carriage covered with mud;—old fellow hobbles out—pigtail wig exactly as ordered. Capital, Sir Harry, cries Hawk! Now, then, gentlemen, will you be persuaded? Wou't you wait for ten days till I have arranged our partnership accounts, and then we will pay you in full? The creditors pause. At last one of them goes out to see. He comes back with a cheque for the amount of his debt! Hawk stands aghast. Another goes out, and comes in holding up a bank post bill for ten thousand pounds! More and more confounded. Hawk has uncomfortable thoughts of forgery, and thinks Sir Harry carries the joke too far. At last the wife of his bosom rushes in, and at the other door Sir Harry makes his appearance. This is magic, witchcraft, sorcery; for still the creditors go out, and still come back with all their claims discharged. The real

Sparrow has indeed returned; and, having thus made the *amende*, is in a position to solicit an interview with his injured partner; and that sagacious and now thoroughly honourable gentleman concludes the series of his "dodges" with a solemn declaration in favour of probity and fair-dealing, which would have been more edifying if he could have appealed to his own conduct in illustration of what he said. There was no occasion for any piece of hypocrisy like this at the end. His life was a sermon. We have heard an objection made to the moral of this play, that it invests swindling with dignity, and so unites dishonesty with wit, ease, grace, and fascinating manner, as to make dishonesty itself far from a repulsive object. Have you ever reflected, oh critic, that the creditors here are the helots of the scene, to be a disgust and warning to others; and, in the midst of their apparent respectabilities, are shown to be the dishonest workers of their own losses?—that Mr Hawk is far less the tempter of those City gentlemen, than the creation of the style of speculation in which they are all engaged. Without Earthworms and Hardecores there would be no possible existence for our easy, pleasant, buoyant friend Hawk. The whole play may be called "*Rochefoucauld's Maxims Dramatised*;" for a better satire on the selfishness, meanness, and gullibility of the animal man is not to be found in the whole range of literature or philosophy. What little is to be done by Mr Roxby, as Sir Harry, is done "excellent well." There is a very praiseworthy obtuseness to the casualty of his conduct, and calm consideration of his claims, which is very edifying as contrasted with the thorough appreciation of him instantaneously arrived at by his intended father-in-law. The principal creditors also are very adequately represented, especially the miserable begging impostor, by Mr Frank Matthews. A more life-like combination of mendacity, and its unvarying accompaniment mendacity, was never observed by Mr Horsford; and we confess to a feeling approaching displeasure, when we learn that the beneficent Sparrow has restored his money to

that smooth-tongued, supple-backed, blackhearted vagabond. Now, what is the conclusion derived from all this?—That a dramatic feast of this quality has not been seen in our time. Not that the language is comparable to Sheridan's—in fact, the composition is rather poor; not even that there is any novelty in the plot;—but the strength of this play is first of all in the prevailing truthfulness of Charles Matthews' acting; and, secondly, that it never on any one occasion oversteps the modesty of nature. With the sole exception of the opportune return of the defaulting partner, we believe that the entire story of this drama was enacted every day in the neighbourhood of Capel Court all the time of the railway mania, and is now performing every day not far from the Stock Exchange. And the proof that this lecture, as it may be called, on the art of commercial gambling, is carried on in accordance with inevitable natural laws, is that in spite of the English names, the Irish baronet, the Baker Street furniture, and the thoroughly London atmosphere that surrounds all the personages introduced, the play is originally French. The scene is Paris—the creditors are Parisian—the swindling, speculating, caballing, kite-flying, and mystification, are all originally the offspring of the Bourse; and all the merit of the English play-wright is, that he has very ingeniously hidden the birthplace of his characters, without altering, or in the slightest degree damaging, their features; and, in fact, has given them letters of naturalisation under which they could rise to be Lord Mayors of London, and eat turtle and drink port as if to the manner born. The author is poor Balzac, lately dead, who left *Mercadet* a legacy to the stage of more value by far than all his contributions to it during his lifetime. His minute dissection of character had given a charm to his novels, but gave no promise of a success upon the boards; for his ends were worked out by a thousand little traits, as in our own Miss Austin, without ever having recourse to the broad effects that seem adapted to the theatre;—and we believe his dramatic triumph came as a surprise upon the Parisian public,

which, at the same time, highly appreciated his Eugenie Grandet, and his other revelations of provincial life.

While dwelling on the performances of the Lyceum, it would be unpardonable to omit, from the notice of *Maga* and her readers, the genius of Mr Beverley, the scene-painter. It almost requires an apology for applying that old appellation to a man who lavishes upon the landscapes required in a play a richness of imagination and power of touch which would bring envy to the hearts of the Poussins or Claude. It is not by gorgeous colours, or startling light and shade, that Beverley produces his effects. With a severe adherence to his original design, he works out a scene, so perfect in its parts, and so combined as a whole, that it is difficult to realise to the mind the gigantic scale, or the coarse touches, with which it is painted: you gaze on it as on a finished picture by some great artist, who has devoted months to its elaboration in the solitude of his studio; and wonder not less at the taste, and fancy, and sentiment of those extraordinary works, than at the rapidity with which they are produced, and the inexhaustible resources of the mind that gives them birth. It rests with Mr Beverley himself, whether to follow his illustrious predecessors, Roberts and Stanfield, to the highest honours of the Academy, or to continue an exhibition of his own, where the applause of shouting theatres testifies nightly to his artistic powers; and ample room and verge enough is given for his highest conceptions, which would, perhaps, object to find themselves cramped within the limits of an ordinary frame, and subjected to the tender mercies of a hostile hanging committee. Whichever way he decides, the arts will infallibly be the gainers. If he descends to ordinary canvasses, and places "infinite riches in a little room," he will take rank in after ages with the masters who have ennobled the English school; if he continues where he is, not less useful will his efforts be in diffusing a love of beauty and a knowledge of effect. The Lyceum, like its Athenian prototype, will become a lecture-hall; and from his lessons and examples, new Willsons and Turners, new Calcotts and

Constables, may arise to maintain the supremacy of British landscape against all competitors.

Our readers must remember a very spirited account of an ascent of Mont Blanc by Mr Albert Smith. Very spirited, and very interesting it was; but you should go and hear the author give his *vivâ voce* version of it, illustrated by Beverley's views. When we say the descriptions are funny, we are not correct; though certainly there is a great deal of whim and fun in the course of his address. When we say the narrative is grave, startling, entrancing, we are not correct; though, undoubtedly, there are passages that take away the auditor's breath, and hair-breadth 'scapes that make him shudder;—but the true description of the whole two hours' entertainment is, that it is a remarkable combination of talent, humour, lucid narrative, and personal adventure, which everybody ought to go and hear, and a succession of scenes and paintings which everybody ought to go and see. The deaf man will be delighted; the blind man will be amazingly pleased; but people in the full enjoyment of eyes and ears will be inexcusable, if they refuse them so great a treat as the united efforts of two such artists will afford.

Saturday—and the week's inspection has come to a close. A cold east wind is howling along Oxford Street, evidently in search of snow, and rather disappointed at not finding the Serpentine covered with ice. The Almanac tells us it is April; but our extremities have private information that it is December. As we go shivering home, we will diverge for a moment into the most curious repository of nick-nacks the world contains—being the gatherings of thirty years, at a cost of thirty thousand pounds. We call in Argyll Street, and are civilly received by Mr Hertz, the proprietor of the collection. He is a little, round, oily-faced German, evidently of the Jewish persuasion, and remarkably fond of tobacco. His room is like a pawnbroker's shop; only all his customers must have been possessors of picture galleries, and have brought themselves into difficulties by cultivating a "taste." There are wardrobes richly inlaid, with a genealogy

as carefully kept as the pedigree of a race-horse. He will tell you how it came into the hands of Louis XIV., and how it ornamented a chamber in the Tuileries during the Empire; or a ring will be shown you, with the hair of Julius Cæsar under the glass. Beautiful miniatures are pointed out, of great value as works of art, but far more valuable from their being undoubted likenesses of their fair and famous originals. Beauties of the reign of Francis; eyes that looked kindly on Henry IV.; cheeks that flushed in vain to win a transient smile from the Grand Monarque, are all there. Then there are little ivory cabinets, and screens magnificently embroidered, all with their respective stories—there being no article that depends entirely on its intrinsic merits, but borrows a great part of its interest from the adventures it has gone through. Finally, he gives you a key, and sends you off, under the guardianship of his maid, to a house in Great Marlborough Street, which you find filled, from cellar to garret, with works of a still more valuable description. We have only time to mention some very fine cartoons by Correggio, and a splendid statue in black marble of a Roman prize-fighter. This is a very fine specimen of ancient skill. Mr Hertz's object is to sell the entire collection, and we believe he declines to dispose of it piecemeal. Were this not the case, it would be indispensable for the country to secure some of the treasures here contained, though it would perhaps be asking too much of the Chancellor of the Exchequer to endow the British Museum with the miscellaneous articles by which the statue and cartoons are accompanied. Colder, colder still, and fast and furious we hurry towards our chambers. What do blockheads and poetasters of all ages mean by the balmy breath of April?—the sunny showers of April?—the "smiles and tears together" characteristic of that hopeful and delicious month? We believe it is a cuckoo note, continued by imitative mediocrity from the days of Theocritus. All very well for him in the beautiful climate of Sicily to cover the head of Spring with fresh flowers, and lie upon the grass play-

ing his Pandean pipes. But where are flowers to be seen, at this most uncheering season, here? Or who can lie down on the grass before the end of July without the certainty of cold and rheumatism? Here has the cold wind been blowing for two months—sneezes and snufflings loading every breeze; and yet you turn to a pastoral poem, an eclogue or rhapsody, about the beauties of nature, and you read whole passages in praise of April! With our hat clenched over our brow, and a handkerchief held to our mouth, we career madly through Leicester Square. On the steps of Miss Linwood's old exhibition, a man is standing enveloped in ancient armour. He might as well be cased in ice. But utterly unconscious seems he of the absurdity of his appearance, or of the cold that must be shot through him from steel cuirass and iron greaves. In a gentle voice he addresses the passer by. "It is useless to observe," he says, "that all intelligent individuals will be gratified by a sight of the strongest man in the world." This is so different from the usual style of those touters, that we involuntarily slacken our pace. "It is scarcely necessary," he proceeds, "to remark that Professor Crosso is decidedly at the head of his profession, and that the entrance money is only one shilling." We are won by the smooth volubility of the knightly orator. Who is Professor Crosso?—and what is his profession? We ascended the steps, traversed a gallery, deposited a shilling, and entered a large apartment with a number of wooden benches, a small gallery at the back, and a green curtain door, hiding for a time the wonders of the stage. Three fiddlers strung their instruments with most unholy discord; the company gradually dropped in, principally foreigners; the gas gave a leap of increased light; a tune began, and the curtain rose. Oh, earth and sky! what is this we behold? A *tableau-ricant* of the death of Hector. Old Priam, venerable from the length of his beard, is the central figure; around him sit the maids and matrons of Troy. Hector lies dead in front; and to slow music, the stage on which they stand is whirled round so as to give a

variety of views of the same group, and great applause rewards the display. There is certainly a great scarcity of drapery about the principal figures, but nothing to be found fault with on the score of decorum or propriety; but we read in a small hand-bill that the *artistes* are all German, and we gaze with great curiosity on the development of the Teutonic form. The round hilarious faces, the flat noses, and prominent chins, would prove, to the entire satisfaction of Professor Owen, that our Bavarian friends were lineal descendants of the Caffres at the Cape. There was not a single one of the Trojan ladies who did not look well practised in asking the inhabitants to buy a broom. The sons of Priam seemed waiters from the foreign *restaurants* in Lisle Street; and the dead Hector had a strong resemblance to the owner of a small cigar-shop, where there is a card in the window with the words, "Hier spricht Mann Deutsch." There were other subjects illustrated, but all by the same *artistes*. The figures were very tastefully disposed, but a little more beauty, and a closer approximation to the outlines of the Canova Venus, would be a great improvement. However, the patriotic audience were highly gratified, and the Dutch ideal evidently fulfilled. Performances then began, where there was a display of strength which would be incredible if there was no trick in some of the displays. The professor tossed weights about which were more fit for waggons than human arms. An immense iron bar was laid upon the floor, which he first lifted by the middle with unanimous approbation; he then raised it, keeping it horizontal by a hold about one-third from the end. He then laid it down, and grasping one end of it, certainly succeeded in raising the other end from the ground, while the minutest observation could detect no hair suspended from the ceiling, nor other means by which he could be assisted in the feat. But the crowning performance, which was preceded by a long pause, to enable "the yellow-haired and blue-eyed Saxons" to recover from their surprise, was called the Harmless Guillotine, and consisted in cutting off a girl's

head, without doing her any harm.. The professor walked in leading his victim by the hand. She was probably one of the Trojan maidens, and by no means so favourable a specimen of female charms as the Argive Helen. With a vast amount of guttural and other splutter, the professor addressed the audience in German; and was interpreted by one of the fiddlers for the benefit of any untravelled Englishman who might be present. The object of the speech was to beg the ladies not to be alarmed at what they are about to see; for though the head appeared to be cut off, he assured them, on his own word as a gentleman and a Christian, that it was mere deception, and that he was by no means the murderer he appeared. He then led away his victim, and placed her on a kind of sofa-bed at the back of the stage, and drew the curtains round her. He next advanced, and asked whether the company would have the execution done behind the curtain or in front? There was a unanimous answer to this, that we wished to see the operation; whereupon he drew the curtain, waved a sword two or three times, and appeared to saw away at the girl's neck, till finally the head came off, and in a triumphant manner he held it up for popular applause. It was a failure. The stage was so dark, the figure so indistinct, the preparation so clumsy, that we could not by any means entertain the feelings of horror and astonishment he intended to produce. The fiddler, in a feeble voice, invited any of the ladies or gentlemen present to go on the stage and examine more nearly the separated head and its marks of reality. But nobody responded to the invitation; and again we fixed our hat desperately over our brows, and faced once more the pitiless blowings of the April breeze.

Thus have we attempted to give a clear and dispassionate view of some of the amusements offered to the millions of London. The list we have chosen is very limited; for, in this communication we have omitted all mention of the great majority of the theatres, the operas, the *salles de danse*, the panoramas, the dioramas, and other pictorial exhibitions. What

we wish to impress on the intelligent reader is the absolute necessity of improving, and turning to as beneficial purpose as possible, the means of entertainment which already exist. The theatre, we maintain, has in itself the material most fitted for this purpose; not the theatre of show and spectacle, of burlesque and buffoonery, but the theatre of life and poetry. The machinery is already there, the actors capable of improvement, the drama ready to spring into fresh existence, and all that is wanted is the fostering presence of good and benevolent men—wise enough to see the immense engine, for good or for evil, which it is in their power to direct, and brave enough, in the confidence of a good cause, to despise the sneers of the ignorant. The amusements of the people, properly considered, are as important as their ability to spell, or even as the comfort of their houses; and the philanthropic economist who spreads the light of education into desolate lanes, and brightens, with cleanliness and convenience, the poor man's room, only half executes his task if he does not afford intellectual recreation to the mechanic who has a shilling or two to spare, but leaves him to the false excitement of the melodrama, or the leer and vulgarity of the tea-garden.

But this is Sunday morning, and we are at Woolwich in time for changing guard. Here are four or five thousand artillery, and a regiment or two of dragoons; and what with cadets and engineers, the fighting population must be close on seven thousand men. The heath spreads its smooth hard surface in front of the parade-ground, and scattered all over the place are cannons and carriages, and mortars and implements of warfare enough to exterminate the human race in half-an-hour. There are no such fine intelligent-looking men as the artillery in the British service. Great care is taken in the selection of recruits; for the duties even of a private need both bodily and mental activity. Their pay is higher than that of the line, and their conduct so good, that out of that immense body only four have made their appearance before a magistrate for the last two years.

The quiet of the town is wonderful. There is not a uniform anywhere to be seen, except where the sentry, with drawn sword, guards the heath gates. On this great expanse there is no motion. A flag here and there sways to and fro in the breeze, and occasionally the burst of a bugle-call rises into the air from some distant barrack-yard. But now a few officers and their wives and families move silently about—fine handsome lads come down by twos and threes from the college of cadets—white-haired generals, and majors and captains scarcely less white haired, pace solemnly along the gravel—and, finally, we all arrive at the door of the barrack chapel, which is guarded by sentinels, and devoted entirely to the garrison. On entering on the ground line we are surprised to find ourselves in the gallery. On the different pew doors the ranks and designations of the occupants are written—general officers, field-officers, officers, &c. &c.; and on going forward to the front of the seat, and looking down into the body of the building, we see already assembled the men of the 4th Dragoons on the cross-benches in front of the pulpit, and artillerymen on the seats under the gallery. A beautiful sight—above a thousand gallant fellows in their blue trousers with red or yellow stripes, their belts crossed, their side-arms on, and all exhibiting any medals or decorations they may possess. A corporal in full uniform acted as clerk, and the band played the anthems, while some military choristers sang the hymns and responses. Better behaviour it is impossible to see in a church. It was a calm, observant, and very attentive congregation. After the prayers, the clergyman, who rejoices in a very fine voice, commenced his sermon amid

the hushed attention of his audience. He was very plain, very straightforward, and spoke to them as men who had duties which were by no means inconsistent with the Christian character. Their temptations he touched upon, and gave them warnings and advice. In about a quarter of an hour, having seen that his admonition had had its effect—for he preached without book, and kept his eye on his congregation the whole time—he dismissed them with their faculties unfatigued, and what he had told them fresh upon their minds. On standing up or kneeling down, the clash of their swords upon the pavement was very fine; the jingle of spurs also was heard whenever they moved; and not the less gallantly will they press their horses' flanks, and sway their sabres in some deathful charge, that they heard and treasured the lessons of their friend the chaplain. We intend, on some future occasion, to devote a whole paper to a day at Woolwich, but we have already seen enough to take off the edge of our fear of a French invasion. With Hardinge at the head of our Ordnance, and the great name of Wellington still sounding in the hearts of his countrymen—with rifle corps innumerable, and the whole empire ready to rise at the first beacon that flares on Beachy Head—we shall only observe to the whole world in arms, that if by some miracle it finds its way to English ground, it will receive the most tremendous thrashing that ever a world in arms, or out of them, received since history began. We therefore solemnly advise all foreign nations, kings, princes, adventurers, bullies, and personages whatsoever, to keep a civil tongue in their heads, and stay quietly at home.

THE GOLD-FINDER.

I.

To travellers by the seas, or on long plains,
 The distant objects, on the horizon's verge,
 Show but their highest summits ; so with Time.
 Time orbs so silently beneath our feet,
 We look around, and know not that we move,
 Or that the point whereon we stand, to-day,
 This moment, is our culminating point ;
 The Past and Future dip as they recede,
 And only give to view the tops of things.
 Therefore, be happy now ; the mental eye
 May take his pleasure, pleasure if it be,
 In gazing on the Cottage, or the Church ;
 The Heart may fondly dwell upon the one,
 And think of days of piety, to be ;
 And on the other, till the breath of Home
 Wait to the soul more pleasant memories
 Than the West stealing o'er a field of bay ;—
 Blest in our ignorance, we cannot see
 That, underneath the rose-grown eaves of Home
 Lurk fire and sickness, bickering and want ;
 Or, where the steeple-cross shires in the sun,
 That damp, cold graves are nestling dark beneath.
 All Nature cries, " Be happy now." The Bee,
 Whose angry labours wound the ear of Noon,
 Finds in the winter, from his garnered store,
 Quick spoliation, and a bitter death ;
 The light-winged Butterfly, with truer scope,
 Ranges, all summer, through the garden-beds,
 And, ignorant of darker days to come,
 Enjoys a life-long holiday ; the Man
 Who spake as never man did, bade us view
 The untended lilies of the desert-plain :
 " They toil not," said he, " neither do they spin ;
 And yet I say to you that Solomon,
 In all his glory, was not clad like these."
 Michael De Mas knew not this holy truth ;
 Alas ! his thought was ever of the morrow :
 And yet he was no foolish homesick swain,
 Such as, amid the perils of the strife,
 The conflict of existence, pine and sigh
 To flee to some ideal resting-place,
 To feed on contemplation, or to woo
 Some simple Thestylis in beechen groves.
 To him the cry of subjugate despair
 Rang, like a trumpet of encouragement ;
 And brave resistance did but seem to him
 Another step that led him to the heights.
 Ten years had poured their various gifts on earth
 Of death and life, of sunshine and of shade,
 Since Michael left his little school disgraced
 By acts of lawless violence ; and went
 Back to a ruined parent's ruined home,
 To feed his heart on innutritious dreams
 And idle scorn of those he would not know.

Once when the lights of English Autumn time,
 Clear, vigorous, spirit-cheering, morning lights,
 Were dancing on a thousand thousand trees,
 Were streaming on a thousand fertile fields,
 And smoking on a hundred cottage tops,
 He felt that these, once his, were his no more :
 A stranger ploughed his very garden plots ;
 The Halls, where his forefathers fed the shire,
 Were fallen, and the stones and timbers sold ;
 One-tenth of all the house, one-hundredth part
 Of the broad lands, and how much less part still
 Of the respect and power that graced the name,
 Would cleave to him the heir. So slow had been
 The gradual alienation, that till now
 He had not felt it fully ; but that morn
 ('Twas Sabbath) they had been to worship God,
 And even in the very Church, where once
 The service staid for them, and bells rang on
 Till good Sir Marmaduke, in coach of state,
 Drawn by six solemn Flanders steeds, and girt
 By a full score of stalwart serving men,
 Approaching, gave the signal to begin,
 Even there a London Scrivener, with his brood
 Of pale and purse-proud children of the fog,
 Sate in their ancient place, beneath the crest
 Which Black Sir Walter wore at Agincourt ;
 Ay, over the cold stones, where lies at peace
 The knight who fell at Naseby, by his King,
 There sate his steward's grandson.

" Ah," thought Michael,
 " The desolate abomination stands
 Most proudly where it ought not ; 'tis not these
 I blame, but gold, the cursed cause of all,
 Gold that o'erthrew my fathers, and raised these,
 These—and why not me also ? " till he swore
 That gold, and gold alone, should be his god,
 As who alone rewards its worshippers.
 " Therefore," he said, " dear Idol, I to thee
 From henceforth pay my vows ; thou who dost raise
 The Beggar, till the Princes of the Earth
 Bow low to kiss his stirrup ; who dost give
 Power and distinction, virtue and renown.
 My name shall be among the fortunate,
 For I am of those whose will is Destiny.
 And then, perhaps, when Victory shall be min',
 My Margaret will not turn away from me,
 As now, methinks, even she must wish to do."

The thought was inspiration : all on fire,
 He wrote to one, their noble house's chief,
 Whose voice was heard at Eastern council boards ;
 And with the ardour of a youthful heart,
 He urged his claim : " His Lordship knew him well,
 The soldier's spirit He felt ; for He was strong ;—
 The influence of wind, or sun, or rain,
 Could never sap His sinews : were it his
 To draw a sword in yonder golden land,
 He promised them no niggard of himself,
 No slothful wearer of a scarlet coat,
 Most terrible to women."

Marvel not

That Michael took the final step alone :
 His Mother never knew a wish but his ;
 His Father, ah, the sorrows of decay,
 And sorrow-taught indulgence, made him cold,
 Cold as the inmate of an idiot's cell.

II.

Michael had gained his end, and India's Sun
 Now ruled his eager blood ; some of his hopes
 Were crowned with triumph ; he got store of gold,
 But lost his sense of honour.

In days like those,
 Deceit and violence gave the rule of life
 To men once wise and generous ; they were poor,
 And they had power : Opinion, far away
 Raved, like the idle murmurs of the Sea,
 Heard, in still summer evenings, from a hill.
 Blame them not over harshly ; skill and valour
 Give power, which, even when marred and mixed with wrong,
 May bless those who abide its visitings.
 When Autumn nights are moonless, and thick clouds
 Have hid the friendly faces of the stars,
 The storm may bring keen lightnings : here and there
 Some wretch, whose hour was come, may gain by them
 Immunity from other lingering deaths,
 And that may seem an Evil ; yet the air,
 Purged by those very bolts, grows sweet and clear.
 And feeds the corn, the oil, the parched vine,
 And gives to men, for many and many a day,
 Prosperity and pleasure : so with these,
 God's chosen messengers to work his will ;
 They purify the poisoned moral gale,
 Cause peace and plenty wheresoe'er they go.
 And lead in happiness on a path of thorns.

Among the foes of the English settlers, one
 Was ever foremost ; he—by what arts won
 Boots not to trace—had made a friend of Michael,
 Who grew in power and riches day by day.

But purer times were coming ; there were heard
 Deserved, though little looked for then from those,
 Themselves not pure who raised them, murmurings ;
 Surmise grew into knowledge ; Michael's friends
 Were few ; men stained as he pronounced his doom.

Still there was hope : he never knew despair :
 The Rajah he had served should shelter him,
 And he would lead his Armies ; he foresaw
 More wealth, more power, more means of growing great.

III.

He passed from low Bengal's unbroken green,
 That, like a harlot, smiles but to betray,
 And with a troop of chosen cavaliers,
 Came to the Holy Land of Hindostan,
 Wearily wandering, whether the strong sun
 Parched the wide champaign, and the furnace blasts
 Came howling, hot and dry, whirling the sand
 In dense and overwhelming canopy,

So that, for hours, the dark was palpable ;
Or whether, under the moist star of Eve,
The village slumbered peaceful, great old trees
Intensely still, and immemorial pools
Silently shining, save where, now and then,
The Alligator glided from the bank,
Warned by the chill of evening, or the girls
With tinkling bangles, and the ringing laugh
Of youth, and happiness, and unrestraint,
In coming down for water, scared away
The timid monster of two elements.

Once, as they halted in an ancient grove,
Set by some hospitable hand, of old,
And consecrate to travellers, now too near
The fortress of a wild Mahratta Prince,
The weary band were throwing by their arms,
And, gathered in their separate brotherhoods,
Prepared for evening's rest ; some made in earth
Their simple ovens, some set up the tents,
Some slew the bleating kid, some kneeling, turned
Their faces to the West, their Prophet's shrine,
And with much prostrate bending, prayed to Him
Who made the morning and the even-tide.

Suddenly came upon them, unawares,
The soldiers of the castle, bound their arms,
And drove them, harshly, o'er the plain, on foot,
Weary and terror-stricken, through the gate,
Into the presence hall, where sate their chief.
Sternly he questioned Michael of his wealth,
And with what hope he, from a foreign land,
Was wandering, thus attended ; who, in scorn,
Answered him nothing ; till " Away with him !
Bind him there on the house-top, that the moon
Shed curses on his face, pale as her own,
And our strong Sun burn up his alien blood ;
And straitly search, and bring me all his gold."

They laid him on a low, unfurnished couch,
And left him, bound, alone ; he could but look
Up to the sky, his head so fast was set,
And so he lay, and strove to rest himself,
But vainly ; the sharp cords entered his flesh,
The dews sank on his shuddering skin ; the Moon
Rose, like a fire, among the mango boughs,
And, slowly wending on her westward way,
Smote him with deadly influence : so night passed,
A night as long as three ; the chilly dawn
Came, grey, and weakly struggling with the Moon,
Then threw a red flush over all the East,
Whereat the Moon turned white, and hid herself,
While the great Orb that is her lord arose,
And swiftly mounted high : his pain increased,
His body streamed, his brain was agonised,
His sense was reeling ; suddenly there came
A tingling stillness on his ears ; his eyes
Closed ; and he scarcely knew of one who said,
" Let be ; unbind him ; 'tis a warrior good."

Long days the fever lasted, but his strength,
Nursed by the breezes of a hardier clime,
Would not desert him ; so that he arose,
A bold, refreshed young giant : then the Chief

Spoke soothing words ; and Michael hid his wrath,
 And answered calmly ; till they made them terms,
 That Michael gave the service of his skill
 To tame those wild Mahrattas, ruling them
 To discipline, that they might grow more fierce,
 Like dogs, that wreak on foes their masters' will.

IV.

Time held his course ; the strong-willed man of blood
 Prospered in all he undertook, and throve,
 And gathered stores, and seemed to casual eyes
 A happy child of Fortune ; yet there burned
 Two unextinguished furnaces of woe
 Within him—lust of gold and of revenge :
 For his was not a spirit that e'er could yield,
 Or ever cease to think upon its wrongs.

And therefore watched he, many days and years,
 How he might compass his employer's ruin,
 And yet not risk his fortunes ; the last spark
 Of holier fire, his love for that fair girl,
 That cottage-flower of purity and truth,
 Margaret, the sister of his boyhood's friend—
 That spark still smouldered in some inmost nook
 Of his sin-darkened bosom, for the fumes
 Of thought debased, rose ever, like a smoke,
 Dimming the smiles of Nature ; the carouse,
 The fierce extremes of dalliance and of blood,
 Had almost made him something less than Man.

At length came round the time he waited for ;
 The fraud and rapine of the prince he served
 Rose to such height, as seemed, to the English chiefs
 A source of fear, if not at once abridged ;
 And thereupon, they issued words of War.

Full long the Rajah treated, hoping still,
 By terms, to pacify the alien power
 Which, even then, was growing terrible ;
 But each concession, made a day too late,
 Drew forth fresh claims of power, and land, and gold ;
 For, in those days, the illusion of the East
 Had not yet vanished ; like the peasant boy
 Who deems that London streets are paved with gold,
 Men, old in all the arts of peace and war,
 Dreamed that a land whose poverty they saw,
 Might harbour still the treasures of romance.
 At last, grown desperate, he stood at bay,
 And, hoping that the neighbouring potentates,
 (Whose crooked policy still left in doubt
 Which side they meant to favour) when they saw
 Their countryman but once victorious,
 Would join to drive the usurper to the Sea,
 Resolved to stand the hazard of a fight.

V.

The season was the later Indian rains ;
 The sorrowing sky, bereaved of her Lord,
 Was dark and full of weeping, and the heart
 Of Michael, though a bold one, had been trained
 In its cold native Island, to a love

Of the bright beams of Summer; and the Sun
 Even when it dealt destruction, gave him joy:
 And now he drooped, and felt an inward dread,
 Such as the priests of old Jerusalem
 Felt, when they heard the sighing gust that swept,
 From the dark shrine to the gate Beautiful,
 Upon the fatal night before the storm,
 When the Shechinah left them audibly.

Long mused he, while the chill damp night came on,
 And starting, after dark, trooped with sad thoughts,
 Felt fear and wonder that he was alone.
 Around his tent he heard the mighty waters
 Plash in the wet, and hiss upon the dry;
 Within, the congregated insect life
 Monotonously hummed; he made two turns,
 Then, calling for his torch, took an old book,
 Brass-bound and weather wasted, the last gift
 Of a dear mother, given to him with sobs,
 And murmured blessings, when he left his home.

He opened it, and face to face arose
 The dead old years he thought to have escaped,
 All chronicled in letters; there he saw
 Answers to some of his, containing doubts
 Long since become negations, some again
 Encouraging resolves of his, long broke,
 And, as he thought, forgotten; not a leaf
 But marked some downward step: Oh, in our life
 There are no hours so full of speechless woe,
 As those in which we read, through misty eyes,
 Letters from those who loved us once; of whom
 Some have long ceased to love at all; the hand
 That traced the fond warm records still and cold;
 The spirit that turned to ours, long lost to all
 That moves and mourns and sins upon the earth;
 And some, oh! sadder! that, by us estranged,
 Still live, still love, but live for us no more.

He sat and gazed, till through the tent was heard
 That sound the coldest cannot hear unmoved,
 The strong spasmodic weeping of a man.
 And all that night in Michael's tent there burned,
 Though foul with smoke, and swayed by gusty winds,
 A strong bright torch, fit emblem of his soul,
 That keen lamp of God's lighting bright and strong.
 While, looking on a tress of golden hair
 That lay before him, all night long he sat;
 This was the man who left in days gone by,
 A friend, and a friend's sister, dear as he—
 A most kind mother, sinking with her cares—
 An apathetic father, worn with woe—
 A home in ruins—and a noble name,
 To be renewed, or ended, by himself.

VI.

All things had now combined; they were to march
 Against the English army; thoughts long nursed
 Had taken form, to ripen into deeds.

The rains were ended; and the army met
 In an old city where he marshalled them;
 And, as he walked at evening, on the terrace

Of the high castle where his dwelling was,
He looked through fretted arches to the plain,
And saw their tents dropped white and countless there,
Like sheep without a shepherd—like poor sheep
Marked for the slaughter—and he pitied them.

Ere long, the dying despot of the day
Sank softly down, drowned in a sea of blood --
Like the old Roman Wolf in Caprea.
Michael prepared for action : dark night fell,
The tents were lost to sight, the shouting sank,
The drums were silent, all the plain was dark ;
Only against the far horizon loomed
The uneven outline of the distant hills.

He called his trusty troopers, and stole forth,
Hoping to pass the camp all unobserved ;
But with that Host was one who loved him not,
His own Lieutenant, nephew to the King,
And higher in the soldiers' hearts than he—
This man had dogged his path for many a day—
And when they came to the town's outer gate,
They found it strictly guarded ; Michael rode,
In anger, at the densest, shouting loud,
" Smite, smite them, spare not, each man for his life."
His Arab Horse, that stood with gathered limbs,
And head reined to his chest, sprang at the cry,
And leaping, like a flame, plunged in the crowd ;
The rest was one confusion, without sight,
Or sound—a breathless dream of ecstasy—
Till he, and half a hundred mounted men,
Were pouring o'er the plain, as pour the floods,
When the dams burst, and winter drowns the fields.

On came the fierce Lieutenant, and behind
Thundered a motley rabble, whose lean steeds
Could ill sustain that violent career,
And soon there were not left who followed him
Five hundred horsemen ; still the chase was hot ;—
Hot was the chase, and long—o'er scorched sands,
And open cornfields, till the spent pursuers
Began to drop behind ;—some, rolled on earth,
Saw their girths broken, or their horses slain.
Then Michael's men drew bridle and stood still,
Waiting the onset of the exhausted crew,
Whose numbers now were scarce the double of theirs.
First came the bold Foujdar. " Forward ! " he cried ;
" Down with the false Feringhi " his last word ; —
A pistol flash, a groan, a drop of blood
On the white drapery he wore—his horse
Was riderless for ever. Michael turned
Fierce on the cowed pursuers, " Get you back,
And tell your master he is now to pay
My long-held forfeit for foul injuries,
Who dared to fling on me, when I was weak,
The childish insults of a childish mind."

That night he was within the British lines ;
But his dear gold was gone ; for at the gate
His waggon-bullocks and their driver slain,
And half his guard cut off, he had but saved
His life alone, and some few jewels, stored
Upon his person : once more, all his toil,
His guilt, was foiled ; he was a beggar still.

VII.

His ill-gained wealth was gone, but not his heart ;
 And gain it seemed to that impatient spirit
 That now he should not go, a man disgraced,
 To build his fallen ancestral home, long bare
 To the invading scorn of low-born men.

He would sail eastward, with what yet remained,
 Touch at some island of the Tropic seas,
 And take a freight of spices ; thence set sail
 For the rich ports of China, there to trade,
 And see the wonders of that unknown land ;
 Thence o'er the broad Pacific, and so down
 By Panama, and Valparaiso, home
 By the cold Land of Fire : thus would he voyage,
 And gain more wealth, and win himself a name
 For riches and adventure, courage bold,
 And knowledge of strange countries. Then no more
 Would cleave to him the brand of his disgrace ;—
 All bow the knee to him whom Fortune serves,
 And he would be her master : he would rise
 Higher and brighter o'er the heads of men,
 Blaze in their sight—no meteor, short-lived, vain,
 But rule them like the Day-God ; then to him
 The Senate and the Court should open their gates.
 The mammon-loving City name his name,
 His old ancestral mansion rear its head,
 And he would dwell at ease, for all abroad
 He should behold the lands his fathers held,
 And breathe again his genial native air.
 Nature and he should both their youth renew.
 And all things have a beauty not their own.
 There, on the upland, shall a milder sun
 Smite the white cottage and the glistening vane ;
 And nestle in the balmy stack, and float,
 A fruitful flood upon the southern wall ;—
 There the great oak shall stir his solemn head,
 The lime-tree shed her blossoms sweetly faint,
 The poplar tremble, like the heart of man,
 Whose darkest thoughts have under-lights of hope ;—
 The beech shall spread his venerable shade,
 The stately elms' procession guard his walks,
 The birch-bark gleam through foliage, and the ash
 Wave ruddy clusters ;—willows there shall weep.
 And the wet alder shall delight to wade
 Knee-deep in sluggish waters, where the kine
 Take the whole meadow with contented eye,
 Philosophers of nature.

One dark thought
 Alone can mar these visions ;—he must die,
 And leave the dear possessions : in this land
 Where men are struck down in their hour of strength,
 That thought will oft intrude ;—by day it flies
 Before the excitement that his life affords—
 The chase, the goblet, and the battle-field.
 In sleep it haunts him ; once he dreamed a dream :
 Fifty unspeakable ones had borne his soul,
 (For he was dead) with sounds of writhing laughter,
 Into a sideless, roofless, bottomless place,

And left him there alone ;—there was no pain ;
 But a sense that all was lost for evermore,
 That this was now, and worse might be to come,
 Made the stagnation misery ; till, behold,
 The sad and silent years wore on ;—at length
 His musing Spirit said within herself :—
 “ Oh ! for one breath of life ; a day, an hour,
 Before the irrevocable change ;—how great
 My power was, had I used it ; now 'tis gone.
 Where is my wealth ? a heap of rotten leaves
 Blown to the shores of folly, where it grew ;
 My cherished body gone, perchance, for ever,
 Perhaps reserved to torment.” With the thought
 He strove to utter such a cry, as, heard
 Echoing beyond the hollow halls of Hell,
 Upon the confines of the orb'd Earth,
 Might warn the guilty, ere it was too late ;—
 And with that cry he woke : the dawning day
 Saw him confused with horror ; when it set,
 He was carousing to the lips in sin.

Now was no hope ! save that domestic joys
 Might give him pause, and win him from his sins—
 Sins not now pleasant, but so strong of growth,
 That, like old Ivy, they had hid the tree,
 And threatened its destruction.

There was one,
 (Although he dared not name her) who had been
 A cottage light, still seen, though far away,
 In the dark, stormy wilderness of life ;
 Her love should win him yet ;—for he had heard
 That she was still unwedded ; and he knew
 Her woman's heart, in blessed ignorance,
 Might still be true to that which he had been.

VIII.

He sailed, in search of wealth, from Ganges' mouth,
 But the ship's prow was never seen again,
 Stemming the homeward waters—whether, whelmed
 In stormy ocean, half way down she swayed
 And swung among the dolphins and the sharks ;
 Or whether, on some calm Pacific night,
 Where on the farthest limits of the dark
 There rose and fell the momentary flash
 Of lone inland volcanoes, some soft breeze
 Had run her slowly on the coral reefs,
 And the blue waves had rippled o'er her grave,

There was a nine days' wonder ;—men inquired,
 Where was the man, whose wealth, without an heir,
 (So lost, so wonderfully won again,
 After he left the country, by the faith
 Of an old servant, thought to have been slain,)
 Was fabulously splendid ? And some said
 There was a Will ; all he might have was left
 To strangers—“ to a Lady he had loved.”

It was the year that filled the century
 From Michael's birth, when he was seen again.

A venturesome band had wandered in the West,
 Till far from towns, or any haunt of men,
 They came upon a region by the sea.

Rock-bound and bare it lay ; and all the storms
That hurled the ancient, white-topped, weary waves
On California, since the world began,
Had, day by day, and year by untold year,
Heaped all their violence on its patient side,
And wasted it unhindered ;—such salt herbs,
Such dwarf and barren trees as the keen air
Gave sufferance to, but rendered still more grim
The stony desolation of the place.

Yet was that soil not barren, or the men
Had never sought its distant boundaries ;
For they were of the eager Saxon race,
And e'en their rude and weather-wasted garb
Bore mark of civilised life : “ No foot of man,”
Said one, “ has trode these wastes from everlasting :
Brothers, the land is virgin ; part we here,
And in the evening let us meet again,
There, by the mouth of yonder natural cave,
And share the general labours of the day—
See, Edward, even now you tripped on gold.”

They parted : in the evening, when they met,
Their leader wore a sad and solemn look,
And with few words he led them up the rocks,
Into a stern wild scene. Far as they looked,
Cliff heaped on cliff, and stone on fragment stone,
The land's brown ribs extended : here and there
Steep chasms it had, declining to the sea :—
Some were the beds of streams, that evermore
Washed down the golden grain, and in a year
Paid to the treasury of the insatiate flood
More than the subjects of the richest Kings
Yield to their despots in a century :—
But some of them were dry, and choked with stones
And logs of rotting timber, and deep sand ;—
Here, with the lumps of ore heaped high around
They found a human skeleton ; hard by,
A rusty entlass, such as mariners use,
Whereon was rudely graven, and half-effaced,
The words “ Michael De Mas ;” and underneath,
“ I die of want upon a bed of gold.”

THE VINEYARDS OF BORDEAUX.

It is no easy matter now-a-days, for a tourist, whether he travels for pleasure, health, or information, to throw his notes and memoranda into such a shape as shall excite the interest of the reading public. Nothing new is to be picked up by traversing the beaten highways of Europe. We know all about Madrid, and Stockholm, and St Petersburg, and Vienna, and Rome, and Naples. Not only the banks of the Danube and the Rhine, but the coasts of Brittany and the firds of Norway have been deflowered of all their legends. There exists not as much virgin romance in this quarter of the globe as would furnish a decent excuse for the perpetration of three octavo volumes. Then, as to observations upon men and manners—a line which earnest-minded travellers, who have an eye to the regeneration of the human race, most commonly adopt—we shall fairly confess that we take little interest, and repose less faith, in their fancied discoveries. Your regenerator is almost invariably an ass;—ignorant, garrulous, and as easy to be gulled as the last convert to the Papacy. At every *table d'hôte* he makes a violent effort to increase his stores of knowledge by inveigling his nearest neighbour into a discussion upon some point of grand social importance; and, in nine cases out of ten, the result is, that he has to pay for the whole of the liquor consumed, without being any wiser than before. And yet, perhaps, even the travelling regenerator is less liable to be humbugged than the travelling collector of statistics. The most truthful people in the world neither think it necessary nor expedient to speak the truth regarding themselves. Individuals are not apt to answer the queries of a stranger touching the state of their own particular finances—neither do men choose to disclose to foreigners the real nature of their national relations. We are all in the habit of fibbing most egregiously,

when the honour, the pride, or the interest of our country is in any degree concerned. Why should we scruple to confess that, on various occasions, we made statements to confiding foreigners, under a solemn pledge of 'secrecy, which, when afterwards printed—the inevitable fate of all such confidential statements—have greatly tended to the renown of this portion of the United Kingdom? Our rule has always been to act upon the principle professed by Caleb Balderstone, and never to stick at trifles when the "credit of the family" was involved. We wholly deny that fictions of this kind can be classed in the category of falsehoods. They arise from a just and honourable estimate of the value of national diplomacy; and no one but an arrant idiot would hesitate to contribute his humble quota towards the exaltation of his race.

What right has a Frenchman or any other foreigner to inquire what is going on in the heart of Great Britain? What business is it of his how we cultivate our fields, work our machinery, or clear out the recesses of our mines? Ten to one the fellow is no better than a spy; and if so, it is our bounden duty to mislead him. But patriotism does not belong to one nation only. When the Frenchman or other foreigner beholds an unmistakable Briton, clad, perhaps, in the drab uniform of Manchester, making curious investigations into the value of his crops, and the other sources of his wealth, he most naturally concludes that the child of perfidious Albion is actuated by some sinister motive. The result may be conceived. Figures, more mendacious than any that were ever promulgated by the League, are supplied with amazing liberality to the believing statist. He calculates the product of a province, after the inspection of a single farmyard; commits his observations to the press, and is henceforward quoted as an oracle!

It is not from tourists that we can hope to gather accurate information of the state of other countries. A very great amount of mischief and misconception has arisen from an absurd reliance in the accuracy of men who were absolute strangers to the country in which they sojourned, and necessarily exposed to every sort of imposition; and really, with all deference to our brethren of the daily press, we must be allowed to express our conviction that the system of "Commissionership" has, of late years, been carried a great deal too far. Of the talents of the gentlemen so employed we would wish to speak with the utmost respect. They are, almost all of them, clever fellows, sharp, shrewd, and observing; but it is too much to expect that, at a moment's notice, they can forget the whole previous antecedents of their lives, and discourse dogmatically and with perfect precision upon subjects of which they knew nothing until they were gazetted for the special service.

Mr Reach, we trust, will do us the kindness to believe that these preliminary remarks have not been elicited by anything contained in his present volume, and also that we intend no insinuation derogatory of his contributions in the capacity of a commissioner. The fact is, that we have not read his papers on the social and agricultural condition of the peasantry of France, being somewhat more deeply interested in the condition of our peasantry at home; but we know quite enough of his talent and ability to make us certain that he has treated the subject both honestly and well. Fortunately we are not called upon now to investigate his statistical budget. He comes before us in the more agreeable character of a traveller in the sunny south of France. Led by a fine natural instinct, he has tarried in the vinous district until he has imbibed the true spirit of the region. His native Caledonian sympathies in favour of claret—a disposition in which we cordially participate, detesting port almost as intensely as Whiggery—were fully developed by a sojourn in the neighbourhood of the Chateau Lafitte. Of Ceres, at so much a

quarter, he tells us nothing—of Bacchus, at so much a bottle, he speaks well and eloquently. Endowed by nature with a gay and happy temper, fond of fun, relishing adventure, and with a fine eye for the picturesque, he ranges from the Garonne to the Rhone, from the shores of the Bay of Biscay to the Mediterranean marshes, from the sterile wastes of the Landes, by the splendour of the Pyrenees, to the old Roman city of Nismes—making us wish all the while that we could have made the journey in such agreeable company. As a fellow-traveller, we should be inclined to say that he errs on the score of haste. Assuredly we should have lingered with reverence at some places which he passed with undue precipitancy. He had no right to hurry through Haut-brion as he did—he should have dwelt longer at Leoville. Our matured taste and experience of vintages would have mitigated the rapidity of his career.

Mr Reach has not done justice to himself in the selection of a title for his volume. *Claret and Olives* are rather apt to be misunderstood in the present day, owing to the practices of previous authors, who have been in the habit of vending the properties of the deceased Joseph Miller under some such after-dinner disguise. *Wine and Walnuts* was an old title, whereof we have an indistinct recollection; our impression at this moment being, that the wine was corked and the walnuts woefully shuvelled. Then followed *Nuts and Nutcrackers*—maggoty enough, and filled with devil's-dust that might have choked a member of the League. *Grog and Biscuits* we presume to have been a feeble sort of production, emanating from a disappointed mind, working on a heritage of wrong. *Sherry and Cheroots* did not amalgamate. *Alcohol and Anchovies* gave token of a diseased intellect and a ruined constitution. *Tumblers and Talk*—a Glasgow publication, if we recollect aright—had little circulation except among bibulous members of town-councils, or similar corporations. *Ale and Aesthetics* was but an unfortunate specimen of alliteration. How many editions of *Beer and Baccy* have been printed, we know not; but we

are not aware as yet that the author has made his fortune. With all these beacons before him, we could wish that Mr Reach had announced his book under some other name. He is not to be confounded, as an author, with the issuers of such catch-pennies. Putting aside even his present work as one of limited interest—though we should be puzzled to name any tourist who writes more pleasantly than our author—his novel of *Leonard Lindsay* displays a carefulness of composition, and a life-like painting, in the style of Defoe, which contrasts remarkably with the slipshod trash now forming the staple commodity of the circulating libraries. There is the right stuff in him, visible throughout whatever he attempts; and if at times his taste is liable to exception, we believe that aberration to be solely owing to the exigencies of the times, which leave far too little leisure to most men to revise and consider their productions.

The title, however, is unquestionably appropriate enough, though it may be calculated to mislead the reader. In his wanderings he has visited the home domain both of the vine and the olive—at least he has passed from the sanctuary of the one to the outskirts of the other; but we could really wish that he had not profaned the goodly vintage by reminding us of those lumps of vegetable fitness which sometimes, even now, are served up at an octogenarian symposium, in honour of the goddess Dyspepsia. We honour oil like the Sultan Saladin, and could wish to see it brought into more general use in this country; but there is something revolting to us in the sight and colour of the olive, which has neither the freshness of youth nor the fine hue of maturity. The last man whom we remember to have seen eating olives was an eminent manufacturer of Staleybridge, who helped himself to the fruit of Minerva with his short stubby fingers, descanting all the while on the propriety of the enactment of a bill for augmenting the hours of infant labour. He died, if we recollect aright, about a fortnight afterwards—perhaps in consequence of the olives: if so, we are not disposed to deny that at times they may be served up with advan-

Mr Reach, however, loathes the olive as much as we do, and therefore there is no difference of opinion between us. We like the fine enthusiasm with which he does justice to the taste of our mother country—a taste which we are certain will not decay so long as Leith flourishes, and the house of Bell and Rannie continues to maintain its pristine ascendancy in claret. With us in the north, we are glad to say there is no recognised medium between Glenlivet and Bordeaux. Either have in the hot water, or produce your '34; nobody will thank you for that port which you bought last week at an auction, and which you are desirous to represent as having been bottled for your use about the era of the Reform Bill. It may be both "curious" and "crusted," as you say it is; but you had better have it set aside to make sauce for wild-ducks. Indeed, "curious" port is, for many reasons, a thing to be avoided. We remember once dining at the house of an excellent clergyman in the country, whose palate, however, might have undergone a little more cultivation, with mutual advantage to himself and to his acquaintance. On that occasion we were presented three times with a certain fluid, under three different names; but all of us afterwards agreed that it was the same liquor, varying simply in degree of temperature. First, it came in smoking in a tureen, and was then called hare-soup; secondly, it was poured out cold from a decanter, under the denomination of port; third, and lastly, it came before us tepidly, with the accompaniment of sugar and cream, and the red-armed Hebe who brought the tray had the effrontery to assure us that it was coffee. So much for the curious vintage of Oporto—but we are forgetting Mr Reach.

"It is really much to the credit of Scotland that she stood staunchly by her old ally, France, and would have nothing to do with that dirty little slice of the worst part of Spain—Portugal, or her brandified potatoes. In the old Scotch houses a cask of claret stood in the hall, nobly on the tap. In the humblest Scotch country tavern, the pewter *tappit-hen*, holding some three quarts—think of that,

Master Slender—'reamed' (*Anglice*, maulted) with claret just drawn from the cask; and you quaffed it, snapping your fingers at custom-houses. At length, in an evil hour, Scotland fell."

We have more than half a mind to ascend the Rhine to Bacharach, and swear upon the altar of Lyæus—which must now be visible, if the weather on the Continent has been as dry as here—never to relax our efforts until either the Union, or the infamous duty on the wines of Bordeaux, is repealed! But we must calm ourselves and proceed moderately. Now, then, for the vineyards—here, as elsewhere, no very picturesque objects to the eye, but conveying a moral lesson that real goodness does not depend upon external appearances. We never saw a vineyard yet, where-of the wine was worth drinking, which a man would care to look at twice. Your raspberry-bush is, upon the whole, a statelier plant than the vine when fulfilling its noblest functions; nevertheless, we presume there are few who would give the preference to raspberry vinegar over veritable Lafitte. We have seen the vineyards in spring, when, as poor Ovid says—

"Quoque loco est vitis, et palme gemma movetur;"

but they do not bud at all so luxuriantly as a poet would fancy. The only time for seeing them to advantage is at the gathering of the grapes, when the gay dresses of the vintagers give animation to the scene, and song and laughter proclaim the season of general jubilee. There is nothing in our northern climates to compare with it, especially of late years, since the harvest-home brings no certainty of added wealth. Just fancy Mr Cobden at a *kirm*! Why, at the very sight of him the twasome reel would stop of its own accord—the blind old fiddler, scenting some unholy thing, would mitigate the ardour of his bow—and the patriarch of the parish, brewing punch, would inevitably drown the miller. Lucky for the intruder if he made his escape without being immersed in a tub of sowens!

We shall let Mr Reach speak for himself, as to the complexion of his favourite vineyards.

"Fancy open and unfenced expanses of stunted-looking, scrubby bushes, seldom rising two feet above the surface, planted in rows upon the summit of deep furrow ridges, and fastened with great care to low fence-like lines of espaliers, which run in unbroken ranks from one end of the huge fields to the other. These espaliers or lathes are cuttings of the walnut-trees around, and the tendrils of the vine are attached to the horizontally running slopes with withes, or thongs of bark. It is curious to observe the vigilant pains and attention with which every twig has been supported without being trained, and how things are arranged, so as to give every cluster as fair a chance as possible of a goodly allowance of sun. Such, then, is the general appearance of matters; but it is by no means perfectly uniform. Now and then you find a patch of vines unsupported, drooping, and straggling, and sprawling, and intertwisting their branches like beds of snakes; and again, you come into the district of a new species of bush, a thicker, stouter affair, a grenadier vine, growing to at least six feet, and supported by a corresponding stake. But the low, two-foot dwarfs are invariably the great wine-givers. If ever you want to see a homely, not read, but grown by nature, against trusting to appearances, go to Medoc and study the vines. Walk and gaze, until you come to the most shabby, stunted, weakened, scrubby, dwarfish expanse of bushes, ignominiously bound neck and crop to the espaliers, like a man on the rack—these utterly poor, starved, and meagre-looking growths, allowing, as they do, the gravelly soil to show in bald patches of grey shingle through the straggling branches,—these contemptible-looking shrubs, like paralysed and withered raspberries, it is which produce the most priceless, and the most inimitably-flavoured wines. Such are the vines that grow Chateau Margaux at half-a-sovereign the bottle. The grapes themselves are equally unpromising. If you saw a bunch in Covent Garden, you would turn from them with the notion that the fruiterer was trying to do his customer with over-ripe black currants. Lance's soul would take no joy in them, and no sculptor in his senses would place such meagre bunches in the hands and over the open mouths of his Nymphs, his Bacchantes, or his Fawns. Take heed, then, by the lesson, and beware of judging of the nature of either men or grapes by their looks. Meantime, let us continue our survey of the country. No fences or ditches you see—the ground is too precious to be lost

in such vanities—only, you observe from time to time a rudely curved stake stuck in the ground, and indicating the limits of properties. Along either side of the road the vines extend, utterly unprotected. No raspers, no *ha-ha's*, no fierce denunciations of trespassers, no polite notices of spring-guns and steel-traps—constantly in a state of high-go-offism—only, where the grapes are ripening, the people lay prickly branches along the wayside to keep the dogs, foraging for partridges among the *espaliers*, from taking a refreshing mouthful from the clusters as they pass; for it seems to be a fact, that everybody, every beast, and every bird, whatever may be his, her, or its nature in other parts of the world, when brought amongst grapes, eats grapes. As for the peasants, their appetite for grapes is perfectly preposterous. Unlike the surfeit-sickened grocer's boys, who, after the first week, loathe figs, and turn poorly whenever sugar candy is hinted at, the love of grapes appears literally to grow by what it feeds on. Every garden is full of table vines. The people eat grapes with breakfast, lunch, dinner, and supper. The labourer plods along the road munching a cluster. The child in its mother's arms is lugging away with its toothless gums at a bleeding bunch; while, as for the vintagers, male and female, in the less important plantations, heaven only knows where the masses of grapes go to, which they devour, labouring incessantly at the *metier*, as they do, from dawn till sunset."

In all this, however, we cannot say that we detect any matter for surprise. The grape season lasts only for a short period; and we have observed symptoms of a similarly universal appetite in this country when gooseberries are at their perfection. Nay, we shall venture to say that Mr Reach himself would cut no indifferent figure in a garden where the honey-blobs, hairy-yellows, and bloody-captains were abundant. As for the consumption by the vintagers and pressmen, that can be accounted for on the same principle which forbids the muzzling of the ox while treading out the corn; but we never enter willingly into such details, being satisfied that, with regard to many things edible, potable, and culinary, it is imprudent to be too curious in investigation. We eat and drink in confidence, as our fathers did before us, trusting that what harmed not them can do us no manner of injury; and

we do not feel at all grateful to those gentlemen who think it necessary to go out of their way for the purpose of presenting as with detailed accounts of the minutiae of the vinous manufacture.

It is, we think, a peculiar feature of the wines of the *Bordelais*, that you will rarely, if ever, find a connoisseur who will confess an undivided and exclusive attachment to any one particular growth. We fear that the claret-drinker has much of the libertine in his disposition. He flits from vineyard to vineyard, without being able to fix his affections once and for ever. Such pleasant fickleness is not akin to the downright English spirit, and therefore perhaps it is that Englishmen generally prefer the heavy Portuguese drench, to the lively Gallican nectar. In London it is not uncommon to hear a man swearing by Barclay and Perkins, in almost feudal opposition to Meux. Many would rather be tee-totalers than defile their throats with other beer than that of Hanbury; and the partisans of Bass stand in deadly opposition to those who espouse the cause of Allsopp. So on the Rhine, men are bigoted to their vineyards. One individual approaches you, as Uhland beautifully remarks in the best of his romantic ballads,—

"With a flask of Asmannshäuser
In each pocket of his trowsers,"

and vows, by the memory of Herrmann, and by that of Brennus, who first brought the vine from Italy, that the red fluid is incomparably superior to the pale. With a scornful laugh the adherent of Steinberger listens to the boast, and pours into his glass a beverage which scents the room like a dozen nosegays. A fiery devotee of Neiersteiner stands up—rather tries to do so, if he is deep in his third bottle—for the credit of his pet vintage; and a priest, addicted to *Liebfrauen-milch*, in vain attempts to end the controversy by decanting upon the sanctity of his liquor. In Nuremberg we have witnessed several serious rows on the subject of the superiority of beer. A hot contest had been going on for some time as to the merits of the respective browsts of "right Bavarian" at the *Himmelsleiter* and the *Jammer-thal*, the two

most considerable beer-taverns in Germany; until at last—this was in '48—we of the Himmels-kiter being no longer able to stand the *outrécul-dance* of our opponents, who were notoriously of the democratic party, marched upon them, and, under cover of political principle, smashed the glasses, and set several casks of the obnoxious fluid abroad. This is bare matter of fact; but if any gentleman is sceptical as to the possibility of such a movement, we may as well remind him that the only serious rising which took place in Bavaria originated from a proposed impost of an infinitesimal duty upon beer. Were England as Bavaria is, the continuance of the malt-tax would have led to a crisis of the most alarming description—and, after all, we cannot help thinking that the name of Hampden would now have been held in higher estimation, had he stood forward in the cause of his country's beer, instead of being the opponent of a miserable tax, which weighed only upon men of his own condition.

But we must not become political. So, gentlemen, "the memory of Hampden" in any kind of beer you choose, from the smallest to the stiffest;—and now to our present subject. We are very sorry indeed to observe that the taste in champagne—a wine which we hold in much reverence—is becoming hideously depraved in this country. We do not speak merely of England—England can look after herself, and Cyrus Redding is a safe monitor on such subjects, who, we trust, will make strong head against national depreciation. Sparkling Hock and petillating Moselle may be tolerated, though we do not like them; and we have no objection to St Peray as an agreeable companion to a cutlet. But, latterly, some superlative trash has made its appearance among us under such names as the Ruby and the Garnet; and we would earnestly recommend all good Christians who have a regard for their stomachs to avoid these. The fact is, that there is no tolerable medium in the quality of the wines of Champagne. Either they are first-rate, in order to secure which you had best stick to the established names, or they are not one whit preferable

to Perry. A conservative taste in wines is likely to be the most correct. Adhere to the ancient vineyards, and have nothing to do with newfangled fluids, however puffed or recommended. If you want to know how these are made, listen to Mr Reach, whose fine palate enabled him at once to detect the slightest touch of adulteration. Young men are apt to be led astray by the splendour of novel names, and to believe in the possibility of the discovery of new vineyards. They cannot resist an imposition, if it is paraded before them with proper pomp and dignity. Some years ago a nondescript species of liquor, bad enough to perpetuate the cholera in a province, was received with considerable approbation, because it bore the high-sounding name of "Céil de Montmorenci." We always distrust in wines those poetical and chivalresque titles. From this condemnation, however, we would specially exclude "Beaujolais de Fleury," a delicious liquor, which might have besecmed the cup of old King René of Provence. But your Céil de Montmorenci, your Chateau Chastelleraults, and your Sang de St Simeons, with other similar pitisans, are neither more nor less than the concoction of those ingenious troubadours, the wine-fabricators of Cette.

I said that it was good good for our stomachs—to see no English bunting at Cette. The reason is, that Cette is a great manufacturing place, and that what they manufacture there is neither cotton nor wool, Perigord pies nor Rhems biscuits, but wine. 'Ici,' will a Cette industrial write with the greatest coolness over his *Porte Cochère*—'*ici on fabrique des vins.*' All the wines in the world, indeed, are made in Cette. You have only to give an order for Jolannisberg or Tokay—nay, for all I know, for the Falernian of the Romans, or the nectar of the gods—and the Cette manufacturers will promptly supply you. They are great chemists, these gentlemen, and have brought the noble art of adulteration to a perfection which would make our own mere logwood and sloe-juice practitioners pale and wan with envy. But the great trade of the place is not so much adulterating as concocting wine. Cette is well situated for this notable manufacture. The wines of southern Spain are brought by coasters from Bar-

celona and Valencia. The inferior Bordeaux growths come pouring from the Garonne by the Canal du Midi; and the hot and fiery Rhone wines are floated along the chain of etangs and canals from Beaucaire. With all these raw materials, and, of course, a chemical laboratory to boot, it would be hard if the clever folks of Certe could not turn out a very good imitation of any wine in demand. They will doctor you up bad Bordeaux with violet powders and rough cider—colour it with cochineal and turnsole, and out-swear creation that it is precious Chateau Margaux, vintage of '25. Champagne, of course, they make by hogsheads. Do you wish sweet liqueur wines from Italy and the Levant? The Certe people will mingle old Rhone wines with boiled sweet wines from the neighbourhood of Lunel, and charge you any price per bottle. Port, sherry, and Madeira, of course, are fabricated in abundance with any sort of bad, cheap wine and brandy, for a stock, and with half the concoctions in a druggist's shop for seasoning. Certe, in fact, is the very capital and emporium of the tricks and rascalities of the wine-trade; and it supplies almost all the Brazils, and a great proportion of the northern European nations, with their after-dinner drinks. To the grateful Yankees it sends out thousands of tons of Ay and Moët; besides no end of Johannisberg, Hermitage, and Chateau Margaux—the fine qualities and dainty aroma of which are highly prized by the Transatlantic amateurs. The Dutch flag fluttered plentifully in the harbour, so that I presume Mylneer is a customer to the Certe industrial—or, at all events, he helps in the distribution of their wares. The old French West Indian colonies also patronise their ingenious countrymen of Certe; and Russian magnates get drunk on Chamberlain and Romanee Conte, made of low Rhone and low Burgundy brewages, eked out by the contents of the graduated vial. I fear, however, that we do come in—in the matter of 'fine golden sherries, at 22s. 9½d a dozen,' or 'peculiar old-crusted port, at 1s. 9d.'—for a share of the Certe manufactures; and it is very probable that after the wine is fabricated upon the shores of the Mediterranean, it is still further improved upon the banks of the Thames."

We wish that these remarks could be made practically useful to that class of men who give dinners, and gabble about their wines. Nothing is, to our mind, more disgusting than the conduct of an Amphytrion who accompanies the introduction of each bottle

by an apocryphal averment as to its age, coupled with a minute account of the manner in which it came into his possession—he having, in nine cases out of ten, purchased it at a sale. Sometimes the man goes further, and volunteers a statement of its price. Now this is, to say the very least of it, a mark of the worst possible breeding. No guest, with a palate to his mouth, will relish the wine any better, because the ninny-hammer who gives it declares that it cost him seven guineas a-dozen. We don't want to know from an entertainer, unless he be a tavern-keeper, the absolute cost of his victuals. Just fancy Lucullus, in the saloon of Apollo, recounting the items of his repast—"Flaccus, my friend, those oysters which you are devouring with so much gusto cost ten sestertii a-piece. Fabius, my fine fellow, that dish of thrushes which you have just swallowed was not got for nothing—it cost me a whole sestertium. Peg away, Plaucus, in the lampreys! May Pluto seize me if a dozen of them are not worth a tribune's salary. You like the Falerian, Furius? Ay—that's right Anno Urbis 521—I bought it at Sylla's sale. It just cost me its weight in silver. Davus, you dog! bring another amphora with the red seal—the same that we got from the cellars of Mithridates. Here's that, O conscript fathers, which will make the cockles of your hearts rejoice!" Now, who will tell us that such conversation, which would be revolting even from a Lucullus, ought to be tolerated from the lips of some pert whippersnapper, who, ten years ago, would have been thankful for a bumper of Bucellas after a repast upon fried liver? We are serious in saying that it is full time to put a stop to such a nuisance, which is more common than many people would believe; and perhaps the easiest way of doing so is by doggedly maintaining that each bottle is corked. After half-a-dozen of the famous vintage have been opened, and pronounced undrinkable, the odds are that you will hear nothing more for the rest of the evening on the subject of liquor. Your suggestion as to a tumbler will be received with grateful humility, and thus you will not only receive the applause of your fellow-guests, but

the approbation of your own stomach and conscience, both then and on the following morning.

There are many points connected with dinner-giving—dinner-taking belonging to a different branch of ethics—which deserve mature consideration. If you are not a man of large fortune, you must perforce study economy. We presume that you have in your cellar a certain limited portion of really good wine, such as will make glad the heart of man, and leave no vestige of a headache; but you cannot afford, and you certainly ought not to bestow, that indiscriminately. Good taste in wine is, like good taste in pictures, and good taste in poetry, by no means a common gift. Every man wishes to be thought to possess it; but, in reality, the number of those who have the gift of the "*geschmack*," as the Germans term the faculty, is but few. Now it would evidently be the height of extravagance were you to throw away first-rate wine upon men who cannot appreciate it. Who, in the possession of his senses, would dream of feeding pigs on pine-apples? And as, in this wicked world, we are all of us occasionally compelled to give dinners to men, who, though excellent creatures in other respects, are utterly deficient in the finer sensations of our being, we cannot, for the life of us, see why they should be treated contrary to the bent of their organisation. Give them toddy, and they are supremely happy. Why place before them Lafitte, which they are sure to swallow in total ignorance of its qualities, very likely commending it as good "fresh claret," and expressing their opinion that such wine is better from the wood than the bottle? Keep your real good liquor for such men as are capable of understanding it. There is no higher treat than to form one of a party of six, all people of first-rate intelligence, true, generous, clarety souls, when the best of the vintages of Bordeaux is circulating at the board. No man talks of the wine—he would as soon think of commending the air because it was wholesome, or the sun because it gave him warmth. They drink it with a quiet gusto and silent enjoy-

ment, which prove that it is just the thing; and no impertinent remonstrance is made when the bell is pulled, until taste, which your true claret-drinker never disobeya, simultaneously indicates to the party that they have had a proper allowance. Indeed, you will almost never find a thorough gentleman, who has been properly educated in claret, committing any excess. Port sends people to the drawing-room with flushed faces, husky voices, and staring eyes, bearing evident marks upon them of having partaken of the cup of Circe. Claret merely fosters the kindlier qualities, and brings out in strong relief the attributes of the gentleman and the scholar.

We should have liked, had time permitted, to have transcribed one or two of Mr Reach's sketches of scenery, especially his description of the Landes, where, instead of wine, men gather a harvest of resin, and where the shepherds imitate the crane, by walking perpetually upon stilts. We already possessed some knowledge of that singular region from the writings of George Sand, but Mr Reach's description is more simple, and certainly more easily realised. His account also of Pau, and its society, and the neighbouring scenery, is remarkably good; but so is the book generally, and therefore we need not particularise. Only, as we are bound to discharge the critical function with impartiality, and as we are rather in a severe mood, this not being one of our claret days, we take leave to say that the legends which he has engrafted are by far the least valuable portion of the volume. Everybody who knows anything of modern book-making, must be aware that such tales are entirely attributable to the fertile genius of the author; for we would as soon believe in the discovery of a buried treasure, as in the existence of those grey-haired guides, veteran smugglers, and antique boatmen, who are invariably brought forward as the Homeridæ or recounters of floating tradition. We have travelled a good deal in different parts of the world, and seen as much of that kind of society as our neighbours; but we can safely aver that we never yet met with a local Sinbad who had any-

thing to tell worth the hearing. If an author wants the materials of romance, the best place that he can frequent is a commercial traveller's room. We have been privileged to hear in such social circles more marvels than would furnish forth a whole library of romance, with this additional advantage, that the narrator of the tale, whether it referred to love or war, was invariably its principal hero.

But we are now rapidly approaching the limits of our paper, and must break off. Those who have a mind to know something of the south of France—of that strange old place, Aigues-Mortes, from which the Crusaders once embarked for Palestine, but which is now almost entirely deserted, and left like a mouldering wreck in the midst of the marshes that surround it—of Nismes, with its remains of Roman greatness and power—and of Languedoc, the name of which province is more inspiring than its actual appearance—will do

well to consult this lively and agreeable volume. But beyond the district of the vine we are determined not to journey now. Fair, we doubt not, are the vineyards in this beautiful spring—fair, at least, in the eye of the poet who believes in the promise of their buds. With us the lilacs and the laburnums are scarce yet expanding their blossoms; but it is a beautiful and a consoling thought that, within the circle of Bordeaux, thousands and thousands of vines are just now bursting into blossom, to alleviate the toils and cheer the hearts of the claret-drinkers of this and perchance of the next generation. May the year be ever famous in the annals of legitimate thirst! And with this devout aspiration, which we doubt not will be echoed by many good fellows and true, we take our leave of Mr Reach, thanking him for the amusement and information we have derived from the perusal of his pleasant book.

THE DEMOCRATIC CONFEDERACY.

ALTHOUGH the precise period for the dissolution of Parliament is not yet known, we hear, on every side, the hum of political preparation. Members who had confidently reckoned on a longer lease of their seats, are trying to reconcile past votes with the present temper of their constituents, and, where they cannot openly vindicate their conduct, suggesting pleas in palliation. The over-timorous, and those who feel that they have no longer a chance of office, are issuing valedictory addresses, expressive of their preference of private life to the turmoil of a public career. Some are recanting former professions—others becoming bolder and more determined in their views. It is natural that such should be the case. The contest is not now solely between Whig and Tory, or even between Free-Trader and Protectionist. It has, owing to the occurrences of the last few months, assumed a more portentous aspect. Since his resignation, if we may not assume an earlier date, Lord John Russell has entered into the most close and intimate relations with the Manchester party, whose confession of political faith, as they themselves hardly scruple to avow, falls very little short of Republicanism. No sooner was he in opposition than he hastened to take counsel with Mr Cobden. The triumvirate was completed by the adhesion of Sir James Graham, a man who, having exhausted every possible form of moderate opinion, having played more parts in his day than the imagination of Autochthon could conceive, has assumed in his advanced years the character of an uncompromising democrat. Under Lord John Russell, Whiggery had lost its power. He could no longer command the suffrages, because he did not avow the opinions of the fiercer Liberal party, and because, so long as he remained allied with and recognised by the Whig aristocracy, he could not conciliate the chiefs and leaders of the democracy. He did not even understand the traditions of his own party—at all events, he has forgotten them for wellnigh twenty

years. However much the Whigs, in former times, may, for their own purposes, have appeared to tamper with the Constitution, they were at least understood to be in nowise the advocates of what is now called perpetual progress. They were not constantly innovating, for innovation's sake—or altering for the sake of securing a little temporary popularity. But Lord John Russell can no more abstain from experiment than a chemical lecturer. Partly from natural propensity, and partly from political exigencies, which he considered himself compelled to meet adroitly, in order to defeat his chief political antagonist, he walked on, step by step, until he reached the boundary of Radicalism. Once there, the temptation to venture over was great. His own immediate followers were few and feeble; behind him was the Conservative phalanx, —firm, united, and powerful, before him was the *Garde Moble* of the Destructives, eagerly beckoning him over. He went; and it is little wonder if those of his staff who disapproved of so desperate a course, should now be either retreating from the field, or wandering about in disguise. What line, indeed, can a Ministerial Whig, who purposes to take his seat in the next Parliament, adopt with regard to his constituents? If he should say that he has faith and confidence in Lord John Russell, he must equally declare that he has faith and confidence in Mr Cobden, for these two are now inseparable in virtue of their late alliance. And if he is prepared to support a Cobden Ministry, he must needs avow himself a democrat. If, on the other hand, he should denounce Lord John Russell, and deny his leadership, whom is he prepared to follow? Is he to oppose Lord Derby as a Conservative, when the only possible party that can succeed to office in the event of the defeat of Lord Derby is that of the Destructives? Who leads him? Under what particular banner does he now profess to serve? These are questions and considerations which, during the last two months, have en-

grossed the attention of many a hesitating Whig, and which are now agitating, with great force, the whole of the electoral community. For it is quite clear that the old Whig party has ceased to have a separate existence. We do not say that, in time coming, it may not be reconstructed. There are materials enough to do that, providing a fitting architect can be found; but in the absence of any such artist, it must necessarily remain in abeyance. Men of moderate opinions—such as Sir William Gibson Craig, whose high character, affable demeanour, and unwearied attention to the interests of his constituents rendered his re-election perfectly secure—decline to present themselves as candidates at the approaching general election. Making every allowance for special and private reasons, on which no one has a right to comment, it does appear to us that such instances of withdrawal argue great uncertainty as to the political future, and cannot in any way be construed into tokens of approval of that line of conduct which Lord John Russell has thought fit to adopt. We could very well understand such withdrawals from public life, were the late Premier still in power. We can hardly believe that they would have taken place, had he remained, in adversity, the exponent and representative of the views which have hitherto been held by gentlemen of the old Whig party. Our own conviction is, that his conduct, since he was compelled to surrender power, has alienated the confidence of the best and wisest of his former adherents, who regarded his proposed Reform Bill with marked apprehension, and were sincerely rejoiced to be freed from the responsibility which must have attached to all, who, from party ties, might have thought themselves obliged to vote for so very dangerous a measure. It is now well known that the leading Whigs of England regard the defeat of Lord John Russell rather as a deliverance than a calamity. Henceforward they have done with him. If he is again to take office, he cannot count upon his old supporters. The Whig peers—the Lausdownes, the Fitzwilliams, the Zetlands—are too sensible, honourable, and, loyal to

support a Cabinet in which Mr Cobden must have the principal say; and throughout the country we know that public opinion among the educated classes is utterly opposed to, and abhorrent of any such consummation. The few Whigs who are struggling to attain or regain their contested seats, dare not venture upon a distinct enunciation of their own opinions. They usually have recourse to such general terms as—"wise and temperate reform;"—"that degree of progress which the advanced position and increased intelligence of the age render imperative;"—or, "the timely concession to popular demand of those privileges which, if withheld, may hereafter be more clamorously enforced." It is no use commenting upon such language. The unhappy individuals who employ it are quite guiltless of any meaning; and they could not explain themselves if required. Generally speaking, they cut a most miserable figure when under examination by some burly Radical. On no one point are they explicit, save in their rejection of the ballot, which they think themselves entitled to except to, as Lord John Russell has hitherto declined to pronounce in favour of secret voting; and they dare not, for the lives of them, attempt to mark out the limit of the suffrage, or state the proper period for the duration of Parliaments. This is but a cowardly and contemptible line of conduct. If they have any spark of manhood in them, why can they not speak out? Surely by this time they should know the points of the Charter by heart, and be able to tell the constituencies to which of them they are ready to agree. On the contrary, we find nothing but dodging, shuffling, equivocating, and reserving. The fact is, that they have no mind of their own at all, and they are in sore perplexity as to the state of two other minds which they are trying to reconcile—the first being the mind of Lord John Russell, and the second being the mind of the constituency which they are addressing. For, apart from reform altogether, there are several topics about which your pure Whig candidate must be exceedingly cautious. For example, there is the withdrawal of the grant to Maynooth.

Even supposing that Lord John Russell were as alert a Protestant as he professed himself to be in the autumn of 1850, how could he venture to sacrifice the support of the Irish tail? Therein lies the difficulty. You will find plenty of men—very determined Protestants, but also very determined adherents of the late Ministry—who will tell you “that they were always opposed to any grant of the kind;”—that is, that they thought it essentially wrong, not only in a political, but in a religious point of view; but, press one of these gentlemen upon the point, especially if, as in the case of Edinburgh, the selection of a candidate seems to depend greatly on his views with regard to that measure, and you will almost invariably find that his attachment to Protestantism is less strong than his regard for the interests of his party. This may not be right, and we do not think it is so; but we infinitely prefer the conduct and avowal of such men to the disgraceful exhibitions which have lately been made by more than one Whig candidate. Opinions, based on religious principle, never ought to be conceded. Changed they may be; but what idea of the sincerity of such a change can be formed, when we find it taking place immediately on the eve of an election, and, in one instance, after the issue of an address? After all, we are perhaps too severe. Every one knows what was the miserable denouement of Lord John Russell's determined stand for Protestantism against Papal aggression; and it might be too much to expect that the devoted and even servile follower should exhibit, in his own person, more consistency than was displayed by his redoubted chief.

It is, however, quite apparent that, notwithstanding Lord John Russell's advances to the Radical party, the latter are by no means inclined to place confidence in the Whigs. In every case in which such a movement seems likely to be attended with any prospect of success, they are putting forward candidates of their own—men whose adhesion to democratic principles is beyond the possibility of a challenge. Persons whose names were never before heard of—utterly briefless barristers, reporters and writers

for the Radical press, broken-down speculators, who consider a career within the walls of St Stephen's as the best method of effacing the memory of the enormities of Capel Court, attorneys in dubious practice, and the like class of characters—are presenting themselves to constituencies rather on the strength of recommendations from the Radical Reform Junta, than from any particular merits of their own. By these men the Whigs are especially persecuted, and may, perhaps, in various instances, be beaten. Yet, strange to say, the Whigs, as a party, have not the courage to adopt any distinct principle, or announce any determined line of action, which would serve at once to distinguish and separate them from the fellowship of these political adventurers. They are ashamed of their old party names, and persist in calling themselves Liberals. Now, as we all know, Liberalism is, in politics, an exceedingly comprehensive term. Cuffey was a Liberal, so is Mr Feargus O'Connor; so are Mr Joseph Hume, Mr John McGregor, Mr Cobden, Mr W. J. Fox, Lord Melbourne, and Mr James Moncrieff. And yet it would be difficult to say upon what particular point, negotiations excluded, one and all of these gentlemen are agreed. The fact is—and the Whigs know it—that there is no such a thing as a united Liberal party, and that the soldering up of their differences is impossible. When a Whig appeals to a constituency as a Liberal, he is taking the worst and weakest, because the most untenable, ground. He is acting the part of the Girondists, who persisted in claiming kindred with the Montagnards, until the Mountain fell upon and crushed them. It is this feature which distinguishes the present from every previous contest. The chiefs of the Liberal sections profess to act in concert and amity—they hold meetings, pass resolutions, and lay down plans for future operations—their followers are as much opposed to each other as Abram and Balthazar of the House of Montague were to Sampson and Gregory of the House of Capulet. One thing alone they agree in—they are determined to do everything in their power to obstruct her Majesty's present Government.

It is very needful that such matters

should be considered at the present time—that sober-minded people, who must take a part in the approaching election, should thoroughly understand the responsibility which devolves upon them, and the consequences which may ensue from their committing an error of judgment. The influence of party watchwords, though materially lessened of late years, has not yet ceased to exist; and it is possible that some men may, through a terror of being charged with political inconsistency, actually commit themselves to principles which they hold in sincere abhorrence. Therefore it is necessary to look, not only to the past and present position of parties, but also to their future prospects and views, according to the support which may be accorded to them by the country at the general election.

Let us suppose that, at the opening of the new Parliament, Lord Derby should be defeated by a vote of want of confidence. His resignation must follow as a matter of course, and then begins the strife. Past events render it perfectly clear that the old Whig Government cannot return to office, or, if it could do so, must act upon other principles than before. Lord John Russell's resignation in February was an event which could not have been long postponed. His Cabinet was broken into divisions; it was unpopular out of doors; and his own conduct had, on various matters, been such as to engender general dissatisfaction. His Reform Bill was a measure which gave vast umbrage to the majority even of the urban electors. Its introduction was, perhaps, the most signal proof of his political weakness, and, we may add, of his ignorance of the state of popular feeling. No matter whether it was intended to be carried or not, it remains, and ever will remain, an example of the length to which personal ambition may carry an unscrupulous Minister. Earl Grey's administration of the Colonies has become a byword for imbecility, blundering, and disaster. The finances were not in much better hands. No movement was made by Sir Charles Wood towards the termination of the Income-Tax, nor had he even the practical ability to reimpose it upon

an equitable basis. We do not allude to these things by way of criticism on the past—indeed it would, be unnecessary to do so, as they are matters of common notoriety. We state them merely to show that the reconstruction of the Whig Government, out of old materials, and on old principles, is a thing impossible, and that the next professing Liberal Government must differ greatly in kind and character from any which has hitherto preceded it.

Could it possibly be a moderate Government? Let us first consider that.

Not only the Radical party, (who must be looked upon as the chief supporters of such a Government,) but Lord John Russell and Sir James Graham, are pledged to the introduction of certain organic changes, differing only in degree. To suppose that any of them will adopt a less measure than that which they have advocated, is out of the question; and as the tendency of the movement has been, not from the Radicals to Lord John Russell, but from Lord John Russell to the Radicals, we may very naturally conclude that the result would be an approximation to the views of Mr Cobden. That gentleman, as we know, (for he does not scruple to tell us so in as many words,) has "ulterior objects" of his own, the time for developing which in safety has probably not yet arrived. We shall not inquire too curiously into the nature of those, being satisfied, as probably will be most of our readers who have watched the progress of the man, that they are not at all calculated to improve the stability of any of our institutions. We cannot, therefore, see what hopes can be entertained of the formation of a moderate Government, supposing Lord Derby's to be overthrown; unless, instead of uniting with Mr Cobden, Lord John Russell could effect a union with some other political party.

No such party exists. Unless we are much deceived, the majority of the followers of the late Sir Robert Peel, at least the majority of those who may be able to re-enter Parliament, are prepared to give their support and confidence to Lord Derby's Administration. There may, no-

doubt, be exceptions. Sir James Graham and Mr Cardwell are clearly out of the Conservative ranks, and may enlist under any banner they choose. But as it is extremely problematical whether either of these gentlemen will obtain seats in the new House of Commons, their views are of little consequence. Other Obstructives, of whom there are a few, have no chance whatever of being returned; so that the construction of what we may term a moderate Liberal Government could not take place, from absolute want of material. Indeed, judging from the language lately employed by the knight of Netherby, we should say that moderation is as far from his thoughts as from those of the rankest Radical in Oldham.

Unless, therefore, the electors are really anxious for a Radical Government and for Radical measures, they ought to abstain from giving a vote to any candidate who is hostile to the continuance of Lord Derby's Administration. Let us not be misunderstood. We are not now arguing as to the propriety of sending Protectionists instead of Free-Traders to Parliament; we are not asking any man to forsake his opinions on points of commercial policy. Doubtless in the next Parliament there will be some opposed to the reimposition of duties upon corn, who, nevertheless, are prepared to accord their general support to Lord Derby, the more readily because he has distinctly stated that he leaves the corn-duties question "to the deliberate judgment of the country, and to the general concurrence of the country, without which I shall not," said he, "bring forward that proposition." But in voting for any candidate, who sets forward as a ground for his acceptance, the fact that he belongs to what is called "the Liberal party," let the electors remember that they are in truth voting for Radical measures, and for organic changes. They may be slow to believe so, but there can actually and absolutely be no other result. These gentlemen of "the Liberal party," however moderate their individual views may be, seek to enter Parliament for the purpose of overthrowing one Government

and establishing another. Of course the overthrow must always precede the reconstruction; and, most commonly, it is not until the overthrow has been made, that the plan of the structure is considered. We have already stated our reasons—and we submit they are strong ones—for thinking that no moderate Liberal Government, in the proper sense of the term, can be again constructed; that Lord John Russell, if once more summoned to form a Cabinet, must do so on a Radical basis, and the inevitable consequence must be the establishment of a thorough democracy, on the ruins of our present Constitution. We appeal in this matter as directly to the old constitutional Whigs, as to that powerful body of the electors, who, entertaining moderate opinions, are attached to no particular party in the state. We entreat them earnestly to consider the difficulties of the present crisis—difficulties which have arisen not so much from any increasing power of the Radical faction, as from the weakness, vacillation, and strong personal ambition of the late Whig leader. No doubt it is an honourable and a high ambition which excites a statesman to aim at the possession of power, but the honour ceases the moment that principle is abandoned. And it does appear to us that, of late years, far too little attention has been paid to the terms of the conditions which are implied by a Minister's acceptance of office. Under our constitutional monarchy he is the servant of the Crown, and he is bound to bring forward such measures only as will tend to the dignity and the safety of that, and the welfare of the people generally. Is it possible for any one conscientiously to maintain that Lord John Russell has pursued such a course? Is it not, on the contrary, apparent to all, that his main object, and the leading thought of his life, has ever been the supremacy of his own political party? Has he not, in order to prolong that supremacy, approached repeatedly to factions with whose principles he had nothing in common, and purchased their temporary support on terms alike degrading to the giver and to the recipient? That is not the art of

governing, at least as it was understood of old. Once let it be known that a Government is plastic—that it may be bullied, coerced, or driven into making terms—and its moral power and influence are for ever gone. Is there any reason—we would ask the electors—why any man should incur such risk as must arise from the instalment of a Radical Ministry in power, solely from personal devotion to the interests of my Lord John Russell? There may be some who think that hitherto he has deserved well of his country. So be it: we have no objection that they should entertain such an opinion. But this much is undeniable, that however good his intentions might be, he neither could, nor can, command a majority of direct followers of his own; and that he has been forced to scramble on from point to point by the assistance of political antagonists, dexterously availing himself, at each turn, of the hand which was immediately nearest. But this kind of course must always have an end. A precipice lay before him; and, as no other arms were open, he leaped into those of Mr Cobden.

If the main body of the Whigs are prepared to follow Lord John Russell wherever he may go, notwithstanding all that has passed, and all that he has indicated for the future, we, of course, can have no manner of objection. But let them distinctly understand what is in store for them if they choose to adopt such a course. Many of them, we know, were thoroughly disgusted with the Reform Bill which he introduced this Session; and did not hesitate to express their conviction that it was an unnecessary, dangerous, and reprehensible measure. If Lord John Russell returns to power, he must bring in a new Reform Bill far more democratic than the last. That is the condition on which he is allowed to retain the nominal leadership of the Opposition, and from it he cannot depart. The Manchester party will not rest until they have attained their end. They are for no half-measures; they are plagued by no scruples. Their doctrine is, that political power should be vested in the uneducated masses,—“the instinct of the million being,” according to their great oracle,

“wiser than the wisdom of the wisest.” In other words, mob rule is to be paramount, and whatever the majority wish to be done, must be straightway put into execution. Is there any reflecting man in the country who does not shudder at the thought of such a consummation?—is there any one conversant with history who does not see to what it must necessarily lead? With no lack of demagogues to mislead and excite them, what part of the British fabric would be secure against the attacks of an ignorant democracy? It may be true that Lord John Russell does not contemplate this—that he would even shrink from and repudiate the thought with horror. But he is not the less doing all in his power to forward the advance of anarchy. By consenting to lower the suffrage, he has given authority and significance to demands far more comprehensive in their scope. He has indicated that the bulwark which he himself erected, twenty years ago, is not to be considered as permanent, but merely temporary in its purpose. He has begun, like the foolish dike-builder of Holland, to tamper with the sea-wall of his own construction, heedless of the inundation which must follow.

Let the Whigs pause for a moment, and consider what are the principles maintained by the men with whom their leader is now in alliance. Of their notions on religious matters it is difficult to speak with accuracy. One large section of them consists of rank Papist, men under the control and domination of the Roman Catholic priesthood, and ready to do their bidding in anything that may advance the supremacy of a false and apostate Church. Another section professes to regard all Churches and creeds as alike, maintaining, as a fundamental doctrine, that Establishments ought to be abolished, and religious teaching maintained only on the strict Voluntary principle. The advocates of this view are of course prepared to strike down the Established Churches of England and of Scotland, to overturn the whole existing ecclesiastical arrangements, and to confiscate ecclesiastical property. Another section is supremely indifferent to religious teaching of any kind, regarding secular education as

quite sufficient for all the requirements of the people. These are the men who regard all opposition to Papal aggression as sheer bigotry and intolerance, who clamour for the admission of Jews into one House of Parliament, whilst in the same breath they profess themselves ready to dismiss the Christian prelates from the other. In politics they are republican, all except the name. But, in truth, it matters little what name is given to their creed, seeing that the principle which they profess is that of pure democracy. It is not pretended, and certainly they do not pretend, that if their scheme were carried, the House of Peers could continue on its present footing to coexist with the House of Commons. They admit that they have "ulterior objects"—all revolutionists have—and these are left to our conjecture. Is then our present Constitution so faulty, that the great body of the electors are prepared to risk, and to recommend a change?

If not, let them beware of returning any man who will so far support Lord John Russell as to act unscrupulously against Lord Derby. By all means let the measures of the present Government be considered with the utmost rigidity and exactitude, and let no favour be shown to them beyond what they conscientiously deserve. The ordeal may be—must be, a severe one; but Ministers will not shrink from it, being conscious of the integrity of their motives. But it is no part of the game of Opposition to allow them a fair trial, or even a fair hearing, if they can in anywise be prevented. They must, say the democrats, be crushed—and that immediately. Mr Cobden went the length of counselling that they should not be permitted to get through the business of the present Session, so apprehensive was he of the effect which an appeal to the constitutional feelings of the country might produce. He and Mr Villiers had concocted a scheme which they thought might precipitate a crisis, but it was too scandalously factious to admit of its being carried into effect.

The late Whig Government has been tried, and found wanting. It never can be reconstituted again, and its old supporters are undoubtedly

released from all their ties of allegiance. It will be for them to determine whether they are to follow Lord John Russell in his retreat to the camp of the Radicals, or continue to maintain those constitutional principles which were once the boast of the Whig party. The question is indeed a serious and a momentous one. Lord Derby has most clearly indicated the nature of the ground on which he stands. He does not appeal to the country on this or that financial measure—he comes forward as the supporter of the Protestant institutions of the realm, and as the determined opponent of a designing and encroaching democracy. What sound Protestant, or true lover of his country, can be indifferent to such an appeal?

We have been thus particular in noticing the state of parties, because we observe that various underlings of the late Government are canvassing constituencies, especially in Scotland, in rather an artful manner. They keep out of sight altogether the fact of the Chesham Place alliance. They are as unwilling to allude to that treaty as to the notorious Lichfield House compact, when the Whigs bartered religious principle for Roman Catholic support. Now, this may be very convenient for those gentlemen; but, we presume, the electors will agree with us in thinking that the sooner they can arrive at a distinct understanding upon such points the better. It is all very well to talk of "judicious and timely reform," but the orator who uses such terms should go a little further, and explain to his audience the exact nature of the reform which he contemplates. Because, if Lord John Russell's abortive Bill is not to be introduced again, but, in the event of his resumption of office, another, revised by Mr Cobden, and approximating to the full requirements of the Manchester politicians, is to be tabled instead—it would be as well to know how far the liberality of honourable candidates will permit them to advance. Also, it would be a curious and not unprofitable subject of inquiry whether they still hold themselves to be bound by the acts of their parliamentary leader? If they attended the meeting at Ches-

ham Place, they must be held as consenting parties to the Cobden compact; if they did not, it might not be useless to ask who is their leader, and what line of policy do they intend to pursue? It is a good thing to hear the abstract opinions of political soldiers and subalterns; but in these times, it is much more instructive to learn the name of the captain of their troop. None of the gentlemen to whom we are alluding are likely to originate measures — they must be contented to take the word of command from others. If, therefore, they remain, and intend to remain, followers of Lord John Russell, they form part of that grand army of which Mr Cobden is a general of division, if not something higher. They have pronounced for the democracy, and as democrats they should accordingly be viewed.

It would be exceedingly instructive if we could exact from each candidate a distinct definition of the meaning which he attaches to the term "Liberal principles." We observe from the Edinburgh newspapers that a gentleman, professing "liberal principles," proposes to contest the representation of the Montrose burghs with Mr Joseph Hume—the inference being, that the principles of the said Joseph are not sufficiently liberal! Then, at Paisley, a candidate recommended by the same Joseph Hume, and that superlative twaddler Sir Joshua Walmsley, comes forward, on "liberal principles," to oppose Mr Hastie, whom we have hitherto been accustomed to regard as rather in advance of the Whigs. The Radicals of Perth did not think Mr Fox Maule "liberal" enough for them, since they brought forward an opponent in the person of a certain Mr Gilpin; and now that Mr Maule has succeeded to the peerage, the gentleman who next solicits the suffrages of the Fair City in his place, must make up his mind to compare his "liberal principles" with those of the Gilpin. Not long ago a well-known Whig citizen and civic functionary of Edinburgh declared himself opposed to any further extension of the suffrage, thereby intimating his dissent from the principle of Lord John Russell's Bill; and yet, at a meeting lately held

for the purpose of selecting a candidate, this same individual moved a resolution to the effect that the candidate ought to be a man professing "liberal opinions!" Really there is something ludicrous and intensely absurd in this general employment of a phrase which can be made to mean almost anything. Is a man in favour of a republic, abolition of the House of Peers, suppression of the Church, and repudiation of the national debt? Then he is undoubtedly a man of "liberal principles." Is he merely for household suffrage, electoral divisions, vote by ballot, and triennial parliaments? He is likewise of "liberal principles." Is he a thick-and-thin supporter of Lord John Russell, having held a place under the late Government? Who so ready as he to lay claim to "liberal principles." Does he wish the separation of Church and State? "Liberal" again. Does he back up the Papacy in their insolent attempts at aggression, and defend the grant of Maynooth? He does so on "liberal principles." Does he wish to see the Jews in Parliament? He vindicates that wish on the score of "liberal principles." Now, surely, unless logic is an art as lying as that of chiromancy, it cannot be that all the men holding such conflicting opinions are entitled to the name of Liberals, or to claim credit to themselves for entertaining "liberal opinions." If so, who is illiberal? But it is not worth while to comment further upon a point so very obvious as this. If Liberalism means contemplated overthrow and anarchy, we make the gentlemen who profess such principles as welcome to their title as was the late Thomas Paine, when he too arrogated to himself, in his isolation, the name of Liberal. If it means adherence to the principles of the Constitution, love of social order, and regard for the welfare of the general body of the people, we fear that we must deny the name to a good many of those who claim it.

One miserable feature in the conduct of some of these *soi-disant* Liberal candidates, especially the new ones, is their extreme avidity to swallow any pledge that may be proposed, provided that, by so doing, they can secure the suffrages of some inconsi-

derable fraction of the electors. Their addresses are not deliberate expositions of their own formed opinions, but are framed upon another and very liberal principle. They endeavour to ascertain the points of doctrine which are supposed to be the most popular with the constituency whom they are ambitious to represent, and they issue their manifestoes accordingly. If anything has been omitted, or if they have not gone far enough, an opportunity is usually afforded them to make up for that deficiency at the first meeting of the electors—so called by courtesy, for in many cases there are not half-a-dozen electors, besides those on the platform, in the room. Such meetings are invariably attended by the busy-bodies of the place—radical cobblers, church-rate martyrs, philosophical barbers, and perhaps one or two specimens of that most loathsome of all animals, the dirty dandy. Here the candidate is expected to go through his facings, and to answer every question which insolence can suggest, or ignorance render unintelligible. No matter:—as our friend is a member of the “Liberal party,” he can safely expand his conscience to any extent which may be required; and the decisive and prompt manner in which he frequently disposes of the most knotty points of social and political economy, is delightful and edifying. Without ever having read a single page on the subject, he is quite ready to reconstruct the Currency, and pledges himself to bring in a bill to that effect, at the request of a snuffly dealer in gingerbread, who never had credit for five pounds in his life, and who has just made application for a *cessio bonorum*. An individual in fustian, evidently in the last stage of *delirium tremens*, after a hiccupped harangue on ecclesiastical rapacity, demands from him his thoughts upon Church Establishments in general; and the liberal candidate at once undertakes to have them all suppressed. If his opinions on the subject of National Education are somewhat vague, the fault lies with the respectable non-elect, who could not frame his question so as to render it intelligible. To one earnest inquirer—a carrier—he promises an entire and compulsory

stoppage of Sunday trains. To another—a publican—he pledges himself to remove the excise duties from British spirits. To a third—a cabman—he indicates his resolution of commencing a violent onslaught on the Customs, so that “the poor man’s tobacco” may be no longer smoked under a sense of injustice. Of course he disposes very summarily of the Army, Navy, and Colonies, these being parasitical weeds which ought immediately to be done away with; in fact, before he has done, there is hardly one institution, tax, custom, establishment, or system in the United Kingdom which he has not denounced as odious, and which he has not pledged himself to alter! So convenient are your “liberal principles” in adjusting themselves to the popular will.

What takes place now, bad as it is, is but a faint type of what would be enacted if democracy had the upper-hand; and we would recommend all those who are sceptical as to this matter, to attend personally some meeting at which a candidate is subjected to this kind of examination, and mark the intelligence which is displayed by the questioners, and the consistency which is exhibited in the replies. It is, indeed, as sorry a spectacle as a man could wish to witness; and could we suppose it to be a reflex either of the mind of the electors, or of the settled opinions of those who are likely to be Liberal members of Parliament, the idea would inevitably cast a heavy gloom over our anticipations for the future. But the truth is, that the electors have little or nothing to do with it; and the great majority of the upstart aspirants after the honours of legislation will, in a month or so, return to their usual avocations, probably not without an imprecation on the folly which induced them, at the bidding of an interested faction, to suspend the humble toils on which their daily bread depended, and expose themselves alike to ridicule and defeat. There are, however, reflections of a very serious nature suggested by the efforts which the Radical party are making for the introduction of organic changes, which ought not to be lightly passed over.

Why is it that certain parties are

now, more than heretofore, engaged in getting up a cry for reform and extension of suffrage? Why is it that some men, ostensibly belonging to the Whig party, who, a year or two ago, held such views in utter detestation, have declared themselves favourable to the movement? Has anything been done to curtail the popular privileges—to take away from the people any portion of the power which they previously possessed—to curtail the liberty of the press—or in any way to trench upon the rights which are common to every subject? Has there been any tyranny on the part of the Crown—any audible complaint against the acts of the House of Peers? Nothing of the kind. Has, then, the House of Commons failed in the fulfilment of its duty? That averment can hardly be made, with consistency at least, by any member of the Liberal party, since they have made it their boast that, at the present moment, they are in possession of a majority in the Lower House, and have taken credit to themselves for magnanimity in allowing Lord Derby's Ministry to exist, as they say, by sufferance, until the ordinary business of the Session is completed. What, then, can be the motive for the change which is now so loudly urged? It is simply this: The Liberal party are aware that they no longer possess the confidence of the country, and they hope, by rousing a new and formidable agitation, to divert the public mind into another channel, and prevent it from dwelling upon the injuries which they have inflicted upon the industrious classes of the nation. How otherwise can we account for this sudden and violent mania for extending the suffrage, which is apparent in the election speeches of most of the Liberal candidates? Mark the inconsistency of these men. They tell us—no matter whether falsely or not—that the country never was in a state of greater prosperity than now, and that such has been the fruit of their earnest and triumphant efforts. Very well. If it be so, what reason can be urged for making any organic change? Are not the prosperity and the welfare of a nation, and that content which, as we are told, reigns among the working-classes, the surest

proofs that the Constitution is working admirably; and would it not, in that case, be utter madness to alter its arrangement? Yet such is the dilemma in which the Liberals, including Lord John Russell, are placed. They dare not aver that the country is not prospering, seeing that, for many years, they have had it all their own way, and that any statement of the kind would be tantamount to a censure passed upon themselves. On the contrary, they avow prosperity in the highest degree, and yet they are clamouring for a change, which cannot improve, but may possibly imperil it!

They cannot say that they demand extension of the suffrage because the acts of another Ministry might possibly endanger the prosperity which they assume to exist. Both the Radicals and Lord John Russell had declared for extension of the suffrage long before Lord Derby was summoned to take office. They were quite as keen for organic change at the time when they tauntingly told us that Protection was confined and buried for ever, as they are now when they behold it in life and motion. Nor can they reasonably suppose that a cry for extended suffrage will be generally acceptable to the great body of the present electors, who are jealous enough of the privileges which they have so long possessed, and are by no means disposed to part with them, or to be swamped by the uneducated rabble. We are loath to suppose that any, beyond the worst and most unprincipled agitators of the Manchester rump, are base enough to hope in their hearts that they may succeed in exciting popular tumult and disturbance. We shall not consult Mr Roebuck's *History of the Whig Ministry* for any similar passages in former days—we content ourselves with the assurance that no disposition of the kind exists anywhere. Therefore, after looking at the subject in all its bearings, we are constrained to come to the conclusion, that all this talk about reform on the part of the Liberals has its origin in a sincere and not unnatural desire to mislead the people of this country, and to withdraw their attention from those matters in which they are immediately and most deeply interested.

The advocates of that system which has been dominant for several years, although its introduction is of an older date, are, of course, loud in its praise, and claim for it the credit of full and triumphant success. We do not deny that their system has, in the mean time, had the effect of cheapening commodities, though not in the ratio which they predicted. The price of the loaf, of sugar, and of various other articles commonly termed "of first necessity," is lowered; and we may fairly acknowledge that to many this not only appears, but is, a valuable boon. For, undoubtedly, if we could procure all the articles which we consume at a far lower rate than before, retaining, at the same time, our incomes undiminished, we should each of us be immense gainers—we might either work less, and continue to live as formerly, or we might work as formerly, and gradually accumulate a capital; but if, in proportion to the cheapness of commodities, our incomes equally diminish, then it is not easy to see wherein the advantage lies.

It is obvious, then, that at least one class of persons—those who are in the receipt of fixed incomes—must profit materially by any system which induces the cheapening of commodities. The mere annuitant can now live more comfortably than before; but as annuitants do not constitute a very large class of the community, and as they necessarily must derive their incomes from the product of internal labour, we apprehend that, in treating of such questions, it is proper to look directly to the working and productive classes. We do not intend to argue over again points which we have repeatedly discussed in previous articles; our object just now is to show that these pretended Liberals have reason on their side in wishing to escape from a calm and deliberate investigation of the consequences of their lauded policy.

We are told by them that the working-classes never were so comfortable as they are just now. If we believed this, and believed also that the comfort *could be permanent*—because both points of belief are necessary before any one can be convinced of the excellence of their system—we

should submit to the deep degradation of acknowledging, in silence and tears, our conversion to the tenets of the men of Manchester. But, unfortunately, we believe nothing of the kind—nay, we know that the contrary is the fact; and, first, let us try to understand, if possible, the meaning of the Free-Traders.

We need not complicate the question as to what the working-classes are, by insisting that every man who depends for his support upon his own exertions belongs to that order. Heaven knows that the pen is oftentimes a more toilsome implement than the shuttle or the spade; and, although we cannot say that we ever had a fancy to try our hand at the loom, we would have no objection, on occasion, to take a turn at trenching. By the working-classes, we understand those who are engaged in mechanical toil—in tilling the earth, cultivating its products, raising and smelting its minerals, producing fabrics from raw materials, and assisting the operations of commerce and manufactures in an endless variety of ways. They are distinguished from the capitalist in this, that they labour with their hands, and that labour is their sole inheritance.

That it is the first duty of every Government to guard and protect that class, has been our invariable doctrine. In them the motive strength of Britain lies. Machinery is of man's invention—the human frame is the work of God alone, animated by His breath, and must not be treated as a machine. They may be called upon—as all of us are called upon—to contribute some portion of their labour for the maintenance of our national institutions, which have undeniably exempted us from those terrible calamities by which almost every other state in Europe has been visited. A bad system of the entailment of state debts, commenced more than a hundred and sixty years ago by a monarch who came over to this country as a Liberator, has increased the national burdens, and occasioned a further tax upon labour. Yet, nevertheless, it is undeniable that the condition of the British labourer, in every department of industry, has been for a long time superior to that of his fellow

in any other European country. The men of the working-classes are, though they may not know it, possessed of enormous power. Wronged they cannot be, except by their own consent, and as victims of delusion; for the sympathy of the intelligence of the country is with them, and so is that of the higher orders. To all who have true nobility of soul, the rights of the working man are sacred; and when that ceases to be the case, the days of the aristocracy are numbered.

But *why* is it that the condition of the British labourer has been superior to that of his foreign equal? That is indeed a consideration of the very greatest importance; and it would be well if statistical compilers and political economists had set themselves seriously to consider "the reason why," instead of simply noting the fact. We have read a good many volumes—more than we care to enumerate—written by gentlemen of that class, but we never have been able to find any intelligible explanation of that phenomenon. Yet surely it is a remarkable one. This country is, in respect of its population, far more heavily burdened than any of the leading states of Europe—it has not the climatic advantages of some of them—and it can scarcely be said to produce the precious metals. Its exports, though undoubtedly large, were, and are, as nothing to the quantity produced, intended for the home consumption. It has been computed, from an investigation of the census taken in 1841, that not much more than half a million of people, the population being then nearly twenty seven millions, were employed in the manufacture of articles for the foreign trade.*

It may be useful here to mention that, according to one foreign statistical authority, Schnabel, the proportion of taxes paid yearly by each individual in Great Britain, France, and Prussia, was in the following ratio:—

Great Britain,	18
France,	11½
Prussia,	5½

And the comparative rate of agricultural wages is stated thus by Rau, in his *Lehrbuch der Politischen Oekonomie*:—

	s.	d.
Great Britain, (average,)	1	6
France, (do.)	1	0½
East Prussia,	0	4½

These figures, of course, may be slightly inaccurate, but they are sufficient to show the great variation, both in taxation and wages, which prevails in the three countries which are here specified; and we have no reason to believe that, during the few years which have elapsed since these calculations were made, any material difference in proportion has taken place. A similar discrepancy prevails in wages of every kind. For example, Mr Porter tells us that in Wurtemberg the wages of the artisans in towns are from 1s. 8d. to 4s. 2d. per week; that in Bavaria "labourers are paid at the rate of 8d. per day in the country, and from 8d. to 1s. 4d. in the towns;" and that in Saxony "a man employed in his loom, working very diligently from Monday morning until Saturday night, from five o'clock in the morning until dusk, and even at times with a lamp, his wife assisting him in finishing and taking him the work, could not possibly earn more than 20 groschen (2s. 6d. sterling) per week." We might have added many other instances to these, but we judge it to be unnecessary. We quote them simply for the purpose of showing that labour in Britain, if heavily taxed, was better remunerated than elsewhere.

Now, why was it better remunerated? That is—after all that has been said and written on the subject, and Eolus-bags of oratory, and hundreds of thousands of reams of paper have been expended on it—the question, upon the solution of which the merit

* Mr Spackman, in his *Analysis of the Occupations of the People*, states the whole number of persons employed in manufactures of every kind at 1,440,908; the total annual value of their production in 1841, at £187,184,292

Whereof, for the Home Trade,	£128,600,000
For the Foreign Trade,	58,584,292

187,184,292

of the rival systems depends. It was better remunerated in this way—because in Great Britain there has been a far greater outlay of capital in every department and branch of industry, than has been made in any other country of the world. With us, land has been reclaimed, and brought under tillage, which elsewhere would have been left in a state of nature. At an immense cost the difficulties of climate have been overcome, and the soil rendered productive, and capable of sustaining an increased number of inhabitants. We must go back farther than the memory of the present generation can reach, in order to appreciate the vast nature of the improvements which were so effected. Since the commencement of the present century, very nearly four millions of acres, in England alone, have been brought into cultivation under the Inclosure Acts, besides all that has been effected by private enterprise—and it is probable that amount immensely exceeds the other—on land held by a simple tenure. Eighty years ago, the greater part of the surface of what are now our best cultivated counties, was covered with heath and ling, and of course wholly unproductive. It was from this outlay of capital in the cultivation of the soil that the rapid growth of our towns, and the great increase of our manufactures, took their rise. The latter cannot precede—it must always follow the other. The country supplied the towns with food, and the towns in turn supplied the country with manufactures. Such being the case, it is evident that the prosperity of either interest depended greatly upon the circumstances of the other. If agriculture was depressed, from whatever cause, there was no longer the same demand as formerly for manufactures; if manufactures were depressed, the agriculturist suffered in his turn. But in reality, except from over-trading, and a competition pushed to an extent which has affected the national interest, it is difficult to understand how a depression in manufactures for the home trade could take place, except through and in consequence of agricultural calamity. The home demand was remarkably steady, and could be calculated upon

with almost a certainty of return. It was reserved for the enlightened economists of our age to discover that the interests of agriculture and manufactures were not harmonious. Such, clearly, was not the theory of our forefathers. The Book of Common Prayer contains a form of thanksgiving for a good harvest—it has none for a year of unusual export and import.

We must not, however, pass over without notice, the circumstances which led to the extraordinary development of industry and enterprise in Great Britain, in every department. Without consumers, it is quite evident that agriculture could not have advanced with such rapid strides; and it is important that there should be no misunderstanding on this matter. The possession of a hundred or a thousand acres of land is of little value unless the owner can command a remunerative market for his produce; nor will he cultivate his land to the utmost unless he has the assurance of such a market. It is all very well to say, that, by the expenditure of a certain sum of money, such and such an amount of crops may be reared on each acre;—that is a mere feat of agricultural chemistry, such as Mr Huxtable offered to undertake upon pure sand with the assistance of pigs' dung; but the real and only question is—will the return meet the outlay? Without some unusual and extraordinary cause to increase the number of consumers, it is clear to us that the progress of agriculture must have been comparatively slow; and accordingly, we find that cause in the Continental war, which continued for nearly a quarter of a century, and which has effected such mighty changes—the end of which is not yet apparent—in the social position of Great Britain.

To maintain that war, the resources of this country were taxed to the utmost. So great were the demands, that they could not possibly have been met but for two things—one being the result of internal arrangement, and the other arising from external circumstances. The first of these was the suspension of cash payments, and the extension, or rather creation, of credit, arising from an unlimited paper currency. The second was the mono-

poly of the foreign markets, which we engrossed, in virtue of our naval supremacy. No writer on the social state of Britain, even at the present hour, and no political economist who does not specially refer to these two circumstances, are worth consulting. Better put their volumes into the fire, than discuss effects without regard to their antecedent cause.

It may be that the extent to which that unlimited currency was pushed, has since had disastrous results. If unwisely permitted without control or regulation, it was, as we think, contracted in a manner even more unwise; and the practical consequence has been an enormous addition to the weight of the public debt. But without a currency of very large extent—without the credit which that currency created—Great Britain could not have continued the struggle so long, nor brought it to a triumphant issue. It was this that stimulated both agriculture and manufactures, the latter having, in addition, the inestimable privilege of the command of the markets of the world, without any interference of a rival. Reclaimed fields and new manufactories were the products of that period; and unquestionably there never was an era in our history when prosperity appeared to be more generally diffused. If prices were high, so were wages. Employment was plentiful, because improvement was progressing on every side, and no jealousy existed between the manufacturer and the agriculturist. During fifteen years, from 1801 to 1815, the average annual quantity of wheat and wheat-flour imported to this country was only 506,000 quarters.

Perhaps it may be instructive here to quote the words of an acute observer in 1816, regarding the improvements which had taken place, before any check occurred. The writer of the historical summary in the *Edinburgh Annual Register* for that year thus expresses himself:—

“During the continuance of the last war, many things had conspired to stimulate to the highest extent the exertions of every class of the people of England. Cut off by the decrees of Buonaparte from direct intercourse with some of the richest countries of Europe, the policy

which England had adopted in revenge of this exclusion, had greatly increased the action of those many circumstances which naturally tended towards rendering her the great, or rather the sole entrepot, of the commerce of the world. In her the whole of that colonial trade which had formerly been sufficient to enrich, not her alone, but France and Holland also, had now centred. The inventive zeal of her manufacturers had gone on from year to year augmenting and improving branches of industry, in which, even before, she had been without a rival. The increase of manufactures had been attended with a perpetual increase in the demand for agricultural produce, and the events of the two years of scarcity (as they were called) lent an additional spring to the motion of those whose business it was to meet this demand. The increase which took place in the agricultural improvements of the island, was such as had never before been equalled in any similar period of time. Invention followed invention, foreconomising labour, and increasing production; till throughout no inconsiderable part of the whole empire the face of the country was changed. ‘It may safely be said,’ asserted Mr Brougham, ‘that without at all comprehending the waste lands wholly added to the productive tenantry of the island, not perhaps that two blades of grass now grow where one only grew before, but certainly that five grow where four used to be; and that this kingdom, which foreigners were wont to taunt as a mere manufacturing and trading country, inhabited by a shopkeeping nation, is, in reality, for its size, by far the greatest agricultural state in the world!’”

Contrary, perhaps, to the general expectation, the close of the war and the return of peace operated disastrously upon the internal interests of the country. Though the manufacturing energies of the Continent had been checked, its agriculture was ready and available: and accordingly, no sooner were the ports opened than prices fell at an alarming rate. The result was not only immediate agricultural distress in Britain, but *the greatest depression in every branch of manufacture connected with the home trade.* The agricultural distress needs no explanation. The vast improvements on land had been made with borrowed money; and when prices went down, the proprietor too often found himself unable from his rents to pay the bare interest of the

money expended. Yet, had these improvements not taken place, how could Britain have continued the struggle so long—how could her manufacturing population have been fed? These are questions never considered now, especially by those agitators who revile the landlords, or rather the Legislature, for the imposition of the Corn Laws; but the truth is, that, unless the corn duty had been then imposed, England must, within a very few years, either have exhibited the humiliating spectacle of a bankrupt and ruined state, or been plunged in revolution. The distress rapidly spread to the manufacturers—for example, those engaged in the silk trade, and the iron and coal-workers of Staffordshire and Wales. The fall in the price of corn produced its natural effect by limiting the consumption of everything else; and, as if to crown the calamity, the exporting manufacturers, in their eagerness for gain, committed precisely the same blunder, from the effects of which they are now suffering so severely; and by creating a glut in the Continental markets, they both annihilated their own profits, and excited such an alarm in foreign governments as to give rise to a system of prohibitory duties, which continues to the present hour. Then followed the resumption of cash payments, with all its train of ruin—a measure which, whether necessary or not in principle, could not have been carried but for the existence of a corn law, which in some degree mitigated its pressure.

In a country so loaded with debt as ours, it is in vain to talk, as Lord John Russell lately did, of a “natural price.” The term, indeed, has no kind of significance under any circumstances; and we are perfectly certain that the noble lord, when he employed it, was not attempting to clothe a distinct idea in words. He found the phrase somewhere—perhaps borrowed it from the *Economist*—and used it, because he thought it sounded well. If he could reduce the price of all commodities here to the level of that which prevails in a Continental country—a consummation which appears to be contemplated and desired by the Free-Traders—the result would necessarily be a like de-

cadence of our wealth—not accompanied, however, by a relaxation of our present burdens. The high wages which the working-classes receive in this country, contrasted with the low wages which are given elsewhere, depend upon the return which is yielded to the capitalist who calls their labour into being. Now, let us see what effect depression in any one great branch of industry exercises upon the working-classes, who are not immediately dependent upon it for their subsistence.

This involves one of the most curious phenomena in economical science. When an interest is depressed, it does not always happen—especially in the first stage of depression—that the labourers attached to that interest feel immediately the consequences of the decline. Agricultural wages, for example, do not fluctuate according to the price of wheat. The retrenchment which becomes necessary in consequence of lessened returns is usually effected, in the first instance at least, by curtailment of personal expenditure on the part of the cultivator—by abstinence from purchases, not necessary indeed, but convenient—and by that species of circumspect, but nameless thrift, which, at the end of a year, makes a very considerable difference in the amount of tradesmen's bills. This kind of retrenchment is the easiest, the safest, and the most humane; and it is not until the depression becomes so great as to render other and more stringent modes of economising necessary, that the agricultural labourer is actually made to feel his entire dependence upon the land, and the interest which he has in its returns. The small tradesmen and dealers in the country and market towns are usually the first to discern what is called the pressure of the times. They find that the farmers are no longer taking from them the same quantity of goods as before; that their stocks, especially of the more expensive articles, remain on their hands unsold; and that there is no demand for novelties. If the depression goes so far as to necessitate a diminution of rental, then the same economy, but on a wider scale, is practised

by the landlord. Expensive luxuries are given up, establishments contracted, and the town's-people begin to complain of a dull season, for which they find it impossible to account, seeing that money is declared to be cheap. All this reacts upon the artisans very severely; because in towns labour has a far less certain tenure than in the country; and when there is a cessation of demand, workmen, however skilled, are not only liable, but certain to be dismissed. If the shopkeeper cannot get his goods off his hands, the manufacturer need not expect to prevail upon him to give any farther orders. The demand upon the mills becomes slack, and the manufacturer, finding that there is no immediate prospect of revival, considers it his duty to have recourse to short time.

This is precisely what has been going on for the last two years. Landlords and farmers have curtailed their expenditure in consequence of the great fall of prices; and the parties who have actually suffered the most are the tradesmen with whom they commonly deal, and the artisans in their employment. It is impossible to affect materially the gigantic interest of agriculture without striking a heavy blow at the prosperity of home manufactures; and unfortunately these manufactures, or at least many branches of them, are now liable to foreign competition. If it should be allowed that this is a true statement of the case—and we cannot see how it can be controverted—then it will appear that the working-classes, the vast majority of whom are engaged in producing for the home market, have lost largely in employment if they have gained by cheaper food.

And it is most remarkable, that in proportion as food has become cheap in this country, so has emigration increased. That is apparently one of the strangest features of the whole case. What contentment can there be in a nation when the people are deserting their native soil by hundreds of thousands? They did not do so while the other system was in operation. Whatever were the faults of Protection, it did not give rise to

scenes like the following, which we find quoted in the *Economist* of 17th April, as if it were something rather to be proud of than otherwise. The pious editor entitles it "The Exodus." Certainly he and his friends have made Ireland the reverse of a land flowing with milk and honey:—

"The flight of the population from the south is thus described by the *Clonmel Chronicle*.—'The tide of emigration has set in this year more strongly than ever it has within our memories. During the winter months, we used to observe solitary groups wending their way towards the sea-coast, but since the season opened, (and a most beautiful one it is,) these groups have been literally swolled into shoals, and, travel what road you may, you will find upon it strings of cars and drays, laden with women and children and household stuffs, journeying onward, their final destination being America. In all other parts of the country it is the same. At every station along the rail, from Goold's Cross to Sallins, the third-class carriages receive their quota of emigrants. The Grand Canal passage-boats, from Shannon harbour to Sallins, appear every morning at their accustomed hour, laden down with emigrants and their luggage, on their way to Dublin, and thence to Liverpool, whence they take shipping for America.'"

And yet this wholesale expatriation is so far from appearing a disastrous sign, that it does not even excite a word of comment from the cold-blooded man of calculations. Truly there are various points of similarity between the constitution of the Free-Trader and the frog!

Remarkable undoubtedly it is, and to be remarked and remembered in all coming estimates of the character and ability of the men, styling themselves statesmen, whose measures have led to the frightful depopulation of a part of the British Empire. Remarkable it is, but not to be wondered at, seeing that the same thing must occur in every instance where a great branch of industry is not only checked, but rendered unprofitable. Succeeding generations will hardly believe that it was the design of the Whigs and the Free-Traders to feed the Irish people with foreign grain, and so promote their prosperity, at a time when their sole wealth was derived from

agricultural produce. Just fancy a scheme for promoting the prosperity of Newcastle by importing to it coals to be sold at half the price for which that article is at present delivered at the pit-mouth! Conceive to yourselves the ecstasy which would prevail in Manchester if Swiss calicoes were brought there to be vended at rates greatly lower than are now charged by the master manufacturers! Undoubtedly the people of Newcastle and the operatives of Manchester would in that case pay less than formerly both for fuel and clothing—both of them “first articles of necessity;” but we rather imagine that no long time would elapse before there were palpable symptoms of a very considerable emigration. And lest, in their grand reliance in a monopoly of coals and cottons, the Free-Traders should scoff at our parallels as altogether visionary, we challenge them to make a trial in a case which is not visionary. *Let them take off the manufacturing protective duties which still exist, and try the effect of that measure upon Birmingham, Sheffield, and Paisley.* Of course they know better than to accept any such challenge; but we warn the manufacturers—and let them look to it in time—that the day is rapidly drawing near when all these duties must be repealed, unless justice is done to the other suffering interests. If they persist in asking Free Trade, and in refusing all equivalents or reparation for the mischief they have done, *they shall have Free Trade, BUT ENTIRE.* Then we shall see whether they—with all their machinery, all their ingenuity, and all their capital—with all their immunity from burdens which are imposed upon other classes—with all the stimulus given to them by the income-tax, now levied since 1842, in order that taxes weighing on the manufacturing interest might be repealed—can compete on open terms in the home market with the manufacturers of the Continent. Do not let them deceive themselves; that reckoning is nigh at hand. They must be content to accept the measure with which they have meted to others; and we tell them fairly, that they need not hope that this subject will be any longer overlooked. *Not one*

ray of protection can be left to manufactures of any kind, whether made up or not, if Free Trade is to be the commercial principle of the country. If so, the principle must be universally recognised.

What is now taking place in Ireland, must, ere long, we are convinced, take place in Britain. Nay, in so far as Scotland is concerned, the same symptoms are exhibited already, almost in the same degree. In one point of view, we cannot deplore the emigration. If it is fated that, through the blindness and cupidity of men whose religious creed consists of Trade Returns, and whose sole deity is Mammon, the system which has contributed so much to the greatness and wealth of the nation, and which has created a garden out of a wilderness, is to be abandoned for ever, it is better that our people should go elsewhere, and find shelter under a government which, if not monarchical, may be more paternal than their own. It is a bitter thing, that expatriation; but it has been the destiny of man since the Fall. They will find fertile land to till in the prairies of the West—they will have blue skies above them, and a brighter sun than here; and, if that be any consolation to them in their exile, they may still contribute to the supply of food to the British market, without paying, as they must have done had they continued here, their quota to the taxes of the country. But we must fairly confess that we feel less sympathy for those who go than for those who are compelled to linger. Until the home demand is revived—which can only be in consequence of the enhanced value of home produce—we can see nothing but additional misery in store for all those artisans and operatives who are unconnected with the foreign trade. With regard to that trade, we have yet to learn how it has prospered. Those who are engaged in it admit that, in spite of increased exports—which, be it remembered, do not by any means imply increased demand—their reasonable hopes have been disappointed; and that in regard to the countries from which we now derive the largest supply of corn, their exports have materially decreased.

That is a symptom of no common significance; for it shows that, simultaneously with the increase of their agriculture, those countries are fostering and extending their own manufactures. As for the other—the home trade—it is, by the unanimous acknowledgment of our opponents, daily dwindling; and the income of the country—as the last returns of the property-tax, which do not by any means disclose the whole amount of the deficit, have shown us—has fallen off six millions within the last two years. Were we to add the diminution on incomes under £150 per annum, we have no doubt whatever that the loss would be found to amount to more than three times that sum. All that is so much lost to the retailer and home manufacturer. For a time, even yet, cheapness may serve to palliate and disguise the evil; but it cannot do so long. Many important branches of industry, such as the iron trade, are in a state of extreme depression. The evil is not confined to the mother country; it is impoverishing the fairest parts of our colonial empire. Some of the sugar-growing colonies are on the verge of abandonment. Unless a very different policy from that adopted by the Liberals is pursued and sanctioned by the people of this country, the catastrophe cannot long be delayed; and then, perhaps, the British public, though too late, may be instructed as to the relative value of colonial possessions of our own, and those belonging to states which do not recognise reciprocity.

Years ago, when the Free-Traders were in the first blush of their success, and the minds of men were still inflamed with the hot fever of speculation, the advocates of the new system were requested to state in what way they proposed to employ that mass of labour which must necessarily be displaced by the substitution of so much foreign produce instead of our own. They answered, with the joyousness of enthusiasm, that there would be room enough and to spare in the factories for every man who might so be thrown out of employment. It was not until an after period that the stern and dreary remedy of emigration was prescribed

and enforced—not until it had become apparent from experience that all their hopes of increased profit from foreign trade and expected reciprocity were based upon a delusion. Then indeed the misery which had been created by reckless legislation was exalted into a cause for triumph, and the Exodus of the poor from the land of their birth, wherein they no longer could find the means of labour, was represented as a hopeful sign of the future destinies of the country.

We are very far, indeed, from blaming those who, at the present time, declare themselves averse to any violent changes, and who think that some remedy and redress may be given, without having recourse to an entire alteration of the principle upon which our present commercial policy is based. It may be that time is yet required before the effects of Free Trade can be fully felt and appreciated by some of the classes of this country; and, certainly, the first step which ought to be taken in the new Parliament, should be a readjustment of taxation, corresponding to the altered circumstances of the community. Of course, as this demand is founded strictly upon justice, it will be opposed strenuously by many of those who glory in their Liberal opinions; but we believe that the great bulk of the British people, whatever may be their thoughts on other points, have that regard to justice, that they will not countenance oppression. It may be that the agricultural classes cannot yet expect to receive that measure of relief which they have waited and hoped for so long. The partial failure of the last harvest on the Continent, though it has not brought up prices to a remunerative level, has had more than the effect of checking their further decline; and that circumstance, we are bound to admit, may have some influence on the minds of many who are slow to believe that foreign importations can really affect the permanence of British agriculture. The experience of another season may be necessary to open their eyes. So far as we can gather from the opinions of men who are engaged in the trade, and who are best qualified to form a judgment upon such subjects, we may

look almost immediately for a great increase of importations, and a rapid decline of prices. The failure on the Continent did not extend to the wheat crop—it was limited to the rye and potatoes, the customary food of the peasantry; and it is now ascertained that there is a large surplus of wheat ready to be thrown into our ports. But it would be out of place to discuss such points just now. The verdict lies with the country, to which Lord Derby has appealed. If that verdict should not be of a nature to enable him at once to apply a remedy to agricultural distress, by the reimposition of a duty on corn, then we must look in the first instance to such a readjustment of burdens as shall at least give fair play to the cultivator of the soil. But there is much more than this. The strength of the Protective case lies in its universal application to all classes of the community; and it is not we, but our opponents, who affect to regard it as a question in which no one is interested beyond the landlord and the tenant. We look upon it as of vital importance to the retailer, the tradesman, the artisan, and the home manufacturer, and to all who labour for them; and it appears to us that the time has now arrived when a full and searching Parliamentary inquiry should be made on the subject of the cheap loaf in connection with the rate of wages, and the prosperity of the home trade. Surely the Free-Traders can have no reason to object to this. They ground their case on philanthropy and regard to the interest of the poor and labouring man, and in that respect we are both agreed. Well then;—if, as we think and say, agricultural distress, occasioned by the low prices which have prevailed in consequence of the large importations of foreign corn, has had the effect of lessening employment generally throughout the country—a position which, in our mind, is much strengthened by the enormous and unprecedented increase of emigration—surely that proposition is capable of tangible proof or equally distinct refutation. Let us

know, from authentic sources, not from partial or interested assertion, whether, along with the cheap loaf, the people have had full and remunerative employment—whether the condition of the working-classes and of the home interests has been improved by the change or not. The inquiry undoubtedly would be an extended, but at the same time a most valuable one. It would necessarily, in order to arrive at a fair and thorough understanding of the subject, embrace the present state of every trade as contrasted with that of former years—it would show us in what way the home market has been affected by what we must still be allowed to term a diminution of the means of the purchaser. Surely such a subject as this is well worth the pains of inquiry. Parliament cannot be better occupied than in receiving evidence upon the condition of the people. And we cannot rate too highly, either for the present or the future, the importance of such an investigation in checking and correcting, or, it may be, in confirming the doctrines of political economy, as they are usually quoted and received.

Some, no doubt, may be interested in opposing such an inquiry. We have little expectation that the Manchester men will accede to any such reasonable proposal; for, as we have already said, we regard this outcry of theirs for wild and sweeping reform simply as a ruse to withdraw the attention of the public from the disastrous effects of their lauded commercial system. Lord John Russell and his immediate Liberal followers would probably oppose such an inquiry as impious, because casting a doubt on the infallibility of Whig tradition. But we are convinced that sensible and moderate men, of every shade of opinion, would rejoice to see this vexed question brought to something like a practical test; so that, whatever policy England may pursue for the future, it shall at least have for its object that of promoting the welfare and the happiness of the people.

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CHRISTOPHER UNDER CANVASS.

Camp at Cladich.

SCENE—*The Pavilion.* TIME—*Sunset.*

NORTH—TALBOYS—SEWARD.

NORTH.

THE great Epic Poets of Antiquity began with invoking superhuman aid to their human powers. They magnified their subject by such a confession, that their unassisted strength was unequal to worthily treating it; and it is perfectly natural for us to believe that they were sincere in these implorations. For their own belief was that Gods presided over, ruled, and directed; not only the motions of the Visible Universe, and the greater and outward events and destinies of nations and individuals, but that the Father of Gods and Men, and peculiar Deities under him, influenced, inspired, and sustained, gave and took away the powers of wisdom, virtue, and genius, in every kind of design and in every kind of action.

SEWARD.

They would call down the help, suggestion, and inspiration of heavenly guides, protectors, and monitors;—of Jupiter, to whom even their dim faith looked above themselves and beyond this apparent world, for the incomprehensible causes of things;—of Apollo, the God of Music and of Song;—of those divine Sisters, under whose especial charge that imaginative religion placed Poets and their works, the nine melodious Daughters of Memory;—of those three other gentle deities, of whom Pindar affirms, that if there be amongst men anything fair and admirable, to their gift it is owing, and whose name expresses the accomplishing excellence of Poesy, if all suffrages are to be united in praise: bright Sisters too, adored with altar and temple,—the Graces.

NORTH.

Milton, who had unerringly studied the classical Art of Poetry, and who brought into the service of his great and solemn undertaking all the resources of poetical Art, which prior ages had placed at his disposal, whose learning, from the literature of the world, gathered spoils to hang up in the vast and glorious temple which he dedicated—He might, without offence to the devout purpose of his own soul, borrow from the devotion of those old pagan worshippers the hint, and partially the form, of those exordial supplications.

SEWARD.

He opens the *Paradise Lost* with Two Invocations. Both implore aid. But the aid asked in one and in the other is different in kind, as the Two Powers, of whom the aid is asked, are also wholly different. Let us look at these two Invocations in the order in which they stand.

"Of Man's first disobedience, and the fruit
Of that forbidden tree, whose mortal taste
Brought death into the world, and all our woe;
With loss of Eden, till one greater Man
Restore us, and regain the blissful seat,
Sing, heavenly Muse, that, on the sacred top
Of Oreb, or of Sinai, didst inspire
That shepherd, who first taught the chosen seed,
In the beginning how the heavens and earth
Rose out of chaos: or, if Sion hill
Delight thee more, and Siloa's brook that flow'd
Fast by the oracle of God; I thence
Invoke thy aid to my adventurous song,
That with no middle slight intends to soar
Above the Aonian mount, while it pursues
Things unattempted yet in prose or rhyme.
And chiefly Thou, O Spirit, that dost prefer
Before all temples the upright heart and pure,
Instruct me, for Thou know'st: Thou from the first
Wast present, and, with mighty wings outspread,
Dove-like, sat'st brooding on the vast abyss,
And mad'st it pregnant: what in me is dark,
Illumine: what is low, raise and support;
That to the height of this great argument
I may assert eternal Providence,
And justify the ways of God to men."

The First is taken, hint and form both, from Homer. Homer, girding up his strength to sing the war of confederated Greece against Troy and her confederates, makes over his own overpowering theme to a Spirit able to support the burden—to the Muse.

Sing, Goddess, he begins, the Anger of Achilles.

NORTH.

Even so Milton. After proposing in a few words the great argument of his Poem—that fatal first act of disobedience to the Creator, by which our First Parents, along with His favour, forfeited Innocence, Bliss, Immortality, and Paradise, for themselves and their posterity, until the coming of the Saviour shall redeem the Sin and loss—he devolves his own task upon a Muse, whom he deems far higher than the Muse of his greatest predecessor, and whom he, to mark this superiority, addresses as the *Heavenly Muse*.

TALBOYS.

She is the Muse who inspired on the summit now of Horeb, now of Sinai; when for forty years in retreat from his own people, yet under their Egyptian yoke, he kept the flocks of his father-in-law Jethro—the actual Shepherd who, from communing with God and commissioned by God, came down into Egypt again to be the Shepherd of his people and to lead out the flock of Israel.

SEWARD.

She is the Muse who, when the Hebrew tribes were at length seated in the promised land—when Zion in the stead of Sinai was the chosen Mountain of God—inspired Psalmists and Prophets.

TALBOYS.

And the reason is manifest for the distinguishing of Moses. For all critics of the style of the inspired Writers distinguish that of Moses from all the others, as antique, austere, grave, sublime, as if there were in him who conversed personally with God greater sanctity of style, even as his face shone when he came down from the Mount; as the whole character and office of Moses was held by the Hebrews, and is held, perhaps, by us, as lifting him above all other prophetic leaders.

NORTH.

He was the founder of the Nation, and the type of the Saviour.

TALBOYS.

Milton desires for his work, all qualities of style, as the variable subject shall require them. Not only the high rank of Moses as the author of the Pentateuch required that he should be named, but this in particular, that Moses was the historian of the Creation and Fall.

NORTH.

One might for a moment be tempted to confound the inspiration here meant with that highest inspiration which was vouchsafed in those holy places, and which we distinguish by the unequivocal name of revelation. But on reflection we perceive it not possible that Milton should have ascribed such an office to an Impersonation—those awful Communications which distinguished those persons chosen by the Almighty to be the vessels of his Will to the Children of Men. His revelations, we are instructed to believe, are immediately from himself.

TALBOYS.

Somebody said to me once that Milton's First Invocation to the Muse is oppressed with Mountains; that it is as if he had shaken out what he had got under the head Mountains, in his Common-Place Book; and—

NORTH.

Somebody had better have held his tongue. No. They occur by natural association. He wants aid of the Muse who inspired Moses—I suppose, who sustained—that is, gave his style—of the other writers in the Old Testament. To suppose her visiting Moses on either peak of the Sacred Hill where he had his divine communications, is obvious and inevitable, and, I hope, solemn and sublime too. To suppose her accompanying the migration of the Israelites, and as she had devoutly affected their Sacred Mountain of the Wilderness, also devoutly affecting their Holy Mountain at the foot of which they built their Metropolis, is a spontaneous and unavoidable process of thought. Sinai and Sion represent, as if they contain embodied, the religion and history blended of the race. And if the divine Muse has two divine Hills, how can Milton help thinking of the quasi-divine Hill on which were gathered the nine quasi-divine Sisters? Doubtless, three distinct Mountains in the first sixteen lines, if absolutely considered, may seem cumbersome and overwhelming. But accept them for what they are in the Invocation; the two first localisings of the one Muse, they are easy. Why should not her wing skim from peak to peak? and Parnassus looms in the distance on the horizon.

SEWARD.

A more urgent and trying question is, *what* does he invoke? We have a sort of biographical information respecting the Address to the Spirit. Milton did believe himself under its especial influences, and the Address is a direct and proper Prayer. But *what* is this Muse? To us the old Muses—whatever they may have been to the Greeks—are Impersonations, and nothing more, of powers in our own souls. If name attest nature, such is the muse of Milton—a power of his own soul—but one which dwelt also in the soul of the great Hebrew shepherd. Say, for the sake of a determining notion, the power

of the austere and simple religious sublime. A human power, but moved by contact of the soul with divine subjects. Perhaps I say too bluntly that those old Muses were mostly but impersonations of human powers. An abstruse, difficult, and solemn part of our existence is touched, implicated. We find when we are deeply moved that powers which slept in us awake;—Powers which have before awaked, and fallen back in sleep;—Powers, too, that have never before awaked.

NORTH.

But what do we know of what is ultimate? If there is a contact of our spirits with the universal Spirit, if there are to us divine communions, influences, how do we know when they begin and end? It *seems* reverent and circumspect to view poetical inspiration as a human fact only, but we are not sure that it is not even more religious to believe that the unsuspected breath of Deity moves our souls in their higher and happier moments. Be they motions of our own souls, be there inferior influences mingled, those Muses were names for the powers upon this view—for the powers and mingled influences upon another. On the whole, I think that the distinction is here intended generally; and that the heavenly Muse represents the human soul exalted, or its powers ennobled by contact with illuminating and hidden influences—as the prophets Isaiah, Ezekiel, Jeremiah, have each quite the style of their own humanity in writing under the governance of the Spirit.

SEWARD.

I consider the free daring with which all Poets of the modern world, at least, have, for the uses of their Art, converted Powers and Agencies into imaginary beings. I consider the respects in which the Poet has need of AID. He wants aid if he is to penetrate into regions inaccessible to mortal foot or eye—if he is to disclose transactions veiled since the foundations of the world; but this aid the Muse cannot afford to the *Christian* Poet, and we shall presently see that he applies for it to a higher Source. But the Poet who undertakes to sing of Heaven and Earth, of Chaos and of Hell, who comprehends within his unbounded Song all orders of Being, from the Highest and Greatest to the Lowest and Least—all that are Good and all that are Evil, and all that are mixed of Good and Evil—and all transactions from the date, if we may safely so speak, when Time issued from the bosom of Eternity to the still distant date, when Time shall again merge in that Eternity out of which it arose, and be no more:—That Poet, if any, needs implore for a voice equal to his theme, a power of wing measured to the flight which he intends to soar; he needs for the very manner of representation which he is to use—for the very words in which he is to couch stupendous thoughts—for the very music in which his pealing words shall roll—aid, if aid can be had for supplication.

NORTH.

Yes, Seward. We consider these things. We consider the laborious, learned, and solemn studies, by which we are told, by which Milton tells us, that he endeavoured to qualify himself for performing his great work, and I propose this account of this first Invocation, stripped of its Poetical garb. In the first place, that the subject of desire to the Poet—the thing asked—is high, grave, reverend, sublime, fitted Style or Expression. As for the addressing, and the power of the wish, you may remember that, as we hear, employing human means, he assiduously read, or caused to be read, the profane, and his native, and the Sacred Writers—drawing thence his manner of poetical speech.

TALBOYS.

"Heavenly" Muse is opposed to "Olympian" Muse; as if "*Hebraic*" to "*Hellenic*;" as if "*Scriptural*" to "*Classical*;" as if "*Sacred*" to "*Profane*;" as if Muse of Zion to Muse of Pindus. Therefore we must ask—What "*Muse*" ordinarily means? We know what it meant in the mouth of a believing Greek. It meant a *real person*—a divine being of a lower Order. But Milton is a Christian—for whom those deities are no more. *They* are, in his eye, mere imaginations—air.

"For Thou art heavenly! *She* (the Hellenic) an *empty dream*."

And so already—

"The meaning, not *the name*, I call."

To wit, the Hellenic is to him a name—*air*.

SEWARD.

We must ask—What does, in ordinary Verse, not in sacred poetry, a Christian poet mean, when He names, and yet more when he invokes, the Muse—the Sacred Sisters nine? And we are thrown upon recognising the widely-spread literary fact—not unattractive or quite unimportant—that Christendom cherished this reminiscence of Heathendom; that, in fact, our poetry seems to rest for a part of its life upon this airy relic of a fled mythology—varied in all ways. Muse, Helicon, Hippocrene, &c. Greatest Poets, not poetasters, the inspired, not the imitative and servile—and at height of occasion.

Thus Shakspeare—

"O for a Muse of fire that would ascend
The highest heaven of invention!
A kingdom for a stage!" &c.

Spenser—at entering upon his vast Poem—

"Me all too mean the Sacred Muse exceeds."

And the master of good plain sense in verse, Pope, acknowledges the ineradicably rooted expression—

"Drink deep, or taste not the *Pierian spring*."

I put these together, because I doubt not but that Milton in *choosing* and *guarding* (just like Tasso) the word, looked this practice of Christian, or christened poets, full in the face; and spoke, founding upon it. Muse, to his mind *inventing* his Invocation, had three senses. Imaginary Deity of a departed belief—An Authoritative Name, thence retained with affection and pride by Poets of the Christian world—Or, something new, which might be made for his own peculiar purpose, or which Tasso had begun to make, undertaking a Poem after a sort sacred.

TALBOYS.

I cannot believe that the word which has held such fond place in the minds of great poets, and all poets, can have been a dry and bald imitation of antiquity. Doubtless it had, and has, a living meaning; answers to, and is answered by, something in their bosoms—the Name to which Shakspeare and Spenser clung, and which Milton put by the side of the Holy Spirit and transplanted into Heaven.

NORTH.

Our attention is first reflectively directed upon recognised Impersonations in Poetry. But we are very much accustomed to misunderstand the nature of Poetry; for we are much accustomed to look upon Poetry as an art of intellectual recreation, and nothing more. Only as a privileged Art—an Art privileged to think in a way of its own, and to entertain, for the sake of a delicate amusement and gratification, illusory thoughts which have never had belief belonging to them. And meeting with Impersonations in poetry, we set down Impersonations amongst the illusory thoughts thus imagined and entertained for intellectual pleasure, and which have never been believed. It is a mistake altogether. Poetry has its foundation in a transient belief. Impersonations have held very durable belief amongst men. When we reflect and take upon us to become cognisant of our own intellectual acts, we are bound to become cognisant of these illusions—to know that they must have temporary belief—that they must not have permanent belief.

SEWARD.

"Sing, *Heavenly Muse*." Milton redeems the boldness of adventurously transplanting from a Pagan Mythology into a Christian Poem, and thus

imparts a consecration of his own to a Heathen word ; but the primitive cast and colouring remain, satisfying us that we must here understand an Imaginary Being.

NORTH.

The Seventh Book again opens with an Invocation for aid, and again to the same person.

We find in the opening verses the personality attributed with increased distinctness, and with much increased boldness. A proper name is given, and a new imaginary person introduced, and a new and extraordinary joint action attributed to the Two.

“Descend from Heaven, Urania—by that name
If rightly Thou art called—whose voice divine
Following, above the Olympian hill I soar,
Above the flight of Pegasus wing !
The meaning, not the name, I call : for Thou
Nor of the Muses nine, nor on the top
Of old Olympus dwelt ; but, heavenly born,
Before the hills appeared, or fountain flowed ;
Thou with Eternal Wisdom didst converse ; —
Wisdom thy sister, and with her didst play
In presence of the Almighty Father, pleased
With thy celestial song.”

She is now named—*Urania*. (The former title given her—“*Heavenly Muse*”—is equivalent.) But because one of the Nine Muses was named Urania, he distinguishes—

“The meaning, not the name, I call.”

She is described as conversing before the creation of this Universe, and playing with her Sister Wisdom, in the presence of God, who listens, pleased, to her song.

In this bold and tender twofold Impersonation, I seem to understand this.

Wisdom is the Thought of God respectively to the connection of Causes and Effects in his Creation, or to the Laws which constitute and uphold its Order : considered as Useful.

This Thought is boldly separated from God, and impersonated as One Sister.

Urania is the Thought of God, relatively to the Order and Harmony of his Works :—considered as Beautiful.

When God sees that his Creation upon each day is “good,” (which expression Milton is careful to repeat upon each day,) we must understand that he regards it in *both* respects.

The Invocation is, therefore, placed with a perfect propriety at the beginning of the Book which is occupied in describing the Creation.

For the meaning here attributed to Urania *playing* with Wisdom before the pleased Father, compare the passage where the dance of the Angels has been compared to the motions of the stars, and the Speaker, the Archangel Raphael, adds :

“And in their motions harmony divine
So smooths her charming tones, that God’s own ear
Listens delighted.”

Where the audible harmony of the spheres and the song of Urania seem to be as nearly as possible one and the same thing—namely, Music—which is The Beautiful in one of its kinds, used, with extremely profound and bold imagination, for expressing The Beautiful in all its kinds.

Who is it that, in presence of the Everlasting Throne, converses with her sister, Eternal Wisdom ; plays with her—singing, the while, so that the awful Ear of Omnipotence bends from the Throne, listening and pleased ?

The majestic Invocation opens the Seventh Book of the *Paradise Lost* ; and the Seventh Book of the *Paradise Lost* is occupied from beginning to end

in amplifying, with wonderful plenitude, exactness, beauty, and magnificence of description, the First Chapter in the Book of Genesis. In other words the Seventh Book of *Paradise Lost* describes the Week of Creation—the six days of God's working, and the seventh of His rest.

Milton moulds, at the height of poetical power, into poetical form thoughts that are universal to the Spirit of Man. What then, we must ask, are the two Thoughts that rise in the Spirit of Man, looking with its awakened and instructed faculties upon the Universe of God? Assuredly one is, wonder at the adaptation of Means to Ends—that fitness of which all human Science is nothing but the progressive, inexhaustible revelation. This is that Eternal Wisdom, whom the Poet daringly finds a distinct inhabitant of the Empyrean. The other thought, insuppressibly arising upon the same contemplation, is, wonder of the overwhelming beauty that overflows the visible creation. This is the *Heavenly Muse, Urania*. The purpose of the Divine Mind to create the Useful Order of Things is impersonated as *Eternal Wisdom*. The purpose of the Divine Mind to create the Beauty of Things is impersonated under a name which the Poet boldly and reverently supplies. Milton's description of the six days completely displays the two notions: it impresses the notion of Useful Order and Beauty.

STWARD.

These verses, which introduce the Creation of Man on the sixth day, impress the two distinctly—

“Now Heaven in all her glory shone;”

—that is, for the Beautiful:

“———“and roll'd

Her motions, as the first great Mover's hand
First wheel'd their course;”

—that is, for Useful Order.

“Earth in her rich attire
Consummate lovely smiled;”

—that is, for Beauty.

“Air, water, earth,
By fowl, fish, beast, was flown, was swum, was walked,
Frequent.”

Here is again the Adaptation, the Useful Order,

“Of all yet done;”—

namely, Man;—again Design, Order, Wisdom.

And when the whole work is finished, the *two characters* are set side by side, as answering, in the Mind of the Creator, to His antecedent purpose.

“Here finished He, and all that he had made
View'd, — and behold all was intensely good;
So even and morn accomplished the Sixth day:
Yet not till the Creator, from his Work
Desisting, though unwearied, up returned,
Up to the Heaven of Heavens, his high abode,
Thence to behold this new-created world,
The addition of his empire, *how it shew'd*
In prospect from his Throne, how good, how fair,
Answering his great Idea.”

Here *good* expresses the *Useful Order*—*fair* the *Beauty*.

TALBOYS.

The Heavenly Muse descended upon Earth is then the God-given Intelligence, in the Human bosom, of The Beautiful. It is the Faculty, as we are more accustomed to speak, of the Sublime and Beautiful;—a human ability, raised in the sacred writers by divine communions—Milton desires, but can

hardly be thought in that first Invocation, or in this, (Book VII.) directly to pray, that the powers of his mortal genius may receive similar exaltation.

NORTH.

Speak boldly.

SEWARD.

I do.

TALBOYS.

The Heavenly Muse, in Heaven, is God's thought of the Beauty which shall be in the Universe to be created. The heavenly Muse, upon Earth, is the Thought or the Faculty of Beauty, as originally given to the soul of man, as nourished by all human ways, and specifically and finally as attempered and exalted by expressly religious contemplations and communions—in Moses by converse with God face to face, as a man with his friend. You remember Jeremy Taylor, sir—

NORTH.

I do.

TALBOYS.

In Milton, by reading the Scriptures, by prayer and meditation, by the holiest consciousnesses, in which he seems to have apprehended even for himself some afflux vouchsafed of spiritual help, light, and support more than ordinarily has been understood in the Protestant Church, if less than enthusiasts have claimed. In a word, the Heavenly Muse upon Earth is the Human Sense of Beauty fashioned to the uttermost, hallowed by the nearest approaches to the Deity that are permitted to the individual human person who happens to be in question, but who must be understood as one living under the revelation of the true God. In strictness of speech, Heavenly Muse upon Earth is at last, as I said, Scriptural Muse opposed to Classical Muse.

NORTH.

Well said, my excellent Talboys.

TALBOYS.

Upon our thoughts, my dear sir, the distinctions, Heavenly Muse in Heaven, upon Earth, visiting Moses, visiting Milton, four different aspects of one thing force themselves. Are they all well comprehended under one Impersonation?

NORTH.

Yes—from the bold nature of Impersonation, which comprehends always a *variable* thought. For Imagination blends and comprehends rather than it severs and excludes. It delights in conceiving that as another manner of acting in some imaginary being which the analytical understanding would class as a distinct metaphysical faculty. It delights in unity of creation; and, having created, in bestowing power, and in accumulating power on its creature. I have heard people say that Collins, in speaking of Danger—

“Who throws himself on the ridgy steep
Of some low-hanging rock to sleep”

confounds the Power, Danger, and the endangered Man. But I say he was right in such poetical confusion of one with the other.

TALBOYS.

Might one word, my dear sir, be dropped in, purporting or reminding, that the Beautiful, or Beauty, is here used, with its most capacious meaning, to comprehend many other qualities distinct from the Beautiful taken in its narrowest acceptation among critics. For example, the solemn, the sublime, and many other qualities are included, that are distinct from the Beautiful, taken in the mere sense that critics have attached to it; all such qualities agreeing in this, that they affect the mind suddenly, and without time given for reflection, and that they appear as a glory poured over objects as over the natural universe. The large sense of the term Beauty belongs to a perfectly legitimate use of language—a use at once high and popular; as every one feels that the beauty of creation includes whatever affects us with irreflective

admiration—appears as a glory—stupendous forests—mountains—rivers—the solemn, boundless munificence of the starry firmament. Milton says there is terror in Beauty—and we may say there is a beauty in terror.

NORTH.

'The holy Mind of the Poet has been represented from his life; the holy aspirations of his Genius have been shown from the record of his literary purposes; the holy meaning of the *Paradise Lost* from the Two Invocations. You may go on to examining the Poem well prepared; for you now know in what Spirit of thought it was entered upon and composed, and in what Spirit of thought you must engage in, and carry through, the examination of the Poem. You can understand that Milton, sanctified in Will by a dedicated life—intellectually armed and accomplished by the highest mere human learning, as a Scholar, as a Thinker, as a Master of his own sublime and beautiful Art—enriched by more solemn studies, whether of God's written word or of its devout and powerful exponents, with all the knowledge, especially claimed by his task, which a Mind, capacious, profound, retentive, indefatigable, could bring to the celebration of this most stupendous theme;—finally, led—as he, in all reverence, believed himself,—upheld, and enlightened by the Spirit of supernal grace, prayed for and vouchsafed;—that He, coming,—by nature and by nurture such and so fitted,—to relate anew and at large—and as if He, the Poet, were himself enfolded with the garb of a Prophet,—as if He were himself commissioned from on High, and charged with a second, a more explicit and copious, an ampler and more unbosoming revelation,—*that History*, full of creating Love and provoked Wrath,—full of zeal and loyal truth, in pure angelical creatures, and of hateful revolt—full, in the lower creature, Man, at first of gracious and ineffable glory and bliss, and native immortality, then of lamentable dishonour, sin and misery, and death—You can readily conceive that Milton approaching to begin this Work, to which alone the desires, to which alone the labours, to which alone the consecration of his genius looked—that he, indeed, felt in his now near, in his now reached undertaking, a burthen overwhelming to his mortal strength; and that his prayer, put up for support, rose indeed from his lips as men pray who are overtaken with some sharp fear and sore constraint.

TALBOYS.

Yet, sir, irreverence has been felt, and will be felt, by those who take low and narrow views, in the treating of sacred subjects, as themes of poetry.

NORTH.

Shall we stand back awed into silence, and leave the Scriptures alone, to speak of the things which the Scriptures declare? This is a restraint which the Human Spirit has never felt called upon to impose upon itself. On the contrary, the most religious Minds have always felt themselves required in duty to dedicate their best faculties of reason to the service of religion—by inquiring into, and expounding, the truths of religion. But Reason is not the sole intellectual power that God has given to Man, nor the sole faculty by the use of which he will be glorified. Another power native to the same spirit, granted to it now in more scant and now in overflowing measure, is the faculty of verse and of poetical creation; and it is no more conceivable that we are bound to withhold the efforts of this power from its highest avocations, than that we are under obligation to forbear from carrying our powers of rational investigation to the searching of the Scriptures.

SEWARD.

'The sanctity of spirit in which Milton wrote hallow's the work of Milton. He was driven back by no scruple from applying the best strength of his mind to the highest matters. Holding him justified for attempting the most elevated subjects in verse, we must bear in mind what is the nature of Poetry, and beware that we do not suffer ourselves to be unnecessarily alarmed or offended when we find the Poet, upon the highest occasions, fearlessly but reverently using the manner of representation inseparable from his Art.

NORTH.

What is this Manner of Representation?

TALBOYS.

It may be said in a word. Poetry represents the Inward and the Invisible by means of the Outward and the Visible.

The First great law of poetical Creation is this: that the Kingdom of Matter and of the bodily senses, transformed by the divine energy of genius, shadows forth and images out the Kingdom of the Mind and of Spirit.

NORTH.

Accordingly, in this great poem, the name Heaven continually meets us as designating the blissful abode where the Omnipresent God is imagined as from eternity locally dwelling in light uncreated—the unapproachable splendour of his own effulgence. There, the Assessor of his throne, the Divine Son, sits “in bliss embosomed.” And there, created inhabitants, are the innumerable host of happy Angels. At first, all—whilst all stand upright—and until the sin of Satan casts out one-third part of the number. The imagination of the poet supposes a resemblance to Earth; for beauty and delight—hills, rocks, vales, rivers, and fountains, trees and Elysian flowers. Although he endeavours to dilate the fancy of his reader in speaking of Heaven with conceptions of immense extent, it is a limited, not a boundless, Heaven; for it is conceived as resting upon a base or firmament, and as being enclosed with crystalline walls. Palaces and towers, which the angels have built, are spoken of in Heaven.

The course of the Poem sometimes leads us into CHAOS. We are to imagine an infinite abyss of darkness, in which the formless embryos and elements of things toss and war in everlasting uproar. A Ruler and other spirits of darkness will be found dwelling there. Here height, breadth, and time and place are lost. But the tremendous gulf is permeable to the wings of angels. A more important seat of the transaction to which we shall be introduced is, “the place of evil,” made, after the rebellion of the Angels, their habitation and place of punishment—“the house of wo and pain”—HELL. It is described as having various regions—fiery and frozen; hideous mountains, valleys, and caves. Five rivers, named and characterised from those that flow through the Hell of classical antiquity—and, in particular, a boiling Ocean, into which the rebel Angels are supposed to fall. Notwithstanding the flames, a heavy gloom prevails throughout. It is immensely extended, but has a solid ground—“a dungeon horrible,” walled and overvaulted. The whole of the Fallen Angels are at first imprisoned in Hell. But they escape. Hell has Gates kept by Sin and her Son Death. The Fallen Angels build in Hell a palace and city called Pandemonium. Hell is situated in the lowest depth of Chaos, out of which it has been taken.

This Visible Universe is represented as built subsequently to, and consequently upon, the Fall of the Angels. You are to imagine this Earth of ours, the Moon, the Sun, the planets, the fixed stars, and the Milky Way—all that sight can reach—as enclosed in a hollow sphere: that is, firmly compacted. Satan alights upon its outside, and walks about it: and it serves to defend this enclosed visible Universe from the inroads of Chaos and primeval darkness. On the Earth, created in all the variety that we behold in it, excepting that the climates are all happy, our Two first Parents live in the Garden of Paradise, planted by God. The unimaginably vast enclosing Sphere hangs by a golden chain from the battlements of Heaven.

SEWARD.

Yes, sir, Poetry represents:—

Things of the Mind by Things of the Body—the Spiritual Kingdom by the Kingdom of Matter, or of the Senses.

TALBOYS.

So the world of *metaphors*, which express the powers and acts of the mind by organs and actions of the body, or by images from nature.

So, expressly, Allegory.

NORTH.

So, here, Spirits are clothed in visible human form. They walk, they fly

with wings. Their disagreeing becomes a War waged with violent weapons. High and Low in space have a moral meaning. So *ocular* light and darkness. Even the omnipresent God appears as having a local divine residence, and speaks with a voice. The Eternal Eye sees, the Eternal Ear hears. He sits, invisible through brightness, on a Throne.

These modes of thinking, or of representing rather, follow our minds. We may, by a great effort of abstraction, throw them off. It is for a moment. They return, and hold habitual dominion in our thoughts.

TALBOYS.

Milton has boldly given such determinate Shape, as to constitute a seeming reality, without which he would be without power over us—who *know* by our senses, *feel* by our senses—*i.e.* habitually attach feelings moved by things inward to things outward; as our love, moved by a soul, to a face.

NORTH.

It is remarkable that Poetry, which above all human discourse calls out into our Consciousness the Divinity that stirs within us, at the same time casts itself with delight into the Corporeal Senses, as if the two Extremes met, or that either balanced the others. We see a reason in this. Passion cleaves to the perceptions of the Senses. Upon these impressions Imagination still feeds and lives.

SEWARD.

Moreover, Nature herself shows us Man, now half as the Child, now half as the victim, now half as the victor—of his place.

TALBOYS.

Therefore, great Poetry, that will most potentially represent Man's innermost spirit, sets out, often, from his uttermost circumstances.

In the Philoctetes, and Edipus at Colonus, what pains to delineate place!

What pains to make you present in the forest of Arden,—and in the Island!

NORTH.

This outward Picturesque, embodying the Human Pathetic and Sympathetic, is known to the great Father of Poetry.

Homer paints *for eye* and ear; but usually with brief touches.

TALBOYS.

The predominance given in Verse to the Music over the Sense—the conspicuous power of the Music, perhaps calls the Soul into the Senses.

NORTH.

But there is a more comprehensive view. The Mind in the treatment of its Knowledge ranges between two Extremes. It receives the original givings of Experience, at the utmost particularised and individualised, determined under conditions of time, Place, Individuals. It reduces individuals into Kinds, actions into Laws, finds Principles, unveils Essences. These are the ultimate findings of Reason. The Philosophical Mind tends to these—dwells in these—is at home in these—is impatient of its knowledge whilst unreduced. This is the completed victory of Intelligence over its data. It is by Comprehension and Resolution the Reduction of Multitude into Unity. At the same time, the Mind leaves the turbulent element of Sense, and passes into a serene air, a steadfast and bright and cold sky. Now, then, Poetry dwells or makes a show of dwelling at the other extreme—in the forms as they were given. What semblance, what deception, may be in this, is another question. But this is her ostentation. She imitates to a deception, if she does not copy these original givings. She represents Experience, and this she does for the sake of the Power of Affection which attends the forms of Experience. For the most part these original givings are involved in sensible perceptions, Eye, Ear, Hand, and beating heart. How will you escape from them? Eye, above all, the reigning faculty of communing with Earth and Sky. So as that he who is shut out from the world of sight, seems to us to be shut out from the world; but he who is shut out from the world of Sound: not equally so. Nevertheless, that which Poetry requires is not—

TALBOYS.

You were going a few minutes ago to say something more about Impersonations, sir.

NORTH.

Nothing new. We are warranted by universal human experience in assuming it as a psychological fact, that we are formed with a disposition irresistibly carrying us to see in things out of ourselves, *ourselves reflected*—in things that are without life, will, and intelligence, we conceive life, will, and intelligence; and, when the law of a stronger illusion swaying our faculties constrains us to bestow an animated form, we bestow our own. By these two intellectual processes, which in one way or another are familiar to our experience, but which seem strange when we reflect upon them, and try to understand them, we make human-shaped Impersonations of inanimate things, and of abstract notions! If we would know the magnitude of the dominion which this disposition constraining us thus to Impersonate has exercised over the human mind, we must go back into those ages of the world when this disposition exerted itself, uncontrolled by philosophy, and in obedience to religious impulses, when Impersonations of inanimate Objects and Powers, of Moral Powers, and of notions formed by the understanding, filled the Temples of the nations with visible Deities, and were worshipped with altars and incense, hymns and sacrifice.

TALBOYS.

If not new, how beautifully said, sir! These for the second time.

NORTH.

If we will see how hard this dominion is to eradicate, we must look to the most civilised and enlightened times, when severe Truth has to the utmost cleansed the understanding from illusion, and observe how tenaciously these imaginary beings, with imaginary life, hold their place in our Sculpture, Painting, Poetry, and Eloquence; nay, and in our quiet and common speech; and if we should venture to expatiate in the walks of the profounder emotions, we shall sometimes be startled with the sudden apparition of boldly-impersonated thoughts, upon occasions that did not seem to promise them, whereof one might have thought that interests of overwhelming moment would have effectively banished the play of imagination!

SEWARD.

Impersonation is the highest poetical figure. It is in all degrees and lengths, from a single expression up to the Pilgrim's Progress and Fairy Queen.

TALBOYS.

Good, Seward.

SEWARD.

It is, as you say, strongly connected with this disposition in the human mind, to produce—and believe in Power in external nature—Nymphs, Genii, Fairies, Neptune, Vulcan, Apollo, and every belief in mythology. This disposition is, the moment it sees effects which strongly affect it, to embody upon the spot the cause or power which produced them. In doing this in the old unenlightened world, it filled Nature with Deities, and not Nature only, but the human mind and life. Love was a Deity; Fear and Anger were; Remorse was in the Furies; Memory was Mnemosyne; Wisdom was in Pallas; Fortune was, and Ate; and Necessity and Death were Deities.

TALBOYS.

I seem to have heard all that a thousand times before.

SEWARD.

So much the better. In some of Homer's descriptions, names that look like Impersonations are mixed with acknowledged Deities—Remorse, for instance, with Fear and Flight, which Virgil copies. Now, I don't know what he meant. I hope, for the sincerity and simplicity of his poetry, that they are not his own Impersonations for the occasion, walking with Deities of national belief.

TALBOYS.

Eh?

SEWARD.

The moment you allegorise fabulous poetry—that is, admit it to have been allegorically written, you destroy from it the childlike verity of belief.

TALBOYS.

Eh?

NORTH.

Now in whatever way we are to understand these Impersonations, the result as to our question is much the same.

SEWARD.

What question, sir?

NORTH.

What question? If they are meant as *real*, though not Impersonations of the Poet, they were Impersonations of the human mind from an earlier and more believing time. Whether they were simply and purely from human feeling, in the bosom of human society, or were framed for the belief of others by the skilful artificers of belief, is not of positive moment as to the evidence to the operations and dispositions of the human mind. Those who presided over the national life of every religion might deliberately contrive, and might deliver over to the credence of their nation, imaginary powers, conceived with inventive imagination, as a Poet conceives them. But the very inventions, and still more the simple faith that received the inventions, show the intellectual disposition to embody in living powers the causes of effects. The faith of the people shows further the disposition and ability of the human mind to attribute reality, and that by force of feeling, to the creations of its own intellect, and particularly its aptitude to cleave to those creations in which it embodies power of which it strongly feels the effects. But I would rather believe that such faith has often formed itself in the bosom of simple societies without devisers—that men have conceived and felt till they believed; that they felt delight and beauty in a gushing fountain till they believed in a presiding spirit as fair—that the sun, the giver of light and warmth, of the day and of the year, could not appear to them a mere star of day, a larger, brighter fire. They felt a gift in his rays, and in their influence, and deified the visible orb. They thought of—they saw the terrors of war, and believed that some Power delighting in blood stirred up the hearts of men to mutual destruction.

TALBOYS.

If those ancient poets in whom this mythology remains, are to be received sometimes as delivering known and accepted names as beings, sometimes as supplying from their momentary inventions unreceived names, then this view of the case also affords proof of the same disposition we have spoken of. It shows the disposition of men to believe in powers the immediate causes of impressive effects; and the Poet must be conceived as suggesting and delivering the shape and name of Powers which it is already believed must be, though themselves are not known—not as inventing them deliberately and ornamentally, nor as declaring them from an assured and assumed knowledge. This disposition to produce shapes of powers which in early ages is attended with positive belief, afterwards remains in imagination—art, though not extinct in the work of our mind for dealing in realities. Do we, sir, ever divest ourselves of a belief in Death, Chance, Fate, Time? But a strong belief overrules with us all such illusions of fancy, withdrawing all power to the great source of power. Therefore, such a disposition, though it continues, is in real thought much oppressed and stifled, and shows itself almost accidentally, as it were, rather than in any constant opinion, for in deliberate opinion it cannot hold. But in Poetry, even in Eloquence, it remains. There we allow ourselves in illusion; and the mind leaps up with a sort of rejoicing, to recover its old liberty of deceiving itself with splendid fictions.

SEWARD.

Which is again an instance of the two different forms in which Imagination is seen in the earlier and later age—in the first, realised in belief—in the last, having its domain in the avowedly ideal world of Poetry.

NORTH.

I confess, my dear friends, it appears to me not easy to explain how the mind is enabled, desire it as much as it will, to pour its own capacities into insensate things. When Lear says, "Nature, hear! dear Goddess, hear!" his passion will not believe but that there is a hearer and executor of its curse; and it imagines nature capable of hearing. "If prayers can pierce the clouds and enter heaven, why then, give way, dull clouds, to my quick curses." Does not all Passion that addresses itself to inanimate objects throw into them a feeling? Would not the Invocation be idle to the unresponsive and unhearing? This, then, is the nature of human passion, that, when vehement, it cannot conceive that its will is not to be fulfilled. If there are no adequate ministers, inadequate ministers must take their place. Inanimate things must become agents. "Rise, rise, ye wild tempests, and cover his flight."—"Strike her young bones, ye taking airs, with lameness." This is one demand, then, of passion, the execution of its purposes. Another demand of passion is sympathy. This, we know, is one of its first and strongest demands. If, then, men will not, or are not present to sympathise, that which surrounds must. The boiling passion finds it easier to believe that winds and rocks feel with it, than that it is sole, and cut off from all participation. Hence the more exuberant passion animates things, our own gladness animates nature.

SEWARD.

And how well has Adam Smith said how our sympathy includes the dead! Of all that feel not, it may with the readiest illusion embrace those who once felt; and what do we *know* that they do not yet feel? Now, if this can be granted as the nature and power of passion, that, without any better ground than its own uncontrollable efflux, it can blend itself into that which is around it—that it believes lightnings and floods will destroy, merely from the intensity of will with which it wills them to destroy—though here the fitness for destruction is a reason; but if it imagines that, undestroying, they will rise to destroy, that peace shall be converted into danger, and sleep into anguish, that food shall not nourish, and winds shall not waft, rather than it shall be left without vengeance, or baffled; then may we say that there is in Passion an absolute power of carrying itself out into other existence, and that no other condition, in such existence, is necessary, save that it shall become *obscure* to passion in its mood. If so, then, of course, any reason from analogy or causation becomes a very potent one to attract such passion and opinions formed by passion. Let this be established in passion at its fiercest, wildest height, and the principle is obtained. It is then the disposition of the mind under emotion to diffuse its emotion, bending the things around to suit its purposes, or at least filling them with sympathy with itself. In either case, upon this reason, that only so can the will which rises with its emotion ever be satisfied. This principle given, strongest in strongest passion, but accompanying all emotion, is the root of Impersonation. All intellectual analogies, all coincidences of reality with the demands of emotion, will quicken and facilitate this act of the mind; but neither analogies nor coincidences, nor any other inclining reasons, are requisite. The emotion will reconcile and assimilate any object to itself, if it is reduced to them. Here then is a principle sufficient to animate all nature, all being, and to any extent or height. This seems to be the foundation of Impersonation—that it is the nature of man to fill all things with himself. It is plainly a radix for all poetical Impersonation. He makes and reads everywhere reflection of mind; he does this without passion, that is, not without feeling—for in all ordinary thought there is feeling—but without transported passion. His strong passions in their transport show us in plainer evidence how he involves all things with himself, and subjects all things to himself; and his gentler feelings do the same. He is almost the cause of a world of mind revolving round and upon himself—he makes himself such a centre; this is the constant temper and the habitual mode of conceiving and hearing of all minds.

TALBOYS.

We seem, sir, to be talking of Imagination?

NORTH.

If the act of imagination is the perception of the sublime—of the beautiful, of the wonderful—then pleasure is an element of the product;—for without pleasure, the Sublime, the Beautiful, the poetically wild or solemn, does not exist. All other ingredients, if pleasure be absent, leave the compound imperfect—the thing undone. Therefore Addison says boldly, the pleasure of Imagination, whom Akenside follows. But further, Talboys—I believe that in Imagination poetical, there is always—or almost always—Illusion. I cannot get it out of my head as a main element. In its splendour, this is past doubt—in Impersonation—Apostrophe to the dead, or absent, or unborn—Belief is in the power of your curses—seeing the past or future as present; and in the whole fiction of Epos or Drama, the semi-belief in the life and reality of the feigned personages.

TALBOYS.

A certain degree of passion, sir, appears to be requisite for supporting Illusion. We well know that in all the history of Passion, to produce illusion is the common operation. Why not in Imagination?

NORTH.

In natural passion, gentlemen, the Illusion reigns unchecked. In the workings of poetical imagination the Illusion is tempered and ruled, subdued under a Law, conformed to conditions and requisitions of art. Men resist the doctrine of Illusion. They dislike to know to what an immense extent they are subject to Illusions. I have no conception of Beauty or Sublimity that does not require, for effecting it, some transusion of life and spirit from our own soul into the material object—some transmutation of the object. If so, the whole face of the Universe is illuminated to us by Illusion.

TALBOYS.

If you are asked in what parts of the Iliad Imagination assumes its most powerful sceptre, you cannot help turning to the supernatural. Everything about Gods and Goddesses—Olympus—Jupiter's nod—Vulcan making armour—all the interpositions. The terrestrial action is an Isle that floats in a sea of the marvellous; but this is for us at least Illusion—fictitious creation—the top of it. So in Shakspeare; for we are obliged to think of the Ghosts, Witches—Caliban—Ariel.

NORTH.

Existences, which we accept in the sheer despite of our knowledge—that is, of reason. The rational king of the Earth, proud of his reason, and ignorant of his Imagination, grows ashamed when the facts of his Imagination are obtruded upon him—he denies them—revolts from them. To restore the belief and faith in Imagination, and to demonstrate its worth, is an enterprise obligatory on philosophy. The world seems returning to it, for a while having abhorred it. Our later poets have seen both Cause and Effect. Do you believe that thinking a child like a flower does not increase your tenderness for him or her, and that the innocence of the flower does not quicken and heighten by enshrining its beauty? Child and Flower give and take.

TALBOYS.

Excellent. We put down, then, as the first stone in all such argument—that the act of Imagination—or the poetical act—be they one or two, is accompanied with belief.

SEAWARD.

Fancy, Wit, have a touch of belief.

TALBOYS.

Even a play upon words has a motion towards belief.

NORTH.

No metaphysician has ever, that I have read, expounded belief. Has Hartley? This quasi-belief, or half-belief, against better knowledge, must be admitted as a *suo facto* or phenomenon. I don't care how hard it

may be to persuade anybody to believe as the foundation of a philosophy an absurdity, or self-contradictory proposition, "That you believe to be true, that which you know to be false." There the fact is; and without it you build your house in the air—off the ground. Soften it—explain it. Say that you know for one moment, and in the next know the contrary. Say that you *lean to belief*—that it is an impression, half-formed—imperfect belief—a state of mind that has partaken of the nature of belief—that it is an impression resembling belief—operating partial effects of belief. But unquestionably, no man, woman, or child has read a romance of Scott or Bulwer or Dickens, without seeing their actions and sufferings with his soul, in a way that, if his soul be honest, and can simply tell its own suffering, must by it be described as a sort of momentary belief. What are the grief, the tears, the joy, the hope, the fear, the love, the admiration, and half-worship—the vexation, the hate, the indignation, the scorn, the gratitude, yea, and the thirst of revenge—if the pageant floats by, and stirs actually to belief? The supposition is an impossibility, and the theory lies on our side, and not on Johnson's, who has nothing for him but a whim of rationalism. I take novels—because in them it is a common proof, though this species be the less noble. But take Epos from the beginning. Take Tragedy—take Comedy—and what is, was, or will it be, but a half-unsubstantial image of reality, waited upon by a half-substantial image of belief, the fainter echo of airy harps? My drift is, that our entire affection, passion—choose your word—attended with pleasure and pain of heart and imagination the love, the hate in either, are the sustaining, actuating soul of the belief. Evidence, that as the passion thrills, the belief waxes, and that—

SEWARD.

Clear as mud.

FALBOYS.

As amber.

NORTH.

I see in Imagination a power which I can express to my own satisfaction by two terms, of which you, Seward, sometimes look as if you refused me the use, disabling me from defining for you. For myself, I see "Passion moulding or influencing Intellectual Forms." As the language stands hitherto, I do not see my way of getting out of the two terms. You want, on the lowest steps, a very elementary description—something far below the Poet—something as yet far short of the sublime, the beautiful, and the wonderful. Tell me some one who has felt fear, or anger, or love, or hate—how these have affected for him the objects of simple apprehension or of conception: of sight, for instance—of sound? Has anything through his fear seemed larger—through his hate wickeder, than it is? For that differencing of an object by a passion, I know no name but Imagination. It is the transformation of a reality; that seems to me to be the ground of what we more loftily apprehend under the name Imagination.

The great differences in the different psychological states and facts arising out of the different passions or passionate moments, are various, endless. Such influences from pleasure and pain, from loves of some sort, and from hates of some sort, take effect for us in all the objects with which we have intercourse. They make what it is to us. They make man what he is to us. They are the life of our souls. They are given to all human spirits.

SEWARD.

We have, all of us, clean forgotten Milton.

SCENE II.—*The Van.* TIME—Midnight.

NORTH—TALBOYS—SEWARD.

NORTH.

May the bond of Unity lying at the heart of the *Paradise Lost*, be said to be the following *Ethical Dogma*?

"The Good of the created rational Intelligence subsists in the conscious consent of his Will, with the holy Will of the Creator."

His Good:—*i. e.* his innocence and original happiness; whilst these last:—his virtue and regained happiness, if he attain virtue and regain happiness:—these and the full excellence of his intellectual and natural powers—

TALBOYS.

It is Ethical, and more than Ethical.

NORTH.

The Innocence and Fall of the Rebel Angels:—The Bliss and Loyalty of the Upright:—(Consider Abdiel.) The Innocence and Fall and Restoration of Man:—are various Illustrations of this great Dogma. The Restoration, as respects Man himself:—and far more eminently as respects the person of the *Uncreated Restorer*.

SEWARD.

This central Thought, radiating in every direction to the circumference, cannot be regarded as a theological notion, coldly selected for learned poetical treatment. The various and wonderful shaping-out, the pervading, animating, actuating, soul-like influence and operation;—direct us to understand that in the Mind of Milton, through his day of life, a vital self-consciousness bound this Truth to his innermost being:—that he loved this Truth:—lived in and by this Truth. Wherefore the Poem springs from his Mind, by a moral necessity.

TALBOYS.

Four great aspects of Composition, or Four chief moods of Poetry appear in the *Paradise Lost*. 1. The Sublime of disturbed Powers in the *infernal Agents*:—fallen and, ere they fall, warring. 2. *Heaven in humanity*: while Adam and Eve are "yet sinless."—A celestial Arcadia.—The purer Golden Age. 3. *Man, Earthly*, when they have eaten.

"I now must change These notes to TRAGIC."

4. *Heaven*; extended, wheresoever the good Angels go.

These Four greatly dissimilar aspects are each amply displayed:—and much as they differ, are wonderfully reconciled.

SEWARD.

Milton sets before our eyes in utmost opposition, God and Satan—*i. e.* Good and Evil, namely—*Good*, as Holiness and Bliss inseparably united in God—*Evil*, as Wickedness and Misery united inseparably in Satan.

NORTH.

The Poem represents the necessary eternal War irreconcilable of the Two—throughout the Creation of God—namely, first in Heaven the abode of Angels—next upon Earth the abode of Men.

SEWARD.

The Poem represents in Heaven and upon Earth, God as the willing infinite Communicator of Good:—as, in Heaven and upon Earth the perpetual Victor over Evil.

TALBOYS.

And Evil—in Heaven and upon Earth as necessarily *Self-Destructive*: *videlicet*, in this visible shape: that from God's Heaven and from God's Earth all reason-gifted Doers of Evil—that is, all doers of moral Evil—are cast out into perdition.

NORTH.

The Poet himself has declared in the outset the purpose of his Poem. It is to establish in the mind of his readers the belief in the Two great Truths:—That the Universe is under the government of Eternal and Omnipotent Wisdom:—and that this Government, as far as it regards Mankind, is holy, just, and merciful. This essential truth, infinitely the most important that can be entertained, since it comprehends all our good, all our evil—all happiness, all misery—temporal—eternal;—all the destinies and conditions of the human race;—was worthy the taking-in-hand of such a Teacher. This truth He *might have* illustrated, from *any* part of human history;—and with great power and evidence from a great many parts—both for obedience and for disobedience—in the case of individuals *and of* communities.

But He found one part of human history, where this truth shines out in its utmost strength—namely, where the Obedience and Disobedience are those of two individuals, and, at the same time, of all Mankind;—and where the illustration of the truth is beyond all comparison convincing, since the conjunction of the Happiness and the Obedience is *here* promulgated—since the Happiness and the Obedience are *here* formally bound together—the Disobedience and the Misery—by the promising and the menacing voice of the Almighty.—‘The Disobedience takes effect;—and first creates human misery.

SEWARD.

Milton took then this instance, *preferable* to all others, because above all others it emblazons, as if in characters written by the finger of Heaven, the Truth which he would teach;—notwithstanding the stupendous difficulties of the attempt into which he plunged;—committing himself, as He thus did, to unfolding before mortal gaze the Courts of Heaven;—to divulging for mortal ears colloquies held upon the celestial everlasting Throne;—to delineating the War of Creatures (*i. e.* the Angels) against the Creator, &c. &c.

NORTH.

Observe, moreover, that, although Man's Obedience and Fall from Obedience is the *theme* undertaken, yet the *Truth* undertaken has other illustration, in the Poem, and reaches into higher Orders of Being. For instance, in the Order of Angels, there occurs *twofold* illustration—namely,

1. By the Opposition presented of unfallen and fallen Angels.
2. And, amongst the rebellious Angels themselves, by the unspeakable contrast exhibited of their first happy and their second unhappy state; their sinless glory and their horrible punishment.

Far higher yet,—immeasurably higher,—in the divine Messiah, the *Obedience* is the grace, the glory, and the happiness of his Being!

TALBOYS.

God is the Creator and Upholder—*Satan*, the Destroyer. God is the rightful Monarch of the Universe, unassailably seated on his everlasting Throne. *Satan* ever attempts Usurpation, and is ever baffled.

Pride is the inward Self-exaltation of a Creature. Observe that *Exaltation* is proper *raising from* a lower degree held to a higher degree, not before held. God is eternally the Highest;—a state which precludes the idea, strictly spoken, of Exaltation.

NORTH.

Therefore, to Satan, as proud, is opposed the *Self-humiliation* of the Son—whom God thereupon exalts.

Pride, in Satan, considered as *undue* Self-exaltation, stands (when we follow out the opposition in which he stands to God) opposed to *due*, legitimate, rightful height, or Supremacy, Sovereignty. *Satanic Pride* is undue self-exaltation, at the height, in the Creature.

But this, in the Creature, is a self-enthroning, a self-idolising, a self-deifying.

SEWARD.

The Creature *depends* upon the Creator. The Creature is bound to the Creator by a million of distinct relations.

If you ask for One Relation, that shall contain all the others, it is *this One*,

Dependency. That is to say, that, so long as you own your dependency, so long is there no true relation that you can deny. But, if you deny your dependency, therewith and therein you deny *all* your other true relations. The *first* motion towards (*i. e.* in the direction of—*i. e.* relating to) God, of pride in the proud Creature, is the denial of *dependency*. Satan *denies his dependency*. Both in the *Past*—for he denies his Creation, and avers that he had never heard such a thing mentioned. And in the *Present*, by renouncing his allegiance, opening war, &c. He denies the Creature's continual derivation from the Creator, when he says, (as if in the *Future*,) "our own right hand *shall teach us* highest deeds."

NORTH.

If it should appear necessary to vindicate expressly and at length the character which has been affirmed as one main character of the *Paradise Lost*, namely, that it is an *Ethico-didactic* Poem, the proofs offer themselves to the hand more thickly than that they can easily be all gathered.

They are *Implicit* and *Explicit*. The *Implicit* or inferential Proofs—Proofs involved in the tenor of the displayed History, and which are by reflection to be drawn out and unfolded—are of several kinds, and, in each, of the highest description.

Thus, the Main Action of the Poem, or the *Fall of Man*, teaches us that the Goodness and Happiness of the Creature subsists in the inviolable conformity of his Will to the holy Will of the Creator. Thus again:—The great Action is *inductive* to this Main Action—that is to say, *The Fall of the Angels*, which, by an easily springing sequence of Moral Causes and Effects, brings on the Temptation, and, too easily, the Seduction of Man—as loudly inculcates the same sublime and all-comprehending Ethical Truth. And thus again: That Third *highest* Action, which is incorporated into the Main action—*The Redemption of Man*—provided, in the Counsel of God, as remedial to the fatal Catastrophe of the Fall, and, according to the reverently-daring representation of the Poet, as undertaken in Heaven even ere the need that asks for it has befallen in Paradise upon Earth—this awful Mystery of the Divine interposing Grace irresistibly preaches the same solemn doctrine. Hell, and Earth, and Heaven proclaim with One Voice:—"Cleave, Oh Child of dust and Heir of Immortality, cleave and cling inwardly, by thy love—by thine obedience, outwardly—to the all wise and all-righteous Will, which has called the Worlds and their Inhabitants into Being, and has imposed upon the worlds, and upon those which inhabit them, its bountiful and upholding Laws!—O cleave and immovably cling to that holy and gracious Will, which the Angels forsook and they fell!—which Man deserted, and He fell!—which the Son of Man fulfilled, and He lifted up fallen and lost, out *now restored* Man to the peace of God upon this Earth, and to the bosom of God in Heaven."

SUNWARD.

Such, explicitly worded, is the admonishment, grave and high, which continually peals amidst the majestic and profound harmonies of this consecrated Poem—the admonishment the most loudly, the most distinctly heard.

TOWARD.

Milton represents inordinate Pride, or the temper, in excess, of inward self-exaltation, as the chief element in the personal character of Satan; yet the great Archangel has maintained his Obedience to the Almighty King. The opinion of wrong done to himself, of an imposed humiliation in another's exaltation exasperating his haughty self-idolatry, first rouses him into active disloyalty and rebellion, and to the desire and endeavour of dispossessing the Monarch of Heaven, and reigning in his stead. The open outward war which Satan is represented as waging with sensible weapons and armoury, with innumerable spirits banded in confederacy upon his part—the setting up his own throne in the north—the march across heaven—the attempt, such as it is described, at invading the very throne of Omnipotence—amongst other lights in which they may be contemplated, may be contemplated in this light, namely, that the Outward expresses, depicts the Inward.

The proud Apostate Spirit, in conceiving offence and displeasure at God's rule and ordinance, has already within his own mind rebelled against God—he has made his own Mind the field of an impious war.—We must conceive within his mind a sovereign throne erected, whereupon,—so long as He remained obedient, loyal, good,—the rightful Monarch sate, in undisputed supremacy.—From that Throne within his mind, as soon as Satan rebels, in will, God is dispossessed:—and on that internal usurped Throne the rebel now sits;—in imagination, his own King, and his own God. That which outwardly he attempts, and in which outwardly he must fail:—that inwardly he has attempted—and in that—attempts it—inwardly He must succeed.

NORTH.

A Spirit created good and great has voluntarily foregone its native inborn goodness, and, in consequence, involuntarily foregoes its native inborn greatness. There is in the Universe but one fountain of all that is holy, divine, good, amiable or pure.—This left, we drink troubled waters. No one can tell the alliances of wrong with wrong. Truth, justice, good-will—alone are magnanimous. He who has been shown at the highest of self-power,—of intellectual strength—of empire over spirits—of their willing idolatry, which extols him equal to the Highest in Heaven,—He is gradually brought down low, lower, lowest—by voluntary and imposed humiliation:—self-incarnate in bestial slime—turned into a monstrous serpent on his belly prone, and hissing amongst hissing. Has Milton in painting the fallen Archangel changed his hand, and checked *his* pride? He has delineated for our admiration; he has delineated for our scorn—for our pity, also.

TALBOYS.

One meaning pervades the delineation. The pride which alienates Satan from God, alienates him at last from himself—He is wicked, and the ways of wickedness are crooked and creeping. The haughtiest of spirits in seeking to revenge his just punishment stoops to the lowest abasement. A great lesson is written on the front of this great revolution. A mind has let go of its only stronghold, and it slips lower and lower. We have seen a Spirit exalted in the favour of the Creator;—high in rank, strong in power, rich in gifts, radiant with glory, seated in bliss:—and the same cast down into misery and into dishonour. The Cause is, that he has deserted Obedience and Love.

NORTH.

This is not a picture removed to a distance from us, to be looked at with wonder. It is a lesson for each of us.

Can we not imagine the Poet himself telling us this?

Can we not raise our thoughts, to fancy Milton drawing the moral of his astonishing picture?

"You are Spirits," he might say to us—"the creation of the same hand. Heavenly gifts are yours, and heavenly favours; and notwithstanding the fall of man, gleams, vestiges are yours of heavenly glory. To you the same choice is offered of adhering, or of separating yourselves. In you is the same ground of temptation, the same difficulty of adhering, a mis-understood *self-love*. You too are tempted to enthrone self upon the usurped throne of the divine legislator. To obey the law of right—to follow out the law of love, is only difficult because we feel, in every instance of being called upon so to do, that we are called upon to make some sacrifice of ourselves. It is an error—a mistaken feeling. We are called upon to sacrifice not ourselves, but a *present inclination*, which self suggests. Make the sacrifice—obey, fulfil the law that makes the claim upon you, and you will find that you have relinquished a fallacious, for a real good. Follow the false inclination, and you will find that instead of enthroning yourselves in the despite of Heaven's King, you have begun to descend steps of endless descent.—Be warned by terrible example."

TALBOYS.

We see of mankind some that are lifted up in power and exalted by their native powers—mighty minds holding ascendancy over other minds—Kings

—Conquerors—Philosophers—sitting upon the thrones of the Earth, or upon intellectual thrones. To them there is the same hazard. There is the same inward solicitation of pride—the same impulse to self-idolatry. They would usurp—would extend power. Adversaries of God and Man—and knowing themselves for such—the madness of Ambition seizes upon their hearts, and on they go. They seek Exaltation—they find abasement. The false aggrandisement which they have laboured to acquire may or may not be wrested from them. But assuredly the inward abasement will hold on its appointed way.

Their end is high, but their means will be low. Ambition disjoined from good is divorced from true greatness. The consciousness of right aims alone sustains the genuine self-respect of the mind, struggling its way through the obstacles which the strife of human affairs presents. One law—one principle—one rule of action—takes dominion of the spirit which has surrendered itself to the allurement of a selfish ambition:—It has One Motto—one war-cry—“*To succeed!*”—The character of the means can no longer be a reason for declining them—and the proudest of Men stoop the lowest.

SEWARD.

If we read the History of humankind, we see this in the slaves to the lust of earthly empire:—in the slaves to the lust of renown. They suffer a double change from the higher and better nature given them. They have hardened themselves against shame. They harden themselves too against pity.—What does the misery which he strews in his path trouble the *famous conqueror*?—His chariot-wheels crush under them the gardens of humanity—He rides over human heads—And what does it concern him who uses the high gifts of intelligence not for extending the useful domains of human knowledge,—but for aggrandising his own name—what does it concern him though, to plant his proud reputation, and multiply the train of his adherents, he must pull down heavenward hopes, in millions of human hearts?—that he must wither in them the flowers of the affections?—that he must crush the sacred virtues, which repose upon received belief?—The hero of Infidelity recoils as little from these consequences of his fame as the hero of a thousand battle-fields.

NORTH.

There is withal a Pride, which, whilst dwelling with the mind, is rebellion. There is a Pride of the Creature, which reluctantly acknowledges, which refuses to acknowledge, benefits derived from the Creator.

TALBOYS.

Yes; self-contradictory as the mood of mind seems, there is a temper in man, which may be certainly recognised, that throws off the obligation of gratitude and the belief of dependence. Thus, the feeling of Pride in intellectual talents implies that he who is in this way proud, views his talents, in a measure, as originally his own. He refers them to himself, and not beyond. If he looked at them as given, there would be an end of Pride, which would give way to the sense of heavy responsibility.

NORTH.

What a great passage in Milton is that descriptive of——

TALBOYS.

Upon a day of the heavenly year the Almighty Father, upon his Holy Mount, before the assembled Angels, manifests the Son—proclaims the Son, the head over all Principalities and Powers, and requires to be paid him accordingly the homage and obedience of the whole angelical host. The whole angelical Host pay, as required, their homage. But not all gladly and sincerely. One of the highest Archangels—if not the highest—whose heavenly name is heard no more—but upon Earth and in Hell he is called Satan and Lucifer—envies and revolts in heart at this new viceroyalty. He intends rebellion:—beguiles the next Angel in authority under him, and with him, pretending a command from the celestial King, withdraws the legions who are bound in service to his hierarchal standard into the northern quarter of Heaven. With such precision does Milton dare to imagine, even in the

highest, the scenes and procedure of his Poem. There the false Archangel proposes to his followers that they shall resist the ordinance imposing a new reign over them. The followers thus addressed are *one third part* of the whole celestial host. One Seraph resists—refuses to forego his original, proper allegiance, and flies back. The rest march in arms against the Mount of God. They are encountered by an equal number of the faithful Angels. Two days the fight rages in the celestial fields. The second of the two days closes the unequal, hopeless conflict. The Messiah goes forth to war; and the rebellious angelical multitude are precipitated from the verge of Heaven into the fiery pit of Hell, newly created, and yawning to receive the vanquished and cast-out numbers without number from their unimaginable fall.

NORTH.

What, according to Milton, is Pride? Milton's answer is in one word Satan aspires to sit upon the Throne of God. Then in angel or in man there is but one meaning of the word Pride. He unseats God, and sets up another—namely, Self—in his place. The comparison of Man's Sin to Satan's is by Milton distinctly affirmed. The Almighty says—

“——— *Man disloyal,*
Disloyal breaks his fealty, and sins
Against the high supremacy of heaven,
Affecting Godhead.”

I suppose the meaning to be universally applied to man's transgression—namely, to break a law is virtually to set aside the Lawgiver, and to legislate for yourself. The act may, indeed, be more or less conscious, wilful, reflective; may more or less *intend* siege and defiance to Heaven. Proud Sin *most intends* this; and even the Sin of Pride, simply as constituted in the Will, ere going forth into action. I understand that moral offences, into which impetuous passions hurry, however undeliberated, and although they *intend* simply the gratification of desires, and cannot well be said to include a proud scorn of the laws that they break—for there is often more rash oblivion of than stiff-necked opposition to the laws broken—yet partake of the character condemned in Satan, and condemned in man also by these words put into the mouth of the Almighty. Every the most thoughtless and reckless breach of a law sets aside the Lawgiver, and usurps legislation to the law-breaker. The law-breaker makes his own law. No doubt, however, there are more heedful offenders. There are those who look the law in the face, and with impious hardness of heart, and wilfully approaching God, break his laws. They are proud Sinners.

TALBOYS.

In the Seventh—the Book of the Creation—we are told

“The World was made for Man, and Man for God.”

This is not so much perceptive or demonstrative as it is enkindling: a dear and near tie—elation by consciousness of a high purpose in his Creation, and gratitude for the love which thus ennobled him in creating him. If he reverences himself he is bound to a Creator, whose designs in him are thus expounded. Related hereto, but distinct, and more incidental, is the Philosophy of Man's nature, propounded by Raphael, who nevertheless propounds as if upon divine revelation made to himself at the moment. This philosophy, delivered in three words, appears to me exceedingly sublime, and profoundly true.

“There wanted yet the master-work, the end
Of all yet done; a creature who, not prone
And brute as other creatures, but endued
With sanctity of reason, might erect
His stature, and upright with front serene
Govern the rest, self-knowing; and from thence
Magnanimous to correspond with heaven,
But grateful to acknowledge whence his good

Descends, thither with heart, and voice, and eyes
Directed in devotion, to adore
And worship God supreme, who made him chief
Of all his works."

Here Milton describes Man as being—1. *Self-knowing*. That is the root. 2. Thence, great souled, and communicating with Heaven. 3. Thence also acknowledges himself as dependent. 4. Still thence grateful for the good. 5. Still thence adoring, praising. 6. From his height of Being—as chief of God's works here below.

STWARD.

He knows himself.

That is to say, he knows the God-like and God-allied and God-tending in his nature.

He knows his Nature as exalted—as capable for divine communions and influences, aspirations, joys, desires.

And knowing this, he boldly cherishes these desires and joys—aspires to these communions.

As Milton says, he is--

"From thence
Magnanimous to correspond with Heaven"

NORTH.

But knowing himself, he knows himself weak--unable to create--unable to furnish his own good. Hence

"But grateful to acknowledge whence his good
Descends."

STWARD.

And why should self-knowledge educe *gratitude* from dependence?

NORTH.

I imagine, because self-knowledge includes the distinct *intelligence* of *his own good*. But he cannot know his own highest good--cannot really understand his happiness, and be ungrateful. How can you to the Giver of Love be ungrateful for the gift of Love?--if you know truly the happiness of love--i. e., know your-self as a Spirit endowed for loving--and know him for the giver? It would be a self-contradiction in Spirit.

STWARD.

And why do you, *the self-knowing*, adore and praise?

I think that Milton expresses this--

"Thither with hearts and hands and eyes,
Directed in devotion to adore,
Who made him chief
Of all his works."

NORTH.

As if the discernment of his own constitution as chief of creation peculiarly summoned him to acknowledge with adoration--i. e., with awful ecstasy of admiring--the Constitutor. Is it not a high, solemn, sublime, true thought, that Man's discernment of his own exaltedness, immediately and with direct impulse, carries him God-ward--as on the summit of a high hill you are next heaven, or seem to be next it?

TAI BOYS.

This passage beginning--

"There wanted yet the Master-work."

contains an undoubted imitation of Ovid

"Sanctus his animal, &c.
D erat."

And Ovid's is surprisingly noble—for *him*—the *Sanctus* alone is quite

enough. That is the heathen contemplation of Man. How many of us know ourselves and our fellows as holy? Nevertheless, Milton makes that which was high and impassioned—logical, comprehensive, and sublime.

SEWARD.

Sanctity of Reason is hallowed and hallowing Intelligence. It is implied that in the best and truest actions of our understanding, there is an afflux of Deity, and that, as Bacon says, we are akin to God by our Spirits.

NORTH.

Well alluded to.

TALBOYS.

The sublime passage, which describes Man's creation, besides the moral influence and incitement of its main bearing—that Man is "the end of all yet done"—that he is made in the likeness of God—that here only the Father is distinctly and especially announced as consulting and co-operating with the Son—besides the call that is thus made upon Man to revere and guard the Spirit implanted in him—and besides the formal precept with which it concludes, inculcating compliance with the sole prohibition, is, in the following respect, also remarkable, when we look for testimonies to the frame of mind in which the Poem was written. To wit: The passage appears to embosom, in a very few words—in half-a-dozen verses—an entire system of Ethics in the germ, or general thought. Milton appears to lay as its basis the faculty which Man possesses of *Self-Knowledge*, which he seems nearly to identify with Reason. Hence, very loftily, but very summarily, he deduces the general moral condition of Man, and his highest, that is to say, his religious obligations. We must understand, no doubt, that the other inferior obligations are to be similarly deduced. But the bare fact, that Milton *so places* (and so compendiously) this high and comprehensive speculation in a striking manner, attests the temper of thinking in which the whole Poem has been composed. In such a fact we unequivocally read that which has been repeatedly here affirmed upon all kinds of evidence,—that the *Paradise Lost* was to Milton the depository (within room at once confined and ample) for his life-long studies; and in particular, that, holding the office of a Poet at the highest—that is to say, seeing in every one upon whom the high faculties of Poetry are bestowed, a solemn and missioned Teacher to Men, Milton hoped, in this great Poem, to acquit himself of this responsibility-laid upon his own Spirit.

NORTH.

In the Kingdom of God's Love, to obey him and to promote happiness is one and the same thing. To disobey him and to destroy happiness is one and the same thing. If it were possible for a finite being to see the consequences of his actions as God sees them, he would perform precisely the same actions, whether he aimed at augmenting to the utmost the welfare of God's Creation, or endeavoured to the utmost to conform his actions to God's Will.

SEWARD.

Unable to penetrate consequences, should he have access to know God's Will — he will by this means have a safe rule of effecting that which the right, loving disposition of his Mind desires, but which his imperfect foresight disables him from accomplishing by his own computation of results.

TALBOYS.

Nor is it unreasonable to say that nations unvisited by God's Word have access to know, in some imperfect measure, his Will—and to use it for their guidance—and that they have done so;—for all the nobler nations, and perhaps all the nations—or all, with few exceptions—at least those high Gentile nations who have left us their own hearts disclosed and recorded in writings, have witnessed, as follows:—They have regarded the primary Affections by which the family is bound together within itself—and those affections by which a nation is bound as a brotherhood within itself—as Divine

Laws speaking in their bosoms. Yet more solemnly they have acknowledged the voice of Conscience, dividing Right from Wrong, in each man's innermost Thoughts, as a divine oracle, shrined in the human heart.

SEWARD.

Yes, Talboys; their Orators, their Historians, their Philosophers, their Poets, their Mythologies, and their Altars, witness to the fact of their having thus apprehended themselves to live under a Divine Legislation.

NORTH.

When, therefore, not idly and presumptuously arrogating to themselves to divine and calculate consequences removed from their faculties, they did, in simplicity of soul, follow out the biddings of these holy charities, and the dictates of this inwardly prophesying monitor, they were so far, in the light and in the eye of Reason—VIRTUOUS. They did so far— if we may dare so highly to pronounce—conform themselves to God's will. They did this, designing—even in the dim light in which they walked—to do this. And so far conforming themselves, after their imperfect apprehension, to his laws, they were so far producers of happiness. Their conformity—their production of human happiness, and their virtue—flowed in one channel—were one and the same stream.

SEWARD.

Even this solemn conviction, which seems to carry its own evidence in itself, derives confirmation from weighing the connection of human happiness with human actions. The feelings which carry us to accept implicitly, and without the suggestion of a doubt, the Will of God as the law of our actions, are in themselves principal sources of Happiness—the Obedience itself is the firmest and only secure foundation of Happiness. He whose will we are to obey is the Sole Giver of Happiness. And if we could begin with searching our own Being into its depths—the laws of Happiness which we should there discover would point out to us, as the effectual and unfailing sources, and the necessary condition of happiness, those qualities of action, which we know as the immutable attributes of the Divine Will—Truth, Justice, Holiness, Love.

NORTH.

The Moral Nature of Man is to be regarded as something which may rise from very low to very high degrees. And what is manifestly true of it in one state may not be as manifestly true of it in another. To understand it, my dear friends, we must regard it in its dearest approaches to perfection. From that observation of it, we must endeavour to establish principles, and deduce Rules, which we may be able afterwards to apply to judging of its inferior states. We cannot equally expect, from observing its inferior states, to find the rule that will enable us to comprehend its highest.

SEWARD.

My Preceptor teacheth well.

NORTH.

The highest Moral State of the Human Mind is unquestionably that in which it knows Deity, in his perfections; in which his Known Law is adopted as the express and supreme Law of Life;—in which the affections due towards him are strong, pure, full, habitual;—in which all the other affections, under subordination to these, are directed, each in due degree, towards its due object; and in which Conscience is known, as a declarer of the Divine Will, when other testimony is silent, is revered as such, and holds authority sufficient to decide the choice whenever the Will fluctuates in its Obedience to its highest affections.

TALBOYS.

From this state, which is that to which every human being is bound to aspire, you would deduce grounds of judging of those inferior moral conditions which tend to the attainment of this highest?

NORTH.

I would; and it will be found that these are moral, either because they bear an imperfect and broken resemblance to this state, or because they have a visible tendency towards it.

TALBOYS.

Believing, then, that the Human Soul only reaches the fulness of its nature, and the exaltation of its powers, when it Knows itself in the presence of God, when it looks up to Him, and endeavours, not in hidden thought merely, but in action and life, to adore His Will, we must not allow as possessing the same excellence, and participating in the same Nature of Morality, any state in which we cannot discern footsteps of the same Deity, where the breath of the same spirit cannot be felt? That, on the other hand, we embrace with affection, and with moral anticipation, whatever seems even remotely to be animated with this influence, and to tend to this result?

NORTH.

Yes. To an observer looking in this spirit upon the affairs of men, there will be no difficulty in approving and condemning those who, in the same light as he himself enjoys, conform to or condemn what he acknowledges as the highest Law. The two extremes of virtue and crime fall distinctly and decisively under the test which he recognises. The nature of the merit, the nature of the Guilt, of those who in the highest degree conform to this Law and of those who most audaciously trample upon it, cannot be mistaken.

SEWARD.

But between these there are infinite degrees, to which it may often be extremely difficult to apply the same rule of Moral Estimation.

NORTH.

Alas! alas! He who looks forth from himself with the views of human perfection which I have described, must regard the world with sorrow and compassion, perceiving how much the great body of mankind are departed from the happiest and fittest condition of their nature—how they are become immersed in passions and pursuits which disguise from their own knowledge the very capacities of their being, and degrade and destroy their powers by withholding from them even the prospect of their original destination!

SEWARD.

Such must, indeed, be his melancholy view of mankind at large, comparing them, as he needs must do, with the idea of that excellence of which they are capable, and which they ought to attain.

NORTH.

But when he descends from that height of contemplation, and, mixing with them, makes himself more intimate with their actual condition, he will look on them in some degree in a different light; for, my good Seward, he will then consider, not so much what they *want* of perfection, as those *tendencies towards it*, which are still actually undestroyed among them, and which are continually found exerting themselves—with irregular impulses, indeed, and with uncertain and variable direction; but which still do exert themselves, throwing gleams over human nature of its true happiness, and maintaining to Man, in the midst of all his errors, the name and dignity of a Moral Being.

TALBOYS.

methinks, sir, what would appear to such a Mind most grateful and consolatory in the midst of the aberrations of the human Soul, and of its darkness as to the knowledge of its Chief Good, must be the sight of those beautiful Affections which fill the hearts of human beings towards one another, and the observations of the workings of that Conscience, which in its mysterious intimations admonishes men of their departure from the Eternal Laws, though they know not whence the voice comes, nor how profound is its significance. In these great and pure affections, and in the rectitude of conduct thus maintained, he would recognise the fulfilling of that Divine Will, in harmony with which is all Good, and in revolt from which is all Evil. To him, then, the Human Will would appear thus far to maintain its conformity with the Divine: and he would witness Obedience to the Universal Law, although those who fulfilled it did but imperfectly understand their own Obedience, or conceive to what authority it was paid.

NORTH.

If the great natural Affections were made at first in perfect harmony with

the Affections of Religion, they will still bear that character. And they do so, for they still appear to us in themselves pure and holy. If that is their character, then their very presence in the soul will be in some degree a restoration of its own purity and holiness. And this also is universally felt to be true: to such a degree that, most strongly to describe those feelings, we apply to them terms derived from the language of religion. We call those ties sacred, we call those duties Piety. They re-induce upon the Soul that purer, loftier nature, which the ordinary course of the world has troubled; and in doing so, they not only bring the Mind into a State which is in harmony with the Divine Law, but they do, to a certain degree, begin Religion in the Soul. This intimate connection between the strongest feelings of the heart and its holiest thoughts, discovers itself when the whole heart is wrung by the calamities to which through those feelings it lies open. When the hand of Death has rent in one moment from fond affection the happiness of years, and seems to have left to it no other lot upon Earth than to bleed and mourn, then, in that desolation of the spirit, are discovered what are the secret powers which it bears within itself, out of which it can derive consolation and peace. The Mind, torn by such a stroke from all those inferior human sympathies which, weak and powerless when compared to its own sorrow, can afford it no relief, turns itself to that Sympathy which is without bounds. Ask of the forlorn and widowed heart what is the calm which it finds in those hours of secret thought, which are withdrawn from all eyes? - ask what is that hidden process of Nature, by which Grief has led it on to devotion? That attraction of the Soul in its uttermost earthly distress to a source of consolation remote from Earth, is not to be ascribed to a Disposition to substitute one emotion for another, as if it hoped to find relief in dispelling and blotting out the vain passion with which it laboured before; but, in the very constitution of the Soul, the capacities of human and of divine affection are linked together: and it is the very depth of its passion that leads it over from the one to the other. Nor is its consolation forgetfulness. But that affection which was wounded becomes even more deep and tender in the midst of the calm which it attains.

STEWART.

Assuredly such a spectator of human nature as we have imagined could not be indifferent to such a tendency of these natural emotions. He could not observe with unconcern even the nascent streaks of light, the dawning of a religious mind. He would call that Good which, though it had no distinct and conscious reference to anything above the Earth, did yet, by the very preparation it made in the Soul for the reception of something more holy, vindicate to itself a heavenly origin.

NORTH.

Even the Ancients, contemplating that Power in the Mind which judges so supremely of Right and Wrong, could call it nothing else than a God within us. He then who, in the highest light of knowledge, contemplates the human mind, will be yet more strongly impressed with this SACRIFICY of the Conscience, which affected even minds lying under much darkness and abasement, and therefore alienated from such perceptions. He undoubtedly will regard this principle as a part of original Religion not yet extinct in the Soul: will, as such, esteem and revere it; and conceiving the highest perfection of human nature to consist in its known and willed Conformity to the Divine Will, will regard with kindred feelings even this imperfect and unconscious conformity to that Law, which is thus maintained by the human spirit, resolutely and proudly struggling, in the midst of its errors, against a yet deeper fall.

FALBOYS.

And, sir, it must be remembered that, as the degrees of moral goodness are different in the various dispositions and actions of men, though they all fall under the description of one morality; so, too, the feeling of moral approbation exists in very different degrees in different minds, though in all it bears a common name. If the moral sensibility is not enlightened and

quicken'd by those feelings which belong to its most perfect state, its judgments will be proportionally faint and low. As in its virtue there is a lower virtue, which tends merely to a Harmony with the Divine Will, so, in the judgment of virtue, there is a lower judgment, which implies no more than that he who judges has his own mind brought into a state in which there is a tendency to the same sacred and solemn apprehensions.

NORTH.

The Moral judgments of men are vague and undefined; but they are accompanied universally with a solemn feeling: not merely of dislike—not, in the highest degree, of mere detestation and hate—not merely with reproach and resentment for violating the benevolence, and invading the happiness of human nature; but there is a sensation of awe accompanying the sentiment of condemnation, which visibly refers to something more than what is present to our eyes on the face of the smiling or the blasted Earth. Among all nations, the abhorrence and punishment of crime has always reference to some indignation that is conceived of among higher powers. Their Laws are imagined to be under a holier sanction, and in their violated majesty there is apprehended to be something of the anger of offended Deity. Hence the wrath of Punishments, which have been conceived of as fulfilling heavenly displeasure; and those who have inflicted signal retributions have imagined that they avenged their Gods as well as the broken laws of men.

TALBOYS.

This feeling of a superhuman authority present in the affairs of men shows decisively what is the tendency, in natural minds, of moral feeling, when it is aroused to its greatest height; the season in which it may be expected best to declare its own nature.

NORTH.

Nor did this awe of a superior power present in the consciences of men, and violated there, discover itself solely in the vindications of punishment; but the great acts of virtue also led men to thoughts above humanity; nor did they otherwise conceive of the impulses of the mind, in the noblest actions, than as inspirations from the divinity.

SEWARD.

These opinions and views have prevailed in nations ignorant of religion; but in whose powerful nature the native sentiments of the human spirit disclosed themselves in full force; among whom, therefore, its actual tendencies may best be ascertained.

NORTH.

The same truths, deeply buried in human nature, may be recognised in different forms wherever its voice speaks in its strength. If one people have believed that Furies rose from their infernal beds to dog the steps of the murderer, wandering upon the Earth, others, from the same source of preternatural feeling, have believed that the body would bleed afresh at his approach, and that his unappeased ghost would haunt the place where Guilt had driven it out from life. The very conception of such crimes dilates the spirit to conceptions of the unseen powers which reign over human life, which walk unperceived among the paths of men, and which are universally believed to be enemies or punishers of human wickedness. If the history of superstition might be told at large, it would represent to us the conscience of man laid open by his Imagination, and would disclose, in fearful pictures, the reality of that connection which subsists in our nature between the apprehension of Good and Evil in the soul of man, and the apprehensions cognate with it of a world of invisible power, of which it is the eternal law that Good is required, and Evil hated and pursued.

TALBOYS.

These evidences attest that, even among those who have the least knowledge of Religion, whose judgments are least moulded by its spirit, there is an inseparable connection between Conscience and Religion; that its strong emotions always carry the soul to those conceptions which are most akin to its powers.

NORTH.

If, under the circumstances which produce the strongest feeling, such a tendency shows itself distinctly and in remarkable forms, then, under all circumstances, there will be fainter and more indistinct perception of this tendency?

SEWARD.

Even so, sir.

NORTH.

For this is the nature of the human Mind. Our feelings are not always determined by distinct thought; but there is a sort of presaging faculty in the soul, by which it foresees whither its own conception tends, and *feels*, in anticipation of those thoughts, into which the imagination would run if it were left free.

SEWARD.

I am not sure, sir, that I fully understand you.

NORTH.

Thus certain strains of thought are felt to be joyous or solemn when they are barely touched, and in the ready sensibility, feeling begins to arise, though no ideas are yet distinctly present to which such feeling fitly belongs. The mind shudders or is gladdened at the distant suggestion of what it knows, if pursued, would shake it with horror, or fill the blood with joy.

TALBOYS.

Every human being must have had such experience.

NORTH.

This is a fact of our nature too well understood by those whose mind labours with any store of fearful or bitter recollection, into which they dread to look. The approach to some place hideous to the memory, produces the shivering of horror before it is beheld; and even within the spirit, in like manner, the approach to those dark places of thought where unsoothed sorrows lie buried, startles the mind, and warns it to turn the steps of thought another way.

TALBOYS.

The feeling that "that way madness lies;" and the recoiling from it, through a forefeeling of the pain which lies in the thoughts that might arise, is common to all strong passion that has held long possession of the mind.

NORTH.

A similar state is known in these imitations of passion, the works of art;—Music has power over us, not by the feelings which it produces distinctly in the mind, but by those many deep and passionate feelings which it barely touches, and of which it raises up, therefore, from moment to moment, obscure and undefined anticipations. In Painting, the Imagination is most powerfully excited often not by what is shown, but by what is dimly indicated. What is shown exhausts and limits the feelings that belong to it; what is indicated merely, opens up an insight into a whole world of feelings inexhaustible and illimitable.

SEWARD.

Such, indeed, is the nature of our mind; and these are examples of a general principle of thought and feeling.

NORTH.

This capacity of the Mind to be affected in slighter degree, but in similar manner, by anticipated feeling, is to be noticed in respect to *all* its more fixed and important emotions. It enters as a great element into all its moral judgments. The judgment of right or wrong is quick and decisive, but is rather infrequently attended with very strong emotion. Those strongest emotions belong to rare occurrences; for the greater part of life is calm. But they have been felt, nevertheless, at times; so that the soul distinctly knows what is its emotion of moral abhorrence, and what its emotion of moral veneration. When lesser occasions arise, which do not put its feeling to the proof, it still is affected by a half-remembrance of what those feelings have been: a slighter emotion comes over it—an apprehension of that emotion which would be felt in strength, if it could be given way to. Thus even the very name of crimes

affects the mind with a dim horror, though the Imagination is still remote from picturing to itself anything of the reality of acting them. Whatever great conceptions, then, are so linked in actual Nature with our moral emotions, that under the passionate strength of these emotions they must arise, some slight shadow of the same conceptions, some touch of the feelings which they are able to call up, will be present to the mind whenever it is morally moved.

SEWARD.

AY, sir, I now see the meaning—of the application—of all your discourse. If there is in the depth of our Nature such a connection between our Moral and our Religious conceptions, that our moral feelings, when exalted or appalled in the highest degree, will assume a decidedly religious character, then even in their slightest affection they will be touched, even from a distance, with that religious temper.

NORTH.

And does not this appear to be precisely the case

SEWARD.

It does appear that the two kinds of feelings are so connected, that in the strongest moral feeling Religion is sensibly present, and that in its weaker emotion there is a slight colouring of the same feeling—faint and indistinct indeed, but such as to give to all our judgments of right and wrong a something of solemnity that is distinct from the ordinary complexion of human affairs, from the ordinary judgment of human interests or passions.

NORTH.

This connection which is perceived in individual Minds may be observed in considering the differences of national character. The different nations of the earth have exhibited the moral nature of man in very different degrees of strength. It will be found that they have also possessed in very different degrees the spirit of Religion; and that the two have risen or declined together. This is true both of the nations of the old world who were enlightened, and of the Christian nations, who have preserved their Religion in various degrees of purity and truth, and whose morals have always borne a corresponding character. If there is a people light and fickle in their moral character, the same unfixedness and levity will be found in their religion. But whatever nation has embraced with deep and solemn feeling the tenets of their faith, will be found to be distinguished in proportion by the depth of their moral spirit. The dignity of their Mind appears not in one without the other, but in the two united.

TALBOYS.

Thus, then, in those minds in which the two are imperfectly unfolded, they are united, as in those in whom they are most perfectly unfolded. But with this difference:—that where Religion in its most perfect form is known, there it enlightens and exalts the moral feelings. Under its imperfect and erroneous forms, conscience applies to men's hearts in some degree the defects of religion.

FROM STAMBOUL TO TABRIZ.

POLITICS, since the year 1848, have engrossed so unwonted a share of the attention of the reading world, that there can be no doubt that, in more than one European country, books of great literary and scientific interest have been withheld from publication until more tranquil days should give them a better chance of the welcome they merit. Such has avowedly been the case with Dr Wagner's latest work, the fourth and most important of a series suggested to him by several years of Oriental travel and study. It was, if we rightly remember, in the second book of this series, relating to Armenia,* that he announced his intention of reserving for a final work the more important results of his rambles and observations. Previously to the Armenian volume he had published his account of Caucasus and the Cossacks,† to the general reader more interesting than any of its successors. Third in order of appearance came the Journey to Colchis;‡ and now, believing that his countrymen's taste for books of foreign travel and adventure is reviving, he puts forth two copious volumes, containing all that he has to say, and that he has not previously published, concerning his Eastern journeyings and residence.

Dr Wagner is one of the most experienced, indefatigable, and, as we believe, one of the most trustworthy and impartial of foreign literary travellers. On a former occasion we explained how his strong natural bent for travel and scientific research had overcome many and great obstacles, and had conducted him not only through various European countries, but with a French army to Constantinople, and afterwards over a great part of Western Asia. His present book is comprehensive and somewhat desultory in its character. It details the author's residence in the Alpine region of Turkish Armenia, his tra-

vels in Persia, and his adventurous visits to certain independent tribes of Kourds, whose country is immediately adjacent to that interesting but unsafe district of Kourdistan, where Schulze, the German antiquarian, and the Englishman Browne (the discoverer of Darfour) met a bloody death, and rest in solitary graves. Dr Wagner is sanguine that, now that the revolutionary fever has abated, many will gladly quit the study of newspapers, and the contemplation of Europe's misty future, to follow him into distant lands, rarely trodden by European foot, and some of which have hitherto been undescribed "by any German who has actually visited them." As the most novel portions of his book, he indicates his visits to the mountain district south of Erzurum, and his excursions east, south, and west of the great salt lake of Urmiah, the Dead Sea of Persia. A keen politician, and this book being, as we have already observed, a sort of omnium-gatherum of his Eastern experiences, political, scientific, and miscellaneous, he devotes his first chapter to what he terms "a dispassionate appreciation of Prince Metternich's Oriental policy," (chiefly with respect to Servia,) which chapter we shall avail ourselves of his prefatory permission to pass unnoticed, as irrelevant to the main subject of the book. Equally foreign to the objects announced in the title-page are the contents of Chapter the Second, in which, before taking ship for Trebizond, he gives a hundred pages to the Turkish capital, promising, notwithstanding all that has of late years been written concerning it, to tell us something new about Constantinople, and bidding his readers not to fear that he is about to impose upon them a compilation from the innumerable printed accounts of that city, which have issued from female as well as male

Reise nach Persien und dem Lande der Kurden. Von MORITZ WAGNER, 2 vols. Leipzig: Arnold. London: Williams & Norgate. 1852.

* "Ararat and the Armenian Highlands." Blackwood's Magazine, No. CCCCIII.

† "Caucasus and the Land of the Cossacks." Blackwood's Magazine, No. CCCC.

‡ *Reise nach Colchis, &c.* Leipzig, 1850.

pens, "from the days of Lady Montague down to Mrs Ida Pfeiffer the far-travelled, and Madame Ida Hahn Hahn the devotee." He fulfils his promise. His sketches from the Bosphorus are not only amusingly written, but novel and original. Dr Wagner, it must be observed, set out upon his Eastern wanderings well provided with circular letters of recommendation from Lord Aberdeen and M. Guizot to the various British and French agents in the countries he anticipated visiting. From the Russian government he also obtained, although with greater difficulty, similar documents. The natural consequence was, that, at Constantinople, and elsewhere, he passed much of his time in diplomatic and consular circles, and to such intercourse was doubtless indebted for much useful information, as his readers unquestionably are for many pungent anecdotes and entertaining reminiscences.

Upon an early day of his stay in Constantinople, Dr Wagner was so fortunate as to enjoy a near and leisurely view of his Highness Abdul Meschid. It was a Friday, upon which day the Grand Seigneur is wont to perform his devotions in one of the principal mosques of his capital. In the court of the great Achmet mosque, Dr Wagner saw a crowd assembled round a group of twenty horses, amongst which was a slender, richly-caparisoned, silver-grey Arabian, of extraordinary beauty and gentleness. It was a favourite steed of the Sultan's. Presently the door of the mosque opened; the grey was led close up to the lowest step; a slender Turk came forth, descended the steps stiffly and rather unsteadily, was assisted into saddle and stirrup by black slaves, and rode silently away through the silent crowd, which gave back respectfully as he passed, whilst every head was bowed and every hand placed upon the left breast. No shout or cheer was heard—Turkish custom forbidding such demonstrations—nor did the sovereign requite by salute or smile his subjects' mute reverence. At that time Abdul Meschid was but twenty years old. His appearance was that of a sickly man of thirty.

Early excesses had prematurely aged him. His cheeks were sunken; lines, rarely seen in youth, were visible at the corners of his eyes and mouth; his gaze was fixed and glassy. Dr Wagner is witty at the expense of another German writer,* who saw the Sultan since he did, and sketched his personal appearance far more favourably.

"It is possible, however," he says, "that with improved health the Sultan's figure may have improved and his countenance have acquired nobility, so as to justify the description of the genial author of the 'Fragments.' Possible is it that Dr Spitzer's† steel pills, combined with the seraglio-cook's strong chicken broth and baths of Burgundy wine, may have wrought this physical marvel, have given new vigour to the muscles, have braced the nerves, and have imparted to his Highness's drooping cheeks that firm and healthful look which the learned German declares he noted on the occasion of his audience. Abdul Meschid has still youth on his side; and when such is the case, nature often willingly aids the physician's inadequate art. At the time I speak of, it is quite certain that the young Sultan looked like a candidate for the hospital. His aspect excited compassion, and corresponded with the description given to us of him by the German sculptor Streichenberg, who certainly contemplated his Highness more closely and minutely than the 'Fragment' writer, seeing that his business was to carve the Padisha's likeness in ivory. As an artist, Mr Streichenberg was not particularly edified by the lean frame and flabby countenance of so young a prince. Not to displease his sublime patron, he was compelled to follow the example of that other German sculptor, who, commissioned by his royal Mæcenas to model his hand and leg for a celebrated dancer, adopted, instead of the meagre reality, the graceful ideal of the Belvidere Apollo, and so earned both praise and guerdon. The person of the Grand Seigneur appeared to Streichenberg, as it did to me, emaciated, relaxed, narrow-breasted, and faded. Two years

later, when I again saw the Sultan, in the solemn procession of the Kurban-Beiram, a renegade, who stood beside me, exclaimed, 'Were I the Sultan, and looked as he looks, I would never show myself in public.'"

Close behind the Sultan rode the chief of the eunuchs, a fat negro from Sudan, mounted upon a horse as black as himself; and behind him came a young Turk of remarkable beauty, whose thick raven-black beard contrasted with the whiteness of his complexion, as did his whole appearance with that of the sickly sovereign, and with the dingy, monkey-like physiognomy of the Kisslar Aga. Beside such foils, no wonder that the picturesque young Oriental, with his profile like that of some Saracen warrior, and his dreamy thoughtful eyes, found favour with the fair. Riza Pasha was his name; he was then the seraglio-favourite, the lover of Valide, the mother of the Sultan. He alone pulled the strings of Turkish politics, and made the lame old Grand Vizier, Raul Pasha, dance like a puppet to whatever tune he piped.

The Sultan and his suite were attired in the reformed costume—in blue frocks of Polish cut, red trousers, and the red fez, with its abundant blue tassel drooping over it on all sides. Scarcely had they ridden out of sight when a group of very different character and appearance issued from the chief gate of the mosque, gathering on its way far more demonstrations of popularity than did Abdul Meschid and his Kisslar Aga. It was composed of Turkish priests and doctors—*Ulemas*, with their *Mufti* at their head—all in the old Turkish garb, with ample turbans and huge beards. The sympathy of the people with these representatives of the old régime was expressed by far lower bows, by more fervent pressure of hand on heart, than had greeted the Sultan's passage. The holy men looked kindly upon the crowd, amongst whom the Mufti occasionally threw small coins, which naturally augmented his popularity, and secured him many followers and good wishes. Dr Wagner remarks upon the present contradictory and anomalous state of Turkish dress. At the festival of the

Kurban-Beiram he saw the Sultan and all the state officials, from the Grand Vizier downwards, in European uniforms—narrow trousers, gold epaulets, tight-buttoned coats, collars stiff with embroidery. But at the collar the Frank ceased, and the Oriental reappeared. There was the long beard, and the brimless fez. With this last item of costume, the boldest Turkish reformer has not as yet dared to interfere. The covering of the forehead with a peak or brim to the cap is an innovation for which the Turks are not yet ripe. It is considered the outward and visible sign of the Giaour, and a Turk who should walk the streets of Constantinople in a hat, or in a cap with a peak, would be stoned by the mob. The prejudice springs from the duty stringently enjoined upon every true believer, to touch the ground with his forehead when praying. Hence, to wear a vizard over the brow appears to the Turk like contempt of a religious law. A bold European in the service of the Porte advised Sultan Mahmoud to put leathern peaks to his soldiers' caps. On duty they would keep off the sun; at prayer-time the caps might be turned round upon the head. But Mahmoud, passionate reformer though he was, shrunk from offering so deadly an affront to Turkish fanaticism. Neither did he dare, like Peter the Great, to crop his subjects' beards. The well-intended changes which he did introduce were sufficiently startling, and to many of them, even at the present day, the nation is scarcely reconciled. In a picturesque point of view, the new style of dress, intended as the signal of a general change in Turkish usages and institutions, is anything but an improvement upon the old one. The physical prestige of the Oriental departed with his flowing robe, with his shawls and his rich turban.

"These fat-paunched, crooked-legged pashas," exclaims Dr Wagner, "what caricatures they appear in their buttoned-up uniforms! Formerly, when the folds of their wide garments concealed bodily imperfections, the Turks were held to be a handsome race. Now, in Constantinople, a handsome man, in the reformed dress, is an exception to the

rule. The Turks of the towns are rarely slender and well-built; and the tall, muscular figures which one so commonly finds amongst Arabs, Persians, and Tyrolese, are scarcely ever to be seen in Turkey. Neither do we see in Turkish cities anything to remind us of the fine knightly figures of the Circassians—although, from the female side, so much Circassian blood runs in the veins of the higher classes of Turks. The indolent manner of life, the bringing up of boys in the harem until the age of puberty, too early indulgence in tchibouk-smoking and coffee-drinking, and premature excesses of another kind, have all contributed to enervate and degrade an originally vigorous and handsome race."

In the whole Beiram procession, Dr Wagner declares, there were, besides Riza Pasha, but two handsome men amongst all the Turks of the higher class there present. Of the numerous array of officers and soldiers, it was but here and there that he saw one tolerably well-made, and athletic figures were still more rarely observable. Worse than any looked the debilitated Sultan, cramped in his tight coat, oppressed by his heavy epaulets, and gold lace, his diamonds and his plumes, and leaning languidly forward on his fine charger. What a contrast with the portrait of the Emperor Nicholas, which Dr Wagner saw when visiting the summer seraglio of Kadi-Koi! Opposite to a divan upon which Abdul-Meschid was wont to repose—whilst his tympanum was agreeably tickled by the harmony of half-a dozen musical boxes, playing different tunes at the same time—stood two costly porcelain vases, whereon were painted likenesses of the Emperor and Empress of all the Russias. They were presents from Nicholas to the Sultan. "The Emperor's gigantic and powerful frame and martial countenance were admirably portrayed. The painter had given him a mien and bearing as though he were in the act of commanding his grenadiers. As a contrast, I pictured to myself the Turkish monarch reposing his feeble frame upon the luxurious velvet divan; the harmless ruler who prefers ease in his

harem to a gallop at the head of his troops; the trill of his musical boxes, and the flutes of dancing dervishes, to the clatter of cuirasses and the thunder of twelve-pounders." Russia and Turkey are well typified by their rulers. On the one hand, vigour, energy, and power; on the other, weakness, decrepitude, and decline. What wonder if, as Dr Wagner relates, the young Archduke Constantine, when visiting the city that bears his name, gazed wistfully and hopefully from the lofty gallery of the Galata tower on the splendid panorama spread before him, as though dreaming that, one day, perhaps, the double eagle might replace the crescent upon the stately pinnacles of Stamboul!

After passing in review several of the most remarkable men in Turkey, Reschid Pasha, Omar Pasha the Renegade, Tahir Pasha, the fierce old admiral who commanded the Turkish fleet at Navarino, and who—never well disposed towards Christians—regarded them, from that disastrous day forward, with inextinguishable hatred, Dr Wagner speaks of the representatives at Constantinople of various European courts, briefly retracing some of the insults and cruelties to which, in former times, the ambassadors of Christian sovereigns were subjected by the arrogant Porte, and noting the energy and success with which Great Britain alone, of all the aggrieved powers, and even before the empire of the seas had become indisputably hers, invariably exacted and obtained satisfaction for such injuries. He remarks with admiration upon the signal reparation extorted by Lord Ponsonby in the Churchill case, and proceeds to speak in the highest terms of that diplomatist's able successor.

"The most prominent man, by his political influence, as well as by his spirit, character, energy, and nobility of mind, in the diplomatic world of Pera, was and is, to the present day, the Englishman Stratford Canning. With external advantages, also, Nature has endowed this man more richly than any of his colleagues, whether Turks or Franks. He is of a very noble figure, and possesses that innate, calmly dignified majesty which

characterises Britannia's aristocracy. Totally free from affectation or theatrical manner, he has a thoughtful brow, marked with the lines of reflection and labour, and fine deep blue eyes, whose meaning glance seems to reveal a host of great qualities, and to tell, at the same time, that with the highest gifts of a statesman is here combined a warm, a generous, and a sympathetic heart."

Dr Wagner was presented to Sir Stratford Canning by a German friend, and the ambassador seems completely to have won his heart, partly by the admiration he expressed of Circassia's heroic struggle against the overwhelming power of the Czar, and by his sympathy with the Nestorian Christians of Djulamerk—at that time persecuted and cruelly handled by Beder Khan—but still more by the general liberality of his views, and by his un-diplomatic frankness of speech and manner. The Doctor pays a warm tribute to his high qualities, and to his success and diplomatic triumphs at Constantinople; and Dr Wagner's eulogiums are, in this instance, the more to be valued that he does not often bestow them upon our countrymen, but more frequently dwells upon their less amiable qualities. As a philanthropist and man of high honour, he says, Sir Stratford Canning is really a rarity in old Byzantium, where, for so many centuries, tyranny and servility, corruption and lies, have established their seat. And he proceeds to exhibit the less favourable side of the character of the diplomatic corps at Constantinople, bearing with particular severity upon an Austrian envoy, concerning whom he tells some good stories—one, amongst others, of a diamond ornament, which brought great ridicule and discredit upon the internuncio. When Ibrahim Pasha was driven out of Syria, the Sultan, in token of his gratitude, ordered the court jeweller to manufacture costly diamond ornaments for the ladies of the British and Austrian ambassadors. Lady Ponsonby (we abridge from Dr Wagner) duly received hers, but Count Sturmer intimated, on behalf of his lady, that she would prefer ducats to diamonds. The cunning Austrian well knew that upon such occasions the jewellers were wont to

take large profits. So he had it mentioned at the seraglio, by one of his dragomans, that the ambassadress was no lover of trinkets, but would willingly receive their value. To this there was no objection, and the pleasant sum of half a million of piastres was transferred from the Sultan's treasury to the internuncio's strong box. If the Austrian flattered himself that the transaction would be unknown, he was terribly mistaken. Pera is the Paradise of evil tongues, and next day the ambassadress's dealings in diamonds were the talk of the town. Count Sturmer had many enemies and no friends; even his attachés had little attachment for him; the story was too piquant to be lost, and it was repeated with a thousand good-natured embellishments and commentaries, until it came round to the ears of the person principally concerned. Thereupon, the wily ambassador devised a plan to outwit the gossips. The finest diamond ornaments in the best jeweller's shop in the bazaar were ordered to be sent to the Austrian embassy, on approval. An order for diamonds had been received from Vienna. The jeweller, anticipating a prompt sale and good profit, hastened to send the best he had. Meantime a number of the members of the different embassies were asked to dinner. At dessert, Count Sturmer led the conversation to the Sultan's generosity and gallantry to ladies, and, turning to the Countess, asked her to show their guests the beautiful set of diamonds she had received as a present from his Highness. Great was the company's admiration of the costly jewels—far greater their astonishment at this ocular refutation of the current tale which had transformed the brilliants into piastres. They had thought the sources of their information so sure! The ambassador noted and enjoyed their confusion. But, clever as the trick was—in political matters its author had never exhibited such ingenuity and inventive talent—its success was but temporary. The sharp noses of the Pera gossips smelled out the truth. Having served their purpose, the jewels were returned to the jeweller, and one may imagine the shout and halloo

that resounded through the drawing-rooms, coffee-houses, and barbers' shops of Pera and Galata, when the real facts of the case were at length verified beyond a doubt.

The admission made by Dr Wagner in another place, that the hotel of the Austrian internuncio was remarkable for its hospitality, and was the chief place of meeting in Constantinople for foreigners and natives of distinction, should perhaps have induced him to take a more indulgent view of Count Sturmer's dealings in diamonds. Go where you will, says a French proverb, you shall always be welcome if you take with you a fiddle and a frying-pan. Dinners and dances are amongst the most important of diplomatic duties; and the Austrian may have thought he could better dispense with diamonds than with these. At his hotel, during one of Dr Wagner's visits to Constantinople, that singularly successful soldier of fortune, General Jochmus, was a constant guest. This fortunate adventurer, of insignificant family at Hamburg, who has been indebted, for his remarkable rise, partly to his gallantry and talents, partly to extraordinary good luck, and who has passed through half-a-dozen services, always with more or less distinction, began his career in Greece, afterwards joined the Anglo-Spanish Legion, passed thence into the native Spanish army with the rank of general, quitted it on account of an insult received from a French tailor settled in Spain, and for which the feeble and *Afrancesado* Christino government dared not give him the satisfaction he justly demanded, and, at the time referred to by Dr Wagner, was Ferik-Pasha in the Turkish service—subsequently to become Imperial minister under the brief rule of the Archduke John. His skill as a chess-player, Dr Wagner informs us, is still more remarkable than his military talent. When in command of the Turkish army in Syria, at the time that Ibrahim Pasha and his Egyptians were about to retreat through the desert, Jochmus, entering Damascus—long a stronghold of chess—challenged the best players in the place to a match, and carried off the victory. From this officer, and from

other Europeans of high rank in the Turkish service, Dr Wagner, who loves to speculate on the political future of the East, and on the probable or possible infringements of Russia upon the territories of her weaker neighbours, gathered opinions, valuable although very various, as to the military power of Turkey, and her means of resistance to Muscovite aggression. The Doctor entertains a very high respect for the power of Russia, strikingly illustrated by the recent crisis, when, with one army guarding Poland and another warring in the Caucasus, she was able to lend a third—not far short of two hundred thousand men—to the neighbouring empire, which was on the point of being overturned by an insurgent province. In his second volume he talks ominously of the result of an anticipated conflict between an Anglo-Indian and a Russian army, predicting victory to the latter, even whilst recognising the justice of the high encomiums passed by another German writer on the corps of British officers in India. "An impartial and competent observer and judge of most of the armies of Europe, Leopold von Orlich, who has written a valuable book of travels in India, assures us that that numerous body of officers (eight hundred and twenty staff officers, and five thousand five hundred of inferior rank) has not its equal in the world with respect to military spirit and efficiency, and that he never witnessed in any army so much mutual self-devotion as amongst the officers and soldiers of the British Indian host. Thirst for action, high spirit, self-confidence and practical good sense, are the special characteristics of the English officers." Than this, nothing can be truer. Dr Wagner proceeds to theorise on the probable defection of the Sepoys, in the event of a Russian army showing itself on our Indian frontier. Theories referring to such remote and improbable contingencies we need hardly be at the pains to combat; and, indeed, were we to take up the argumentative cudgels every time that Dr Wagner's frequent political digressions hold out temptation so to do, we should get to the end of our paper and have got never a step from Constantinople.

Our present object being the general examination of a book of travels, we prefer accompanying the Doctor on board the Austrian steamer *Stamboul*, bound for Trebizond. Thence his road was by land, south-eastward to Erzurum, travelling with Turkish post-horses—not in a carriage, but in the saddle and with baggage animals—at first through a garden of azaleas and rhododendrons, of geraniums and ranunculuses; afterwards through an Alpine district, over dangerous mountain-paths, unequalled, he declares, for the hazards of the passage, by anything he ever met with in the European Alps. Whilst traversing these bridle-roads, which are often scarcely two feet broad, with precipices of giddy depth now on the right hand and then upon the left, travellers keep their saddles and trust to the good legs, prudence, and experience of their horses. Dr Wagner witnessed more than one accident. A pack-mule fell over a precipice, but escaped with the flight and a few bruises. A Turkish official had a very narrow escape. His horse slipped upon a wet rock, fell, and lay where he fell. The Turk found himself with half his body under the horse, the other half hanging over a gulf which gaped, in frightful profundity, at the edge of the road. “I had passed the dangerous spot,” says the Doctor, “but one minute before him; I heard the fall, looked round, and saw the Turk just below me, in that horrible position. The horse lay with the saddle turned towards the precipice, down which it seemed inevitable that, at the first effort to rise, he and his rider must fall. But the animal’s fine instinct saved both itself and its rider. Snorting, with dilated nostrils and ears erect, the brave horse gazed down into the chasm, but made not the slightest movement. The Turk remained as motionless; he saw the peril and dared not even shout for aid, lest he should scare his horse. The utmost caution was necessary in approaching him. Whilst the Pole and I quickly alighted and descended to his assistance, the Turk’s companions had already got hold of his bridle and coat skirts, and soon horse and man stood in safety upon their six legs.”

The Pole here referred to—John

Sarembea was his name—accompanied Dr Wagner from Constantinople as a sort of guide or travelling servant, and was his stanch and faithful follower during very long and often dangerous wanderings. He spoke Turkish and Italian, could cook a good pilau, and handled his sabre, upon occasion, with dexterity and effect. The story of his eventful life, which he related to his employer after dinner at Gumysh Haneh, a town between Trebizond and Erzurum, whilst their companions enjoyed the *Kef*, or Oriental idleness after meat, is unquestionably the most interesting digression of the many in Dr Wagner’s book. Wonderful to relate, Sarembea, although a Pole and a refugee, claimed not to be either a count or a colonel. His father had been a glazier in Warsaw, and brought his son up to the same trade. When the Polish revolution broke out, in November 1830, young Sarembea entered the service as a volunteer, was present at the battles of Grochow, Praga, Iganie, Ostrolenka, but neither received wounds nor obtained promotion. It is rare to meet a Pole who has not been at least a captain, (the Polish army lists of that period being now out of print.) Sarembea admitted that he had never attained even to a corporal’s worsted honours. After the capture of Warsaw, his regiment retreated upon Prussian ground. Their hope was that the Prussian king would permit their passage through his territory, and their emigration to America. This hope was unfulfilled. They were disarmed; for a few weeks they were taken good care of; then they were sent back to Poland, there to be drafted into various Russian regiments, or sent, by troops, to the interior, or to Caucasus. The latter was Sarembea’s lot. Incorporated in a Russian regiment of the line, and after many changes of garrison, he found himself stationed at the camp of Mauglis, in the neighbourhood of Teflis.

In Sarembea’s company there were sixteen Poles besides himself. Seven of them had fought in the revolutionary war; the others were recruits, enlisted since its conclusion. One of the number was married. Their treatment by the Russian officers was

something better than that of the other soldiers, Russians by birth. This proceeded from no sympathy with the Polish cause, but from an involuntary feeling of compassion for men superior in breeding and education to the Russian boors, and who were condemned for political offences to the hard life of a private soldier. More dexterous and intelligent than the Russians, the Poles quickly learn their duty, and would monopolise most of the chevrons of non-commissioned officers, had not the colonels of regiments instructions on this head from the Czar, who has little confidence in Polish loyalty. Sarembea was tolerably fortunate in his commanding officer; but the latter could not always be at his subaltern's elbow, and the poor Poles had much to put up with—bad food, frequent beatings, and extra duty, as punishment for imaginary offences. When to these hardships and sufferings was added the constant *heimweh*—the ardent and passionate longing after home, which has often driven Swiss soldiers, in foreign services, to desertion, and even to suicide—no wonder that every thought of the Poles was fixed upon escape from their worse than Egyptian bondage. There is peculiar and affecting interest in Sarembea's narrative of this portion of his adventures, which Dr Wagner gives in substance, he says, but, as we are disposed to believe, pretty nearly in the Pole's own words.

"When off duty, we Poles often assembled behind the bushes of the forest that encircles the camp of Manglis; sang, when no Russian was within ear-shot, our national Polish airs, which we had sung, during the revolution, in the ranks of our national army; spoke of our homes, of days gone by, and of hopes for the future; and often, when we thought of all we had lost, and of our bitter exile in a wild foreign land, we all wept aloud together! Well for us that none of our officers witnessed that. It would have gone hard with us.

"We formed innumerable plans of flight into Turkey, but, lacking any accurate knowledge of the country, we for a long time dared not come to a positive resolution. Meanwhile, we took much trouble to acquire the Tar-

tar tongue, and to extract information from the inhabitants concerning the way to Turkey. One of our comrades helped a Tartar peasant in the neighbourhood of Manglis to cultivate his fields, receiving no payment, in order to make a friend of him, and to question him about the country. The Tartar soon divined his project, and willingly lent himself to facilitate our escape. Flight to Persia would have been easiest; but the Tartar would not hear of that, for he was a Sunnite, and detested the heretic followers of Ali. He advised us to fly to Lasis-tan, as easier to reach than Turkish Armenia. My comrade was compelled to promise him that, once beyond the Russian frontier, we would adopt Islamism. The Tartar minutely explained to him the bearings of the heavens, taught him the names of all the mountains and rivers we should have to cross, and of the villages in whose vicinity we must cautiously conceal our passage. Should we find ourselves in extreme difficulty or danger, he advised us to appeal to the hospitality and protection of the nearest Mollah, to confide to him our position, and not to forget to assure him of our intention to become good Mussulmans as soon as we were on Turkish territory. After we had quite made up our minds to desert at all risks, we required full three months for preparation. Wretched as was our pay, and scanty and bad our rations, we husbanded both, sold our bread and sought to accustom ourselves to hunger. Some of us were mechanics, and earned a few kopeks daily by work in our leisure hours. I worked as glazier for the Russian officer. Our earnings were cast into a common fund. The summer drew near its end: already the birds of passage assembled and flew away in large flocks over the high mountains of Manglis. We watched their flight with longing and envy. We lacked their wings, their knowledge of the way.

"More than once we faltered in our resolution. Some Russian deserters, who had been captured and brought back to camp by Cossacks, when attempting to desert into Lesghistan, were condemned to run the gauntlet thrice through a thousand men, and we

Poles were compelled to assist in flogging the poor wretches almost to death. Deep and painful as was the impression this made upon us, hope and the ardent longing for freedom were yet more powerful. We fixed the day for flight. Only one Pole of our company, who was married to a Cossack's widow, and had a child by her, detached himself from us and remained behind. With knapsacks packed, and loaded muskets, we met, at nightfall, in the forest. There we all fell upon our knees and prayed aloud to God, and to the blessed Virgin Mary, that they would favour our design, and extend over us their protection. Then we grasped each other's hands, and swore to defend ourselves to the utmost, and to perish to the last man sooner than submit to be taken back to camp and flogged to death by the Russians.

"We were fourteen men in all. Some had suffered from fever; others were debilitated by bad nourishment. But the burning desire for liberty, and dread of the fate which awaited us in case of failure, gave vigour to our limbs. We marched for thirteen nights without intermission. By day we concealed ourselves in the forests; during the darkness we sometimes risked ourselves in the vicinity of the roads. When the provisions we had in our knapsacks were exhausted, we supported ourselves partly with the berries we found in the woods, and partly with half-raw game. Fortunately, there was no want of deer in the woods. Towards evening we dispersed in quest of them, but ventured to fire at them only when very near, in order not to squander our ammunition and betray our hiding-place to the Cossack piquets. For this latter reason we dared not light a fire at night, preferring to suffer from cold, and to devour the flesh of the slain beasts in a half-raw state.

"After our thirteen nights' wanderings, we had reached the neighbourhood of the river Arpatschai, but did not rightly know where we were. From the high and barren mountain peaks on which we lay, we beheld, in the far distance, the houses of a large town. We knew not whether it was Russian or Turkish. Without know-

ledge of the country, without a compass, without intercourse with the inhabitants, whom we anxiously avoided, because we constantly feared discovery and betrayal, we roamed at random in the mountains, ignorant what direction we should take to reach the frontier. Latterly the chase had been unproductive, and we suffered from hunger, as well as from fatigue and severe cold. We saw a herd of wild goats upon the heights, but all our attempts stealthily to approach them were unsuccessful; with extraordinary swiftness they scoured across the fields of snow which covered those lofty mountains, and we lost a whole day in a fruitless pursuit. The sharp mountain air, the toilsome march on foot, increased our hunger. Driven almost to despair, we resolved to run a risk and approach the first village we saw, calling to mind the oath we had taken to defend ourselves to the last drop of our blood, and rather to put each other to death than to fall alive into the hands of the Russians.

"On the upper margin of the forest we discovered the minarets of a Tartar mosque. At dusk we cautiously approached and fell in with two Tartars, cutting bushes. From them we learned that we were about thirty versts from the town of Gumri, where the Russians were building a great fort. The frontier was but a short day's journey distant, and the long blue line which we had seen from the mountain tops was really the river Arpat-chai, whose further bank is Turkish. We did not conceal from the Tartars our condition and design. The state of our uniforms, all torn by the brambles, and our wild hungry aspect, would hardly have allowed us to be taken for Russian soldiers on service, and they had at once recognised us for what we were. Mindful of the advice of the old Tartar at Manglis, we told them it was our firm resolution to become good Mahometans as soon as we got to Turkey. We adjured them, in the name of Allah and the Prophet, to send us provisions from the village, into which they themselves advised us not to venture. According to their account, there was a Cossack post in the neighbourhood, and the banks of the

Arpatschai were, they assured us, so strictly watched by Russian piquets, that there was little hope of our getting across the frontier in that direction.

"At a rapid pace, the Tartars returned to their village. One of our party, well acquainted with the Tartar tongue, followed them, concealing himself behind the bushes, in order to overhear, if possible, their conversation, and to satisfy himself whether they were honest people, in whom we might confide. But the Tartars exchanged not a word upon their way home. In an hour they came to us again, bringing three other men, one of whom wore a white turban. As they passed before some brushwood in which our comrade lay concealed, he heard them in animated conversation. Following them stealthily through the thicket, he caught enough of their discourse to ascertain that they were of different opinions with respect to the line of conduct to be adopted with respect to us. One of them, who, as we subsequently learned, had served at Warsaw in Prince Paskewitch's Oriental body-guard, would at once have informed the Cossacks of our hiding-place. But the man in the white turban sought to restrain him, and wished first to speak with us.

"The Tartars found us at the appointed place. The White Turban was a Mollah, a fine grey-haired old man with a venerable countenance. To him we frankly confided the history of our sufferings and the object we had in view. After hearing us, he remained for some time buried in thought. To our great surprise one of the Tartars now addressed us in broken Polish, and told us that he had been at Warsaw. At this we were so overjoyed that we were near embracing the man. But the comrade we had sent out to reconnoitre had rejoined us. He seized the Tartar furiously by the beard, upbraided him with the treacherous advice he had given to his countrymen, and threatened to kill him. The old Mollah interfered as peacemaker, and assured us of his assistance and protection, if it were seriously our intention to escape into Turkey and become converts to the creed of Mahomet. We protested that such was our design, although we mentally prayed to

our God and to the Virgin to forgive us this necessary lie, for our design was to escape from the Russian hell, but not to become faithless to our holy religion. Before the Mollah departed, he had to swear by his beard and by the Prophet that he would not betray us. We made the others take the same oath. The ex-life-guardsmen we proposed keeping as a hostage. But the Mollah begged us not to do so, and to trust to his word, which he pledged for the man's silence. Above all we wanted provisions. The Tartars had unfortunately come empty-handed. The pangs of hunger almost drove us to accompany them into the village. But the Mollah warned us that we should there find families of Armenian peasants, who would certainly betray us to the Russians. Fluctuating between hope and fear, we saw them depart. The Mollah's last advice was to be vigilant during the night, since our presence might have been observed by others, who might report it to the Russians.

"Two heavy hours went by. Night had set in, and the stillness was broken only by the occasional howling of the village dogs. As the distance to the village was not great, and as the Mollah had so positively promised to send us food immediately, our suspicions were again aroused, and we mutually reproached each other with having been so foolish as to trust to the oaths of the Tartars and with having suffered them all to depart, instead of keeping the Mollah and the Warsaw man as hostages. Taking our muskets, we stationed ourselves upon the look-out. Our apprehensions were not unfounded. Soon we heard through the darkness the neighing of horses and distant voices. Those of our comrades who were strongest on their legs went out to reconnoitre, and came back with the terrible intelligence that they had plainly distinguished the voices of Russians. Meanwhile the noise of horses' feet died away; once more all was still as the grave; and even the vigilant dogs seemed sunk in sleep.

"Before the first grey of morning appeared, one of the Tartars whom we had met the day before, in the wood, came to us, with three others whom we had not yet seen. They

brought us a great dish of rice, and half a roasted lamb; also bread and fruit. Our presence in the neighbourhood, they said, had been disclosed to the Russians by an Armenian of the village. The Cossack captain had sent for the Mollah and threatened him, but the old man had revealed nothing. The Cossacks did not know our exact hiding-place, and one of the Tartars had led them in a wrong direction. As we were already considered as Mahometans, no Tartar would betray us, unless it were that man who had been in Warsaw, and who was an object of contempt with the people of the village on account of his dissolute and drunken habits.

"Our fierce hunger appeased, our spirits and courage revived, and we decided to continue our march at once. The Tartars advised us not to cross the Arpatschai, which was too closely guarded by the Russian frontier pickets, but to move more northwards, across the mountains of Achal-ziche, in which direction we should find it far easier to reach Turki-h territory. We bade them a grateful farewell. But with the first beam of morning we heard the wild hurra of the Cossacks and saw them in the distance, galloping, accompanied by a number of Tartar horsemen, to cut us off from the valley. We drew back amongst the bushes, and fired a full volley at the nearest group of horsemen, as it tried to force its way into the thicket. Two Cossacks and a Tartar fell, and the rest took to a cowardly flight. We retreated forthwith to the mountain summits whence we had so recently descended, and did not even wait to search the fallen men. Soon a single horseman rode towards us, waving a green branch. We recognised one of the Tartars who had brought us food. He said that the Mollah was at the old place in the wood, and wished to speak with us. We had nothing more to fear from the Cossacks. They took us to be twice as numerous as we really were, had returned to their post and sent to Gumri for reinforcements, which could not arrive before evening. Observing that we harboured mistrust, the man offered to remain as a hostage. I and three of my comrades went to the appointed place. The others remained on the mountain, with the Tartar in

custody. The Mollah was really waiting for us, with two of the men who had accompanied him the previous evening. We learned, to our astonishment, that the Tartar whom we had shot was the same old soldier who had been at Warsaw and had spoken Polish to us. We held this to be a judgment of God. For, notwithstanding his oath, the man had betrayed our hiding-place to the Russians, who were already aware of our vicinity. The other villagers had been compelled to mount and follow the Cossacks, but, at the first volley, gladly joined the latter in their flight."

The Mollah gave the unfortunate Poles directions as to the road, and as to how they should act if they fell into the hands of the Pasha of Kars, who was well disposed towards Russia, and might deliver them up through fear or greed of gain. All that day they toiled over the rude mountain peaks, and next morning they were so lucky as to kill a wild goat; but on those barren heights not a stick of wood was to be found, and they had to eat the flesh raw. After a few hours' rest they continued their arduous journey. It was bitterly cold, the snow fell in thick flakes, and a cutting wind beat in their faces. Towards evening, guided by a light, they reached the wretched huts of some poor Russian frontier settlers, who were cooking their food over fires of dried cow-dung. From these people they obtained meat and drink, gave them the few kopeks they had left, which they knew would not pass current in Turkey, and departed, their flasks filled with brandy, and bearing with them the best wishes of their poor but hospitable entertainers. Their march next day was through a dense fog, which covered the high ground. They could not see ten paces before them, and risked, at every step, a fall over a precipice. On the other hand, they flattered themselves that they could pass the frontier—there marked by the mountain chain—unseen by the Russian troops. To guard against smuggling and the plague, as well as against military desertion and the flight of the natives into Turkey, the frontier line had latterly been greatly strengthened. But, once on the southern slope of the mountains, the fugitives had been assured, they

would meet no more Cossacks and would be on Turkish ground. Accordingly they gave themselves up to unbounded joy at being out of Russia and of danger.

"How great was our horror," continued Saremba, "when, on descending into the valley, the fog lifted, and we found ourselves close to a post of Cossacks. It was too late to retreat. We marched forward in military order, keeping step as upon parade. The stratagem succeeded. The Cossack sentinel took us for a Russian patrol. We surrounded the house, made prisoners of the sentry and of seven half-drunken Cossacks, and learned from them that in the fog we had missed our way over the frontier. The piquet was thirty men strong, but two and twenty had marched that very day on patrol duty. The report of our flight had been received from Gumri, as well as information that the Cossacks should be reinforced by a detachment of infantry. The sentry had taken us for this expected detachment. We were well pleased with the issue of our adventure. The contents of the Cossacks' larder revived and strengthened us, and we packed the fragments of the feast in our knapsacks. We also took their horses, and finally, at their own request bound them hand and foot; for, now that they were sober, they trembled for the consequences of having allowed themselves to be surprised and unresistingly overpowered. They anticipated a severe punishment, and consulted together how they should best extenuate their fault. The dense morning fog was a good circumstance to plead, and so was our superiority of numbers, and also the expectation of a Russian infantry piquet from Gumri. But when all was said, the poor fellows were still pretty sure to get the stick. At their request we fastened the door of the piquet-house before marching away with our booty. That afternoon we crossed the mountains, and reached, without further adventure, a Turkish military post."

The sufferings and disasters of these fourteen hardy Poles were not yet at an end. After their arms had been taken from them, their arrival was reported to the Pasha of Kars, to whom the Russian commandant at Gumri forthwith sent a threatening

letter, demanding the bodies of the fugitives. Four days of anxious suspense ensued, during which orderlies rode to and fro, carrying the correspondence between the Pasha and the commandant, and at last the Poles were told that their only chance to avoid being delivered up was instantly to become Mahometans. In this perplexity they accepted the secret offer of the son of a Lasistan bey to aid their flight into the Pashalik of Trebizond. They started in the night with a caravan of armed mountaineers. On the first day they were divided into two parties, which were separated from each other. On the second day, four, out of the six who were with Saremba, disappeared, although they entreated to be left together. Finally, when Saremba awoke upon the third morning, he found himself alone. Thus torn from the true and steadfast friends in whose brave companionship he had faced and surmounted so many perils, his courage deserted him; he wept aloud, and cursed his fate. There was good cause for his grief when he came to know all. The rascally Turk who had facilitated their flight had sold them into slavery. For six months Saremba toiled under a cruel taskmaster, until fever robbed him of his strength; when his owner, Ali Bey, took him to Trebizond, where the Pole had invented the existence of a brother who would pay his ransom. There he obtained the protection of the French consul, was forwarded to Constantinople, married a Greek woman, and managed to eke out an existence. Of the thirteen comrades who had fled with him from Manglis he had never seen or heard anything, and tears fell upon the honest fellow's weather-beaten moustache as he deplored their probable fate—that of numbers of Polish deserters, who drag out a wretched existence, as slaves to the infidel, in the frontier provinces of Asiatic Turkey.

Dr Wagner found his follower's narrative so striking, and so illustrative of the characteristics of the inhabitants of the trans-Caucasian frontier, that he at once wrote it down in his journal; and he did quite right, for certainly Saremba's adventures equal, if they do not exceed, in interest, any of the Doctor's own.

After Gumysh Hanah, the next town on the road to Erzurum is Baiburt, once noted for its inhabitants' fanaticism and hatred of all Europeans. Poverty, misery, and the visit of the Russians in 1828, have broken their spirit, and humbled them to the dust. There was the last effort of resistance against Paske-witch, but all their fierce fanaticism did not qualify them to cope with the well-drilled Russian troops. "Is it true," asked Saremha, with a little irony in his tone, of a white-bearded Turk, in the expression of whose hard and furrowed features something of the old spirit was still plainly to be read "is it true that the *Moskoff* has come as far as this?" "*Geldi*," (he came) was the old man's laconic but melancholy reply. At Baiburt the traveller has a foretaste of the impoverished, decayed, half ruined towns which extend thence through the whole of Asiatic Turkey to the Persian frontier, and to whose deplorable condition Erzurum constitutes the sole exception. Journeying south-east from Baiburt to the latter city, the first day's march brings the traveller, by the usual caravan road, to no regular halting-place for the night. At Baiburt Dr Wagner parted from his Turkish travelling companions, and proceeded with only Saremha and a horse-guide, "a man of most horrible physiognomy who professed to be a Turk, but whose long distorted visage, great crooked nose, bushy brows, dingy complexion, pudgy turban, and ragged clothes, gave him more the look of a Kourd or Yezidee. The fellow spoke a Turkish," continues the Doctor, "of which I understood nothing, and my servant, although well acquainted with the language of Stamboul, but little. He was very taciturn, and replied to the questions I occasionally put to him by croaking out inarticulate guttural sounds, something between the cry of a screech-owl and the snarl of a jackal. Then he twisted his ugly face so strangely, and grinned and ground his teeth in so hyena-like a fashion, that I was reminded of that horrible Texas Bob, whom Charles Sealsfield, in his Cabin-Book, has so graphically sketched."

The most unsuspicious and confid-

ing of men, Dr Wagner here remarks, will become mistrustful, and prone to suspect evil, before he has been long a resident or Rambler in the East, and will acquire a habit of constant caution and vigilance in a country where all classes, from the Pasha to the horse-keeper, lay themselves out to plunder and overreach Europeans. The Doctor had been for three years wandering in Oriental lands, where he had encountered some perils and innumerable attempts at imposition. He was much upon his guard, and kept a sharp eye upon his hyena-looking guide, especially when the latter, under pretence of conducting him to quarters for the night, struck off from the road, and led him over crag and fell, through rain and darkness, into a wild, cut-throat district, where he every moment expected to be handed over to the gentle mercies of a band of Kourd brigands. Putting a pistol to the fellow's ugly head, the Doctor swore he would shoot him at the first sign of treachery. The Turk said nothing, but presently—"Here is the village," he quietly remarked, as he led the drenched travellers round the angle of a mass of rock, whence they perceived the lights of the village of Massat, where Hamilton had passed a night some years previously, and where they soon were comfortably seated by a fire, and supping on a very tolerable pilau; whilst Dr Wagner was fain to atone for his ill-founded suspicions by a double *bakshish* to his uncouth but trustworthy guide. The next day, the Doctor, whilst riding over the mountains with loaded pistols in his belt, and a double gun across his shoulders, fell over a precipice nearly a hundred feet high. The soil of a narrow ledge, softened by the rain, had given way under his horse's feet. Man and beast rolled over and over five or six times in the course of the descent. Fortunately there were no rocks in the way—nothing but soft earth. They reached the bottom bruised and bleeding, but without broken bones, and were able to continue their march.

The journey from Erzurum to Persia, through the Alpine district of Armenia, is usually made with a caravan or with post-horses—more

rarely in company with a Tartar in the employ of the Turkish government, who rides courier-fashion, changes his horse every four or five leagues, goes at a gallop, never rests for more than an hour, rides many horses to death, and performs the distance from Erzroum to Tabriz (nearly a hundred leagues) in the extraordinarily short time of two days and a half. Dr Wagner had no taste for travelling in such true Tartar fashion. Would he go post? There are no postmasters in Turkey, nor post-horses, nor posting-stables, nor even postilions, properly so called. Posting in the East has nothing in common with European posting. But on presentation of a firman from the Sublime Porte or the Pasha of the province, every town or village is bound to supply the traveller with the needful horses, and with a horse-guide, at moderate charge. The expense is greatly augmented by the necessity of being accompanied by a Turkish cavass. Without such escort the journey from Erzroum to the Persian frontier is unsafe, and, even with it, all danger is not removed; for in the neighbourhood of the Alpine passes of Armenia lurk the lynx-eyed Kourds, watching for prey. Less daring and dangerous than they were, they are still sufficiently audacious. When pursued by the Pashas—who occasionally make expeditions, at the head of bodies of the Nizam soldiery, to chastise them, and to wrench from them their booty—they take refuge upon Persian ground, send a present to the Sardar of Tabriz, and are suffered to pasture their flocks amongst the mountains of Azerbaijan, until they again give way to their predatory propensities, and are threatened or pursued by the Persian authorities. Over the rugged summits of the Agri Dagh they then fly to Russian territory, where the gift of a horse to the Cossack officer in command usually procures them tolerance upon the grassy slopes of Ararat. When driven thence, for a repetition of their lawless raids, they have still a last refuge in the high mountains of Kourdistan, where they purchase the protection of a chief, and whose inaccessible fastnesses defy Turkish pursuers.

"Not long before my departure

from Erzroum," says Dr. Wagner, "Mr Abbott, the English consul at Teheran, had fallen into the hands of Kournd robbers, and, with his travelling companions, had been stripped to the shirt, inclusively. It was a serio-comic affair. They were attacked near Diadin. Mr Abbott, a man of great personal courage, fired a pistol at the first Kournd who rode at him with his long bamboo lance, and missed—fortunately for him, for had he killed or wounded him, his own life would assuredly have paid the penalty. Two vigorous lance thrusts, which fortunately pierced his *burka*, not his body, cast the courageous Briton from his horse. His Oriental servants and companions had no portion of his combative spirit, but laid down their arms, terrified by the jackal-like yells and hideous figures of the Kourds. The robbers were tolerably generous, after their manner. They took away horses, baggage, and clothes, stripping their victims stark naked, but they left them their lives. And if Mr Abbott had a taste of lance staves and horse-whip, that was only in requital of the pistol-shot. His Armenian servants, who resisted not, received no injury. Amidst the infernal laughter of the Kourds, the naked travellers set off for the nearest village, where they were scantily provided with clothes by compassionate Armenians. Consul Brant at Teheran made a great noise about this business, and the Pasha had to make compensation. But the Kourds retreated southwards to the high mountains, and there, in inaccessible hiding-places, laughed alike at the British consul's anger, and at the Turkish Pasha's threats."

With such a warning before him, Dr Wagner preferred adopting the safest, and at the same time the most convenient, although the slowest mode of travelling in those regions—namely, per caravan. Almost weekly a commercial caravan starts from Erzroum for Tabriz. It consists of from 300 to 900 horses, laden chiefly with English manufactures, also with Bohemian glass, furs, and cloth from the Leipzig fair, and even with toys from Nuremberg. If the convoy be particularly valuable, the Pasha sends with it a cavass, who rides a-head, a horse's tail at the end of his long lance, as a warning to pre-

datory Kourds not to meddle with that which is under the high protection of the *muschir* of Erzroum. But the caravan's own strength is its best protection. There is a man to every three or four horses, armed with a gun, often with sabre and dagger also; and the Armenians, although tame enough in general, will fight fiercely for their goods, or for those intrusted to their care. Of course there is no security against nocturnal theft, at which the Kourds are as skilful as North-American red-skins, or as the Hadjouts of the African Metidja.

A rich Armenian, by name Kara Gos, (Black-eye,) led the caravan to which Dr Wagner annexed himself. Half the 360 horses comprising it were his. A considerable rogue was Kara Gos, who asked the Doctor double the fair price for the use of six horses, a place under the principal tent, and daily rations from his kitchen. When the Doctor pointed out the overcharge, Kara Gos turned away in silence and in dudgeon, and spoke no word to him during the whole journey. Dr Wagner made his bargain with another Armenian, one Karapet Bedochil, and the journey was prosperously accomplished in twenty-seven days from Erzroum to Tabriz. This was rather slow work—scarcely twelve miles a day on an average; but Dr Wagner was well pleased to have leisure during the long hours of repose—rendered necessary by hot weather and scanty pasturage—to pursue his geological researches, to go shooting, and to collect rare insects and beautiful Alpine plants. He took interest, also, in observing the habits and intelligence of the horses of the caravan. These were as disciplined as any Russian soldiers, and understood their duty almost as well as their human masters. When, at two in the morning, the Karivan-Baschi gave the signal to march, they responded by a general neighing, snorting, and tinkling of the bells hung to their necks. Notwithstanding the thick darkness, every horse found his right place, his owner, and his groom, and stood motionless till pack-saddle and bales were placed upon his back. The load duly balanced, he instantly started off of his own accord. The march was in file, two abreast. The oldest and most experienced horse took the lead, seem-

ingly proud of the distinction, and displaying an instinct almost amounting to reason. No danger was there of his going astray, or shying at some oddly-shaped rock, dimly seen through the twilight, or at a corpse upon the road, or even at the passage of camels, to which horses have a special antipathy. If stream or torrent barred the way, he halted, unbidden, until the nearest horseman had sought out a ford, and then calmly entered the water, his example giving confidence to his followers. These caravan horses love society, soon attach themselves to their companions, whether biped or quadruped, but are very inhospitable, and do not easily admit strange horses to their company. They dislike separation from the caravan, just as cavalry chargers often object to leave the ranks. Karapet Bedochil gave up his best and youngest horse to Dr Wagner for the journey. This was a well-shaped brown mare, of excellent paces, and easy to govern, so long as her habits were respected. But it took some time to accustom her to quit the caravan, and carry Dr Wagner on his rambles off the road.

"To ride in the rank and file of a caravan," says the Doctor, "is wearisome enough. When morning dawned, and the first sunbeams illumined the green Alpine plateau, I loved to ride up some rising ground by the wayside, to contemplate the landscape, and to enjoy the picturesque aspect of the Kourd camps, and of the long line of the caravan. My horse did not share my enjoyment. Much spurring did it cost me to habituate him to even a few minutes' separation from his friends. Love of society, and aversion to solitude, are amongst the most striking and affecting characteristics of these animals. At times I remained behind the caravan, when I found an interesting spot, where the geological formation or the mountain vegetation invited to examination and collection. My horse, well secured near at hand, kept his gaze immovably fixed upon the vanishing caravan. When the last straggler had disappeared, he still pricked up his ears so long as he could hear the bells. When these were no longer audible, he drooped his head, and looked inquiringly and reproachfully at his botanising rider. If it cost me trouble

to detach him from the caravan, he needed no urging to rejoin it. Suddenly displaying the fire of the Oriental courier, he galloped with winged swiftness, till the bells were once more heard, and broke into loud and joyous neighings on again joining his friends."

The gregarious and sociable propensities of Armenian horses are a great obstacle to the designs of the Kourid thieves, who at nightfall prowl around the camp. To lessen the difficulty they come mounted upon stolen caravan horses, which they train to the work. A noose is flung round the neck of a grazing horse, and whilst one thief pulls the animal along, another drives it with a whip. The Armenian horse-keepers fire their guns to give the alarm, and mount their best horses to pursue the marauders. If they overtake them, they at first endeavour to obtain restitution by fair words or by threats. Only at the last extremity do they use their firearms, for they have a not unfounded fear of Kourid vengeance for bloodshed.

Less dreaded, and far less frequent than these depredations, are attacks upon caravans by wolves. These occur scarcely once in ten years, and then only in very severe winters, when long frosts keep the flocks from the pastures. Under such circumstances, the wolves, spurred by extreme hunger, sometimes overcome their natural cowardice, and make a dash at a caravan, breaking suddenly into the column on the march, pulling down horses, and tearing them in pieces, before there is time to drive them away with bullets. But these cases are of extremely rare occurrence. It more often happens that, in summer, a single wolf will sneak down upon the grazing caravan horses, whose instinct, however, soon detects his approach. They form a circle, heads inwards and heels out, and if the wolf does not succeed, at a first spring, in fixing upon one of their throats, his best plan is to decamp, before he gets shot. The attacks of these wolves are always nocturnal. From other beasts of prey the caravans between Erzroum and Tabriz have nothing to fear. The jackals are weak and timid, and content themselves with dead horses; and bears are few in number,

and confine their feeding to sheep and goats. Southwards from Tabriz to Teheran, and thence to Ispahan, the danger increases. Kourids are replaced by Turkomans; wolves by panthers and tigers. But even from these, so far as Dr Wagner could gather from repeated conversations with caravan leaders, the peril is trifling, except far south, towards Shiraz, or eastwards in the deserts of Khorassan, where tigers are more numerous and aggressive.

Of other animals accustomed to follow caravans, the Doctor particularly mentions ravens and carrion birds, which in winter consume the excrement, in summer the carcasses, of horses. In Armenia and Persia, he recognised an old friend whom he had often seen hovering over the expeditionary column which he had accompanied to Constantina. The white-headed vulture (*Vultur fulvus*) floated in the air at a prodigious height above the caravan, and as often as a horse fell dead, dozens of the loathsome birds lowered their powerful pinions, and sank plumb-down upon the carrion. The beasts of the caravan, even the dogs, were pretty good friends with these obscene creatures; or at least, from the force of habit, usually endured their proximity. Dr Wagner speculates on the possibility of some eccentric sympathy between the horse and his future coffin. He often saw the little carrion kite (*Cathartes peregrinus*) when it had gorged itself with the flesh of some dead animal, settle down, its feathers all pulled out, upon a horse's back, there to digest its copious meal—a process which the horse, by his immobility, seemed studiously to avoid disturbing. Grouped together in the great heat, from which they sought to shelter their heads under their neighbours' bellies, the horses stood, each one with his plumed and impure rider. "Sometimes," says the Doctor, "I saw ravens sitting in the same confidential manner upon the backs of horses and dromedaries. In North Africa I observed similar intimacy between kites and cows, ravens and swine. Dr Knob-lecher relates that in the Nile districts of Central Africa he often saw water-fowl, particularly herons and ibises, sit upon the backs of elephants. Only to one kind of animal has the Armenian caravan-horse a natural hatred

and strong aversion—namely, to the camel, who, on his side, detests the horse. Even in caravans composed of both kinds of beasts, long accustomed to each other's presence, this antipathy endures. Horses and camels, if left in any degree to their own free will, go separately to pasture. Long habit of being together restrains them from hostile outbreaks, but I never witnessed, during the whole period of my Oriental travels, an example of even a tolerably good understanding between them."

On the 20th of June—so cold a morning, that, in spite of cloak and Mackintosh, Dr Wagner was half-frozen—the caravan reached the Kourid village of Yendeke, and encamped in a narrow valley, the mountains around which had been reckoned, a few years previously, amongst the most unsafe in Kourdis-tan, a caravan seldom passing unassailed. Towards evening a Kourid chief came into camp. "He wore no beard, but thick and long moustaches—as formerly the Janissaries—a huge turban, a short *burka*, very wide trousers. He had his horse shod by one of our Armenians, took a fancy to Karapet-Bedochil's pocket-knife, and asked him for it as a keepsake. He did not pay for the shoeing, and rode off, with small thanks, amidst the courteous greetings of all the Armenians—even of our haughty Karvan-Baschi. I afterwards laughingly asked the *Kalertschi* why he had not demanded payment from the Kourid for the shoes and his work. 'Laugh away!' was his reply; 'ever you meet that fellow alone, you won't be quite so merry.' The Kourid, who was armed with pistols, gun, and sabre, certainly looked the very model of a captain of banditti."

Before reaching Persian territory, where the risk from robbers diminishes, some pack-horses were cleverly stolen by the Kourids; and two men, who were sent, well mounted, to overtake the thieves and negotiate for the restoration of the property, returned to camp despoiled of clothes and steeds. Ultimately, the Pasha of Erzurum extorted the bales from the Kourids, who are too prudent to drive things to extremities. But, for the time, Kara Gos had to pursue his

journey minus his merchandise, and greatly cast down at the loss, which he merited for his griping effrontery, and for the poltroonery with which, a few days before, he had deviated from his direct road on the rude demand of some Kourids, who sought to pick a quarrel with him—a sort of wolf-and-lamb business—for riding through their pastures. He forgot his loss, however, when reckoning at Tabriz the full sack of sounding gold tomanis received for carriage of goods; and in the joy of his heart he even condescended to speak to Dr Wagner, and to extend to him his forgiveness for having refused to be imposed upon, so that they parted in amity at last.

Tabriz, in size the second, in population the first city of the Persian empire, was the limit of Dr Wagner's travels in an easterly direction. Thence he made excursions; and finally, turning his steps southwards, made the circuit of that extremity of Lake Urmia, and so got back to Bayasid in Turkish Armenia; so that he visited, in fact, but a nook of Persia—including, however, one of its most important cities and some rarely-explored districts. His first visit at Tabriz was to Mr Bonham, the English consul-general, with whom he found a Maltese physician, Dr Cas-solani—then the only European medical man resident in the place—who offered him, in the kindest manner, an apartment in his house. Here Dr Wagner interpolates a gentle stricture on British hospitality in Asia. Mr Bonham, he says, "was certainly also very obliging, but seemed less hospitable; and although he had a very roomy house and a very small family, he, like his colleague, Mr Brandat Erzurum, was not fond of putting himself out of his way. I confess that I have not formed the most favourable opinion of English hospitality in the East. My letters from Lord Aberdeen and Sir Stratford Canning had not the effect which might have been reasonably expected from the high position of those statesmen. In Russian Asia, less exalted recommendations generally procured me a friendly and truly hospitable reception. On better acquaintance, and after repeated inter-

views, the dry, thoroughly English reserve and formal manner gave way, in Mr Bonham, to a certain degree of amiability. He took a particularly warm interest in my communications from the Caucasus, and gave me in return valuable information concerning Persian matters. Mr Bonham was married to a niece of Sir Robert Peel's, a beautiful, amiable, and accomplished lady."

In Dr Cassolani's house Dr Wagner made the acquaintance of a great number of Persians, who besieged the learned *hakim* for advice, and he thus had excellent opportunities of noting the peculiarities of Persian character, manners, and morals. But the most favourable place for the pursuit of such studies, on a large scale, he found to be the Tabriz bazaar, which is composed of a number of bazaars, or spacious halls full of shops. Thither daily repaired Dr Wagner, escorted by one of Dr Cassolani's Persian servants, a fellow of herculean proportions, whose duty it was to open a passage through the curious crowd which at first thronged round the European. Here were displayed prodigious masses of merchandise, chiefly English, only the coarser kinds of goods coming from Germany and Russia, glass from Austria, amber from Constantinople. Here were children's watches from Nuremberg, with a locomotive on the dial, and the inscription, "Railway from Nuremberg to Furth;" lithographed likenesses of the Shah of Persia, taken and printed in Germany; snuff-boxes from Astrakan, with the Emperor Nicholas's portrait; and portraits of Benkendorf, Paskewitch, Neidhard, and other Russian generals distinguished in recent wars. There were shawls and carpets from Hindostan, and sabre-blades, of wonderful temper and finish, from Shiraz. Of these latter Dr Wagner saw some, adorned with beautiful arabesque designs in gold, and inscribed with passages from the Koran, whose price was two hundred to-mauns, or Persian ducats. Made of strips of metal, hammered together cold, these excellent blades are the result of prodigious labour, much time, and great skill. The chief value of such weapons is usually in the steel, for the hilt and mounting

must be unusually rich to exceed the cost of the blade itself. Hitherto the armourers of Tabriz, Teheran, and Ispahan have vainly endeavoured to rival those of Shiraz.

Dr Wagner soon found himself at home in the European circle at Tabriz, which consists chiefly of the members of the Russian and English consulates, and of the managers of four Greek commercial houses, branches of Constantinople establishments. The English consul-general, as already hinted, lived rather retired, gave a dinner or two each half-year to the Europeans, and took but small share in the pleasures and amusements after which most of them eagerly ran. An old Greek gentleman, named Morfopulo, was the great Lucullus and Amphitryon of the place. Introduced to him by his Maltese friend, Dr Wagner was at once cordially invited to a dinner, which gave him the first idea of the sumptuous manner of living of Europeans in Tabriz. Nothing was spared; Oriental delicacies were embalmed and ennobled by the refinements of Western art. There were fish from the Caspian, game from the forests of Ghilan, grapes and mulberries from Azerbaijan, the most exquisite pasties, and the cream of the vineyards of Champagne cooling in abundant ice. The guests were as motley, the talk as various, as the viands. From East to West, from Ispahan to Paris, the conversation rolled. The Russian Consul-general sketched the Persian court at Teheran; Dr Cassolani gave verbal extracts from his life and experience at Erzroum and Tabriz; an Italian quack, who had just arrived, and who had long led a roving existence in Asiatic Turkey—professing alternately to discover gold mines, and to heal all maladies by an infallible elixir—related his adventures amongst the Kourds; whilst a young Greek diplomatist, named Mavrocordato—a relation of the statesman of that name—just transferred, to his no small regret, from Paris to Tabriz, was eloquent concerning the balls, beauties, and delights of the French capital.

The domestic arrangements of the European residents in Tabriz are peculiar, and may possibly account for the limited nature of the inter-

course maintained with them by the gentleman who filled the post of British consul-general at the time of Dr Wagner's visit. Some of the managers of the Greek houses—few of whom remain more than half-a-dozen years, which time, owing to the profitable nature of the trade, and especially of the smuggling traffic with the trans-Caucasian provinces of Russia, usually suffices to make their fortunes—were married, but had left their wives in Constantinople. Most of them, as well as the members of the Russian consulate-general, were bachelors. All, however, whether married or single, had conformed to the custom of the place, by contracting limited matrimony with Nestorian women. This Christian sect, numerous in Azerbaijan, entertains a strong partiality for Europeans, and has no scruple, either moral or religious, in marrying its daughters to them for a fixed term of years, and in consideration of a stipulated sum. There is great competition for a new-comer from Europe, especially if he be rich. The queer contract is known in Tabriz as *matrimonio alla carta*. Very often the whole of the lady's family take up their abode in the house of the temporary husband, and live at his charges; and this is indeed often a condition of the bargain. The usage is of such long standing amongst Europeans in Persia, and especially in that particular province, that it there scandalises no one. Every European has a part of his house set aside for the women, and calls it his harem: the ladies preserve their Persian garb and manner of life, cover their faces before strangers and in the streets, frequent the bath, and pass their time in dressing themselves, just like the Mahomedan Persians. Handsome, but totally uneducated and un-intellectual, they make faithful wives and tender mothers, but poor companions. When the term stipulated in the contract expires, and if it be not renewed, they find no difficulty in contracting permanent marriages with their own countrymen; the less so, that, in such cases, they take a dowry with them, whereas, in general, the Nestorian has to purchase his wife

from her parents. The children of the European marriage almost always remain in possession of the mother; and Dr Wagner was assured that she testifies even stronger affection for them than for those of her second and more regular marriage; whilst the stepfather rarely neglects his duty towards them. "Still more remarkable is it," continues the Doctor, "that the European fathers, when recalled to their own country, abandon their children, without, as it would seem, the slightest scruple of conscience, to a most uncertain fate, and trouble themselves no further concerning them. But a single instance is known to me, when a wealthy European took one of his children away with him. Even in the case of men otherwise of high character and principle, a prolonged residence in the East seems very apt gradually to stifle the voice of nature, of honour, and of conscience."

Dismissing, with this reflection, the consideration of European society and habits in Persia, Dr Wagner turns his attention to the natives, and to an examination of the curious incidents and vicissitudes of modern Persian history, to which he allots an interesting chapter—based partly on his many conversations with British and Russian diplomatic agents, with French officers who had served in Persia, and with French and American missionaries, partly on the works of various English travellers—and then commences his wanderings and explorations in the mountains of Sahant, and along the shores of Lake Urumiah. In these and other investigations, occupying his second volume, the length to which our notice of his first has insensibly extended forbids our accompanying him, at least for the present. Judging from the great number of books relating to Western Asia that have of late years been published in this country—many of them with marked success—the number of readers who take an interest in that region must be very considerable. By such of them as read German, Dr Wagner's series of six volumes will be prized as a mine of entertainment and information.

KATIE STEWART.

TRUE STORY.

PART II.—CHAPTER VIII.

"LEDDY KILBRACHMONT! Weel, John, my man, she might have done waur—muckle waur; but I seena very weel how she could have bettered hersel. A young, wiselike, gallant-looking lad, and a very decent lairdship—anither thing frae a doited auld man."

"Weel, wife," said John Stewart, ruefully scratching his head—"weel, I say naething against it in itsel; but will ye tell me what I'm to say to the Beelye?"

"Ay, John, that will I," returned the house-mother. "Tell him to take his daughter's bairn out of its cradle, pair wee totum, and ask himsel what he has to do wi' a young wife—a young wife! and a bonnie lass like our Isabell! Man, John, to think, wi' that muckle body o' yours, that you should have sae little heart! Nae wonder ye need muckle coats and plaids about ye, you men! for ne'er a spark o' light is in the hearts of ye, to keep ye warm within."

"Weel, weel, Isabell; the mair cause ye should gie me a guid dram to keep the chill out," said the miller; "and ye'll just mind ye were airt and pairt, and thought mair of the Beelye's bien dwellin' and braw family than ever I did; but its aye your way—ye put a' the blame, when there is blame, on me."

"Hand your peace, guidman," said Mrs Stewart. "While I am drawn away wi' your reasonings against my ain judgment, as happens to folk owre easy in their temper, whether they will or no—I'll no deny that; but nae man can say I ever set my face to onything that would have broken the heart of a bairn of mine. Take your dram, and gang away with your worldly thoughts to your worldly business, John Stewart; if it wasna for you, I'm sure ne'er a thought of pelf would enter my head."

"Eh, guidwife!" It was all that the miller's astonishment could utter.

He was put down. With humility he took the dram, and softly setting his glass on the table, went out like a lamb, to the mill.

"Laddy Kilbrachmont! and Janet, the glaikit gilpie, taking up with a common man!" said Mrs Stewart, unconsciously pushing aside the pretty wheel, the offering of the "wright" in Arncreech. "Weel, but what maun I do? If Isabell gangs hame to her ain house, and Janet—Janet's a guid worker—far mair use about a house like ours than such a genty thing as Bell—Janet married, too—what's to come o' me? I'll hae to bring hame Katie frae the Castle."

"Muckle guid ye'll get of Katie, mother," said Janet, who, just then coming in from the garden, with an armful of cold, curly, brilliant greens, had heard her mother's soliloquy. "If ye yokit her to the wheel like a powny, she wadna spin the yarn for Isabell's providing in half-a-dozen years; and no a mortal turn besides could Katie do in a house, if ye gied her a' the land between this and Kellie Law."

"And wha asked your counsel?" said the absolute sovereign of Kellie Mill. "If I'm no sair trysted wi' my family, there never was a woman: first, your faither—and muckle he kens about the rule o' a household; and syne you, ye taupie—as if Isabell's providing was yet to spin! 'To spin, said she? and it lying safe in the oak press up the stair, since ever Bell was a wee smout of a bairn. And yours too, though ye dinna deserve it;—ay, and little Katie's as weel, as the bonnie grass on the burnside could have tellt ye twal year ago, when it was white wi' yarn a' the simmer through, spun on a purpose-like wheel—a thing fit for a woman's wark—no a toy for a bit bairn. Gae way wi' you and your vanities. I would just like to see, wi' a' your

upsetting, ony ane o' ye bring up a family as creditable as your mother!"

Janet stole in to the table at the further window, and, without a word, began to prepare her greens, which were immediately to be added to the other contents of the great pot, which, suspended by the crook, bubbled and boiled over the fire; for the moods of the house-mother were -pretty well known in her dominions, and no one dared to lift up the voice of rebellion.

After an interval of silence, Mrs Stewart proceeded to her own room, and in a short time reappeared, hooded and plaided, testifying with those echoing steps of hers, to all concerned, that she had again put on her high-heeled gala shoes. Isabell was now in the kitchen, quietly going about her share of the household labour, and doing it with a subdued graceful gladness which touched the mother's heart.

"I'm gann up to Kellie, Bell, my woman," said Mrs Stewart. "I wouldna say but we may need Katie at hame; onyway, I'll gang up to the Castle, and see what they say about it. It's time she had a while at hame to learn something purpose-like, or it's my fear she'll be fit for naething but to hang on about Lady Anne; and nae bairn o' mine shall do that wi' my will. Ye'll set Merran to the muckle wheel, Isabell, as soon as she's in frae the field; and get that cuttie Janet to do some creditable work. If I catch her out o' the house when I come hame, it'll be the waur for hersel."

"So ye're aye biding on at the Castle, Bauby," said Mrs Stewart, as, her long walk over, she rested in the housekeeper's room, and greeted, with a mixture of familiarity and condescension, the powerful Bauby, who had so long been the faithful friend and attendant of little Katie Stewart. "Ye're biding on? I thought you were sure to gang with Lady Betty; and vexed I was to think o' ye gann away, that my bairn liket sae weel."

"I'll never lee, Mrs Stewart," said Bauby, confidentially. "If it hadna just been Katie Stewart's sel, and a thought of Lady Anne, puir thing, left her lee lane in the house, I would as soon have gaen out to the May to

live, as bidden still in Kellie Castle. But someway they have grippit my heart atween them—I couldna leave the bairns."

"Aweel, Bauby, it was kind in ye," said the miller's wife; "but I'm in no manner sure that I winna take Katie away."

"Take Katie away—eh, Mrs Stewart!" And Bauby lifted up her great hands in appeal.

"Ye see her sister Isabell is to be married soon," said the important mother, rising and smoothing down her skirts. "And now I'm rested, Bauby, I'll thank ye to take me to Lady Anne's room."

The fire burned brightly in the west room, glowing in the dark polished walls, and brightening with its warm flush the clouded daylight which shone through the high window. Again on her high chair, with her shoulders fixed, so that she cannot stoop, Lady Anne sits at her embroidery frame, at some distance from the window, where the slanting light falls full upon her work, patiently and painfully working those dim roses into the canvass which already bears the blossoms of many a laborious hour. Poor Lady Anne! People, all her life, have been doing their duty to her—training her into propriety—into noiseless decorum and high-bred manners. She has read the *Spectator* to improve her mind—has worked embroidery because it was her duty; and sits resignedly in this steel fixture now, because she feels it a duty too—a duty to the world at large that Lady Anne Erskine should have no curve in her shoulders—no stoop in her tall aristocratic figure. But, in spite of all this, though they make her stiff, and pale, and silent, none of these cares have at all tarnished the gentle lustre of Lady Anne's good heart; for, to tell truth, embroidery, and prejudices, and steel-collars, though they cramp both body and mind a little, by no means have a bad effect—or, at least, by no means so bad an effect as people ascribe to them in these days—upon the heart; and there lived many a true lady then—lives many a true lady now—to whom devout thoughts have come in those dim hours, and fair fancies budded and blossomed in the silence. It was very true that Lady Anne sat

there immovable, holding her head with conscientious firmness, as she had been trained to hold it, and moving her long fingers noiselessly as her needle went out and in through the canvass before her—very true that she thought she was doing her duty, and accomplishing her natural lot; but not any less true, notwithstanding, that the heart which beat softly against her breast was pure and gentle as the summer air, and, like it, touched into quiet brightness by the light from heaven.

Near her, carelessly bending forward from a lower chair, and leaning her whole weight on another embroidery frame, sits Katie Stewart, labouring with a hundred wiles to draw Lady Anne's attention from her work. One of little Katie's round white shoulders is gleaming out of her dress, and she is not in the least erect, but bends her head down between her hands, and pushes back the rich golden hair which falls in shining, half-curved tresses over her fingers, and laughs, and pouts, and calls to Lady Anne; but Lady Anne only answers quietly, and goes on with her work—for it is right and needful to work so many hours, and Lady Anne is doing her duty.

But not so Katie Stewart: her needle lies idle on the canvass; her silk hangs over her arm, getting soiled and dim; and Lady Anne blushes to remember how long it is since her wayward favourite began that group of flowers.

For Katie feels no duty—no responsibility in the matter; and having worked a whole dreary hour, and accomplished a whole leaf, inclines to be idle now, and would fain make her companion idle too. But the conscientious Lady Anne shakes her head, and labours on; so Katie, leaning still further over the frame, and still more entirely disregarding her shoulders and deportment, tosses back the overshadowing curls again, and with her cheeks supported in the curved palms of her hands, and her fingers keeping back the hair from her brow, lifts up her voice and sings—

"Corn rigs and barley rigs,
Corn rigs are bonnie."

Sweet, clear, and full is little Katie's

voice, and she leans forward, with her bright eyes dwelling kindly on Lady Anne's face, while, with affectionate pleasure, the good Lady Anne sits still, and works, and listens—the sweet child's voice, in which there is still scarcely a graver modulation to tell of the coming woman, echoing into the generous gentle heart which scarcely all its life has had a selfish thought to interrupt the simple beautiful admiration of its unenvious love.

"Katie, ye little cuttie!" exclaimed the horror-stricken mother, looking in at the door.

Katie started; but it was only with privileged boldness to look up smilingly into her mother's face, as she finished the last verse of her song.

"Eh, Lady Anne, what can I say to you?" said Mrs Stewart, coming forward with indignant energetic haste; "or what will your ladyship say to that forward monkey? Katie, have I no admonished ye to get the manners of a serving lassie at your peril, however grand the folk were ye saw; but, nevertheless, to gie honour where honour is due, as it's commanded. I think shame to look ye in the face, Lady Anne, after hearing a bairn of mine use such a freedom."

"But you have no need, Mrs Stewart," said Lady Anne, "for Katie is at home."

There was the slightest possible tone of authority in the words, gentle as they were; and Mrs Stewart felt herself put down.

"Weel, your ladyship kens best; but I came to speak about Katie, Lady Anne. I'm thinking I'll need to bring her hame."

Mrs Stewart had her revenge. Lady Anne's quiet face grew red and troubled, and she struggled to loose herself from her bondage, and turn round to face the threatening visitor.

"To take Katie hame?—away from me? Oh, Mrs Stewart, dinna!" said Lady Anne, forgetting that she was no longer a child.

"Ye see, my lady, our Isabell is to be married. The young man is Philip Landale of Kilbrachmont. Ye may have heard tell of him even in the Castle;—a lad with a guid house and plenty substance to take hame a wife to; and a guid wife he'll get to them,

though maybe I shouldna say it. And so you see, Lady Anne, I'll be left with only Janet at hame."

"But, Mrs Stewart, Katie has not been accustomed to it; she could not do you any good," said the eager, injudicious Lady Anne.

"The very words, my lady—the very thing I said to our guidman and the bairns at hame. 'Its time,' says I, 'that Katie was learnin' something fit for her natural place and lot. What kind of a wife will she ever make to a puir man, coming straight out of Kellie Castle, and Lady Anne's very cha'mer?' No that I'm meaning it's needful that she should get a puir man, Lady Anne; but a bien man in the parish is no like aue of your grand lords and carls; and if Katie does as weel as her mother before her, she'll hae a better portion than she deserves."

Indignantly Katie tossed her curls from her forehead, bent her little flushed face over the frame, and began to ply her needle as if for a wager.

"But, Mrs Stewart," urged Lady Anne, "Katie's birthday is not till May, and she's only fifteen then. Never mind the man—there's plenty time; but as long as we're at Kellie, and not far away from you, Mrs Stewart, why should not Katie live all her life with me?"

Katie glanced up archly, saucily, but said nothing.

"It wouldna be right, my lady. In the first place, you'll no be aye at

Kellie; you'll get folk you like better than Katie Stewart; and Katie must depend on naeboddy's will and pleasure. I'll have it said of nae bairn of mine that she sorned on a stranger. Na, she must come hame."

Lady Anne's eyes filled with tears. The little proud belligerent mother stood triumphant and imperious before the fire. The petulant wilful favourite pouted over her frame; and Lady Anne looked from one to the other with overflowing eyes.

"My sister Betty's away, and my sister Janet's away," said Anne Erskine sadly; "I've nobody but Katie now. If you take Katie away, Mrs Stewart, I'll break my heart."

Little Katie put away her frame without saying a word, and coming silently to the side of the high chair, knelt down, and looked earnestly into Lady Anne's drooping face. There was some wonder in the look—a little awe—and then she laid down her soft cheek upon that hand of Lady Anne's, on which already some tears had fallen, and taking the other hand into her own, continued to look up with a strange, grave, sudden apprehension of the love which had been lavished on her so long. Anne Erskine's tears fell softly on the earnest uplooking face, and Mrs Stewart's heart was melted.

"Weel, Lady Anne, it's no my nature to do a hard thing to onybody. Keep the cuttie; I'll no seek her as lang as I can do without her. I gie ye my word."

CHAPTER IX.

The west room is in no respect changed, though three years have passed since we saw it last. In the middle of the room stands a great open chest, already half full of carefully packed dresses. This square flat parcel, sowed up in a linen cover, which Katie Stewart holds in her arms as if she could with all her heart throw it out of the window, instead of depositing it reverently in the chest, is Lady Anne's embroidery; and Lady Anne herself is collecting stray silks and needle-books into a great satin bag. They are preparing for a journey.

Lady Anne Erskine is twenty—

very tall, very erect, and with a most exceptionable carriage. From her placid quiet brow the hair is combed up, leaving not so much as one curl to shelter or shadow a cheek which is very soft and pale indeed, but which no one could call beautiful, or even comely. On her thin arms she wears long black gloves which do not quite reach the elbow, but leave a part of the arm visible under the lace ruffles which terminate her sleeves; and her dress is of dark rustling silk, rich and heavy, though not so spotless and youthful as it once was. Her little apron is black, and frilled with lace;

and from its pocket peeps the corner of a bright silken huswife; for Lady Anne is no less industrious now than when she was a girl.

Ah, saucy Katie Stewart! Eighteen years old, and still no change in you! No gloves on the round arms which clasp that covered-up embroidery—no huswife, but a printed broadsheet ballad, the floating light literature of the place and time, in the pocket of your apron—no propriety in your free rebel shoulders. And people say there is not such another pair of merry eyes in sight of Kellie Law.

The golden hair is imprisoned now, but not so closely as Lady Anne's, for some little curls steal lovingly down at the side, and the fashion of combing it up clears the open white forehead, which, in itself, is not very high, but just in proportion to the other features of the face. Only a little taller is the round active figure—a very little. No one is quite sensible, indeed, that Katie has made any advance in stature at all, except herself; and even herself scarcely hopes, now in the maturity of eighteen, to attain another half inch.

But the little girlish spirit has been growing in those quiet years. It was Spring with her, when Katie saw the tears of Anne Erskine for her threatened removal, and her eyes were opened then in some degree to an appreciation of her beautiful lot. How it was that people loved her, followed her with watchful, solicitous affection—her, simple little Katie Stewart—the consciousness brought a strange thrill into her heart. One may grow vain with much admiration, but much love teaches humility. She wondered at it in her secret heart—smiled over it with tears—and it softened and curbed her, indulged and wilful though she was.

But all this time, in supreme contempt Katie held the rural homage which began to be paid to her. Simple and playful as a child in Kellie, Katie at home, when a young farmer, or sailor, or prosperous country tradesman, or all of them together, as happened not unfrequently, hung shyly about the fire in the Anstruther Milton, to which the family had now removed, watching for opportunities to recommend themselves, was as stately

and dignified as any Lady Erskine of them all. For Katie had made up her mind. Still, "a grand gentleman," handsome, courtly, and accomplished, with titles and honours, wealth and birth, wandered about, a gleaming splendid shadow, through the castles she built every day. To gain *some* rich and noble wooer, of whatever kind proved attainable, was by no means Katie's ambition. It was a superb imagination, which walked by her side in her dreams, naturally clothed with the grandeur which was his due; for Katie's mind was not very greatly developed yet—her graver powers—and the purple of nobility and rank draped her grand figure with natural simplicity—a guileless ideal.

"Is Lady Betty's house a grand place, Lady Anne?" asked Katie, as she placed the embroidery in the chest.

"It's in the High Street," said Lady Anne, with some pride; "not far from the Parliament House, Katie; but it's not like Kellie, you know; and you that have never been in a town, may think it close, and not like a noble house to be in a street; but the High Street and the Canongate are grand streets; and the house is very fine too—only Betty is alone."

"Is Lord Colville no at home, Lady Anne?" asked Katie.

"Lord Colville's at the sea—he's always at the sea—and it's dreary for Betty to be left alone; but when she sees us, Katie, she'll think she's at Kellie again."

"And would she be glad to think that, I wonder?" said Katie, half under her breath.

But Lady Anne did not answer, for the good Lady Anne was making no speculations at the moment about happiness in the abstract, and so did not properly apprehend the question of her little friend.

The sound of a loud step hastening up stairs startled them. Onward it came thumping through the gallery, and a breathless voice bore it company, singing after a very strange fashion. Voice and step were both undoubtedly Bauby Rodger's, and the gallery creaked under the one, and the song came forth in gasps from the other, making itself articu-

late in a stormy gust as she approached the door.

"Oh handsome Charlie Stuart!
Oh charming Charlie Stuart!
There's no a lad in a' the land
That's half sae sweet as thou art!"

"Bauby!" exclaimed Lady Anne with dignity, as her giant handmaiden threw open the door—"Bauby, you have forgotten yourself. Is that a way to enter a room where I am?"

"Your pardon, my lady—I beg your pardon—I canna help it. Eh, Lady Anne! Eh, Miss Katie! 'Little wae ye wha's coming; prince and lord and a's coming.' There's ane in the court—ane frae the North, wi' the news of a' the victories!"

Lady Anne's face flushed a little. "Who is it?—what is it, Bauby?"

"It's the Prince just, blessin's on his bonnie face!—they say he's the gallantest gentleman that ever was seen—making a' the road frae the Highlands just as great conquest. The man says there's thousands o' the clans after him—a grand army, beginning wi' the regular soldiers in their uniform, and ending wi' the braw tartans—or ending wi' the clouds mair like, for what twa e'en could see the end of them marching, and them thousands aboon thousands; and white cockbuds on ilka bonnet of them. Eh, my leddy! I could greet—I could dance—I could sing—

'An somebody were come again,
Than somebody mair cross the main,
And ilka man shall hae his ain,
Carle an the King come!'"

"Hush, Bauby, hush," said Lady Anne, drawing herself up with a consciousness of indecorum; but her pale cheek flushed, and her face grew animated. She could not pretend to indifference.

"Ye had best get a sword and a gun, and a white cockade yoursel. You're big enough, Bauby," said the anti-Jacobite Katie; "for your grand Chevalier will need a' his friends yet. Maybe if you're no feared, but keep up with a' thae wild Highlandmen, he'll make you a knight, Bauby."

"Katie, you forget who's beside you," said Lady Anne.

"Oh! ne'er mind me, my lady; I'm used to argue wi' her; but if I did fecht for the Chevalier—ay, ye may ca' him sae!—was if no your ain

very sel, Katie Stewart, that tolt me, nae later than yestreen, that chivalry meant the auld grand knights that fought for the distressed lang syne? And if I *did* fecht for the Prince, what should ail me? And if it was the will of Providence to make me strong and muckle, and you bonnie and wee, whase blame was that? The Chevalier! Ay, and blessings on him!—for isna he just in the way of the auld chivalry—and isna he gann to deliver the distressed?"

"The way the King did in the persecuting times—him that shot them down like beasts, because they liket the kirk," said Katie.

"Eh, ye little Whig! that I should say sae! But I have nae call to stand up for the auld kings—they've gaen to their place, and rendered their account; but this bonnie lad—for a bonnie lad he is, though he's born a prince, and will dee a great king, as it's my hope and desire—has nae blame of thae ill deeds. He's come for his ain kingdom, and justice, and the rights of the nation, 'and ilka man shall hae his ain.'"

"But wha's wronged, Bauby?" asked the unbeliever.

"Wha's wronged? Isna the nation wronged wi' a bit German duke pitten down in the big seat of our native king? Isna a'budy wronged that has to suffer that? And isna he coming with his white cockade to set a'thing right again?"

"Bauby, you forget we're to leave Kellie at twelve," said Lady Anne, interrupting this conclusive logic, "and the things are not all ready. We'll hear the true news about the Prince in Edinburgh."

"We'll see him, bless him! for he's marching on Edinburgh, driving a' thae cowards before him like a whien sheep," said Bauby, triumphantly. "I couldna keep the guid news to myself, my lady; but now I maun awa."

And Bauby hastened from the room, letting her voice rise as she went through the gallery, enough to convey to Katie's ear her wish—

"To see guid corn upon the rigs,
And banishment to a' the Whigs."

After this interruption, the packing went on busily, and for a considerable time in silence. It was the memorable year of Scottish romance—the

"forty-five;" and there were few hearts on either side which could keep their usual pace of beating when the news of the wild invasion was told. But like all other times of great events and excitement, the ordinary platitudes of life ran on with wonderfully little change—ran on, and wove themselves about those marvels; so that this journey to Edinburgh, even in Lady Anne Erskine's eyes, at present bulked as largely, and looked as important, as the threatened revolution; and to little Katie Stewart, her new gown and mantle were greater events than the advent of the Chevalier.

"Are you no feared to go to Edinburgh, Lady Anne, and the Chevalier and a' his men coming?" asked Katie at length.

Katie's own eyes sparkled at the idea, for the excitement of being in danger was a more delightful thing than she had ever ventured to anticipate before.

"Afraid? He is the true Prince, whether he wins or fails," said Lady Anne; "and no lady need fear where

a Stuart reigns. It's his right he comes for. I pray Heaven give the Prince his right."

Katie looked up with some astonishment. Very few things thus moved the placid Lady Anne.

"It would only be after many a man was killed," said Katie; "and if the King in London comes from Germany, this Chevalier comes from France; and his forefathers were ill men, Lady Anne."

"Katie Stewart," said Lady Anne, hastily, "it's ignorance you're speaking. I will not hear it. I'll hear nothing said against the right. The Prince comes of the true royal blood. He is the son of many good kings; and if they were not all good, that is not his fault. My fathers served his. I will hear nothing said against the Prince's right."

Little Katie looked up wonderingly into her friend's face, and then turned away to conclude her packing. But, quite unconvinced as she was of the claims and rights of the royal adventurer, his young opponent said no more about Prince Charles.

CHAPTER X.

Corn-fields lie under the low green hills, here bending their golden load under the busy reaper's hand, there shorn and naked, with the gathered sheaves in heaps where yesterday they grew. Pleasant sounds are in the clear rich autumn air—harvest voices, harvest mirth, purified by a little distance from all its coarseness; and through the open cottage doors you see the eldest child, matronly and important in one house, idling with a sense of guilt in the other, who has been left at home in charge, that all elder and abler people might get to the field. Pleasant excitement and haste touch you with a contagious cheer and activity as you pass. Here hath our bountiful mother been rendering riches out of her full breast once more; here, under those broad bright, smiling heavens, the rain and the sun, which God sends upon the just and the unjust, have day by day cherished the seed, and brought it forth in blade and ear; and now there is a thanksgiving in all the air, and

quickenings and cheerful labouring proclaim the unconscious sentiment which animates the whole. Bright, prosperous, wealthy autumn days, wherein the reaper has no less share than his master, and the whole world is enriched with the universal gain.

And now the Firth comes flashing into sight, making the whole horizon a silver line, with one white sail, far off, floating on it like a cloud. Heavily, as if it overhung the water, that dark hill prints its bold outline on the mingled glory of sky and sea; and under its shadow lie quiet houses, musing on the beach, so still that you could fancy them only lingering, meditating there. But little meditation is under those humble roofs, for the fishers of Largo are out on the Firth, as yonder red sails tell you, straying forth at the wide mouth of the bay; and the women at home are weaving nets, and selling fish, and have time for anything but meditation.

But now Largo Law is left behind,

and there is a grand scene beyond. The skies are clear and distinct as skies are only in autumn; and yonder couches the lion, who watches our fair Edinburgh night and day; and there she stands herself, his Una, with her grey wimple over her head, and her feet on the sands of her vassal sea. Queenlike attendants these are: they are almost her sole glory now; for her crown is taken from her head, and her new life of genius has scarcely begun; but none can part the forlorn queen and her two faithful henchmen, the Firth and the hill.

There are few other passengers to cross the ferry with our little party; for Lady Anne has only one manservant for escort and protection to herself, Katie Stewart, and their formidable maid. In those days people were easily satisfied with travelling accommodation. The ferry-boat was a little dingy sloop, lifting up a huge picturesque red sail to catch the soft wind, which carried them along only very slowly; but Katie Stewart leaned over its grim bulwark, watching the water—so calm, that it seemed to have consistence and shape as the slow keel cut it asunder—softly gliding past the little vessel's side, and believed she had never been so happy.

It was night when they reached Edinburgh, under the care of a little band of Lady Colville's servants and hangers-on—all the male force the careful Lady Betty could muster—who had been waiting for them at the water-side. The Chevalier's forces were rapidly approaching the city, and Katie Stewart's heart thrilled with a fear which had more delight in it than any previous joy, as slowly in their heavy cumbersome carriage, with their little body of adherents, they moved along through the gloom and rustling sounds of the beautiful night. In danger! not unlike the errant ladies of the old time; and approaching to the grand centre of romance and song—the Edinburgh of dreams.

Lady Colville's house was in the High Street, opposite the old Cross of Edinburgh; and, with various very audible self-congratulations on the part of their attendants, the visitors entered the narrow dark gateway, and

arrived in the paved court within. It was not very large this court; and, illuminated by the fitful light of a torch, which just showed the massy walls frowning down, with all kinds of projections on every side, the dwelling-place of Lady Colville did not look at all unlike one of the mysterious houses of ancient story. Here were twin windows, set in a richly ornamented gable, sending out gleams of fierce reflection as the light flashed into their small dark panes; and yonder, tier above tier, the great mansion closes up darkly to the sky, which fits the deep well of this court like a roof glowing with its "little lot of stars." Katie had time to observe it all while the good maternal Lady Betty welcomed her young sister at the door. Very dark, high, and narrow was the entrance, more like a cleft in great black rocks, admitting to some secret cavern, than a passage between builded walls; and the dark masses of shadow which lay in those deep corners, and the elfin torchlight throwing wild gleams here and there over the heavy walls, and flashing back from unseen windows, everywhere, made a strange picturesque scene—relieved as it was by the clear, faint stars above, and the warm light from the opened door.

But it was not at that time the most peaceful of residences, this house of Lady Colville's; for in a day or two Katie began to start in her high chamber at the long boom of the Castle guns; and in these balmy lightsome nights, excited crowds paced up and down, from the Canon-gate and the Lawnmarket, and gathered in groups about the Cross, discussing the hundred rumours to which the crisis gave birth. At all times this Edinburgh crowd does dearly love to gather like waves in the great street of the old city, and amuse itself with an excitement when the times permit. As they sweep along—knots of old men, slowly deliberating—clusters of young ones, quickening their pace as their conversation and thoughts intensify—all in motion, continually coming and going, the wide street never sufficiently thronged to prevent their passage, but enough so to secure all the animation of a crowd; and women

looking on only from the "close mouths" and outer stairs, spectators merely, not actors in the ferment which grows too deeply for them to join—the scene is always interesting, always exciting to a stranger; it loses somehow the natural meanness of a vulgar mob, and you see something historical, which quickens your pulse, and makes your blood warm, in the angry crowd of the High Street, if it be only some frolic of soldiers from the Castle which has roused its wrath.

Out, little Katie! out on the round balcony of that high oriel window—something approaches which eyes of noble ladies around you brighten to see. On the other balcony below this, Lady Anne, with a white ribbon on her breast, leans over the carved balustrade, eagerly looking out for its coming, with a flushed and animated face, to which enthusiasm gives a certain charm. Even now in her excitement she has time to look up, time to smile—though she is almost too anxious to smile—and wave her fluttering handkerchief to you above there, Katie Stewart, to quicken your zeal withal. But there, little stubborn Whig, unmoved except by curiosity, and with not a morsel of white ribbon about her whole person, and her handkerchief thrown away into the inner room, lest she should be tempted to wave it, stands the little Hanoverian Katie, firmly planting her feet upon the window-sill, and leaning on the great shoulder of Bauby Rodger, who thrusts her forward from behind. Bauby is standing on a stool within the room, her immense person looming through the oppressed window, and one of her mighty hands, with a handkerchief nearly as large as the main-sail of a sloop, squeezed up within it like a ball, ready to be thrown loose to the winds when he comes, grasping, like Lady Anne, the rail of the balustrade.

There is a brilliant sky overhead, and all the way along, until the street loses itself in its downward slope to the palace, those high-crested coroneted windows are crowded with the noble ladies of Scotland. Below, the crowd thickens every moment—a murmuring, moving mass, with many minds within it like Katie Stewart's, hostile

as fears for future, and remembrance of past injuries can make them, to the hero of the day. And banners float in the air, which high above there is misty with the palpable gold of this exceeding sunshine; and distant music steals along the street, and far-off echoed cheers tell that he is coming—he is coming! Pretender—Prince—Knight-errant—the last of a doomed and hapless race.

Within the little boudoir on the lower story, which this oriel window lights, Lady Colville sits in a great elbow chair apart, where she can see the pageant without, and not herself be seen; for Lady Betty wisely remembers that, though the daughter of a Jacobite earl, she is no less the wife of a Whig lord, whose flag floats over the broad sea far away, in the name of King George. Upon her rich stomacher you can scarcely discern the *modest* white ribbon which, like an innocent ornament, conceals itself under the folds of lace; but the ribbon, nevertheless, is there; and ladies in no such neutral position as hers—offshoots of the attainted house of Mar, and other gentle cousins, crowd her other windows, though no one has seen herself on the watch to hail the Chevalier.

And now he comes! Ah! fair, high, royal face, in whose beauty lurks this look, like the doubtful marsh, under its mossy, brilliant verdure—this look of wandering imbecile expression, like the passing shadow of an idiot's face over the face of a manful youth. Only at times you catch it as he passes gracefully along, bowing like a prince to those enthusiastic subjects at the windows, to those not quite so enthusiastic in the street below. A moment, and all eyes are on him; and now the cheer passes on—on—and the crowd follows in a stream, and the spectators reluctantly stray in from the windows—the Prince has past.

But Lady Anne still bends over the balustrade, her strained eyes wandering after him, herself unconscious of the gentle call with which Lady Betty tries to rouse her as she leaves the little room. Quiet Anne Erskine has had no romance in her youth—shall have none in the grave still life which, day by day, comes

down to her out of the changeful skies. Gentle affections, for sisters, brethren, friends, are to be her portion, and her heart has never craved another; but for this moment some strange magic has roused her. Within her strained spirit a heroic ode is sounding; no one hears the gradual swell of the stricken chords; no one knows how the excited heart beats to their strange music; but give her a poet's utterance then, and resolve that inarticulate cadence, to which her very hand beats time, into the words for which unconsciously she struggles, and you should have a song to rouse a nation. Such songs there are; that terrible Marseillaise, for instance—wrung out of a moved heart in its

highest climax and agony—the wild essence and inspiration of a mind which was not, by natural right, a poet's.

"Lady Anne! Lady Anne! They're a' past now," said Katie Stewart.

Lady Anne's hand fell passively from its support; her head drooped on her breast; and over her pale cheek came a sudden burst of tears. Quickly she stepped down from the balcony, and throwing herself into Lady Betty's chair, covered her face and wept.

"He's no an ill man—I think he's no an ill man," said little Katie in doubtful meditation. "I wish Prince Charlie were safe at hame; for what will he do here?"

CHAPTER XI.

In Lady Colville's great drawing-room a gay party had assembled. It was very shortly after the Prestonpans victory, and the invading party were flushed with high hopes. Something of the ancient romance softened and refined the very manners of the time. By a sudden revulsion those high-spirited noble people had leaped forth from the prosaic modern life to the glowing, brilliant, eventful days of old—as great a change almost as if the warlike barons and earls of their family galleries had stepped out into visible life again. Here is one young gallant, rich in lace and embroidery, describing to a knot of earnest, eager listeners the recent battle. But for this the youth had vegetated on his own acres, a slow, respectable squire—he is a knight now, errant on an enterprise as daring and adventurous as ever engaged a Sir Lancelot or Sir Tristram. The young life, indeed, hangs in the balance—the nation's warfare is involved; but the dangers which surround and hem them about only brighten those youthful eyes, and make their hearts beat the quicker. All things are possible—the impossible they behold before them a thing accomplished; and the magician exercises over them a power like witchcraft;—their whole thoughts turn upon him—their speech is full of Prince Charles.

Graver are the older people—the

men who risk families, households, established rank—and whose mature minds can realise the full risk involved. Men attainted in "the fifteen," who remember how it went with them then—men whom trustful retainers follow, and on whose heads lies this vast responsibility of life and death. On some faces among them are dark immovable clouds—on some the desperate calmness of hearts strung to any or every loss; and few forget, even in those brief triumphant festivities, that their lives are in their hands.

In one of those deep window-seats, half hidden by the curtain, Katie Stewart sits at her embroidery frame. If she never worked with a will before, she does it now; for the little rural belle is fluttered and excited by the presence and unusual conversation of the brilliant company round her. The embroidery frame just suffices to mark that Katie is Katie, and not a noble Erskine, for Lady Anne has made it very difficult to recognise the distinction by means of the dress. Katie's, it is true, is plainer than her friend's;—she has no jewels—wears no white rose; but as much pains have been bestowed on her toilette as on that of any lady in the room; and Lady Anne sits very near the window, lest Katie should think herself neglected. There is little fear—for here he stands, the grand gentleman, at Katie Stewart's side!

Deep in those massy walls is the recess of the window, and the window itself is not large, and has a frame of strong broad bars, such as might almost resist a siege. The seat is cushioned and draped with velvet, and the heavy crimson curtain throws a flush upon Katie's face. Quickly move the round arms, gloved with delicate black lace, which does not hide their whiteness; and, escaping from this cover, the little fingers wind themselves among those bright silks, now resting a moment on the canvass, as Katie lifts her eyes to listen to something not quite close at hand which strikes her ear—now impatiently beating on the frame as she droops her head, and cannot choose but hear something very close at hand which touches her heart.

A grand gentleman!—Manlike and gallant the young comely face which, high up there, on the other side of those heavy crimson draperies, bends towards her with smiles and winning looks, and words low-spoken—brave the gay heart which beats under his rich uniform—noble the blood that warms it. A veritable Sir Alexander, not far from the noble house of Mar in descent, and near them in friendship; a brave, poor baronet, young, hopeful, and enthusiastic, already in eager joyous fancies beholding his Prince upon the British throne, himself on the way to fortune. At first only for a hasty moment, now and then, can he linger by Katie's window; but the moments grow longer and longer, and now he stands still beside her, silently watching this bud grow upon the canvass—silently following the motion of those hands. Little Katie dare not look up for the eyes that rest on her—eyes which are not bold either, but have a certain shyness in them; and as her eyelids droop over her flushed cheeks, she thinks of the hero of her dreams, and asks herself, with innocent wonder thrilling through her heart, if this is he?

The ladies talk beside her, as Katie cannot talk; shrewdly, simply, within herself, she judges what they say—forms other conclusions—pursues quite another style of reasoning—but says nothing; and Sir Alexander leans his high brow on the crimson curtain, and disregards them all for her.

Leaves them all to watch this bud—to establish a supervision, under which Katie at length begins to feel uneasy, over these idling hands of hers. Look him in the face, little Katie Stewart, and see if those are the eyes you saw in your dreams.

But just now she cannot look him in the face. In a strange enchanted mist she reclines in her window-seat, and dallies with her work. Words float in upon her half-dreaming sense, fragments of conversation which she will remember at another time; attitudes, looks, of which she is scarcely aware now, but which will rise on her memory hereafter, when the remembered sunshine of those days begins to trace out the frescoes on the wall. But now the hours float away as the pageant passed through that crowded High Street yesterday. She is scarcely conscious of their progress as they go, but will gaze after them when they are gone.

"And you have no white rose?" said the young cavalier.

He speaks low. Strange that he should speak low, when among so many conversations other talkers have to raise their voices—low as Philip Landale used to speak to Isabell.

"No," said Katie.

He bends down further—speaks in a still more subdued tone; while Katie's fingers play with the silken thread, and she stoops over her frame so closely that he cannot see her face.

"Is it possible that in Kellie one should have lived disloyal? But that is not the greatest marvel. To be young, and fair, and generous—is it not the same as to be a friend of the Prince? But your heart is with the white rose, though you do not wear it on your breast?"

"No." Look up, little Katie—up with honest eyes, that he may be convinced. "No; his forefathers were ill men; and many a man will die first, if Prince Charles be ever King."

"Katie, Katie!" said the warning voice of Lady Anne, who has caught the last words of this rebellious speech. And again the mist steals over her in her corner; and as the light wanes and passes away from the evening skies, she only dimly sees the bending figure beside her, only vaguely receives into her dreaming mind the

low words he says. It is all a dream—the beautiful dim hours depart—the brilliant groups disperse and go away; and, leaning out alone from that oriel window, Katie Stewart looks forth upon the night.

Now and then passes some late reveller—now and then drowsily paces past a veteran of the City Guard. The street is dark on this side, lying in deep shadow; but the harvest moon throws its full light on the opposite pavement, and the solitary unfrequent figures move along, flooded in the silver radiance, which seems to take substance and tangibility from them, and to bear them along, floating, gliding, as the soft waters of the Firth bore the sloop across the ferry. But here comes a quick footstep of authority, echoing through the silent street—a rustling Highland Chief, with a dark henchman, like a shadow at his hand; and that—what is that lingering figure looking up to the light in Lady Anne Erskine's window, as he slowly winds his way downward to the Palace? Little Katie's heart—she had brought it out here to still it—leaps again; for this is the same form which haunts her fancy; and again the wonder thrills through her strangely, if thus she has come in sight of her fate.

Draw your silken mantle closer round you, Katie Stewart; put back the golden curls which this soft breath of night stirs on your cheek, and lean your brow upon your hand which leans upon the sculptured stone. Slowly he passes in the moonlight, looking up at the light which may be yours—which is not yours, little watcher, whom in the gloom he cannot see; let your eyes wander after him, as now the full moonbeams fill up the vacant space where a minute since his gallant figure stood. Yes, it is true; your sunny face shines before his eyes—your soft voice is speaking visionary words to that good simple heart of his; and strange delight is in the thrill of wonder which moves you to ask yourself the question—Is this the hero?

But now the sleep of youth falls on you when your head touches the pillow. No, simple Katie, no; when the hero comes, you will not speculate—will not ask yourself questions; but now it vexes you that your first

thoughts in the waking morrow are not of this stranger, and neither has he been in your dreams.

For dreams are perverse—honest—and will not be persuaded into the service of this wandering fancy. Spring up, Katie Stewart, thankfully out of those soft, deep, dreamless slumbers, into the glorious morning air, which fills the street between those lofty houses like some golden fluid in an antique well;—spring up joyously to the fresh lifetime of undiscovered hours which lie in this new day. Grieve not that only tardily, slowly, the remembrance of the last night's gallant returns to your untroubled mind; soon enough will come this fate of yours, which yet has neither darkened nor brightened your happy skies of youth. Up with your free thoughts, Katie, and bide your time!

A visitor of quite a different class appeared in Lady Colville's drawing-room that day. It was the Honourable Andrew, whose magnificent manners had awakened Katie's admiration at his brother's marriage. Not a youth, but a mature man, this Colville was heir to the lordship; for the good Lady Betty had no children; and while the elder brother spent his prime in the toils of his profession, fighting and enduring upon the sea, the younger indolently dwelt at home, acquiring, by right of a natural inclination towards the beautiful, the character of a refined and elegant patron of the arts. Such art as there was within his reach, he did patronise a little; but his love of the beautiful was by no means the elevating sentiment which we generally conclude it to be. He liked to have fine shapes and colours ministering to his gratification—liked to appropriate and collect around himself, his divinity, the delicate works of genius—liked to have the world observe how fine his eye was, and how correct his taste; and, lounging in his sister-in-law's drawing-room, surveyed the dark portraits on the walls, and the tall erect Lady Anne in the corner, with the same supercilious polished smile.

Lady Betty sits in a great chair, in a rich dress of black silk, with a lace cap over her tower of elaborate hair. She is just entering the autumnal years; placid, gentle, full of

the sunshine of kindness has been her tranquil summer, and it has mellowed and brightened her very face. Less harsh than in her youth are those pale lines—softened, rounded by that kind hand of Time, which deals with her gently, she uses him so well.

The Honourable Andrew, with his keen eyes, does not fail to notice this, and now he begins to compliment his sister on her benign looks; but Lady Anne is not old enough to be benign, and her movements become constrained and awkward—her voice harsh and unmanageable, in presence of the critic. He scans her pale face as if it were a picture—listens when she speaks like one who endures some uncouth sounds—is a Whig. Lady Anne could almost find it in her heart, gentle though that heart be, to hate this supercilious Andrew Colville.

Loop up this heavy drapery—Katie Stewart is not aware of any one looking at her. Her fingers, threaded through these curls, support her cheek—her shoulders are carelessly curved—her other ungloved arm leans upon the frame of her embroidery, and her graceful little head bends forward, looking out with absorbed unconscious eyes. Now there comes a waking to the dreamy face, a start to the still figure. What is it? Only some one passing below, who lifts his bonnet from his bright young forehead, and bows as he passes. Perhaps the bow is for Lady Anne, faintly visible at another window. Lady Anne thinks so, and quietly returns it as a matter of course; but not so thinks Katie Stewart.

The Honourable Andrew Colville changes his seat: it is to bring himself into a better light for observing that picture in the window, which, with a critic's delight, he notes and outlines. But Katie all the while is quite unconscious, and now takes two or three meditative stitches, and now leans on the frame, idly musing, without a thought that any one sees or

looks at her. By and by Mr Colville rises, to stand by the crimson curtain where Sir Alexander stood on the previous night, and Katie at last becomes conscious of a look of admiration very different from the sly glances of the youthful knight. But Mr Colville is full thirty: the little belle has a kind of compassionate forbearance with him, and is neither angry nor fluttered. She has but indifferent cause to be flattered, it is true, for the Honourable Andrew admires her just as he admires the magnificent lace which droops over his thin white hands; but still he is one of the *cognoscenti*, and bestows his notice only on the beautiful.

And he talks to her, pleased with the shrewd answers which she sometimes gives; and Katie has to rein in her wandering thoughts, and feels guilty when she finds herself inattentive to this grandest of grand gentlemen; while Lady Betty, looking over at them anxiously from her great chair, thinks that little Katie's head will be turned.

It is in a fair way; for when Mr Colville, smiling his sweetest smile to her, has bowed himself out, and Katie goes up-stairs to change her dress preparatory to a drive in Lady Betty's great coach, Bauby approaches her mysteriously with a little cluster of white rosebuds in her hand.

"Muckle fash it has ta'en to get them at this time o' the year, Miss Katie, ye may depend," said the oracular Bauby; "and ye ken best yoursel wha they're frae."

The white rose—the badge of rebellion! But the little Whig puts it happily in her breast, and, when Bauby leaves her, laughs aloud in wonderment and pleasure; but, alas! only as she laughed, not very long ago, at this new black mantle or these cambric ruffles; for you are only a new play-thing, gallant Sir Alexander, with some novelty and excitement about you. You are not the hero.

CHAPTER XII.

The little town of Anstruther stands on the side of the Firth, stretching its lines of grey-red-roofed houses closely along the margin of the water. Sail-

ing past its little quiet home-like harbour, you see one or two red sloops peacefully lying at anchor beside the pier. These sloops are always there.

If one comes and another goes, the passing spectator knows it not. On that bright clear water, tinged with every tint of the rocky bed below—which, in this glistening autumn day, with only wind enough to ruffle it faintly now and then, looks like some beautiful jasper curiously veined and polished, with streaks of salt-sea-green, and sober brown, and brilliant blue, distinct and pure below the sun—these little vessels lie continually, as much a part of the scene as that grey pier itself, or the houses yonder of the twin towns. Twin towns there must be, as you learn from those two churches which elevate their little spires above the congregated roofs. The spires themselves look as if, up to a certain stage of their progress, they had contemplated being towers, but, changing their mind when the square erection had attained the form of a box, suddenly inclined their sides towards each other, and became abrupt little steeples, whispering to you recollections of the Revolution Settlement, and the prosaic days of William and Mary. In one of them—or rather in its predecessor—the gentle James Melville once preached the Gospel he loved so well; and peacefully for two hundred years have they looked out over the Firth, to hail the boats coming and going to the sea-harvest; peacefully through their small windows the light has fallen on little children, having the name named over them which is above all names; and now with a homely reverence they watch their dead.

A row of houses, straggling here and there into corners, turn their faces to the harbour. This is called the Shore. And when you follow the line of rugged pavement nearly to its end, you come upon boats, in every stage of progress, being mended—here with a great patch in the side—there resplendent in a new coat of pitch, which now is drying in the sun. The boats are well enough, and so are the glistening spoils of the “herring drave;” but quite otherwise is the odour of dried and cured fish which salutes you in modern Anstruther. Let us say no evil of it—it is villanous, but it is the life of the town.

Straggling streets, and narrow wynds climb a little brae from the

shore. Thrifty are the townsfolk, whose to-morrow, for generations, is but a counterpart of yesterday. Nevertheless, there have been great people here—Maggie Lauder, Professor Tennant, Dr Chalmers. The world has heard of the quiet burghs of East and West Anster.

A mile to the westward, on the same sea-margin, lies Pittenweem, another sister of the family. Turn along the high-road there, though you must very soon retrace your steps. Here is this full magnificent Firth, coming softly in with a friendly ripple, over these low, dark, jutting rocks. Were you out in a boat yonder, you would perceive how the folds of its great garment (for in this calm you cannot call them waves) were marked and shaded. But here that shining vestment of sea-water has one wonderful prevailing tint of blue; and between it and the sky, lingers yonder the full snowy sails of a passing ship;—here some red specks of fishing-boats straying down towards the mouth of the Firth, beyond yon high rock—home of sea-mews—the lighthouse Isle of May. Far over, close upon the opposite shore, lies a mass of something grey and shapeless, resting like a great shell upon the water—that is the Bass; and behind it there is a shadow on the coast, which you can dimly see, but cannot define—that is Tantallon, the stronghold of the stout Douglasses; and westward rises the abrupt cone of North Berwick Law, with a great calm bay stretching in from its feet, and a fair green country retreats beyond, from the water-side to the horizon line.

Turn now to the other hand, cross the high-road, and take this footpath through the fields. Gentle Kellie Law yonder stands quietly under the sunshine, watching his peaceful dominions. Yellow stubble-fields stretch, bare and dry, over these slopes; for no late acre now yields a handful of ears to be gleaned or garnered. But in other fields the harvest work goes on. Here is one full of work-people—quieter than the wheat harvest, not less cheery—out of the rich dark fragrant soil gathering the ripe potato, then in a fresh youthful stage of its history, full of health and vigour; and ploughs are pacing

through other fields; and on this fresh breeze, slightly chilled with coming winter, although brightened still by a fervent autumnal sun, there comes to you at every corner the odour of the fertile fruitful earth.

Follow this burn;—it is the same important stream which forms the boundary between Anstruther Easter and Wester; and when it has led you a circuit through some half-dozen fields, you come upon a little cluster of buildings gathered on its side. Already, before you reach them, that rustling sound tells you of the mill; and now you have only to cross the wooden bridge, (it is but two planks, though the water foams under it,) and you have reached the miller's door.

That little humble cot-house, standing respectfully apart, with the miller's idle cart immediately in front of it, is the dwelling-place of Robert Moulter, the miller's man; but the miller's own habitation is more ambitious. In the strip of garden before the door there are some rose-bushes, some "apple-ringie," and long plumes of gardener's garters; and there is a pointed window in the roof, bearing witness that this is a two-storied house of superior accommodation: the thatch itself is fresh and new—very different from that mossy dilapidated one of the cottar's house; and above the porch flourishes a superb "fouat." The door, as usual, is hospitably open, and you see that within all are prepared for going abroad; for there is a penny wedding in the town, which already has roused all Auster.

Who is this, standing by the window, cloaked and hooded, young, but a matron, and with that beautiful happy light upon her face? Under her hood, young as she is, appears the white edge of lace, which proves her to have assumed already, over the soft brown shining hair which crosses her forehead, the close cap of the wife; but nothing remains of the old shy sad look, to tell you that this is Isabell Stewart. Nor is it. Mrs Stewart there, in her crimson plaid and velvet hood, who is at present delivering a lecture on household economics, to which her daughter listens with a happy smile, would be

the first to set you right if you spoke that old name. Not Isabell Stewart—Leddy Kilbrachmont!—a landed woman, head of a plentiful household, and the crown and honour of the thrifty mother, whose training has fitted her for such a lofty destiny, whose counsels help her to fill it so well.

Janet, equipped like the rest, goes about the apartment, busily setting everything "out of the road." The room is very much like the family room in Kellie Mill: domestic architecture of this homely class is not capable of much variety; and hastily Janet thrusts the same pretty wheel into a corner, and her mother locks the glistening doors of the oak aumrie. Without stands Philip Landale, speaking of his crops to the miller; and a good-looking young sailor, *fiancée* of the coquettish Janet, lingers at the door, waiting for her.

But there is another person in the background, draping the black lace which adorns her new cloak gracefully over her arm, throwing back her shoulders with a slightly ostentatious, disdainful movement, and holding up her head like Lady Anne. Ah, Katie! simple among the great people, but very anxious to look like a grand lady among the small! Very willing are you in your heart to have the unsophisticated fun of this penny wedding to which you are bound, but with a dignified reluctance are you preparing to go; and though Isabell smiles, and Janet pretends to laugh, Janet's betrothed is awed, and thinks there is something very magnificent about Lady Anne Erskine's friend. They make quite a procession as they cross the burn, and wind along the pathway towards the town;—Janet and her companion hurrying on first; young Kilbrachmont following, very proud of the wife who holds his arm, and looking with smiling admiration on the little pretty sister at his other hand; while the miller and his wife bring up the rear.

"Weel, I wouldna be a boaster," said Mrs Stewart; "it would ill set us, wi' sae muckle reason as we have to be thankful. But just look at that bairn. It's my fear she'll be getting a man o' anither rank than ours, the little cuttie! I wouldna say but she

looks down on Kilbrachmont his ain very sel."

"She's no blate to do anything o' the kind," said the miller.

"And how's the like o' you to ken?" retorted his wife. "It's my ain blame, nae doubt, for speaking to ye. Ye're a' very weel with your happier and your meal, John Stewart; but what should you ken about young womenfolk?"

"Weel, weel, sae be it, Isabell," said John. "It's a mercy ye think ye understand yoursels, for to simple folk ye're faddomless, like the auld enemy. I pretend to nae discernment amang ye."

"There winna be ane like her in the hail Town House," said Mrs Stewart to herself; "no Isabell even, let alane Janet; and the bit pridefu' look—the little cuttie!—as if *she* was only better than her neighbours."

The Town House of West Anster is a low-roofed, small-windowed room, looking out to the churchyard on one side, and to a very quiet street on the other; for West Anster is a suburban and rural place, in comparison with its more active brother on the other side of the burn, by whom it is correspondingly despised. Climbing up a narrow staircase, the party entered the room, in which at present there was very little space for locomotion, as two long tables, flanked by a double row of forms, and spread for a dinner, at which it was evident the article guest would be a most plentiful one, occupied almost the whole of the apartment. The company had just begun to assemble; and Katie, now daintily condescending to accept her brother-in-law's arm, returned with him to the foot of the stair, there to await the return of the marriage procession from the manse, at which just now the ceremony was being performed.

The street is overshadowed by great trees—which, leaning over the churchyard wall on one side, and surrounding the manse, which is only a few yards further down, on the other—darken the little street, and let in the sunshine picturesquely, in bars and streaks, through the thinning yellow foliage. There is a sound of approaching music; a brisk fiddle, performing "Fy let us a' to the

bridal," in its most animated style; and gradually the procession becomes visible, ascending from the dark gates of the manse. The bridegroom is an Anster fisherman. They have all the breath of salt water about them, these blue-jacketed sturdy fellows who form his retinue, with their white wedding favours. And creditable to the mother town are those manly sons of hers, trained to danger from the cradle. The bride is the daughter of a Kilbrachmont cottar—was a servant in Kilbrachmont's house; and it is the kindly connection between the employer and the employed which brings the whole family of Landales and Stewarts to the penny wedding. She is pretty and young; this bride; and the sun glances in her hair, as she droops her uncovered head, and fixes her shy eyes on the ground. A long train of attendant maidens follow her; and nothing but the natural tresses, snooded with silken ribbons, adorn the young heads over which these bright lines of sunshine glisten as the procession passes on.

With her little cloak hanging back upon her shoulders, and her small head elevated, looking down, or rather looking up, (for this humble bride is undeniably taller than little Katie Stewart,) and smiling a smile which she intends to be patronising, but which by no means succeeds in being so, Katie stands back to let the bride pass; and the bride does pass, drooping her blushing face lower and lower, as her master wishes her joy, and shakes her bashful reluctant hand. But the bridesmaid, a simple fisherman's daughter, struck with admiration of the little magnificent Katie, abruptly halts before her, and whispers to the young fisherman who escorts her, that Kilbrachmont and the little belle must enter first. Katie is pleased: the girl's admiration strikes her more than the gaping glances of ever so many rustic wooers; and with such a little bow as Lady Anne might have given, and a rapid flush mounting to her forehead, in spite of all her pretended self-possession, she stepped into the procession, and entered the room after the bride.

Who is this so busy and popular

among the youthful company already assembled? You can see him from the door, though he is at the further end of the room, overtopping all his neighbours like a youthful Saul. And handsomely the sailor's jacket sits on his active, well-formed figure; and he stoops slightly, as though he had some fear of this low dingy roof. He has a fine face too, browned with warm suns, and gales; for William Morison has sailed in the Mediterranean, and is to be mate, this next voyage, of the gay Levant schooner, which now lies loading in Leith harbour. Willie Morison! Only the brother of Janet's betrothed, little Katie; so you are prepared to be good to him, and to patronise your future brother-in-law.

His attention was fully occupied just now. But suddenly his popularity fails in that corner, and gibes take the place of approbation. What ails him? What has happened to him? But he does not answer; he only changes his place, creeping gradually nearer, nearer, looking—alas, for human presumption!—at you, little Katie Stewart—magnificent, dignified you!

It is a somewhat rude, plentiful dinner; and there is a perfect crowd of guests. William Wood, the Elie joiner, in the dark corner yonder, counts the heads with an inward chuckle, and congratulates himself that, when all these have paid their half-crowns, he shall carry a heavy pocketful home with him, in payment of the homely furniture he has made; and the young couple have the price of their plenishing cleared at once. But the scene is rather a confused noisy scene, till the dinner is over.

Now clear away these long encum-

bering tables, and tune your doleful fiddles quickly, ye musical men, that the dancers may not wait. Katie tries to think of the stately minuets which she saw and danced in Edinburgh; but it will not do: it is impossible to resist the magic of those inspiring reels; and now Willie Morison is bending his high head down to her, and asking her to dance.

Surely—yes—she will dance with him—kindly and condescendingly, as with a connection. No fear palpitates at little Katie's heart—not a single throb of that tremor with which she saw Sir Alexander approach the window-seat in Lady Colville's drawing-room; and shy and quiet looks Willie Morison, as she draws on that graceful lace glove of hers, and gives him her hand.

Strangely his great fingers close over it, and Katie, looking up with a little wonder, catches just his retreating, shrinking eye. It makes her curious, and she begins to watch—begins to notice how he looks at her stealthily, and does not meet her eye with frankness as other people do. Katie draws herself up, and again becomes haughty, but again it will not do. Kindly looks meet her on all sides, friendly admiration, approbation, praise; and the mother watching her proudly yonder, and those lingering shy looks at her side. She plays with her glove in the interval, of the dance—draws it up on her white arm, and pulls it down; but it is impossible to fold the wings of her heart and keep it still, and it begins to flutter with vague terror, let her do what she will to calm its beating down.

CHAPTER XII

The burn sings under the moon, and you cannot see it; but yonder where it bends round the dark corner of this field, it glimmers like a silver bow. Something of witchcraft and magic is in the place and time. Above, the sky overflowed with the moonbeams; behind, the Firth quivering and trembling under them in an ecstasy of silent light; below, the grass which presses upon the narrow

footpath so dark and colourless, with here and there a visible gem of dew shining among its blades like a fallen star. Along that high-road, which stretches its broad white line westward, lads and lasses are trooping home, and their voices strike clearly into the charmed air, but do not blend with it, as does that lingering music which dies away in the distance far on the other side of the town, and the

soft voice of this burn near at hand. The homeward procession to the Milton is different from the outward bound. Yonder, steadily at their sober everyday pace, go the miller and his wife. You can see her crimson plaid faintly, through the silvered air which pales its colour; but you cannot mistake the broad outline of John Stewart, or the little active figure of the mistress of the Milton. Young Kilbrachmont and Isabell have gone home by another road, and Janet and her betrothed are "convoying" some of their friends on the way to Pittenween, and will not turn back till they pass that little eerie house at the Kirk Latch, where people say the Red Slippers delight to promenade; so never look doubtfully over your shoulder, anxious Willie Morison, in fear lest the noisy couple yonder overtake you, and spoil this silent progress home. Now and then Mrs Stewart, rapidly marching on before, turns her head to see that you are in sight; but nothing else—for gradually these voices on the road soften and pass away—comes on your ear or eye unpleasantly to remind you that there is a host of beings in the world, besides yourself and this shy reluctant companion whose hand rests on your arm.

For under the new laced mantle, of which she was so proud this morning, Katie Stewart's heart is stirring like a bird. She is a step in advance of him, eager to quicken this slow pace; but he lingers—constantly lingers, and some spell is on her, that she cannot bid him hasten. Willie Morison!—only the mate of that pretty Levant schooner which lies in Leith harbour; and the little proud Katie tries to be angry at the presumption which ventures to approach her—her, to whom Sir Alexander did respectful homage—whom the Honourable Andrew signalled out for admiration; but Katie's pride, only as it melts and struggles, makes the magic greater. He does not speak a great deal; but when he does, she stumbles strangely in her answers; and then Katie feels the blood flush to her face, and again her foot advances quickly on the narrow path, and her hand makes a feint to glide out of that restraining arm. No, think it not, little Katie—

once you almost wooed your heart to receive into it, among all the bright dreams which have their natural habitation there, the courtly youthful knight, whose reverent devoirs charmed you into the land of old romance; but, stubborn and honest, the little wayward heart refused. Now let your thoughts, alarmed and anxious, press round their citadel and keep this invader out. Alas! the besieged fortress trembles already, lest its defenders should fail and falter; and angry and petulant grow the resisting thoughts, and they swear to rash vows in the silence. Rash vows—vows in which there lies a hot impatient premonition, that they must be broken very soon.

Under those reeds, low beneath those little overhanging banks, tufted with waving rushes, you scarcely could guess this burn was there, but for the tinkling of its unseen steps; but they walk beside it like listeners entranced by fairy music. The silence does not oppress nor embarrass them now, for that ringing voice fills it up, and is like a third person—a magical elfin third person, whose presence disturbs not their solitude.

"Katie!" cries the house-mother, looking back to mark how far behind those lingerers are; and Katie again impatiently quickens her pace, and draws her companion on. The burn grows louder now, rushing past the idle wheel of the mill, and Mrs Stewart has crossed the little bridge, and they hear, through the still air, the hasty sound with which she turns the great key in the door. Immediately there are visible evidences that the mistress of the house is within it again, for a sudden glow brightens the dark window, and throws a cheerful flickering light from the open door; but the moon gleams in the dark burn, pursuing the foaming water down that descent it hurries over; and the wet stones, which impede its course, glimmer dubiously in the light which throws its splendour over all. Linger, little Katie—slower and slower grow the steps of your companion; linger to make the night beautiful—to feel in your heart as you never felt before, how beautiful it is.

Only Willie Morison! And yet a

little curiosity prompts you to look out and watch him from your window in the roof as you lay your cloak aside. He is lingering still by the burn—leaving it with reluctant, slow steps—looking back and back as if he could not make up his mind to go away; and hastily, with a blush which the darkness gently covers, you withdraw from the window, little Katie, knowing that it is quite impossible he could have seen you, yet trembling lest he has.

The miller has the great Bible on the table, and bitter is the reproof which meets the late-returning Janet, as her mother stands at the open door and calls to her across the burn. It is somewhat late, and Janet yawns as she seats herself in the background, out of the vigilant mother's eye, which, seeing everything, gives no sign of weariness; and Katie meditatively leans her head upon her hand, and places her little Bible in the shadow of her arm, as the family devotion begins. But again and again, before it has ended, Katie feels the guilty blood flush over her forehead; for the sacred words have faded from before her downcast eyes, and she has seen only the retreating figure going slowly away in the moonlight—a blush of indignant shame and self-anger, too, as well as guilt; for this is no Sir Alexander—no hero—but only Willie Morison.

"Send that monkey hame, Isabell," said John Stewart. He had just returned thanks and taken up his bonnet, as he rose from their homely breakfast-table next morning. "Send that monkey hame, I say; I'll no hae my house filled wi' lads again for ony gilpie's pleasure. Let Katie's joes gang up to Kellie if they maun make fules o' themselves. Janet's ser'd, Gude be thankit; let's hae nae mair o't noo."

"It's my desire, John Stewart, you would just mind your ain business, and leave the house to me," answered his wife. "If there's ae sight in the world I like waur than anither, it's a man pitting his hand into a house-wifeskep. I ne'er meddle with your meal. Robbie and you may be tooming it a' down the burn, for ought I ken; but leave the lassies to me, John, my man. I hae a hand

that can grip them yet, and that's what ye ne'er were gifted with."

The miller shrugged his shoulders, threw on his bonnet, but without any further remonstrance went away.

"And how lang are ye to stay, Katie?" resumed Mrs Stewart.

"I'll gang up to Kilbrachmont, if ye're wearying on me, mother," answered the little belle.

"Haud your peace, ye cuttie. Is that a way to answer your mother, and me slaving for your gnid, nicht and day? But hear ye, Katie Stewart, I'll no hae Willie Morison coming courting here; ae scone's enow o' a baking. Janet there is to be cried with Alick—what he could see in her, I canna tell—next Sabbath but twa; and though the Morisons are very decent folk, we're sib enough wi' ae wedding. So ye'll mind what I say, if Willie Morison comes here at e'en."

"I dinna ken what you mean, mother," said Katie indignantly.

"I'll warrant Katie thinks him no guid enough," said Janet, with a sneer.

"Will ye mind your wark, ye tamper? What's your business with Katie's thoughts? And let me never mair see you sit there with a red face, Katie Stewart, and tell a lie under my very e'en. I'll no thole't. Janet, redd up that table. Merran, ye're wanted out in the East Park; if Robbie and you canna be done with that pickle taties the day, ye'll ne'er make sant to your kail; and now I'm gaun in to Anster mysel'—see ye pit some birr in your fingers the time I'm away."

"Never you heed my mother, Katie," said Janet benevolently, as Mrs Stewart's crimson plaid began to disappear over the field. "She says aye a hantle mair than she means; and Willie may come the nicht, for a' that."

"Willie may come! And do you think I care if he never crossed Anster Brig again?" exclaimed Katie with burning indignation.

"Weel, I wouldna say. He's a bonnie lad," said Janet, as she lifted the shining plates into the lower shelf of the oak aumrie. "And if you dinna care, Katie, what gars ye have such a red face?"

"It's the fire," murmured Katie,

with sudden humiliation; for her cheeks indeed were burning—alas! as the brave Sir Alexander's name could never make them burn.

"Weel, he's to sail in three weeks, and he'll be a fule if he troubles his head about a disdainfu' thing that wou'dna stand up for him, puir chield. The first night ever Alick came after me, I wou'dna have held my tongue and heard onybody speak ill of him; and yesterday's no the first day—no by mony a Sabbath in the kirk, and mony a night at hame—that Willie Morison has gien weiry looks at you."

"He can keep his looks to himself," said Katie angrily, as the wheel *birded* under her impatient hand. "It was only to please ye a' that I let him come hame with me last night; and he's no a bonnie lad, and I dinna care for him, Janet."

Janet, with the firelight reddening that round, stout, ruddy arm, with which she lifts from the crook the suspended kettle, pauses in the act to look into Katie's face. The eyelashes tremble on the flushed cheek—the head is drooping—poor little Katie could almost cry with vexation and shame.

Merran is away to the field—the sisters are alone; but Janet only ventures to laugh a little as she goes with some bustle about her work, and records Katie's blush and Katie's anger for the encouragement of Willie Morison. Janet, who is experienced in such matters, thinks these are good signs.

And the forenoon glides away, while Katie sits absorbed and silent, turning the pretty wheel, and musing on all these affronts which have been put upon her. Not the first by many days on which Willie Morison has dared to think of her! And she remembers Sir Alexander, and that moonlight night on which she watched him looking up at Lady Anne Erskine's window, but very faintly, very indifferently, comes before her the dim outline of the youthful knight; whereas most clearly visible in his blue jacket, and with the fair hair blown back from his ruddy, manly face, appears this intruder, this Willie Morison.

The days are growing short. Very

soon now the dim clouds of the night droop over these afternoon hours in which Mrs Stewart says, "Naobody can ever settle to wark." It is just cold enough to make the people out of doors brisk in their pace, and to quicken the blood it exhilarates; and the voices of the field-labourers calling to each other as the women gather up the potato baskets and hoes which they have used in their work, and the men loose their horses from the plough, and lead them home, ring into the air with a clear musical cadence which they have not at any other time. Over the dark Firth, from which now and then you catch a long glistening gleam, which alone in the darkness tells you it is there, now suddenly blazes forth that beacon on the May. Not a sober light, shining under glass cases with the reflectors of science behind, but an immense fire piled high up in that iron cage which crowns the strong grey tower; a fiery, livid, desperate light, reddening the dark waters which welter and plunge below, so that you can fancy it rather the torch of a forlorn hope, fiercely gleaming upon ships dismantled and despairing men, than the soft clear lamp of help and kindness guiding the coming and going passenger through a dangerous way.

The night is dark, and this ruddy window in the Milton is innocent of a curtain. Skilfully the fire has been built, brightly it burns, paling the intellectual lamp up there, in its cruise on the high mantelpiece. The corners of the room are dark, and Merran, still moving about here and there, like a wandering star, crosses the orbit of this homely domestic sun, and anon mysteriously disappears into the gloom. Here, in an arm-chair, sits the miller, his bonnet laid aside, and in his hand a Caledonian Mercury, not of the most recent date, which he alternately elevates to the lamplight, and depresses to catch the bright glow of the fire; for the miller's eyes are not so young as they once were, though he scorns spectacles still.

Opposite him, in the best place for the light, sits Mrs Stewart, diligently mending a garment of stout linen, her own spinning, which time has begun slightly to affect. But her employment does not entirely engross

her vigilant eyes, which glance perpetually round with quick scrutiny, accompanied by remark, reproof, or bit of pithy advice—advice which no one dares openly refuse to take.

Janet is knitting a grey “rig-and-fur” stocking, a duplicate of these ones which are basking before the fire on John Stewart’s substantial legs. Constantly Janet’s clue is straying on the floor, or Janet’s wires becoming entangled; and when her mother’s eyes are otherwise directed, the hoiden lets her hands fall into her lap, and gives her whole attention to the whispered explosive jokes which Alick Morison is producing behind her chair.

Over there, where the light falls fully on her, though it does not do her so much service as the others, little Katie gravely sits at the wheel, and spins with a downcast face. Her dress is very carefully arranged—much more so than it would have been in Kellie—and the graceful cambric ruffles droop over her gloved arms, and she holds her head, stooping a little forward indeed, but still in a dignified attitude, with conscious pride and involuntary grace. Richly the flickering firelight brings out the golden gloss of that curl upon her cheek, and the cheek itself is a little flushed; but Katie is determinedly grave and dignified, and very rarely is cheated into a momentary smile.

For he is here, this Willie Morison! lingering over her wheel and her, a great shadow, speaking now and then when he can get an opportunity; but Katie looks blank and unconscious—will not hear him—and holds her head stiffly in one position rather than catch a glimpse of him as he sways his tall person behind her. Other lingering figures, half in the gloom, half in the light, encircle the little company by the fireside, and contribute to the talk, which, among

them, is kept up merrily—Mrs Stewart herself leading and directing it, and only the dignified Katie quite declining to join in the gossip and rural raillery, which, after all, is quite as witty, and—save that it is a little Ffish—scarcely in any respect less delicate than the *badinage* of more refined circles.

“It’s no often Anster gets a blink of your daughter. Is Miss Katie to stay lang?” asked a young farmer, whom Katie’s dress and manner had awed into humility, as she intended they should.

“Katie, ye’re no often so mim. Whatfor can ye no answer yoursel?” said Mrs Stewart.

“Lady Anne is away to England with Lady Betty—for Lord Colville’s ship’s come in,” said Katie sedately. “There’s nobody at the Castle but Lady Erskine. Lady Anne is to be back in three weeks. She says that in her letter.”

In her letter! Little Katie Stewart then receives letters from Lady Anne Erskine! The young farmer was put down: visions of seeing her a countess yet crossed his eyes and disenchanted him. “She’ll make a bonnie lady: there’s few of them like her; but she’ll never do for a poor man’s wife,” he muttered to himself as he withdrew a step or two from the vicinity of the unattainable sour plums.

But not so Willie Morison. “I’ll be three weeks of sailing mysel,” said the mate of the schooner, scarcely above his breath; and no one heard him but Katie.

Three weeks! The petulant thoughts rushed round their fortress, and vowed to defend it to the death. But in their very heat, alas! was there not something which betrayed a lurking traitor in the citadel, ready to display the craven white flag from its highest tower?

GOLD—EMIGRATION—FOREIGN DEPENDENCE—TAXATION.

BEFORE the following pages issue from the press, the contest involved in the Parliamentary Elections will be over. It is useless to speculate, therefore, on what will so soon be determined by a result which, for the time at least, will settle who is to hold the reins of power. Recording our confident hope that the Conservative party will obtain such a majority as may enable them to carry on the Government on those principles which can alone heal the wounds and allay the feuds which the policy of their predecessors have implanted in this country, it is of more importance at this time to inquire into the great and lasting interests of the nation, and the present circumstances in our ever-changing situation which most loudly call for attention, and must ere long force themselves upon the consideration of whatever Government is placed by the people at the head of affairs. The observations we are to offer are chiefly of a practical and remedial kind; for the changes to which they refer are such as are altogether beyond the reach of dispute, and on which all parties, however much divided on other subjects, are agreed.

The first of these subjects, in point of importance, beyond all question, both to the present interests and future destinies of the Empire, is the vast increase in the annual supply of gold for the use of the globe, which the late discoveries in California and Australia have made. Here, fortunately, there is no room for dispute; and, in fact, there is no dispute about the facts. It is conceded on all sides that the annual supply of the precious metals, before the new discoveries, was somewhat below £10,000,000 a year; of which about £6,000,000 was the annual waste by the wearing of coin, or the absorption of the precious metals in objects of luxury; and that before the end of 1851 this annual supply had risen to £30,000,000. There has been very little addition to the annual waste; so that the quantity annually added to the sum total of the precious metals in this world

has been multiplied at least *fivefold* during the last three years. It has risen from £4,000,000 annually to at least £20,000,000. And the recent accounts from Australia leave no room for doubt that this increase in the supply, how great soever, will be largely added to; for it appears that from 9th October to 9th April the yield of the Australian gold mines was above £3,000,000; and there appears to be no limits to the extent of the auriferous regions. It is quite certain, therefore, that the annual addition to the stock of the precious metals in the globe, will this year, and for a long period to come, be at least *six times* what it was before Providence revealed these hidden treasures to a suffering world.

The effect of this upon the price of gold may be judged of by the fact, that that metal is now selling at Melbourne for £3 an ounce, while the Mint price is £3, 17s. 10½d., which the bank is still obliged to give for all the gold brought to its doors! Sir Robert Peel said that "he could not by any effort of his understanding form any other idea of a pound sterling but a certain determinate *weight of gold metal*;" and the *Times*, in the pride of its heart at the vast effect of his monetary system in depressing the price of produce of every soil, and enhancing the value of money, boasted, within the last three years, that that system "had rendered the *sovereign worth two sovereigns*." We have not observed lately anything said in that able journal about the incomparable steadiness of a standard of value founded on "a determinate weight of gold;" nor do we hear any repetition, by its gifted authors, of its boasts about having rendered "the sovereign worth two sovereigns." On the contrary, according to their usual system, when they see a change fairly set in, and likely to be lasting, they have gone at once over to the other side, and fairly out-Heroded Herod in their estimate of the prodigious effect upon general prices of the vast additions recently made to the metallic treasures of the world. The journal which was

so strong upon Sir Robert Peel's policy having rendered the sovereign worth two sovereigns, has lately issued the following just and striking observations upon the probable effect on prices of all sorts of the entire repeal of that policy by the hand of nature :—

"To arrive at an exact solution, it would be necessary to ascertain the amount of gold and silver in the world, and the present annual consumption for coinage and the arts. This is impossible, and conjectural quantities must consequently be taken. The total of coin has been guessed at £100,000,000. Of this £50,000,000 may be assumed to be gold, and £250,000,000 silver. The annual consumption of gold is believed to be under £6,000,000.

"Starting with these figures, if the demand for gold were likely to continue limited to its ordinary amount, an estimate of the effect of the supplies now pouring upon us could easily be formed. Those supplies within the few years since the discovery of California have probably in the aggregate left us an excess of upwards of £30,000,000 over what has hitherto been found sufficient for current wants, and to maintain an equilibrium in the general relations of property. The increase, therefore, has been equal to 20 per cent on the whole sum in existence; in other words, the measure of value would appear to have been extended one-fifth, (just as if a 25-inch measure were extended to 30 inches,) and hence the effect to be looked for is obvious. Where gold is the standard, the price of every article adjusts itself to the relation it bears to that metal. If sovereigns were twice as numerous, a man would demand two where he now takes one. An increase of 20 per cent in the supply should, therefore, have been followed by a proportionate advance in the nominal value of all things.

"We have now, however, to consider the future. So long as there is any silver, to be supplanted in countries where, owing to the existence of a double standard, it is optional for the debtor to pay either in gold or in silver, the effects of the increased production will continue to be extended to both metals, and consequently, if the surplus of gold this year should be, as has been estimated, £25,000,000, its influence upon prices could be but 6 or 7 per cent. But the period must rapidly approach when the displacement of silver will have ended, and when the changes brought about will be upon gold alone. In France the existing amount of silver is still, doubtless,

very large; but this is not the case in the United States, and the proposed law by which the coins below a dollar are to be deteriorated 6.91 per cent will prevent for the present any action upon that portion of the stock. In Germany the debased state of the silver coinage will likewise for a long time preserve it from displacement. In Holland, silver has been already established as the standard, and cannot therefore be driven out. With regard to Eastern nations, it is difficult to form any estimate. On the whole, however, we may infer the possibility of the displacement process still occupying three or four years, and that during that time, therefore, the effects to be produced will be spread, as they have thus far been, over both metals.

"At the end of that period, the consequences will be felt by gold alone, and the relations of property measured by a gold standard will proportionably exhibit a more rapid disturbance. At the same time, it must not be overlooked that the increase of gold each year will have meanwhile diminished the per-centage of alteration which would otherwise take place. For instance, the total amount of gold in the world, which is now assumed at £150,000,000, would then possibly be £250,000,000; and a production which, operating upon the first sum, would cause a rise in prices of 10 per cent, would, under those circumstances, cause only an additional rise of 6 per cent. This is a feature of great importance in the whole question, because it will constantly tend to counteract that increasing ratio of disturbance which might be anticipated if the supply of each succeeding year should prove larger and larger. It is likewise to be borne in mind that, with a diminution in the purchasing power of gold, there will be a proportionate diminution in the inducement to seek it. If the quantity of gold were doubled to-morrow, a man who is at present content to work for one ounce a-week would then not be satisfied with less than two ounces.

"In the face, however, of these qualifying circumstances, and of the uncertainty of all the assumed totals that have been dealt with, it will be plain to most persons that there is enough to suggest some very decided ideas as to the main results that are coming on. A mistake of a hundred millions in the figures one way or the other would only make a difference of three or four years (where the annual supply is at the rate of £30,000,000) in the date of fulfilment. Even if we were to take the whole £400,000,000 of assumed money as liable

to be acted upon, it would require little more than fifteen years of the existing production to cause an alteration in the relations of property of 50 per cent."—*Times*, June 20, 1852.

These are abundantly curious statements to come from the leading journal in the monied interest, which has so long supported Sir Robert Peel's monetary policy, which went to make money dear and everything else cheap, and boasted, with smiling complacency, that he had succeeded in making the sovereign worth two sovereigns, and of course doubling the weight of every tax and shilling of debt, public and private, throughout the realm. So great a change makes us despair of nothing; and we even look forward with some confidence to the advent of a period when *The Times*, as a "State necessity" which can no longer be avoided, will be the first to advocate a return to protection on every species of industry within the realm.

We should greatly err if we measured the effects of this vast addition to the metallic treasures of the globe merely by its effect in raising prices, great and important as that effect undoubtedly is. That it will raise prices, gradually, indeed, but certainly, so that in twenty years they will have reached the level they had attained during the extensive demand and plentiful paper circulation of the war, may be considered certain. No human power can arrest the change any more than it can the rays of summer or the rains of autumn; and, therefore, all concerned—money-lenders, money-borrowers, capitalists, landlords, farmers, and manufacturers—had just as well make up their minds to it as *un fait accompli*, and regulate their measures and calculations accordingly. But a still more important effect, in reference to our laws and social condition in the mean time, is to be found in its tendency to keep the paper circulation out, and allay the apprehensions of bankers and money-lenders as to the risks of extending their issues, from a dread of an approaching monetary crisis, and a run upon their establishments for a conversion of their notes into gold.

These monetary crises, which have occurred so often, and been attended

with such devastation, during the last thirty years, were all of artificial creation. They were never known before the fatal system was introduced of considering paper not as a *substitute for*, but as a *representative of gold*, and of course entirely dependent for its extension or contraction upon the retention of, or a drain upon, the reserves of the precious metals. It is to the Bullion Committee of 1810, and the adoption of its doctrines by Sir Robert Peel by the Bill of 1819, that we owe that fatal change which not only deprived us of the chief advantages of credit, but converted it into the source of the most *unmeasured evil*, by stimulating industry in the most unbounded way at one time, and as suddenly and violently contracting it at another. The true use of a paper circulation, properly based, judiciously issued, and founded upon credit, is just the reverse: it is to supply the circulation, and keep it at the level which the wants of the community require in those periods of necessary periodical recurrence to every mercantile state, when the precious metals are drained away in large quantities by the necessities of war or the demands of a fluctuating commerce; and when, unless its place is supplied by the enlarged issue of paper, nothing but ruin and misery to all persons engaged in industrial occupations can ensue. Supplied by such a succedaneum, the most entire departure of the precious metals is attended, as was proved in 1810, by no sort of distress, either to the nation or the individuals of which it is composed. Without such a reserve to fall back upon—or, what is worse, with the reserve itself rendered dependent on the retention of the precious metals—any considerable drain upon them is the certain forerunner, as was proved in 1825 and 1847, of the most unbounded public and private calamities.

The gold of California and Australia has not entirely obviated these dangers, but it has greatly diminished the chance of their recurrence. It is still true that a sudden drain of gold for exportation, either for the purposes of commerce or the necessities of war, might, as in times past, occasion such a demand for gold on the Bank of England as would render

defensive measures on the part of the Bank a matter of necessity. Till the Bank is authorised by law on such an emergence to issue an increased quantity of notes *not convertible into gold*, absolute security cannot be obtained against such a catastrophe. But when the supply of gold from California and Australia is so great that £1,250,000 is received from the latter, as it has lately been, in *three weeks*, and the bullion in the vaults of the Bank of England amounts to £22,220,000, *nearly a million more than its whole notes in circulation*, it is obvious that the chances of any such calamity are very much diminished. An ample supply has been provided by Providence for the necessities in currency, not merely of this country, but of the entire earth, and therefore the chances of any violent contraction being rendered necessary by the sudden and extensive exportation of the precious metals have been greatly diminished.

The people of Great Britain may await in patience the inevitable result of the vast increase in the supply of the precious metals upon the prices of every article of commerce. That effect is undoubtedly, at present, an *arrest of the fall* which has so long been felt as so distressing by producers and holders of commodities; and this will be followed by a gradual but uninterrupted, and, at length, very great rise of prices. Beyond all doubt, the war prices will be restored before ten years have elapsed; and if the supplies of gold shall go on as they have done for the last two years, before twenty years are over prices will be doubled. Interested parties may complain as they like of this change—the thing is inevitable, and must be submitted to. They might just as well complain of the extension of the day in spring, or its contraction in autumn; the certainty of death, or the liability to disease. It is of more importance to form a clear idea of what the effects of this rise of prices will really be, both upon the producing and consuming classes, and to show the people how they should be on their guard against the attempts which will to a certainty be made to deprive them of the benefits designed for them by Providence.

To the industrial classes, whether in the produce of land, mines, or manufactures, it need hardly be said that this gradual rise of prices will be the greatest of all possible blessings. They may easily prognosticate what these will be: experience has given them a clear mode of estimating them. They have only to figure to themselves the *very reverse* of the whole seasons of distress which they have experienced during the last thirty-five years, to foresee their destiny. We shall not say that their condition will resemble what it was during the periods of excitement of 1821, 1836, or 1845; because these were artificial periods, when the effects of our monetary laws acted as ruinously in fostering speculation, as they did in the years immediately following in contracting the currency by which it was to be carried on. The change, in this instance, like all those induced by the wisdom of Nature, not occasioned by the folly or precipitation of man, will be gradual in its operation. The rise of prices will be so slow that it will from year to year be scarcely perceptible. From ten years, however, to ten years, it will be very conspicuous, and produce most important effects upon the progress of society. It will be gradual, but ceaseless, and unaccompanied by any of those vacillations which, under our monetary laws for the last thirty years, have produced such frightful devastation.

Nor need the consuming classes be under any apprehension that this rise of prices, which it is altogether beyond their power to prevent, will in the end prove detrimental to their interests. But for the delusions which, for their own purposes, the Free-Trade party have diffused through the world, it would have been superfluous, and in truth ridiculous, to have said anything on this subject. Every consumer stands on some producer: *ex nihilo nihil fit*. Is any argument required to show that the former cannot be in the long run injured by the bettering of the condition of the latter, by whose industry he is maintained? It is as clear as any proposition in geometry, that if the producing classes are kept in a prosperous condition, there

must every year be an addition made to the sum total of the produce, which is divided among, and maintains the *faintest* consumers. Those who depend upon fixed money-payments, indeed—as fundholders, annuitants, bondholders, and the like—will, in the first instance, undoubtedly be placed in a worse condition, because the money they receive will not go so far in the purchase of commodities as it once did. But this evil will even to them be in a degree compensated by the superior steadiness in money transactions, which a plentiful circulating medium never fails to induce, and the absence of those periodical monetary crises, the result of faulty legislation, which have so often in the last thirty years swallowed up the investments deemed the most secure.

The great and lasting relief to the nation which this gradual but certain rise in the money price of every species of produce cannot fail to produce, is the sensible diminution it will occasion in the weight of debts and taxes. If prices return, as in all probability they will, to the war level, there will be no greater difficulty in raising an adequate revenue for the State than there was during its continuance. The excuse that we cannot afford to defend ourselves, from our having become so very poor amidst our boasted Free Trade riches, will no longer avail. The taxes of £30,000,000 a-year will be practically reduced to £25,000,000; the debt of £800,000,000 to £400,000,000. The private debts, mortgages, and bonds, of £1,000,000,000, will be virtually reduced to £500,000,000. These are immense blessings, the consequence of Nature having reversed Sir R. Peel's monetary policy, which, by rendering the sovereign, as the *Times* boasted, worth two sovereigns, had to all practical purposes doubled those burdens; and they are worth tenfold more, even in a pecuniary point of view, than all that the Liberal party by their cry for economy have effected for the country during the last half-century.

But the very magnitude of these blessings which are in store for the nation, if it is not cheated out of them, renders it the more necessary that the *utmost vigilance* should be

exerted, lest, by cunning on the one side, and supineness on the other, they are lost. Rely upon it, the monied class who have seen their realised capital doubled in value and practical amount, during the last thirty years, by Sir R. Peel's artificial scarcity of the currency, will do their utmost to prevent the effects of the extension of it by Nature. Possibly they may endeavour to do this by withdrawing a large part, if not the whole, of the five-pound notes from circulation. Possibly they may attempt it by altering the standard, as by increasing the weight and quantity of gold in a pound. There is little danger of their succeeding in the first, because the inconvenience of carrying about large sums in so heavy an article as gold, will soon, as was the case with the abolition of the Sunday delivery of letters, compel their re-issue. But there is much more danger that they will succeed in the last, and, by increasing the quantity of gold in a pound sterling in proportion to the fall in its value, succeed in keeping prices at their present low level, notwithstanding all the addition which California and Australia have made to the circulating medium of the globe. Sir Robert Peel said that he could not, by any effort of his understanding, attach any other idea to a pound sterling, but "a certain determinate weight of gold bullion." But that was when gold was every day becoming scarcer and more valuable, and therefore the value of all realised fortunes measured by that pound was daily increasing. Now that it is daily diminishing, we venture to predict that his followers will discover they can attach *some other idea to a pound than a certain number of pennyweights of gold*. Their ideas will become expansive, and the pound will swell out with them. Having doubled their realised fortunes at the expense of the industrious classes when they had made money scarce, they will strive to prevent their wealth being restored to its original dimensions when the precious metals are becoming plentiful. If the standard is changed in proportion to the fall in the value of gold, *though it was religiously upheld when it was dear and scarce*, the result will be that the

weight of debt and taxes will remain just what they were; prices measured by gold will continue nearly at their present level; and all the encouragement to industry, and relief from burdens, which must ensue from the extension of the currency, if the standard is maintained at its present weight, will be lost to the nation.

It is of the utmost moment also that all classes should be made fully aware that the evils of Free Trade to the native industry of this country will not be in any sensible degree alleviated—nay, that they will in all probability in the end be increased—by the increase of the supplies of gold for the use of the world. The reason is, that it is a *catholic* or universal blessing, extending over all countries, and *affecting prices, consequently, in a proportional degree in every quarter of the globe.* It will, in consequence, leave the relative disadvantage of the old and rich state, in competing with the young and poor one for the supply of agricultural produce, just where it was. If it raises the price of wheat in the English market from 40s. a quarter to 60s., which in ten years, at the present rate of supply, will probably be the case, it will as certainly raise the price in Dantzic from 18s. to 27s., leaving the English farmer *still at the same disadvantage in competing with his poorer neighbour that he is at present.* Nay, the disadvantage will rather be increased; for gold, like every other valuable commodity, will be attracted to the richest country and the best market, and from an unusually large portion of it flowing into England, the effect in elevating prices will be more sensibly felt there than elsewhere. Prices will rise more in proportion in the rich than in the poorer states, where much less of it can be purchased or find its resting-place; so that the last state of the industrious classes, so far as competing with foreign nations is concerned, will be worse than the first. In so far, doubtless, as our agriculturists are depressed by the weight of taxes, they will experience relief from the extension of the currency; but they will derive none save in that way from the change of price in competing with the foreigner.

Notwithstanding this untoward cir-

cumstance, there can be no doubt that the condition of the agricultural classes will be sensibly benefited by the rise of prices, and that the depression under which they have so long suffered from the long continued fall, will be in a great measure arrested. Great and important political benefits will follow from this change. The undue preponderance of the wealthy classes, and the shopkeepers dependent on them, owing to legislation having doubled their fortunes at the expense of the industrial, will be arrested. As it was the scarcity of money, preponderance given to capital, and depression of industry consequent on the monetary bill of 1819, which, beyond all doubt, brought about the Reform Bill, and with it the sway of the shopkeeping interest in the boroughs, which landed us in Free Trade and all its consequences, agricultural, maritime, and colonial; so a series of effects the very converse of all these may be anticipated from the expansion of the currency which has flowed from the bounty of Nature. We do not say that, in consequence of these changes, any man who now has a vote either should or will lose it; but this we do say, that many men and many places, which have now no voice in the Legislature, will be duly represented. In particular, if the monopoly and preponderance of home capital is broken up, and the interests of industry are duly represented in Parliament, it will be impossible to withhold direct seats in the Imperial Legislature from the Colonies, if Free-Trade principles have not previously severed them from the British Empire.

Connected with this subject of the extension of our circulating medium by the discoveries in California and Australia, is another not less startling, and fraught with not less important consequences upon the future destinies of the country. This is the prodigious increase of EMIGRATION which has taken place since Free-Trade principles were carried into practice by Sir Robert Peel in 1846. To show the vast effects of that policy, it is only necessary to reflect on the subjoined Table, showing the progress of emigration for six years before and after Free Trade. By a curious coincidence, while by far the

greatest part of the immense increase is to be ascribed to the depression of domestic industry by the contraction of the currency and influx of foreign

commodities, a certain portion of the great exodus in the last year is to be ascribed to the newly discovered gold regions of the earth.

TABLE—SHOWING THE EMIGRATION FROM THE BRITISH ISLANDS FOR SIX YEARS
BEFORE AND AFTER FREE TRADE.

In the years 1840,	90,713	In the years 1846,	129,851
1841,	118,592	1847,	258,270
1842,	128,344	1848,	218,089
1843,	57,212	1849,	299,198
1844,	70,686	1850,	280,896
1845,	93,501	1851,	335,966
	6) 559,078		6) 1,552,570
	Average, 93,179		Average, 258,761

The emigration for the first four months of 1852, from the twelve principal harbours of Great Britain, was 103,316; nearly the same as in the corresponding period of last year, when it was 103,280. Since that, in May and June, the emigration, especially to the gold regions of Australia; has greatly increased, and it is now going on at the rate of about 5000 a-week. In all probability the emigration this year will reach 350,000, of which at least 50,000 will be to our distant settlements on the shores of Australia.

There is enough to make the most inconsiderate pause, and to fill with the most serious reflections every thoughtful mind. From three hundred to three hundred and fifty thousand persons emigrating from a single country in a single year, and this at the close of a period of six years, during which the average exodus has exceeded two hundred and fifty thousand a-year! Such a fact as this would, at any former period of English history, have excited the utmost alarm in the nation; but so habituated have the people become to disaster since the Free-Trade policy began, and so entirely have they got into the habit of looking only to the moment, and disregarding altogether all remote consequences, that it excites no sort of sensation. The annual increase of the population prior to 1845 was usually considered to be 1000 a-day, or

365,000 a-year; and this was for long a subject of congratulation and boast. The population returns of 1851, however, showed that, down to the end of 1846, it was only 230,000 a-year. But now, as 330,000 emigrants leave the British shores every year, there is AN ANNUAL DECREASE UPON THE WHOLE OF 100,000 SOULS; and that not of infants, or worn-out old persons, but chiefly young men and women in the prime of life.

The Free-Trade party, at a loss to explain this prodigious emigration, at a time when legislative principles were adopted, which, according to them, were diffusing universal prosperity, laboured hard to refer it to other causes. In the first instance, they said it was owing to the Irish famine; in the last, to Nature having scattered gold broadcast over the distant regions of the earth. Both excuses are devoid of foundation. The potato famine occurred in 1846; and since that time the harvests have been so good that, *twice over*, a public thanksgiving has been returned for that blessing. If Free Trade has really enriched the people of Great Britain, it should only have *enhanced*, except for other competitors, the market for Irish wheat, oats, and cattle, in the British Islands. It is rather too late in 1852, six years after the famine of 1846, to be reverting to that calamity as a cause of the present exodus; the more especially as, in the interim,

between death and emigration, two millions of souls have disappeared in the Emerald Isle.*

The pretext of the immense and increasing emigration being owing to the discovery of the Californian and Australian diggings is equally futile and unfounded. Five thousand a-week are now going there, a large proportion of whom may reasonably be considered as having been set in motion by the El Dorado visions connected with those regions. But supposing that sixty thousand emigrants this year land in Australia, of whom forty thousand have been attracted by the diggings, there will still remain three hundred thousand emigrants who have left the British shores, chiefly for the United States, irrespective of the gold mania. What is the cause of this long-continued exodus of our people?—a state of things not only unparalleled in the previous annals of this country, but unexampled in the whole previous history of the world. There is but one explanation can be given of it: the *Spectator*, in an able article on this subject, has very candidly stated the cause—it is *want of employment* which drives so many abroad. Go where you will among the middle and working-classes, and you will hear this cause assigned as the real reason why so many are going abroad; and equally universal is the lamentation, that the persons going away are the very *élite* of our people—the young, the energetic, the industrious; leaving only children, and aged or decrepit paupers to conduct the industry of the country, and furnish recruits to sustain its future fortunes.

However lightly the Free-Traders may treat the annual decrease of one hundred thousand in our population, and the commencement of a retrograde movement in a nation which has increased incessantly for four hundred years, there is here deep subject for lamentation to every lover of his country, and sincerely interest-

ed in its welfare. There can be no question that an increase of the numbers of the people, if accompanied by no decline in their circumstances, is the most decisive proof of public prosperity: the Free-Traders themselves acknowledge this, for they uniformly refer with exultation to any increase, however slight, in marriages, and decline in paupers, which has occurred while their system was in operation. It is impossible to conceive that a nation is thriving under a regime which annually sends from three hundred thousand to three hundred and thirty thousand persons into exile. You might as well say that an individual is thriving under a dysentery, which wastes him away at the rate of two pounds a-day. The bonds of country, home, habit, and companionship, are never broken on a great scale, and for a long time together, by any other force but the force of suffering. A golden El Dorado, a passing famine, may for a single season or two augment considerably the number of emigrants; but these causes are ephemeral in their operation, because the first speedily leads to the fortunate region being choked up with entrants, the last to the wasted one being bereft of inhabitants. But want of employment, declining means of obtaining a livelihood, is a chronic disorder, which presses unceasingly upon the people, and may drive them into exile for every year of a century together. It was this cause, indeed also by the free admission of foreign grain, which first ruined the agriculture, and at last put a period to the existence, of the Roman Empire.

As the increase of population in a healthy and thriving state of society leads to an additional increase, and constantly adds to the breadth of the basis on which the pyramid of the national prosperity is rested, so a decline in the numbers of the people is attended by a precisely opposite effect. In the first case, the prosperity of every one class reacts upon the pros-

* "The decrease of the Irish population from 1841 to 1851 was 1,659,330, of whom 1,289,133 emigrated. But as there was no considerable emigration till 1846, and the famine occurred in that year, there can be no doubt that down to the end of 1845 the population had advanced at its former rate, which would make the inhabitants in 1845 about 8,500,000, and the decrease since that time fully 2,000,000."—*Emigration Report*, July 12, 1852.

perity of every other class; in the last case, their suffering communicates itself in an equally decisive way to every class around them. As thus the great trade of every nation is that which goes on between the town and the country, and each finds its chief market in the wants of the other, it is impossible that either can suffer without the other class dependent on the sale of its produce suffering also. Extraneous causes, simultaneously acting on the market, may for a time prevent this effect becoming conspicuous; but in the long run it is sure to make itself felt. If the farmers are suffering, the manufacturers will speedily experience a falling off in the home markets; if the manufacturers, the farmers are as certain of finding a diminution in the consumption of their rude produce.

It is now ascertained by Captain Larcom's report, that the wheat grown in Ireland is less by 1,500,000 quarters than it was five years ago; and by the reports of the English markets for home grain, that a shortcoming to a similar amount has taken place in the home supplies of grain for the county markets. 3,000,000 quarters less of wheat is raised in England and Ireland than was done before Free Trade began. Supposing that an equal amount of other kinds of grain has gone out of cultivation, which is a most moderate supposition, seeing that 10,000,000 quarters of foreign grain are now annually imported, when there were not 2,000,000 before, we have 6,000,000 less quarters of grain annually raised in Great Britain than was done before Free Trade was introduced! The defalcation has been nearly as great in the supplies of cattle, sheep, and other animals brought to the English market. Beyond all doubt the value of the produce that is raised has sunk a fourth. The total agricultural produce of the two islands has been estimated, before Free Trade began, at £250,000,000. At this rate, the loss the cultivators have experienced from this source alone is above £60,000,000 a-year. The Free-Traders boast that it is £90,000,000; and considering the diminution in the supplies of grain and cattle raised at home, the estimate is not much overcharged. At

all events, it is probably £75,000,000. This is the real cause of the prodigious emigration which is going on from every part of the country; and as this cause is permanent and ceaseless in its operation, the decline of our population may be expected to be as continuous and progressive.

This subject has been so well handled by Sir F. Kelly in his late admirable speech at Harwich, that we cannot resist the temptation of giving it publicity in a more durable form than a daily journal.

“Now let us see what is the quantity of wheat which is produced and sold in this country. In 1811, it was 5,156,307 quarters; in 1815, 6,666,210 quarters; and in 1816, 5,358,962 quarters. You will therefore see that the fair average of that production, taking the three years, was about 6,000,000 quarters of wheat produced by the farmers and cultivators of the soil in England. Now, let us see the years that succeeded 1819, for the returns pass over the intermediate years, before the repeal of the corn laws had a fair trial, during which there was only a gradual reduction of duty. In 1819 the Act of Parliament had complete effect. The production of wheat in 1819 was 1,453,983 quarters; in 1850, 1,688,274 quarters; and in 1851, 1,487,941 quarters. Now, taking the fair average, and speaking in round numbers, that would be a production in England of about 1,500,000 quarters of wheat per annum since the repeal of the corn laws. Then what is the difference?—that in the three years before the repeal of the corn laws the British farmers and cultivators of the soil produced and made a profit on 6,000,000 quarters of wheat, while in the three years succeeding, that important class of the people had fallen off in their production to 4,500,000 quarters. Here was a diminution of wheat in the country of 1,500,000 qrs. per annum. I shall not weary you by going into details figure by figure as to the diminution which has taken place in Scotland and Ireland, but I pledge myself that on these returns it will be found that the diminution is still greater in Ireland, though in Scotland it is somewhat less in proportion. The result of the whole is, that 4,500,000 quarters of wheat less was produced in England, Scotland, and Ireland during the three years after Free Trade had a fair trial, than in the three years before the passing of the act. I do not wish to trouble you further with these very painful details, but I will de-

tain you a single moment while I refer to a return with regard to oats. In the years 1815 and 1816, there were about 2,000,000 quarters of oats produced in each year in this country. In the years 1850 and 1851, the production of oats in the country was under 1,000,000 quarters; so that while you find the falling off in the production of wheat in the country amounts to a quarter of the whole quantity, the production of oats is reduced from 2,000,000 to less than 1,000,000 quarters; and this, gentlemen, is the system of Free Trade which some of my friends among the electors say has been so highly beneficial to the people of this country.

And in answer to the common argument that, despite this rapid decline of agricultural production, the general well-being of the people has increased, Sir Fitzroy observes—

“ Now, it has been asserted that the amount of poor-rates levied in the kingdom has been less in the three years since the repeal of the corn laws than in the three years before 1816. But let us look at the amount necessarily levied for the poor in England and Wales during the three years ending 1846, and the three years beginning in 1818 and ending in 1850. In 1815, there was raised for the relief of the poor £6,791,006. (“How much did the poor get out of that?”) I hope the whole of it. This I know, that we paid it all. In 1846, the amount raised was £6,800,623; in 1847, £6,961,825; in 1848, £7,817,430; in 1849, £7,674,146; in 1850, £7,270,493; and in 1851, £6,778,911; making, therefore, in round numbers, a million sterling more than was levied for the relief of the poor before the repeal of the corn laws. Now, it is easy for manufacturers, for those well-paid labourers who have not yet felt the dire and terrible effects of this fatal measure of legislation, to point to themselves, and to laud and rejoice at the increased prosperity of the country. I am not taking Manchester, Liverpool, and Stockport, any more than I do the counties of Suffolk or Essex, but I am taking the entire kingdom; and so far from the system of Free Trade having increased the general prosperity of the country, we find that £1,000,000 a-year more has been required for the support of the poor since than before the repeal of the corn laws, and before the entire system of Free Trade had arrived at its completion. But there is one more criterion by which to

judge of the effects of Free Trade. No one will deny that the general prosperity of the country, and the amount of deposits in the savings banks, always proportionately increase. It is always important to see, whether what are called the lower, but I would rather say the labouring classes—a most important class, for on their labours depends not merely the well-being but the very existence of the rest of the community—it is always important to see whether, after any great legislative changes, they are really so far benefited as to be able to confer that great advantage on their families of increasing their deposits in the savings banks. Now, in 1814, the amount of deposits was £29,501,861; in 1815, £30,718,868; and in 1816, £31,713,250. Here we arrive at the dividing line, for in 1816 was passed the measure to which I am now beseeching your cool and calm attention. In the same year it began to operate on that numerous class who contribute deposits to the savings banks, and let us see what was the result. In 1847, the amount fell from £31,713,250 to £30,207,180; in the next year it was £28,111,136; in 1849, it was £28,537,010; and in 1850, £27,198,563. This is the last year to which the returns have been corrected.”

We have not observed any answer attempted by the Liberal papers to these convincing facts; they content themselves with abusing the able gentleman who brought them forward.

These considerations reveal the real causes both of the great exports and imports of last year, and the vast losses with which both were accompanied, and the decline in the main articles of our exports which is now going on. It was the failure of the home market, owing to Free Trade, which did the whole. Finding the customary channels of home consumption falling off, our merchants were constrained, at all hazards, to send their goods abroad, and thence the great exportation, amounting in all to £73,000,000 of goods, accompanied by no profit, but by a loss of £19,000,000, as we showed in a former article on the subject, to the exporters.* Finding credit easy, and money easily got from the influence of California, they engaged largely in importations, and swelled our total imports, as Mr Newdegate has proved, to £112,000,000.

* See *Blackwood's Magazine*, Feb. 1852.

But the result soon showed them that it is impossible to import profitably into an impoverished country; and as most of these imports were sold at from 15 to 20 per cent below prime cost, implying a loss of not less than £20,000,000 to the importers on our imports, it is easy to say what species of a commerce Free Trade has brought upon the country. It is not surprising in these circumstances that there should now be a great decline in the last quarter, in the exports of our cotton goods, of nearly £500,000, and that the revenue for the year ending July 5, 1852, was above half a million less than in the preceding year.

One thing is very remarkable with reference to this prodigious stream of emigration, that it is all *from the land of Free Trade to the land of Protection*. We are told that Free Trade is the best, and Protection the worst possible thing for the working-classes; and yet above 300,000 of these very working-classes annually leave the realm where that charming thing Free Trade is in full activity, and 500,000 persons from all Europe, of whom 250,000 are from the British isles, annually land in the United States, *where the most stringent system of Protection is established!* Men do not sell off their whole effects, pack up their little all, and cross the Atlantic, to render their condition worse. And has the 30 per cent levied by the Americans upon all foreign imports, without exception, no hand in inducing and rendering perpetual this immense stream from the British islands to the Transatlantic realms? If the iron-works of America were exposed to the free competition of the iron-masters of South Wales and Lanarkshire, would our iron-moulders and miners go in crowds, as they are now doing, across the Atlantic? If the cotton factories of America were exposed to the competition of those of Great Britain, would our cotton-spinners and weavers be straining, as they now are, every nerve to reach the land of Protection? Nay, if the cultivators of America were not protected by the enormous import duty on wheat and oats, of which the Canadian farmers so bitterly complain, would not discou-

agement reach even the agriculturists of that great and growing republic? England, which is governed by shopkeepers, may adopt in her commercial policy the maxim that to buy cheap and sell dear comprises the whole of political wisdom; but America, which is governed by the working-classes, has discovered that *high wages and good prices* are a much better thing; and it is the practical application of this maxim which is the magnet that is attracting in such multitudes the working-classes from Europe—and, above all, from free-trading England and Ireland—to the protected Transatlantic shores.

It is no wonder that the working-classes, whether in agriculture or manufactures, are living off in such multitudes from the land of Free Trade, and settling in that of Protection, for the disasters which have overtaken industry under the action of Free Trade, in those quarters where it has first been fully felt, have been absolutely appalling. Look at the West Indies. Lord Derby has told us in the House of Peers—and every post from those once flourishing and now ruined realms bears witness to the fact—that not only are the estates in Jamaica nearly all going out of cultivation, but the inhabitants themselves, ruined by Free Trade, are either leaving the island in quest of employment, or relapsing into barbarism. It is not surprising that this terrible effect is taking place, for a Parliamentary paper lately published gives us the following astounding return of the refined sugar imported into Great Britain and Ireland in the year 1851:—

	Cwt.
British Colonies, . . .	31,490
Foreign States, . . .	417,051
	<hr/> 448,541

Here is a result worked by Free Trade, in less than four years after its introduction into the colonies, sufficient to make us hold our breath, and far exceeding what the most gloomy Protectionist ever predicted as the result of Free Trade policy upon the best interests of productive industry in the empire. And the Free-Traders think that they will be vindicated in the eyes of God and man for their

frightful devastation, by the reflection that, *while it is going on*, sugar has fallen to 5d. a pound. We say *advisedly*, "*while it is going on*;" for can there be a doubt that, when the work of destruction has been completed, and, by having ruined our own colonies, we are left entirely in the hands of the foreign growers, prices will rise again, not merely to their former, but even a far higher level?

Turn again to Ireland. We shall say nothing of its 2,000,000 labourers who have disappeared from the land in the last five years, or its 1,500,000

quarters of wheat, being half the amount of that cereal it produced, which has gone out of cultivation during the same time. We refer to the report of a Parliamentary commission, a favourite measure of Sir R. Peel's and the Free Trade party, which demonstrates in the most decisive manner the almost incredible amount of devastation which Free Trade has worked in a few years in the Emerald Isle. It appears from the Report of the Encumbered Estates Commissioners that estates have been sold by them charged with

Debts amounting to	£28,000,000
The price received for the lands burdened with only	5,400,000
Of which has been paid to the creditors	3,400,000

The figures are given from memory, but they are in round numbers correct. Now we do say, that here is a decisive proof of a destruction of property which would be unexampled in history if the simultaneous ruin of the West Indies may not be considered as a parallel instance. Here is property, which must have been worth, when the debt was contracted, at least £30,000,000 (for £2,000,000 is a very small margin to leave for so huge a mass of debt) sold for less than £6,000,000, being a FIFTH PART OF ITS FORMER VALUE. The prices which the land fetched, the commissioners tell us, varied from *four to fourteen years' purchase*, the average being ten years. We question if the history of the world prior to 1816 will afford a parallel instance of ruin of property by pacific legislative measures. It is in vain to ascribe this to the Irish famine: that was over six years ago. Equally vain is it to ascribe it to the savage and lawless character of the Irish peasantry. They were as lawless when creditors advanced £28,000,000 on these estates as they are now, and far more formidable, because not weakened by the loss of 2,000,000 of their numbers; and if changed at all, it should have been for the better, because they have, for the last twenty-two years, been under the government of the Liberals and Free-Traders, such decided friends in principle and practice to the interests of labour, and the welfare of the poor. The frightful

decline in value can be ascribed to one cause, and only one—*Free Trade in grain*—which has laid waste the Emerald Isle as completely in many places as *Free Trade in sugar* has devastated the West Indies.

One very curious result has flowed from the effects of Free Trade, in producing so prodigious a flood of emigration from our shores, and of food supplanting native industry to them, that it has in a great degree concealed the effect of the repeal of the Navigation Laws upon our shipping. Man and his food are, it is well known, with the exception of wood for his dwelling, the most bulky of all articles of commerce. It so happens, by a curious coincidence, that the three articles, wood, corn, and human beings, are precisely the ones which Free Trade has caused to cross the ocean in the greatest quantity. Our emigration has risen, as already shown, from an average of 90,000 souls to above 300,000. Above 2000 vessels are employed from Liverpool alone in this annual exodus. The importation of grain has quadrupled: it has risen from an average of 2,500,000 quarters to one of 10,000,000 quarters. The importation of foreign wood has advanced in nearly a similar proportion. Thus changes destructive to the nation's industry have for the time given a great impetus to its shipping. What, then, must have been the ruinous effects of Free Trade in shipping on our maritime interests, when, despite

this extraordinary and unforeseen circumstance, arising from the profit which great seaport towns sometimes derive in the first instance from the causes which are inducing national ruin, so great a decline in our commercial navy has ensued from Free Trade in shipping, that it was publicly stated on the hustings at Liverpool, by one of the greatest merchants in that city, without opposition, that, in five years more, at the present rate, *the foreign shipping employed in conducting its gigantic trade would be equal to the British!*

The great and rapid decline in the amount of grain raised in the British islands since Free Trade was introduced, is so serious a matter with reference to our national independence, that we gladly avail ourselves of the following statistics, drawn from authentic sources, given by an able contemporary, on the subject:—

“Wheat sold in the market towns of England and Wales.

Before Free Trade.	After Free Trade
Qrs.	Qrs.
1811 3,595,507	1849 1,453,963
1815 6,666,210	1850 1,633,274
1816 5,958,962	1851 1,467,011

“We have taken the three years immediately preceding the commercial changes in 1816; because, up to that period, nothing had occurred to induce our agriculturists to raise less wheat than formerly. On comparing their results with those of the three last years, which were years of complete Free Trade, we find a very striking difference. In round numbers, it may be stated that the average difference between the two periods amounts to no less than one million and a-half of quarters. During the first period, in other words, there were sold annually six millions of quarters, and during the last, four millions and a half.

“Let us next turn to Ireland, where the returns exhibit a much larger proportionate decrease. We only possess authentic accounts from the sister island for four years; but, owing to the great care and diligence bestowed by the Government Commissioners upon the subject, we believe they approach the truth as nearly as the nature of such investigations will admit. The following are the quantities of wheat estimated to have been produced in that country during the under-stated years.

	Qrs.		Qrs.
1817	2,926,733	1849	2,167,743
1818	2,945,121	1850	1,550,146

“It will be seen from these returns that the diminished production of wheat in Ireland corresponds very nearly in amount with the falling off exhibited by the returns of the corn-law inspectors in England. The aggregate amount of decrease in the two countries is about three million quarters.” *Morning Post*, June 24.

Thus it appears that the falling off in wheat alone, raised in England and Ireland in four years, has been, under the action of Free Trade, about 3,000,000 quarters. The average consumption of wheat in Great Britain, prior to the late changes, was estimated by our best authorities at 11,500,000 quarters, being a quarter a head on the people, excluding infants, and persons, especially in Scotland, who live on oatmeal or potatoes. Thus more than a FIFTH PART OF THE STAPLE FOOD OF OUR PEOPLE has, in four years of Free Trade, come to be furnished from foreign states. If the supplies of oats and Indian corn, which are immense, and amount, with wheat, to about 10,000,000 quarters annually, are taken into account, it may safely be concluded that a fourth of the food of our people has come, in four short years, to be imported! Liverpool has told us that, in five years, half of this immense supply will be brought in in foreign bottoms! Truly we are advancing at railway speed to a state of entire dependence on foreign states for the most necessary supplies; and we shall soon realise in these realms the lamentation of the Roman annalist, that the people have come to depend for their food on the winds and the waves; or, in Claudian's words—

“Semper inops.

Ventique fidem poscebat et annu.”

Three-fourths of these immense supplies come from two countries only—Russia and America. Can we say that we are independent for a year together, when either of these powers, by simply closing their harbours, can reduce us to scarcity—the two together to famine prices? If a fourth of our subsistence is cut off by an

ukase of the Autocrat of Russia, or a mandate of the imperial people in the United States, where will be the food of the British people? Both these powers were at war with us at the same time in 1811;—are their dispositions now so very friendly, and our interests and theirs so little at variance, that we can rely upon the like thing not occurring again? And if it does occur, could we hold out three months against a second *Non-Importation* Act, passed in either country?

We are often told of the great reduction of taxation which has been effected—to the amount, it is said, of £12,000,000 sterling—since Free Trade was introduced; but this statement is grossly exaggerated. The following tables, taken from a late parliamentary paper, shows that the reduction of taxation under Protection has been nearly SEVEN TIMES GREATER than under Free Trade; for in the former period the reduction was £41,000,000, in the latter only £6,500,000:—

TAXES REPEALED BEFORE FREE TRADE.

1816. Property Tax, £15,500,000.——War Malt, £2,100,000.

Year.	Revenue.	Surplus.	Deficiency.	Taxes repealed	Taxes imposed
Before 1822	—	—	—	£17,600,000	—
1822	£54,135,743	£4,744,518	—	2,139,101	—
1823	52,755,564	4,300,717	—	4,050,250	£18,596
1824	54,416,230	3,888,172	—	1,704,721	19,605
1825	52,317,671	3,049,156	—	3,639,551	40,100
1826	50,211,408	—	£615,920	1,973,812	188,725
1827	50,211,658	—	826,675	84,038	21,492
1828	52,104,613	3,246,991	—	51,598	1,966
1829	50,786,682	1,711,550	—	126,106	—
1830	50,056,615	2,913,672	—	4,093,955	693,004
1831	46,124,410	—	698,558	1,623,536	627,586
1832	46,986,755	614,759	—	747,261	41,526
1833	46,271,326	1,513,083	—	1,532,128	—
1834	46,509,856	1,608,155	—	2,066,116	199,594
1835	46,043,663	1,620,941	—	165,877	5,575
1836	48,702,654	2,130,092	—	1,021,786	3,991
1837	46,475,194	—	655,760	231	630
1838	47,333,460	—	345,227	289	8,423
1839	47,844,098	—	1,512,793	63,118	—
1840	47,567,565	—	1,593,971	1,258,959	2,274,210
1841	48,084,359	—	2,101,370	27,170	—
1842	46,965,630	—	3,979,539	1,596,366	5,629,989
1843	52,582,817	1,413,304	—	411,£21	—
1844	54,003,753	3,356,105	—	458,810	—
1845	53,060,354	3,817,642	—	4,535,561	23,720
				40,963,170	£9,810,768
				9,840,768	
Net reduction of taxation before Free Trade,				£30,922,802	

TAXES REPEALED SINCE FREE TRADE.

	Revenue.	Surplus.	Deficiency.	Taxes repealed.	Taxes imposed.
1846	£53,790,138	£2,846,308	—	£1,151,790	£2,000
1847	51,546,264	—	£2,956,684	344,888	—
1848	53,388,717	—	796,419	585,968	—
1849	52,951,719	2,098,126	—	338,793	—
1850	52,810,680	2,578,806	—	1,310,151	—
1851	52,233,006	2,726,396	—	2,679,864	600,000
				6,462,457	£602,000
				602,000	
				£5,860,457	

Net reduction of taxation since Free Trade,

£5,860,457

Further, how has this reduction of £5,860,457 been effected? Simply by the previous imposition of the income-tax, which produced £5,629,000 before Free Trade began. That is, Sir R. Peel took taxes off the shoulders of the whole community, when it was so generally diffused that it was not felt, and laid it as *an exclusive burden upon less than 300,000 individuals* in it! This is not reduction of taxation; it is shifting the burden, for the sake of popularity, from one class to another, on whom it falls with crushing severity.

The Free-Traders boast of a surplus of above £2,500,000 annually under the operation of their system. But for the income-tax it would not be a surplus at all, but a deficit of £3,000,000 annually. So oppressive, however, vexatious, and unjust is that tax, and so enormous the severity with which it presses upon agricultural industry compared to commercial, that its continuance cannot much longer be endured. It has been truly described as an "*impost* on the landed interest, and a *contribution* by

the commercial." And that really is its character, so flagrant are the frauds and evasions by which the unscrupulous among the trading classes evade its operation. The present high state of the public funds, owing to the long continuance of peace, the destruction of a large part of the trading classes by Sir Robert Peel's monetary system, and the impulse given to industry by the repeal of that system, by the opening of the great banks of issue by Providence in California and Australia, has now raised the 3 per cents above 100, and gives a fair prospect of the Chancellor of the Exchequer being able to save £1,500,000 to the nation annually, by converting the 3 per cents into a 2½ per cent stock. Should he effect this, and, by the aid of that reduction and the surplus, succeed in taking off the income-tax, he will confer the greatest boon ever bestowed on his country since the former tax of 10 per cent was repealed, and do more to establish the popularity of his administration, than by any other measures that could possibly be devised.

THE MOOR AND THE LOCH.

By many who are fond of excitement, and by some who require it, a general election may be considered as rather a pleasant event. It certainly does break in upon the monotony of everyday existence, and gives a strong fillip to the latent energies of the people. The burly energetic patriot, who can spout, and bellow, and declaim, now becomes a man of mark and likelihood—a very Saul among his brethren. The aged plotter of the clique—"Sesina, that old negotiator"—as he shuffles past, with a dodge evidently concealed beneath the grizzled penthouse of his eyebrows, is regarded with mysterious awe as the hierophant of electioneering wiles. Even the veriest noodle finds his value rising in the market; for, if he is fit for nothing else, he can at least call at the electors' houses, and leave cards for the candidates. Ever open from morning to night are the doors of the committee-rooms, vomiting forth shoals of canvassers, and reabsorbing them on their return with the reports of their daily mission. All this, we allow, may be agreeable to those whose blood, in ordinary times, is wont to stagnate; but, for our part, we do not scruple to confess that such an occasion as the present is exceedingly distracting and inconvenient. Our political principles, we take it, are tolerably well known; nor is it likely that, at the eleventh hour, we should change the tenor of our opinions: yet, in the course of the last two days, we have been waited on by no less than six separate sets of canvassers, "respectfully soliciting," as they phrase it, our interest and vote in favour of Radicals of every dye, rank Whigs, and rampant Sectarians. In the streets no man is safe. Second votes are esteemed of more value than the first; and every third man you meet is intent upon nailing you for a pledge. Under these circumstances, availing ourselves of the plea that the weather is too sultry to admit of our stirring abroad, we have deserted our study, and emigrated to

the attics, from the windows of which we can command a wide view of the distant Highland hills. Safe, therefore, we trust we may consider ourselves, for an hour or so at least, from all interruption, save the twittering of the swallows bringing food to their young in the nest at the upper corner of the window.

Beautiful in their disarray, and recalling many memories of forest, lake, and hill, are the implements of sylvan sport that our silent attic contains. There, in one corner, are our rods, six in number, from Behemoth, with which we slew the giant salmon of the Ness, to Spirling, the liveliest little wand that ever struck midge into the tongue of a Yarrow trout. What would we not give at this moment for a day's fishing! O for a fairy ear to waft us away bodily from the din of cities and hustings to the lovely bosom of Loch Awe! Soft and green wave the beeches in the summer breeze on those islands where the wood-hyacinth is so blue, and the honeysuckle so flush and fragrant from the dark woods of Innistrick: you hear the dozing of the cashat while, nearer at hand, the mavis breaks out into a burst of melody. But there is a breeze on the loch, and the boat is on the shore, and Dugald opines that it is time to be up and doing. At the first cast, up rises a whopper, visibly yellow about the fin, and weighing, we shall suppose, by the way the line runs out, at least a pound and three quarters. Never did Limerick steel encounter a worthier foeman. At length, in the experienced hands of Dugald, the landing-net does its duty; and there he lies at the bottom of the boat, in all the lustre of his stars. Are the trout not rising to-day? With two pounders simultaneously upon your line, you may confidently answer—Yes; indeed, there would seem to be no end at all to their leaping. Towards evening we shall go down the loch, and try for a *salmo ferax* in Castle Connal bay; in the mean time, let us

keep to the islands. But who is that in the boat contending, if we mistake not, with a salmon? Ha, Dugald! is it so indeed?—the author of the *Moor and the Loch!*

Hark! there goes the bell, recalling us at once from our day-dream. Who the mischief can have come to trouble us just now? What is this? Fire and faggots! “Your vote and interest are respectfully solicited in favour of Mr Macwhedde.” Why, the man is a rank Radical, and moreover coquetting with the Papists! John, fling this card into the waste-basket, and tell the gentlemen who brought it, with our compliments, that we are particularly engaged at present, but shall not fail to give our earnest attention to the subject. And stay, as the day is hot, you may as well offer them a glass of beer. No one shall say that we were guilty of discourtesy, though we were very nearly on the point of desiring them to go to Jericho. For have they not cost us a long journey, in bringing us back from Loch Awe before our time?

Vain would it be for us to retrace our steps, and conjure up again the eidolon of Mr Colquhoun in desperate battle with the fish. More happy than ourselves, he is doubtless at breezy Sonachan, whilst we are in the city, panting for a mouthful of refreshing air. But though we cannot remember him in person, we have his book beside us; and a better, more useful, or more entertaining companion for a sportsman cannot any where be found. Sporting treatises ought, generally speaking, to be received with considerable caution. Let any man, who is either an angler or a shot, reflect seriously on the enormous amount of exaggeration in which he has indulged whilst detailing the particulars of his prowess, and he will, if he has in him any candour at all, understand the force of our observation. Almost every one of us—and we are no exception—are in the habit of viewing our own exploits through the medium of powerful magnifying glasses. In doing so, we merely obey a law of nature which exhorts men to maintain their dignity and reputation; and there is no point whatever upon which people are so touchy as their success in sporting. To doubt, far

less contradict, a gentleman who professes for your acceptance the narrative of an enormous basketful killed a fortnight ago in the Tweed; or that of a red-deer, stopped at full speed in the Athole forest, at a distance of four hundred yards, by the rifle of the historian, and so huge that Crerar absolutely swooned at the sight of it; or of myriads of grouse, brought down right and left, without a single failure, is a hideous breach of manners. If, in your heart, you believe that your informant is a much inferior sportsman to yourself, you must meet him by overpowering statements; and it is very singular that, after having twice told a fabulous *Iliad* of your exploits, you end by thoroughly believing it. The boundary line between the realm of fact and that of fiction is very indistinct; we ought rather to say that it is nowhere absolutely marked, and that there exists a large tract of debatable land which may be plausibly claimed for either. For example, we are not at this moment certain whether we ever shot a hooper or not. We have, indeed, in our mind, a dream or vision of a star lit loch, with six beautiful white creatures feeding in a bay. We remember how we crept along, behind a dyke, our heart throbbing so hard as almost to choke us; and we can recall the agonising moment when a stick broke beneath the pressure of our knee, before we came within gunshot, and when the sentinel bird looked up as if conscious of the approach of an intruder. We remember how we levelled and fired. We remember also the dash in the water, and the whirr of wings; and if we do not remember having brought down a second swan, as it wheeled in circle, it is simply because we are somewhat dubious as to the real existence of the first. We should cut but a poor figure if we were questioned on oath as to that transaction. Sometimes the vision comes so clear that we have no doubt whatever that we killed both the swans. One lay dead-still in the bay, its wings distended, and its long neck sunk below the surface. The other fluttered a little way out, but we recovered him by means of a retriever. Then the question rises—which retriever was it, for we have had four of them ~~in~~ our day? Was

it Neptune, unparalleled among the reeds at the divine season of the flappers? Or was it Grog, who was never known to lose a wounded hare? Or was it Cato, the curly, who could do everything but speak? Or was it Captain, who is at this moment the inheritor of our best affections? We cannot tell. It is impossible for us to say when or where it occurred. Sometimes we think it was in the Highlands, and then we fix upon Loch Sloy. At other times, it seems to us that we slew the swans in Saint Mary's Loch, just below the Coppercleugh. Occasionally we are inclined to think that we only shot one of them; and, when very much out of spirits, we have seriously asked ourselves, whether we ever saw a wild swan, except stuffed, in a museum. Being in this state of perplexity, our practice is to split the difference of belief, and to maintain, on ordinary occasions, that we have shot one hooper. Of course, after a few tumbler with a sporting friend, we have no hesitation in bringing forward the second bird; but never, in any instance, have we violated our convictions by increasing the number to three. With this example in our mind, we always deal leniently with sportsmen. If a gentleman is so enthusiastic as to go out to Caffraria, Upper Egypt, or the Cordilleras, solely for the purpose of killing rhinoceroses, crocodiles, or condors, why should we doubt the truth of any narrative which he may be pleased to compile? How do you know that he did *not* shoot fifteen lions in the course of a summer's evening, or that he did *not* ride across the Nile on the back of an enormous crocodile. To question his veracity is simply to commit that impertinence which we have seen practised by snobs, who, not content with your statement of the day's sport, make a point of peering into your pannier, or examining the contents of your game-bag. Such hounds were intended by nature never to rise above the rank of a water-bailiff. They ought to be summarily dealt with, and dismissed to their kennel, with the reverse of a benison on their heads, and perhaps with a hint to their rear.

Mr Colquhoun. As this virtue, that

he keeps his imagination more entirely in check, as regards matters of fact, than any sportsman with whose writings we are acquainted. He does not make up his bag or fill his creel in a random way; nor does he add to the narrative of one day, quite enough distinguished by its own achievements, the events of another, which perhaps took place a year before. Neither does he commit the error, so common, of representing every day as a triumph. Read the accounts of most modern anglers, and you are led to conclude that they never, in the whole course of their lives, have failed in filling their baskets; whereas every adept with the rod is well aware that the days of disappointment greatly outnumber those of success. The men of the fowling-piece or rifle never miss. If they are in the Highlands, there is always a plethora of grouse and red-deer; if in Central Africa, you would suppose they were practising in a menagerie, and you conclude that there must be prime plucking in Polito's. This, of course, is nonsense; and in our humble opinion, it is calculated to act disadvantageously on the character of young sportsmen. Sporting, in all its branches, is an art which requires to be thoroughly studied on principle; and it is very wrong to excite in the youthful mind expectations which cannot be fulfilled. A boy of fourteen should not be told that he is adequate to the capture of a salmon; or that he has only to go to a certain river and throw in his line, in order to secure one. All education is progressive. He should be entered with minnows, and so made acquainted with the science of bait-fishing; he should be furthered with beardsies, encouraged with eels, and in due time initiated into the mystery of capturing a trout with the fly. After that, all is plain sailing. But he should be made to feel practically the difficulties which attend even the rudiments of sport—not be impressed with the idea that there exist no difficulties whatever. We have known many a fine young fellow, who might have become a capital sportsman, stopped at the commencement of his career by the disgust engendered by failure. The imagination of the lad has been so excited by flowery narratives that he cannot sum-

mon up patience enough to bide his appointed time : he must either succeed at once, or he abandons the pursuit for ever. We regret to observe that the habits of athletic sport, once so common to the youth of Scotland, are rather on the decline ; and our regret arises from the conviction that the fine bodily training which is given by field sports contributes very much to the development of a strong and manly mind. It is not difficult to say, after the perusal of any book, whether the writer is or is not a sportsman. If the former, there is a raciness in his style, a familiarity with nature, and a power of illustration, which immediately rivet your attention. Had Scott not been a sportsman, we should have lost one great charm of his novels. He of the back stums, on the contrary, who never wandered by the water-side, or took the hill with the gun upon his shoulder, is always a feeble writer. There is something sickly about his sentiment ; he is vapid, dull, and queasy. His ideas of vegetation are drawn from a window-box with some stunted specimens of mignonette, striving, in spite of soot, to struggle into blossom,—or, at best, from a suburban horse-chestnut. He derives his images of animated life from a rabbit-hutch, or an occasional visit to a slaughter-house. He has no taste for the roaring of the seas, the rushing of the blast, or the thunders of a swollen cataract. He seeks repose, maunders about tranquillity, and presents you with the sketch of a lake ; which, on examination, you discover to be the accurate portraiture of a horse-pond. Surely the development of ideas is as important a point as the mere acquirement of information. The one is to be gathered in the field, the other in the schools ; and we are not sure that, if we were assured that all the boys were trained timeously to fishing, we should not be inclined to vote for a general prolongation of the holidays.

We must really crave pardon of Mr Colquhoun for having left him in this unceremonious manner. Another batch of canvassers, on the Seceding interest, having probably received notice of our imprudent act of hospitality, has just invaded the premises, and we have had great trouble in getting rid of them at a considerable

expenditure of liquor. One gentleman in a fustian jacket tried to engage us in a discussion on the subject of education ; but, as his grammar was singularly imperfect, we could not accurately comprehend his meaning. We parted, however, good friends, notwithstanding that one acute Diomedes tried to make a Glaucus of us in the matter of a bran-new hat which happened to be exposed in the lobby. Nathless we managed to retain our basnet, and the 'prentice-cup went its way. We have said already that Mr Colquhoun's book may be relied on for accuracy of fact ; but we should by no means wish to impress our readers with the idea that he is at all deficient in imagination, where imagination can be legitimately employed. Some of his descriptions indeed are very beautiful, and recall the picturesque scenery of the Highlands to the mind as vividly as the inspired pencil of Horatio Macculloch can present it to the eye. But he never condescends to make pictures merely for effect ; and perhaps it is this absence of exaggeration which gives such a stamp of truthfulness to his volume. Neither does he affect the magnificent in sporting—a fault which is rather conspicuous in some other writers whom we could name. After reading the lucubrations of some sportsmen, and hearing them discourse, you would conclude that they never condescended to expend powder and lead upon a lesser object than a red-deer, and that they would consider it highly derogatory to exert their energies on the capture of trout ; in the unavoidable absence of salmon. That is all fudge. Deer-stalking is an excellent thing in its way, and may indeed be considered as the highest branch of the art venatorial as practised in these islands ; but there is not one sportsman out of five hundred who ever had the opportunity of levelling his rifle at a stag, and not one out of a thousand who can pursue the sport systematically. Besides this, the habitual deer-stalker must be a person endowed with uncommon stamina. Quickness of vision—accuracy of aim—caution and perseverance—are admirable things ; but the stalker of the deer in his native solitudes must moreover possess the inestimable gifts of muscle

and wind in larger proportion than is usually allowed to the inhabitants of cities. He must account it nothing to lie half immersed for hours in a bog or burn, without even the trifling excitement of an occasional glimpse of an antler; he must be prepared to crawl up or rush down precipices, as the exigency of the case or the movements of the deer may require; and he must, moreover, make up his mind to return homewards many an evening, after having been on the hills before cock-crow, wet, weary, and famishing, without a single incident to console him for all his great exertion. Now, there are very few people who will willingly submit to this; and we cannot wonder at it, if other sport can be obtained with a less expenditure of labour. We never knew a deer-stalker yet who had lost his rest for grouse-shooting; and we have known several who, from choice, would rather stalk a ewe than a stag. Your "whaup," indeed, is a most difficult fellow to circumvent. Seated on the sea-beach, he might defy the approach of Sir Tristram; indeed, to have shot a whaup in the month of October is an exploit of which any man has just reason to be proud. The true sportsman piques himself on the universality of his skill, not in exclusive addiction to one particular pursuit. Therefore, as a general rule, you may set down every writer on sporting subjects who affects to be more magnificent in his views than his neighbours, either as an impostor, who in reality knows little, or as a monomaniac, whose general experiences of the chase are worthless, and who cannot serve as an adequate guide.

No branch of sporting comes amiss to Mr Colquhoun, who is also an accomplished naturalist. Great on the lake and salmon river, he is knowing at the "lochan" and the burn; and is aware that oftentimes as much dexterity is required for the capture of a half-pounder, as might suffice for the hooking of the lordliest fish that ever threaded the rapids of the Dee. Even the piscatory student who knows Stoddart by heart--and Tom has long been considered as quite at the summit of his craft--may obtain many a valuable wrinkle from Colquhoun,

who is fertile in devices little known to the majority of practical anglers. It is the fashion of some of the brethren of the wand to speak superciliously of sea-fishing, as if no sport could be obtained except in fresh water. Now we admit at once that finer fishing is required in fresh than in salt water; but there are times when the latter may be resorted to both with profit and amusement. What the *haaf* or deep-sea fishing may be we know not; but in the lochs which indent the western shores of Scotland excellent sport may be obtained. We take leave to draw the attention of our sporting friends, who about this time of the year repair to the Highlands, to the following extract from the volume before us:--

"The sea-loch has a character peculiarly its own--no wooded islands, no green or pebbly margin, like its inland sister, except, perhaps, for a short time at full tide; and the dark mountain more often rises abruptly from its side in craggy and bold relief. It is a novel sight for the traveller, whom the refreshing evening breeze has tempted out of the neighbouring inn, at the landlord's recommendation, to try his fishing luck with such a clumsy rod and tackle as he had never dreamt of before. The awkward-looking herring 'skows,' well matched with their black or red sails, sending in all directions; the nasal twang of the Gaelic, as they pass the bow or stern of his boat, shooting their nets; the hardy weather-beaten face of the Highlander, always civil in his reply, and courteous in pointing out the most likely ground to the 'stranger'--reiterating his injunctions (when his stock of English extends no further) 'to keep on the *bron*,' yet plainly showing that he expects the like courtesy in return, and that the least slip on your part would immediately make him change his tone,--all this can hardly fail to impress on the mind of the imaginative, that the spirit of the Highlands, though dormant, is not dead, and to carry back his fancy to the old times of clans, caterans, and claymores.

"The fishing of the sea loch is not nearly so scientific as that of the inland. The great art lies in being thoroughly acquainted with the best state of the tide for commencing operations--in having a perfect knowledge of the fishing ground, and being able to set your long-line with neatness and despatch. Having lived for a couple of years on the banks of tw--

sea-lochs, I had every opportunity (which I did not neglect) of practising the different kinds of fishing, and making myself master of the most propitious times of the tide for doing so with success.

"Trotting for sea-trout may be ranked at the head of this fishing; but before attempting to describe it, I shall mention two curious facts relative to the sea trout and salmon, which it is difficult to account for. One is, that the former will take greedily in one loch, while you may troll a whole day in its next neighbour, though full of them, without getting a single bite. This was precisely the case in the two lochs alluded to. The other, that although you may see the huge tails and back fins of salmon rising all round, I never heard of one taking the bait; and during the whole of my trotting in the salt water, I have only killed one grise. This is the more strange, as the salmon is not at all shy of the spinning-bait in the fresh-water loch.

"The best time to begin fishing for sea-trout is at the turn of the tide when it begins to ebb: the same rod and tackle as when trotting from a boat in fresh water. The herring-fly, salted, are the most killing bait, (also excellent for large fish in fresh-water lochs,) although minnows are very good; a sand-eel may also do, the black skin pulled over the head so as to show nothing but the white body; this lures very bright, but, as it does not spin, is far less deadly than the others. A boatman who thoroughly knows the fishing-ground is indispensable, as it is much more difficult to find out than in the fresh water. Strong eddies formed by the tide are often good places; also any bay, especially if mountain-burns run into them. The largest size of sea-trout are caught in this way; and, when hooked, from the depth and strength of the water, make capital play. Largely the also are frequently taken these are like passionate boxers—fight furiously for a short time, after which they are quite helpless.

"If there is a good pool at the mouth of any mountain-burn, by going down with your fly-rod during a 'spate,' or coming down of the water after heavy rain, and when the tide is at the full, you may have excellent sport. The trout are all floundering about, ready to take your fly the moment it touches the water. This only lasts for a short time, as they all leave the pool at the receding of the tide. I say nothing of sea-trout or salmon flies, which vary so much in the different lochs, rivers, and streams, that every angler should be able to dress them for himself. Any fishing-tackle maker will

be happy to teach him for a consideration. He has then only to learn from an approved hand near, what flies are best for the loch or stream he intends to fish, and tie them accordingly."

These latter remarks savour too much of the old school. It may be useful in the case of emergency to be able to bask a fly; but we are free to confess that it is upwards of twenty years since we attempted such an operation. In the days of our youth we were accounted rather a good hand at dressing, and could turn out, on occasion, an excellent fac simile of a bumble. But we discovered anon, that to bask our own flies was a frightful loss of time, and necessitated the collection of an infinite quantity of leather, fud, floss, carpet, and twistings, which very soon, without any manipulation on our part, produced abundance of insect life in the shape of moths. Therefore, one fine morning we pitched the whole contents of our poke out of the window, and have since had recourse for our supplies to the regular professional artists. Every man who knows anything at all about fishing is competent to the selection of his own flies; and notwithstanding all that has been written to the contrary, we assert, from our own experience, that it is not necessary to carry with you a very diversified stock. For trout-fishing, eight or ten of the most approved sorts of flies are amply sufficient: of course you must take care to have them of different sizes. There is more variety in salmon-flies; but if you attend properly to colour, you may easily, at a moderate expense, furnish such a pocket-book as will enable you to fish with success in every river in the kingdom, provided you know how to handle your rod. We by no means undervalue local information. If you can pick up an intelligent poacher, or in default of him a gamekeeper, you can readily, for the matter of a mutchkin, ascertain what colour is considered most killing on the particular river which he depopulates; and you will find something in your book which will correspond accurately enough. If you are short of flies, the same free-tacksman of the stream will, for a shilling or two, tie you as many as

you may require. And do not be afraid that he will lack the material. The feathers of the bubbly-jock make admirable wings—a red cock, adorned with a ruff of hackles, sounds his trumpet upon every midden; and your unlicensed acquaintance usually contrives to put by various sylvan furs and plumage, during the season when game fetches a good price in the metropolitan market. Trust to him for having retained sundry *souvenirs* of grouse, blackcock, mallard, and plover—besides a hare's lug, in affectionate remembrance of some departed mankin. And do not, unless you are a justice of the peace, be hard upon the poor fellow for obeying, in a moderate way, the impulses of his nature. He is not by any means to be confounded with those brutal bludgeoneers who harbour in towns, and go out methodically in gangs to poach. He is simply an Indian in disposition, very kind to his colley and affectionate to his child, passionately fond of tobacco, whether in the shape of snuff or pigtail, and on the best possible terms with a brother Celt, whose dwelling is supposed to be subterraneous, and impregnable to the curiosity of the exciseman. We say, do not be hard with him, for were he merely a clodhopper, he could not busk a fly.

There is also another kind of fishing to be had in the salt-water lochs, which is not without its attraction, although, as Mr Colquhoun observes, it is not the daintiest in the world. We mean the fishing with the long-line which we have seen practised with great success both in Loch Long and Loch Fyne, and which is worth the attention of the sportsman. Let us hear our author upon it.

"The eel-line, already noticed, is precisely the long-line in miniature with the exception of the hooks, which are such coarse, blunt-looking weapons, that the wonder is how they catch at all. They are sold for a mere trifle at any of the shops in the sea-port towns, and tied on with a wax end, but sometimes only with a knot of the twine itself: a turn of the wire on the shank enables you to do this. A baiting-basket is required, one end for the line, the other for the baited hooks, which are placed in regular rows. My line had only three hundred hooks, but some have double that num-

ber. Herring, cut into small pieces, are the best bait: I required about a dozen for one setting, provided I eked out with mussels, but eighteen or twenty were necessary if the line was baited exclusively with herring. Mussels, however, drop off the hook so easily, that when herring can be procured they are seldom used. Seeing the long-line baited, set, and drawn, will thoroughly teach any one who has an idea of fishing—*writing* how to do so, never will. It generally took me about an hour and a half to bait mine; so I taught a boy, who, after two or three lessons, could bait as well as myself.

"The best time to set the long-line is after low water, when the tide has flowed a little, and brought the fish with it. To know the different 'hauls' is most important, as your success in a great measure depends upon the selection of a good one. After the line is set, *it should be left exactly one hour*; and, if you have hit upon a shoal, you will most likely half fill the boat. I have several times killed about a dozen, from twenty to fifty pounds' weight, besides quantities of smaller. The fish for the most part taken are cod, ling, haddock, skate, large flounders, and enormous conger-eels—some of the latter more than half the length of your boat, and as thick as a man's leg. These would generally be thrown back again, were it not for the havoc they make among the other fish, and the damage they do to the set lines. Their throats, therefore, are cut as soon as they are pulled up, after which operation they will live for hours. The skate is also very tenacious of life; and nothing can be more absurd than the grotesque pompous faces it will continue to exhibit for some time after being deposited in the boat."

Here Mr Colquhoun becomes slightly libellous—comparing the countenances of the unhappy skate to those of functionaries on the bench. Now we happen to have seen a moribund skate or two, but we never were impressed with such resemblance. We admit, however, that we have seen countenances under wigs look exceeding dolorous and fish-like when their party was going out of office.

But enough of this kind of fishing, which is, after all, too strictly professional for our taste. We prefer the rod and fly; and even in the salt water the angler may use such implements, though in a coarser form than that to which he is accustomed.

"Of all apologies for a fly, this (the white feather) is the clumsiest. It is only a swan's or goose's feather tied round a large and very coarse bait-hook, without the least pretence to art: any man who had never dressed a fly in his life would be as successful in the attempt as the most finished performer. The rod and line are in perfect keeping with the fly; a bamboo cane, or young hazel tree, with ten or twelve yards of oiled cord, and a length or two of double or triple gut next the hook: no reel is used.

"The fish generally caught in this way are lythe and seithe, although mackarel will rise freely also. When fishing for the former, good double gut may be strong enough; but if large fish are expected, I should always recommend triple. Seithe take best in the morning and evening, and a light breeze is rather an advantage: although the fly is sometimes sunk a little with lead, it is more often fished with at the top. You may begin at any state of the tide, and row over all the sunk banks and places where the fish frequent, at a slow rate, with three or four rods placed regularly in the stern of the boat. When a small seithe is hooked, pull it in at once, and out with the rod again as fast as possible; sometimes nearly all the rods have a fish at the same time. In lythe fishing, you need not launch your boat until low-water; sink the fly with a couple of back-shot, and troll on the brow where it descends perpendicularly; this is easily seen at that state of the tide. When you hook a large fish, try to prevent it getting down, or you may be obliged to throw the rod overboard, in case the lythe should break away; but, if you can manage to swing it about at the top for a short time, it will soon be unable to offer any resistance.

"Trolling with the white feather has this recommendation, that it may be enjoyed by an invalid or party of ladies—and, certainly, a more delightful way of spending the cool of a summer evening cannot be imagined; rowing slowly along those romantic shores—hearing the distant gurgle of the dwindled mountain-brook in its steep descent, and ever and anon passing the blue curling smoke of a shepherd's or fisherman's grass-topped hut upon the banks."

Four times has that detestable door-bell rung; and on each occasion we have heard the murmur of voices below, the shuffling of feet, and the tinkling of tumblers. Our hospitality, we begin to fear, has been grossly abused—all the canvassers in the

neighbourhood are flocking to our tap—and we are not without some misgivings that we may have incurred the statutory penalties for treating. There goes the bell again! Who the deuce can it be now? Surely we have liquored impartially every Trojan and Tyrian in the district. Well—who is it?

"The Chairman of Mr Macwheedle's Committee."

Tell the Chairman of Mr Macwheedle's Committee that we are at this moment slightly delirious, and practising with pistols in the attics. Hint to him, moreover, that we have an unfortunate habit of firing down into the lobby whenever we hear a noise, and that we may possibly mistake him for a rhinoceros. And give no more beer, on any account, to any human being. We trust, now, we may be permitted to remain undisturbed, and finish our article in peace.

On glancing round the attic, we observe that our rifle, and double-barrelled Dickson, have lain untouched since November last. We must look to this gear speedily; for time is stealing on, and the twelfth of August will be upon us before we have recovered from the heat of these elections. We intend, weather permitting, to knock down on that day as many brace as may correspond with Lord Derby's majority—and the news of the result of the first contested election in England should arrive about this time. Indeed, we suppose it has arrived, for there is an unusual sound in the street, and a howling as of triumphant partisans. We open the window, peer over, and behold a frantic Constitutionalist gesticulating like a windmill. What is the row down there? "THE TWO CONSERVATIVE CANDIDATES RETURNED FOR LIVERPOOL BY AN IMMENSE MAJORITY!" Heaven be praised! Mr Cardwell has got his gruel at last. Go home, our fine fellow, and try, if possible, to keep sober. At the same time, we consider it necessary to dedicate a special bumper in honour of this event, for first blood is always a great point in a battle. With three cheers, which startle the swallows from their equanimity, we drink to the health of the electors of Liver-

pool, who have so nobly done their duty; and to that of Messrs Turner and Forbes Mackenzie, their staunch and worthy representatives.

If this sort of thing goes on, we shall have work before us on the Twelfth. On that day, many an unfledged sportsman will take the hill-side for the first time; and for their benefit we transcribe a few sentences, by way of precept, from Mr Colquhoun's book. Let them, however, read diligently the whole of his chapter upon grouse and black-game shooting, and we promise them that, by adopting his suggestions, they will bring home a heavier bag than they could secure by following the advice of any other mentor.

"Most young shots are not content unless they are upon the moor by peep of day, on the long-anticipated 12th of August. And what is the result? They have found and disturbed most of the packs before they have well fed, and one half will rise out of distance, and fly away unbroken. Had the moor been left quiet till eight or nine o'clock, four double shots might have been obtained at almost every pack, and many would have been scattered for the evening shooting. It will generally be found that if two equal shots, upon equal moors, uncouple their dogs, one at five o'clock and the other at eight, and compare notes at two in the afternoon, the lazy man will have the heaviest game-bag, and his ground will be in best order for the deadly time of the day, to say nothing of his competitor's disadvantage from having fruitlessly wasted his own strength and that of his dogs, when many of the packs would not allow him to come within reach. My advice, therefore, to the young grouse-shooter, is always to wait till the dew is dry on the heather. If he starts at eight o'clock, and travels the moors as he ought, there is time enough before dark to put his powers to the proof, however he may pique himself upon them. I do not mean to say he must run over the ground, but keep up a steady, determined walk, up hill and down hill, without flagging for an instant, unless the dogs come upon the scent of game. Of all sports, grouse-shooting is the most laborious. None can stand a comparison with it except deer-stalking; and yet the veriest "soft," puffing and blowing at every step, may put off a whole day upon the moors—travelling them, I will not call it—and boast after dinner that "he wonders how

people can find grouse-shooting so toilsome and fatiguing—*fox-hunting* is much more so."

This, however, with all deference to Mr Colquhoun, requires to be received with qualification. One man may work himself very nearly to death at grouse-shooting with no more success than another who takes it leisurely. If you go out with numerous relays of dogs, letting loose a couple, or perhaps three high-bred and far-ranging pointers at a time, you will undoubtedly, on any average moor, get exercise enough to knock you up long before the day is over. You must necessarily walk up to every point, whether it be a real one or not; and great is your travel accordingly. Our method is different. We never let out more than one dog at a time. The very best of dogs are not improved by emulation, especially at the beginning of the season. They stand upon the honour of their noses; and, rather than not make points, will take up the faintest scent out of sheer jealousy of each other; whereas a single dog knows that he is in a situation of trust, and will not willingly betray you. Contrary to the popular dogma, we prefer a setter to a pointer. The former is a more intelligent and docile animal than the latter, and, if you take proper pains with him, will always understand you better, and accommodate himself accordingly. The only disadvantage of setters is that they require water, and are liable to be much distressed when the moor is particularly dry. Still we give them the preference over the other; and, if you have your dog fully under command, you will kill as many birds over him, with infinitely less fatigue to yourself, as if you were to let out three. Of course you must take care not to let him be overworked; for there are limits to the endurance of every living creature, however willing he may be. A really good dog will not give in readily, for he enjoys the sport as much as you do yourself. And here we would entreat our young friends to beware how they are harsh to their dogs. Be kind to your dog, and he will love you more sincerely and less selfishly than almost any human being. Do not be in a hurry to con-

clude that he is stupid. Nature has gifted him with a nose in many respects superior to your own; and he is far more likely to be in the right than you are. Some faults there are undoubtedly which you must check, but never with unnecessary harshness. No more hideously brutal picture can be conceived than that of a hulking fellow in fustian, with a flushed face and angry voice, belabouring a prostrate pointer.

Mr Colquhoun has some very sensible observations on the instinct of dogs, which we transcribe for the benefit of those who think that a pointer or a setter can display no sagacity except in the field.

"It is often amusing to hear those who know little about the subject describing the 'almost reason' of the St Bernard's dog, and not unfrequently of the Scotch colley." It appears to me that the instinct of those animals is more prominently forced upon their notice, and they do not take the trouble to watch and discover it in the other species. Sagacity is more equally distributed among the different varieties of the dog than such casual observers are aware of; but it, of course, takes different directions, according to the temper, habits, and treatment of the animal. It would be a waste of time so far to control the keen tempers of sporting-dogs (by which I mean setters and pointers) as to make them perform the duties of a well broke phlegmatic retriever. The instinctive power may therefore appear greater in one than the other; but from the quiet, easy temper of the retriever, it is much less difficult to develop and make use of his instinct in that particular way: while the setter and pointer, owing to their more active life and hunting propensities, may often pass unnoticed, even by their masters, though every time they are in the field displaying as much tact as the most cautious retriever. Their sagacity is never thought of; and the only praise they get is that they are 'excellent dogs;' which means that *they find plenty of game*.

"There is another reason why sporting-dogs appear more deficient in sense than some others, and that is their mode of life. Confined always in the kennel unless when seeking game, all their powers are employed to this end. There are, however, abundant proofs that, when made companions, and suffered to occupy a place upon the hearth-rug, they are capable of the same attachment, and

would equal in sagacity the much-lauded dogs of St Bernard. Indeed, the usual mode of imprisoning sporting-dogs is so great a disadvantage, that I have seen some, with excellent noses, and every requisite for the moors, grow sulky, and refuse to hunt with their usual freeness, unless left in a great measure to themselves. This, I know, arose partly from a want of proper management, and not keeping the medium between encouraging kindness and merited correction; for too much lenity is nearly as injurious to a dog as over-severity; sulkiness will often be the effect in the one case, shyness in the other. Still, if the dog were allowed to be the companion of his master, he would both acquire sense and tact in half the time, and would not give half the trouble either by shyness or sulkiness; whereas it will generally be found that a kennel dog is long past his best before he excels in that sagacity on the moor which so greatly assists him in finding game."

In short, the dog who knows his master, and is familiar with his ways, will always do his work more satisfactorily than the poor beast who has passed the greater number of his days in the monotony of the kennel, and who never has had the advantage of being introduced to human society.

We have not, however, adverted to the points raised by Mr Colquhoun as to taking the moors early. There can be no doubt that he is right, in the advice which he tenders to young sportsmen. Early-rising we believe to be a virtue, though one which we do not practise with sufficient exactitude; and we have heard it stated, on credible authority, that nature looks lovely at sunrise. But for all that, there is no occasion whatever for awakening the echoes by a premature discharge of musketry. Grouse must breakfast like other living creatures, and it is but fair to allow them, on this day of their annual massacre, the privilege of a matutinal picking. As to your own breakfast, we certainly should not recommend you to victual yourself as if you were stowing away provisions to last you for a couple of days; but, on the other hand, go not forth famished. Mr Colquhoun recommends you to forego the companionship of a flask. We dissent. If the weather is boiling, and if you are not accustomed to

violent exercise, you must necessarily drink something; and the safest beverage is water slightly tinctured with spirits. Beer blows you up, and porter makes you sleepy. Cold tea is trash. Of course you will take care not to increase your hereditary thirst by cramming yourself at luncheon with ham, or any of those high-spiced delicacies which Italian warehousemen especially recommend for the moors. Eat anchovies, and in a quarter of an hour after you have resumed your beat, you will find that you had better have tasted of the apples of the Dead Sea. And here we shall remark that the proceedings of the previous evening have often much to do with these distressing symptoms of thirst. Of all days in the year we regard the eleventh of August as that which should be most soberly observed; and we earnestly counsel our young friends, if they have any regard for their own comfort, to resist on that evening the most pressing hospitality which may be offered them by a seasoned Thane. Besides this, young sportsmen are commonly nervous enough on their first field-day, without doing anything additional to make their hand unsteady; and it is well-known to authorities, that, whereas the man who begins by shooting well in the morning commonly continues to do so throughout the day, the unfortunate lad who signalises himself by a series of misses at the commencement very rarely regains coolness enough to enable him to do any execution. He becomes flurried and anxious, takes no deliberate aim, fires at any kind of distance, and, not unfrequently, puts the life of Ponto into jeopardy extreme.

Black-cock shooting is a much tamer sport than that afforded by the quest of the grouse. Nevertheless, as an old cock is a handsome bird to look at, and withal heavy, though he makes but an indifferent addition to the table, the young sportsman is usually desirous to bring him to bag. On this subject we have a word or two to say. Great care should be taken not to disturb the young broods before the twentieth of August—indeed, in our opinion, the twentieth of August is quite early enough to begin. The

places where black game hatch, and in which the young broods continue until they are well grown, are quite distinct from those frequented by the grouse. You may expect to find the former in tracts of rushy ground, in little glens where the fern grows abundantly, or in low brushwood; whereas the latter are always to be sought for among the heather. Young black game lie so close that it is sometimes easy to take them with the hand just under the nose of the pointer—indeed the pointer is often tempted to break rules, and make a grab at the living simpleton who will not flutter up. At the commencement of the season it is always best to keep the higher ground, so that the dogs may not interfere with the black in their quest for the red game; and afterwards, in every case where the birds are not fully grown, we supplicate for mercy for the maternal grey hen. Indeed, the sportsman will find it to his advantage to give her a reprieve; for young black game are very helpless creatures, and, if deprived of their mother's superintendence before they are well fledged, are apt to fall victims to some of their natural enemies, who are perpetually on the prowl. As for the old cocks, down with them whenever you can. They are quite able to look after themselves, are exceedingly wary, and, if you happen to find them in the bracken or brushwood, will afford you a charming right and left. Towards the close of the season, stalking black-cock is a very exciting sport. It requires great caution and skill—for our sable acquaintances are knowing strategists, and always appoint a sentinel. Driving black-cock is another method which we have practised with considerable success, both in Argyllshire and on the Border, where this species of game especially abounds; and we can answer for the excellence of the sport. These remarks apply to the circumventing of the old birds—the pursuit of young black game is very tame work. They always rise within easy distance, and fly so steadily that the merest tyro can bring them down; whereas the acuter grouse, after he has been once or twice disturbed, seems to form a very accurate

estimate of the nature and purposes of a gun, and endeavours to get out of your way without cultivating a nearer acquaintance.

We are bound to confess that we never shot a ptarmigan; and, judging from Mr Colquhoun's account of two expeditions which he made in search of that Alpine bird, we have little inclination to follow his example. The ptarmigan, or white grouse, is only found near the summits of the loftiest mountains in Scotland; and, when roused, he has a playful habit of crossing from one peak to another, so that, if you wish to follow him up, you must ascend a second Jungfrau. Now, we have no idea of this kind of elevation; for one would require to be a sort of Giant of the Hartz, able to stride from mountain to mountain, in order to pursue such erratic game. Alpine hares are more to the purpose; and as we believe English sportsmen are not well acquainted with the habits of this animal, which, of late years, has been greatly on the increase in some districts of Scotland, we may perhaps transcribe with advantage the remarks of Mr Colquhoun.

"The white hare inhabits many of our mountains. It is not confined, like the ptarmigan, to the tops of the highest and most inaccessible, but, on the contrary, is often met with on grouse shooting ranges, where there are few crags or rocks to be seen. I have frequently shot it on flats, between the hills, where it had made its form like the common hare; and, though I have more often moved it in rocky places,—where it sometimes has its seat a considerable way under a stone—I do not think it ever burrows among them, as some suppose; for, although hard pressed, I have never seen it attempt to shelter itself, like a rabbit, in that way. Indeed there would be little occasion for this, as its speed is scarcely inferior to the hares of the wood or plain, and it evidently possesses more cunning. When first started, instead of running heedlessly forward, it makes a few corky bounds, then stops to listen, moving its ears about; and, if the danger is urgent, darts off at full speed, always with the settled purpose of reaching some high hill or craggy ravine. If not pressed, it springs along as if for amusement; but takes care never to give its enemy an advantage by leitering.

"I put up one on the 16th March 1840, when inspecting the heather-burning on

my moor, at Leny in Perthshire, which (contrary to their usual practice) kept watching, and allowed me several times to come within a hundred yards. I was at first surprised, but the explanation soon occurred to me that it had young ones in the heather. I had thus a good opportunity of noticing the commencement of its change of colour. The head was quite grey, and the back nearly so; which parts are the last to lose, as well as the first to put on, the summer dress. I shot one nearly in the same stage, on the 22d November 1839. The only difference was that the whole coat of the former appeared less pure. This is easily accounted for, as in winter the creature, though recovering a fresh accession of hair, loses none of the old, which also becomes white; whereas in spring it casts it all, like other animals. Thus, by a merciful provision, its winter covering is doubly thick; while, at the same time, being the colour of snow, (with which our hills are generally whitened at that time of year,) it can more easily elude its numerous foes. The same remark applies to the ptarmigan.

"During a mild winter, when the ground is free from snow, the white hare invariably chooses the thickest patch of heather it can find, as if aware of its conspicuous appearance; and to beat all the bushy tufts on the side and at the foot of rocky hills at such a time affords the best chance of a shot. The purity or dinginess of its colour is a true criterion of the severity or mildness of the season. If the winter is open, I have always remarked that the back and lower part of the ear retain a shade of the fawn-colour; if, on the contrary, there is much frost and snow, the whole fur of the hare is very bright and silvery, with scarcely a tint of brown. When started from its form, I have constantly observed that it never returns, evidently knowing that its refuge has been discovered. It will sometimes burrow in the snow, in order to scrape for food and avoid the cold wind, as well as for security. These burrows are not easily discovered by an unaccustomed eye; the hare runs round the place several times, which completely puzzles an observer, and then makes a bound over, without leaving any footmark to detect her retreat. It is hollowed out, like a mine, by the hare's scraping and breath, and the herbage beneath nibbled bare.

"When deer-stalking in Glenartney last autumn, I was quite amazed at the multitude of Alpine hares. They kept starting up on all sides—some as light-coloured as rabbits, and others so dark as to resemble little moving pieces of granite.

I could only account for their numbers from the abundance of fine green food, and the absence of sheep; which are as much avoided by hares as by deer, from their dirting the ground with their tarry feces.

"An eye-witness, on whom I can depend, gave me a curious account of the tactics of a hill-hare, which completely baffled the tyrant of the rocks. Puss, as is her wont when chased by an eagle, sheltered herself under a stone. The eagle took post at a little distance, and watched long, exactly like a cat waiting for a mouse. Although her fierce foe was out of sight, the hare seemed to have a *mesmeric* knowledge of his vicinity, for she never would move so far from her hiding-place as to be taken by surprise. Several times she came out to feed, but the moment the eagle rose she was safe again. At last her pursuer got tired, and flew away. The white hare has always a refuge of this kind where eagles haunt."

We may add that the Alpine hare is now most abundant in some districts of Perthshire, and that it is easily shot, by the sportsman taking post at the outlet of one of the large enclosures of hill pasture, while the ground within is beat. This, of course, is inglorious shooting; but fellows who are not up to the ready use of firearms like it; and we should be inclined to bet that even Mr John Bright would, once out of twenty-five trials, contrive to hit a hare. We shall not rashly predicate the like of his friend Mr Welford, unless the hares were taken sitting; and, even in that case, we have great doubts whether the arch-enemy and would-be extirpator of game would succeed; for we have an idea that he entertains a vague notion that the recoil of a fowling-piece is something absolutely terrific.

By the way, what has become of Welford? It is now several years since we had occasion to notice his work on the game laws with marked amenity; but, since then, we have lost sight of that Pleiad. Is it possible that he can have been converted to our views, in consequence of his having been graciously permitted by the member for the West Riding to sport over his extensive estates? We hope so, and do not despair to see him ere long upon the mountains with a philabeg girt round his loins.

Having begun such a crusade against the *fera natura*, he ought to consummate it with his own hand. Theseus was supposed to have rid the Peloponnesus of ravening beasts—why should not Welford exterminate the objects of his wrath, and put an end to the ornithology of Great Britain?

So long as moor and loch remain—and it will be a considerable time before the one is thoroughly reclaimed, and the other thoroughly drained, in Scotland—there is little probability that any of the animals native to our country will utterly perish before the exertions of the Manchester gentry. Indeed it is worth while remarking that modern improvement, by replacing the woods, has again brought back to districts the game which for centuries had disappeared. Within our recollection, a roe-deer had never been seen by a living man south of Forth; now they are not uncommon within twelve miles of Edinburgh, and probably will soon spread to the Border, and beyond it. The roe is no great delicacy for the table—though the Germans think otherwise, and dress it with considerable skill—nor might it satisfy the requirements of an aldermanic appetite; but no one who has seen those elegant creatures bounding through a Highland wood, or stealing out at evening to feed beyond the coppice, can deny the charm which they add to the beauties of our northern landscape. We fairly confess that we never, even in the heyday and excitement of our youth, have shot a roe without experiencing a pang of regret. But roes, according to the views of Welford, must not be allowed to multiply indefinitely; and therefore we have endeavoured at times, when they became too thick, and would persevere in barking the trees, to do our duty. We shall not extract anything from Mr Colquhoun's chapter upon roe-hunting, which we recommend to the attention of those who may shortly have occasion to try that sport; but we cannot pass over a little Highland picture in which the roe is a prominent figure.

"Day was just breaking when I crossed the river Tulla, on my way to Peter Robertson's cottage. He was standing before his door, consoling himself for his early start by a pipe of very strong

tobacco. The morning was all we could wish—calm, grey, and mild. As we passed the banks of the loch, roe-deer were quietly cropping the greensward, which sloped to the water's edge, and now and then a fine buck would raise his head, and look listlessly over his shoulder, as if wondering what business we had to be so early astart. The blackcock, surrounded by his hens, was crowing his antics on the tops of the knolls, and was answered by the redcock, with many a cheery but eccentric call, from the more distant heights. A wild hen-harrier was flitting stealthily above the heather, seeking his breakfast where it could easily be found, with small chance of human company at his morning meal. Now and then an Alpine hare would canter lazily away, or raise himself upon her hind-legs to listen, moving about her inquisitive ears."

A perfect and most graphic Highland picture.

To the naturalist, the most puzzling of all questions is to define accurately the limits between instinct and reason, as the terms are commonly understood. We have long ago given up the attempt in absolute despair. Take, for example, the case of the rooks. They can distinguish Sunday from the rest of the week as accurately as any preacher, and are perfectly aware that, on that day, no gun will be levelled at them. You may make demonstrations with a stick if you please, but the rooks will not fly away. They merely retort with a caw of utter scorn. But on Monday morning the Lord of Rockwood is a changed being. He will not on any account let you within a hundred yards of him; and so excessively acute is he, that you would almost swear he scents the powder in your pocket, so is it with the rooks. When wandering unarmed through a Highland wood, you are almost certain to fill in with several of these beautiful creatures, who regard you almost without alarm, and glide slowly into the shaw. They know quite well that you are not there with any murderous design, and they neither fear nor avoid you. Not so if you carry a gun. In that case, you may look long enough about you before you will desery the white spot, which is the distinguishing mark of the roe-deer. They whom you seek are

lying close in the brackens, perhaps but a very few yards from you, but they will not stir till you are gone.

Beating for roe is stupid work. We do not see the fun of standing for half the day in a pass waiting for a chance shot, with no other regalement for the ear than the hoarse braying of the beaters, and their everlasting shouts of "Shoo!" A much better method is that of stirring the roe with a foxhound, when he glides from thicket to thicket, in advance of his pursuer, whose clear note indicates his approach, and gives you sufficient warning. But enough on this head.

We have already, in former articles, while reviewing the works of Mr St John and the Stuarts, had occasion to enter pretty fully into the subject of deer-stalking. Therefore we shall not again go over that ground, although tempted to do so by Mr Colquhoun's admirable chapter devoted to that noble sport, in which he lays down, with great perspicuity, all the rules which ought to be observed by the stalker. To such of our readers as aspire to have their exploits chronicled in the columns of the *Inverness Courier*, (the best sporting register in Scotland,) we recommend Mr Colquhoun's book, advising them to study it well before they venture forth into the mountains. It is true that no theory can supply the lack of practice, still, deer-stalking is eminently an art; and there are distinct rules for following it, which must not be disregarded. Mr Colquhoun is more concise than any former writer, and we prefer him, as a guide, to Mr Serape.

There is a very curious chapter devoted to the chase of the wild goat, which may now be considered among the *fera nature* of Scotland. They exist in some of the islands of Loch Lomond, and, if we mistake not, on the hills of Ross-shire, near Loch Luichart. Some years ago, there were several wild goats on the tremendous precipices at the entrance of the Bay of Cromarty; but they were assailed in their fastnesses both from sea and land, and, for aught we know, may have been exterminated. We beg, however, to caution our English friends against firing at every

goat they may chance to fall in with in their rambles among the hills. In many parts of the Highlands goats are kept as stock—indeed, it is probable that the kind now considered as wild were originally stragglers from some flock. In the course of two or three generations they have lost all trace of a domestic character, and can neither be claimed nor reclaimed. But it is not safe for sportsmen to exercise their judgment upon this point, without distinct local information, lest, perchance, they should happen to smite down an appropriated Billy in his pride. We have known some awkward mistakes occurring with regard to geese, who had somewhat imprudently exhibited themselves on the bosom of a mountain tarn.

We cannot read the chapter entitled "Crap-na-Gower," containing an account of an exterminating warfare against the goats on one of the Loch Lomond islands, without wishing that they had been allowed to remain, at whatever injury to the trees. Mr Colquhoun, who always writes as a humane gentleman ought to do, virtually admits that he does not plume himself on the share which he took in that crusade; and there is something very melancholy in the picture which he draws of the death-scene of the last Billy. We can fully understand the feeling which prompts men of an exceedingly tender and sensitive disposition to abstain from field sports altogether. The idea of giving pain to any living creature is to them intolerable; and we believe there are few sportsmen who have not in their own minds experienced occasional misgivings. Abhorring, as we do, all manner of cruelty, it does seem at first sight strange and unnatural, that a person feeling thus, should seek amusement or recreation in depriving living creatures of their existence. But we altogether deny that there is any ferocity in the chase. We are led to it by a natural instinct, powerful in the savage, but which civilisation has no power to obliterate; and that instinct was doubtless given to us, as were the brute creation to man, for wise and useful purposes. Those who argue that there is inhumanity in field sports, seldom reflect

on their own inconsistency. Either they must maintain—which none of them do—that wild animals should be allowed to multiply indefinitely, in which case foxes, fowmarts, and stoats, would share in the general amnesty, not to mention such an increase in the number of hares as would annihilate agriculture; or they must, as some of them certainly do, assert their right to cut off a branch of creation from the earth. The argument for field-sports lies midway between unrestricted multiplicity and total extermination. Now, surely it is better that a grouse should have its lease of life and enjoyment, and afterwards be swiftly shot down for the use of man, than that there should be no grouse at all. Your modern advocate for total clearance is, in fact, as gross a barbarian as the brute who deliberately sets his foot upon a nest of eggs, for the avowed purpose of preventing so much development of animal existence. He is, in heart at least, a chick-murderer. He opposes himself to the economy of creation; and would, on his own responsibility, make a new arrangement of the zoology of the globe, on principles entirely his own.

It would be a great relief to us if those Homeridae, who have been screaming satirical panegyrics on Macwheedle beneath our window, for the last hour or two, would withdraw themselves and their minstrelsy. Such canorous vagabonds do a great deal of mischief. The satirified individual, who is, in reality, a very poor creature, suddenly finds himself swelled into importance, by being chaunted ironically in the streets; and is apt to imbibe the notion that he is, after all, a fit and proper person to be returned to Parliament. So far as we have been able to gather the meaning of the words, these effusions seem to be couched in the veriest doggerel; but, for all that, they are emanations from the popular mind, symptomatic of the coming result of the poll, and we so receive them. Against Macwheedle we are ready to lay any manner of odds, for no minstrel's throat, as yet, has vibrated decidedly in his praise. We hope, however, that the shilling, which we willingly tender, may procure us

immunity, for an hour or two, from this hideous irruption of song.

Hitherto we have adverted mainly, for the benefit of those who are untried in the ways of the Moor and the Loch, to the earlier sports of the season; because we are in favour of what Dandie Dinmont termed a "regular entering," and have no idea of dispensing with principles at the commencement of the sportsman's career. Old hands know perfectly well what is before them. Such a work as this, which we are reviewing, may possibly confirm some of their theories, or it may reveal to them the cause—especially in winter shooting—of some errors into which they may have inadvertently fallen from too slight notice of the habits and peculiar sensitiveness of their game. Mr Colquhoun's observations on this point are peculiarly valuable; for, dwelling on the banks of one of the most beautiful of our Scottish lochs, he has had ample opportunity to study the movements of the aquatic birds which congregate there in the winter season. The reader must not expect to find such narratives of wholesale slaughter among ducks and widgeon as embellish the pages of Colonel Hawker. Punt-shooting is limited to the sea-shores and harbours; and we can readily conceive it to be an exciting occupation for those who are hardy enough to take the mud at midnight, regardless of the state of the thermometer. But duck-shooting, on a Highland loch, partakes more of the nature of stalking, and calls forth in an eminent degree the skill and resources of the hunter.

"Having now equipped our wild-fowl shooter, we will again bring him to the shore. His first object should be to see his game without being seen himself, even if they are at too great a distance to show signs of alarm. To effect this he must creep cautiously forward to the first point that will command a view of the shore for some distance; then, taking out his glass, he must reconnoitre it by inches, noticing every tuft of grass or stone, to which wildfowl asleep often bear so close a resemblance, that, except to a very quick eye, assisted by a glass, the difference is not perceptible. If the loch be well-frequented, he will most likely first discover a flock of divers, but must not be in a hurry to pocket his

glass, until he has thoroughly inspected the shore, in case some more desirable fowl may be feeding or asleep upon it. I will suppose that he sees some objects that *may* be wildfowl. Let him then immediately direct his glass to the very margin of the loch, to see if anything is moving there. Should he find it so, he may conclude that it is a flock of either ducks, widgeon, or teal; those first perceived resting on the shore, and the others feeding at the water's edge—of course not nearly so conspicuous. If there is no motion at the margin of the loch he must keep his glass fixed, and narrowly watch for some time, when, if what arrested his attention be wildfowl asleep, they will, in all probability, betray themselves by raising a head or flapping a wing.

"He must now take one or two large marks; that he will be sure to know again, as close to the birds as possible; and also another, about two or three hundred yards; immediately above, further inland. Having done this, let him take a very wide circle and come round upon his inland mark. He must now walk as if treading upon glass; the least rustle of a bough, or crack of a piece of rotten wood under his feet, may spoil all, especially if the weather be calm. Having got to about one hundred yards from where he supposes the birds to be, he will tell his retriever to lie down; the dog, if well trained, will at once do so, and never move. His master will then crawl forward, until he gets the advantage of a bush or tuft of reeds, and then raise his head by inches to look through it for his other marks. Having seen them, he has got an idea where the birds are, and will, with the utmost caution, endeavour to catch sight of them. I will suppose him fortunate enough to do so, and that they are perfectly unconscious of his near approach. He must lower his head in the same cautious manner, and look for some refuge at a fair distance from the birds, through which he may fire the deadly sitting shot. After creeping serpent-like to this, he will again raise his head by hair-breadths, and, peeping through the bush or tuft, select the greatest number of birds in line; then drawing back a little, in order that his gun may be just clear of the bush for the second barrel, after having fired the first through it, will take sure aim at his selected victims. Should he unfortunately not find an opening to fire through, the only other alternative is by almost imperceptible degrees to raise his gun to the right of the bush, and close to it; but in doing

this the birds are much more likely to see him, and take wing. Never fire *over* the bush, as you are almost certain to be perceived whenever you raise your head: more good shots are lost to an experienced hand by a rapid jerk, not keeping a sufficient watch for stragglers, and over-anxiety to fire, than in any other way. Having succeeded in getting the sitting shot, the fowl, especially if they have not seen from whence it comes, will rise perpendicularly in the air, and you are not unlikely to have a chance of knocking down a couple more with your
id b. el; bi 'the

must select the finest old mallard among them, or whatever suits your fancy. Directly upon hearing the report, your retriever will run to your assistance, and, having secured your cripples, you will reload, and, taking out your glass, reconnoitre again; for though ducks, widgeon, &c., should fly out upon the loch at the report of your gun, yet the diver tribe, if there are only one or two together, are perhaps more likely to be under water than above when you fire: but more of them by and by.

Another invariable rule, in crawling upon ducks, is always, if possible, to get to leeward of them; for although I am firmly of opinion that they do not wind you like deer, as some suppose, yet their hearing is most acute. I have seen instances of this that I could hardly otherwise have credited. One day I got within about sixty yards of three ducks asleep upon the shore; the wind was blowing very strong, direct from me to them, a thick hedge forming my ambuscade. The ground was quite bare beyond this hedge, so I was obliged to take the distant shot through it. In making the attempt, I ruffled one of the twigs: up went the three heads to the full stretch; but when I had remained quiet for about five minutes, they again placed their bills under their wings. Upon a second trial, the slight noise was unfortunately repeated—again the

birds raised their heads; but this time they were much longer upon the stretch, and seemed more uneasy. Nothing now remained but to try again: my utmost caution, however, was unavailing—the birds rose like rockets. I never hesitate concealing myself to windward of the spot where I expect ducks to pitch, feeling confident that, unless I move, they will not find me out. I have often had them swimming within twenty-five yards of me, when I was waiting for three or four in line, the wind blowing direct from me to them, without perceiving, by
the
enemy's vicinity."

Macwheedle himself, by all that impudent! Nay, then, it is full time for us to take our farewell of Mr Colquhoun, and address ourselves to our public duty. We shall meet the honourable candidate in that style of diplomacy which was imparted to us by old Talleyrand, and in which, we flatter ourselves, we have no equal, with the exception, perhaps, of the accomplished Dunshunner. That gay individual is, doubtless, at this moment wooing some bashful constituency—we trust with prospects of better success than attended his last adventure. When the elections are over, we shall lose not a moment in hastening to the Highlands—there, by glen and river, loch, moor, and mountain, to obliterate all memory of the heat and hurry of the hustings; and we hope, before the year is over, to hear from the lips of many of our friends, who are now looking forward with anxiety to their first sporting season, an acknowledgment of the benefit which they have derived from the practical lessons of our author. Now, then, for an interview with the too insinuating Macwheedle.

MY NOVEL; OR, VARIETIES IN ENGLISH LIFE.

BY PISISTRATUS CANTON.

BOOK XI. CONTINUED. CHAPTER XVII.

When the scenes in some long diorama pass solemnly before us, there is sometimes one solitary object, contrasting, perhaps, the view of stately cities or the march of a mighty river, that halts on the eye for a moment, and then glides away, leaving on the mind a strange, comfortless, undefined impression.

Why was the object presented to us? In itself it seemed comparatively insignificant. It may have been but a broken column— a lonely pool with a star-beam on its quiet surface—yet it awes us. We remember it when phantasmal pictures of bright Damascus, or of colossal pyramids— of bazaars in Stamboul, or lengthened caravans that defile slow amidst the sands of Araby— have satiated the wondering gaze. Why were we detained in the shadowy procession by a thing that would have been so commonplace had it not been so lone? Some latent interest must attach to it. Was it there that a vision of woe had lifted the wild hair of a Prophet?— there where some Hagar had stifled the wail of her child on her indignant breast? We would fain call back the pageantry procession— fain see again the solitary thing that seemed so little worth the hand of the artist— and ask, “Why art thou here, and wherefore dost thou haunt us?”

Rise up—rise up once more—by the broad great thoroughfare that stretches onward and onward to the remorseless London— Rise up—rise up—O solitary tree with the green leaves on thy bough, and the deep rents in thy heart; and the ravens, dark birds of omen and sorrow, that built their nest amidst the leaves of the bough, and drop with noiseless plumes down through the hollow rents of the heart—or are heard, it may be, in the growing shadows of twilight, calling out to their young!

Under the old pollard tree, by the side of John Avenel's house, there

cowered, breathless and listening, John Avenel's daughter Nora. Now, when that fatal newspaper paragraph, which led so like truth, met her eyes, she obeyed the first impulse of her passionate heart—she tore the wedding ring from her finger—she enclosed it, with the paragraph itself, in a letter to Audley—a letter that she designed to convey scorn and pride—alas! it expressed only jealousy and love. She could not rest till she had put this letter into the post with her own hand, addressed to Audley at Lord Lansmere's. Scarce was it gone ere she repented. What had she done?—resigned the birth-right of the child she was so soon to bring into the world—resigned her last hope in her lover's honour—given up her life of life—and from belief in what?— a report in a newspaper! No, no; she would go herself to Lansmere, to her father's home—she could contrive to see Audley before that letter reached his hand. The thought was scarcely conceived before obeyed. She found a vacant place in a coach that started from London some hours before the mail, and went within a few miles of Lansmere; those last miles she travelled on foot. Exhausted—fainting—she gained at last the sight of home, and there halted, for in the little garden in front she saw her parents seated. She heard the murmur of their voices, and suddenly she remembered her altered shape, her terrible secret. How answer the question, “Daughter, where and who is thy husband?” Her heart failed her; she crept under the old pollard tree, to gather up resolve, to watch and to listen. She saw the rigid face of the thrifty prudent mother, with the deep lines that told of the cares of an anxious life, and the chafe of excitable temper and warm affections against the restraint of decorous sanctimony and resolute pride. The dear stern face never seemed to her more dear and

more stern. She saw the comely, easy, indolent, good-humoured father; not then the poor, paralytic sufferer, who could yet recognise Nora's eyes under the lids of Leonard, but stalwart and jovial—first bat in the Cricket Club, first voice in the Glee Society, the most popular canvasser of the Lansmere Constitutional True Blue Party, and the pride and idol of the Calvinistical prim wife. Never from those pinched lips of hers had come forth even one pious rebuke to the careless social man. As he sat, one hand in his vest, his profile turned to the road, the light smoke curling playfully up from the pipe, over which lips, accustomed to bland smile and hearty laughter, closed as if reluctant to be closed at all, he was the very model of the respectable retired trader in easy circumstances, and released from the toil of making money while life could yet enjoy the delight of spending it.

"Well, old woman," said John Avenel, "I must be off presently to see to those three shaky voters in Fish Lane; they will have done their work soon, and I shall catch 'em at home. They do say as how we may have an opposition; and I know that old Smikes has gone to Lounnon in search of a candidate. We can't have the Lansmere Constitutional Blues beat by a Lounnoner! Ha, ha, ha!"

"But you will be home before Jane and her husband Mark come? How ever she could marry a common carpenter!"

"Yes," said John, "he is a carpenter; but he has a vote, and that strengthens the family interest. If Dick was not gone to Amerikay, there would be three on us. But Mark is a real good Blue! A Lounnoner, indeed!—a Yellow from Lounnon beat my Lord and the Blues! Ha, ha!"

"But, John, this Mr Egerton is a Lounnoner?"

"You don't understand things, talking such nonsense. Mr Egerton is the Blue candidate, and the Blues are the Country Party; therefore how can he be a Lounnoner? An uncommon clever, well-grown, handsome young man, eh! and my young lord's particular friend."

Mrs Avenel sighed.

"What are you sighing and shaking your head for?"

"I was thinking of our poor, dear, dear Nora!"

"God bless her!" cried John, heartily.

There was a rustle under the boughs of the old hollow-hearted pollard tree.

"Ha! ha! Hark! I said that so loud that I have startled the ravens!"

"How he did love her!" said Mrs Avenel thoughtfully. "I am sure he did; and no wonder, for she looks every inch a lady; and why should not she be my lady, after all?"

"He? Who? Oh, that foolish fancy of yours about my young lord? A prudent woman like you!—stuff! I am glad my little beauty is gone to Lounnon, out of harm's way."

"John—John—John! No harm could ever come to my Nora. She's too pure and too good, and has too proper a pride in her, to"—

"To listen to any young lords, I hope," said John; "though," he added, after a pause, "she might well be a lady too. My lord, the young one, took me by the hand so kindly the other day, and said, 'Have not you heard from her—I mean Miss Avenel—lately?' and those bright eyes of his were as full of tears as—
a—as yours are now."

"Well, John, well; go on."

"That is all. My lady came up, and took me away to talk about the election; and just as I was going, she whispered, 'Don't let my wild boy talk to you about that sweet girl of yours. We must both see that she does not come to disgrace.' 'Disgrace!' that word made me very angry for the moment. But my lady has such a way with her, that she soon put me right again. Yet, I do think Nora must have loved my young lord, only she was too good to show it. What do you say?" And the father's voice was thoughtful.

"I hope she'll never love any man till she's married to him; it is not proper, John," said Mrs Avenel, somewhat starchy, though very mildly.

"Ha! ha!" laughed John, chuckling his prim wife under the chin, "you did not say that to me when I stole your first kiss under that very pollard tree—no house near it then!"

"Hush, John, hush!" and the prim wife blushed like a girl.

"Pooh," continued John merrily, "I don't see why we plain folks should pretend to be more saintly and prudish-like than our betters. There's that handsome Miss Leslie, who is to marry Mr Egerton—easy enough to see how much she is in love with him—could not keep her eyes off from him even in church, old girl? Ha, ha! What the deuce is the matter with the ravens?"

"They'll be a comely couple, John. And I hear tell she has a power of money. When is the marriage to be?"

"Oh, they say as soon as the election is over. A fine wedding we shall have of it! I dare say my young lord will be bridesman. We'll send for our little Nora to see the gay doings!"

Out from the boughs of the old tree came the shriek of a lost spirit—one of those strange appalling sounds of human agony, which, once heard, are never forgotten. It is as the wail of Hope, when *SURE*, too, rushes forth from the coffer of woes, and vanishes into viewless space;—it is the dread cry of Reason parting from clay—and of Soul, that would wrench itself from life! For a moment all was still—and then a dull, dumb, heavy fall!

The parents gazed on each other, speechless: they stole close to the pales, and looked over. Under the boughs, at the gnarled roots of the oak, they saw—grey and indistinct—a prostrate form. John opened the gate, and went round; the mother crept to the roadside, and there stood still.

"Oh, wife, wife!" cried John Avenel, from under the green boughs, "it is our child Nora! Our child—our child!"

And, as he spoke, out from the green boughs started the dark ravens, wheeling round and around, and calling to their young!

And when they had laid her on the bed, Mrs Avenel whispered John to withdraw for a moment; and, with set lips but trembling hands, began to unlace the dress, under the pressure of which Nora's heart heaved convulsively. And John went out of

the room bewildered, and sate himself down on the landing-place, and wondered whether he was awake or sleeping; and a cold numbness crept over one side of him, and his head felt very heavy, with a loud booming noise in his ears. Suddenly his wife stood by his side, and said in a very low voice—

"John, run for Mr Morgan—make haste. But mind—don't speak to any one on the way. Quick, quick!"

"Is she dying?"

"I don't know. Why not die before?" said Mrs Avenel between her teeth. "But Mr Morgan is a discreet, friendly man."

"A true Blue!" muttered poor John, as if his mind wandered; and rising with difficulty, he stared at his wife a moment, shook his head, and was gone.

An hour or two later, a little covered taxed-cart stopped at Mr Avenel's cottage, out of which stepped a young man with pale face and spare form, dressed in the Sunday suit of a rustic craftsman; then a homely, but pleasant, honest face, bent down to him smilingly; and two arms, emerging from under covert of a red cloak, extended an infant, which the young man took tenderly. The baby was cross and very sickly; it began to cry. The father hushed, and rocked, and tossed it, with the air of one to whom such a charge was familiar.

"He'll be good when we get in, Mark," said the young woman, as she extracted from the depths of the cart a large basket containing poultry and home-made bread.

"Don't forget the flowers that the Squire's gardener gave us," said Mark the Poet.

Without aid from her husband, the wife took down basket and nosegay, settled her cloak, smoothed her gown, and said, "Very odd!—they don't seem to expect us, Mark. How still the house is! Go and knock; they can't ha' gone to bed yet."

Mark knocked at the door—no answer. A light passed rapidly across the windows on the upper floor, but still no one came to his summons. Mark knocked again. A gentleman dressed in clerical costume, now coming from Lansmere Park, on the oppo-

site side of the road, paused at the sound of Mark's second and more impatient knock, and said civilly—

"Are you not the young folks my friend John Avenel told me this morning he expected to visit him?"

"Yes, please, Mr Dale," said Mrs Fairfield, dropping her curtsey. "You remember me! and this is my dear good man!"

"What! Mark the poet?" said the curate of Lansmere, with a smile. "Come to write squibs for the election?"

"Squibs, sir!" cried Mark indignantly.

"Burns wrote squibs," said the curate mildly.

Mark made no answer, but again knocked at the door.

This time, a man, whose face, even seen by the starlight, was much flushed, presented himself at the threshold.

"Mr Morgan!" exclaimed the curate, in benevolent alarm; "no illness here, I hope?"

"Cott! it is you, Mr Dale! Come

in, come in; I want a word with you. But who the teuce are these people?"

"Sir," said Mark, pushing through the doorway, "my name is Fairfield, and my wife is Mr Avenel's daughter!"

"Oh, Jane—and her baby too! Cood—cood! Come in; but be quiet, can't you? Still, still—still as death!"

The party entered, the door closed: the moon rose, and shone calmly on the pale silent house, on the sleeping flowers of the little garden, on the old pollard with its hollow core. The horse in the taxed-cart dozed, unheeded; the light still at times flitted across the upper windows. These were the only signs of life, except when a bat, now and then attracted by the light that passed across the windows, brushed against the pane; and then, dipping downwards, struck up against the nose of the slumbering horse, and darted merrily after the moth that fluttered round the raven's nest in the old pollard.

PIER XXIII.

All that day Harley L'Estrange had been more than usually mournful and dejected. Indeed the return to scenes associated with Nora's presence increased the gloom that had settled on his mind since he had lost sight and trace of her. Audley, in the remorseful tenderness he felt for his injured friend, had induced L'Estrange towards evening to leave the Park, and go into a district some miles off, on pretence that he required Harley's aid there to canvass certain important outvoters: the change of scene might rouse him from his reveries. Harley himself was glad to escape from the guests at Lansmere. He readily consented to go. He would not return that night. The outvoters lay remote and scattered—he might be absent for a day or two. When Harley was gone, Egerton himself sank into deep thought. There was rumour of some unexpected opposition. His partisans were alarmed and anxious. It was clear that the Lansmere interest, if attacked, was weaker than the Earl would believe;

Egerton might lose his election. If so, what would become of him? How support his wife, whose return to him he always counted on, and whom it would then become him at all hazards to acknowledge? It was that day that he had spoken to William Hazelden as to the family living. "Peace, at least," thought the ambitious man—"I shall have peace!" And the Squire had promised him the rectory if needed; not without a secret pang, for his Harry was already using her conjugal influence in favour of her old school friend's husband, Mr Dale; and the Squire thought Audley would be but a poor country parson, and Dale— if he would only grow a little plumper than his curacy could permit him to be—would be a parson in ten thousand. But while Audley thus prepared for the worst, he still brought his energies to bear on the more brilliant option; and sate with his committee, looking into canvass-books, and discussing the characters, politics, and local interests of every elector, until the night was wellnigh

gone. When he gained his room, the shutters were unclosed, and he stood a few moments at the window gazing on the moon. At that sight, the thought of Nora, lost and afar, stole over him. The man, as we know, had in his nature little of romance and sentiment. Seldom was it his wont to gaze upon moon or stars. But whenever some whisper of romance did soften his hard, strong mind, or whenever moon or stars did charm his gaze from earth, Nora's bright muse-like face—Nora's sweet loving eyes, were seen in moon and star beam—Nora's low tender voice, heard in the whisper of that which we call romance, and which is but the sound of the mysterious poetry that is ever in the air, could we but deign to hear it! He turned with a sigh, undressed, threw himself on his bed, and extinguished his light—but the light of the moon *would* fill the room. It kept him awake for a little time; he turned his face from the calm, heavenly beam, resolutely towards the dull blind wall, and fell asleep. And, in the sleep, he was with Nora;—again in the humble bridal-home. Never in his dreams had she seemed to him so distinct and life-like—her eyes upturned to his—her hands clasped together, and resting on his shoulder, as had been her graceful wont—her voice murmuring meekly, "Has it, then, been my fault that we parted?—forgive, forgive me!"

And the sleeper imagined that he answered, "Never part from me again—never, never!" and that he bent down to kiss the chaste lips that so tenderly sought his own. And suddenly he heard a knocking sound, as of a hammer—regular, but soft, subdued. Did you ever, O reader, hear the sound of the hammer on the lid of a coffin in a house of woe,—when the undertaker's decorous hireling fears that the living may hear how he parts them from the dead? Such seemed the sound to Audley—the dream vanished abruptly. He woke, and again heard the knock; it was at his door. He sat up wistfully—the moon was gone—it was morning. "Who is there?" he cried peevishly.

A low voice from without answer-

ed, "Hush, it is I; dress quick; let me see you."

Egerton recognised Lady Lansmere's voice. Alarmed and surprised, he rose, dressed in haste, and went to the door. Lady Lansmere was standing without, extremely pale. She put her finger to her lip and beckoned him to follow her. He obeyed mechanically. They entered her dressing-room, a few doors from his own chamber, and the Countess closed the door.

Then laying her slight firm hand on his shoulder, she said in suppressed and passionate excitement—

"Oh, Mr Egerton, you must serve me, and at once—Harley—Harley—save my Harley—go to him—prevent his coming back here—stay with him—give up the election—it is but a year or two lost in your life—you will have other opportunities—make that sacrifice to your friend."

"Speak—what is the matter? I can make no sacrifice too great for Harley!"

"Thanks—I was sure of it. Go then, I say, at once to Harley; keep him away from Lansmere on any excuse you can invent, until you can break the sad news to him—gently, gently. Oh, how will he bear it—how recover the shock? My boy, my boy!"

"Calm yourself! Explain! Break what news?—recover what shock?"

"True—you do not know—you have not heard. Nora Avenel lies yonder, in her father's house—dead—dead!"

Audley staggered back, clapping his hand to his heart, and then dropping on his knee as if bowed down by the stroke of heaven.

"My bride, my wife!" he muttered. "Dead—it cannot be!"

Lady Lansmere was so startled at this exclamation, so stunned by a confession wholly unexpected, that she remained unable to soothe—to explain, and utterly unprepared for the fierce agony that burst from the man she had ever seen so dignified and cold—when he sprang to his feet, and all the sense of his eternal loss rushed upon his heart.

At length he crushed back his emotions, and listened in apparent calm, and in a silence broken but by quick

gasps for breath, to Lady Lansmere's account.

One of the guests in the house, a female relation of Lady Lansmere's, had been taken suddenly ill about an hour or two before;—the house had been disturbed, the Countess herself aroused, and Mr Morgan summoned as the family medical practitioner. From him she had learned that Nora Avenel had returned to her father's house late on the previous evening; had been seized with brain fever, and died in a few hours.

Audley listened, and turned to the door, still in silence.

Lady Lansmere caught him by the arm—"Where are you going? Ah, can I now ask you to save my son from the awful news, you yourself the sufferer? And yet—yet—you know his haste, his vehemence, if he learn that you were his rival—her husband; you whom he so trusted! What, what would be the result?—I tremble!"

"Tremble not—I do not tremble! Let me go—I will be back soon—and then—(his lips writhed)—*then* we will talk of Harley."

Egerton went forth, stunned and dizzy. Mechanically he took his way across the park to John Avenel's house. He had been forced to enter that house, formally, a day or two before, in the course of his canvass; and his worldly pride had received a shock when the home, the birth, and the manners of his bride's parents had been brought before him. He had even said to himself, "And is it the child of these persons that I, Audley Egerton, must announce to the world as wife!" Now, if she had been the child of a beggar—nay, of a felon—*now*, if he could but recall her to life, how small and mean would all that dreaded world have seemed to him! Too late—too late! The dews were glistening in the sun—the birds were singing over head—life waking all around him—and his own heart felt like a charnel-house. Nothing but death and the dead there—nothing! He arrived at the door; it was open: he called; no one answered: he walked up the narrow stairs, undisturbed, unseen; he came into the chamber of death. At the opposite side of the

bed was seated John Avenel; but he seemed in a heavy sleep. In fact, paralysis had smitten him; but he knew it not; neither did any one. Who could heed the strong hearty man in such a moment? Not even the poor anxious wife! He had been left there to guard the house, and watch the dead—an unconscious man; numbed, himself, by the invisible icy hand! Audley stole to the bedside; he lifted the coverlid thrown over the pale still face. What passed within him, during the minute he staid there, who shall say? But when he left the room, and slowly descended the stairs, he left behind him love and youth, all the sweet hopes and joys of the household human life—for ever and ever!

He returned to Lady Lansmere, who awaited his coming with the most nervous anxiety.

"Now," said he drily, "I will go to Harley, and I will prevent his returning hither."

"You have seen the parents. Good heavens! do they know of your marriage?"

"No; to Harley I must own it first. Meanwhile, silence!"

"Silence!" echoed Lady Lansmere; and her burning hand rested in Audley's, and Audley's hand was as ice.

In another hour Egerton had left the house, and before noon he was with Harley.

It is necessary now to explain the absence of all the Avenel family, except the poor stricken father.

Nora had died in giving birth to a child—died delirious. In her delirium she had spoken of shame—of disgrace; there was no holy nuptial ring on her finger! Through all her grief, the first thought of Mrs Avenel was to save the good name of her lost daughter—the unblemished honour of all the living Avenels. No matron, long descended from knights or kings, had keener pride in name and character than the poor, punctilious Calvinistic trader's wife. "Sorrow later, honour now!" With hard dry eyes she mused and mused, and made out her plan. Jane Fairfield should take away the infant at once, before the day dawned, and nurse it with her own. Mark should go with her, for Mrs Avenel dreaded the indiscretion of his

wild grief. She would go with them herself, part of the way, in order to command or reason them into guarded silence. But they could not go back to Hazeldean with another infant; Jane must go where none knew her; the two infants might pass as twins. And Mrs Avenel, though naturally a humane, kindly woman, and with a mother's heart to infants, looked with almost a glad sternness at Jane's puny babe, and thought to herself, "All difficulty will be over if there be only *one*! Nora's child could thus pass throughout life for Jane's!"

Fortunately for the preservation of the secret, the Avenels kept no servant only an occasional drudge, who came a few hours in the day, and went home to sleep. Mrs Avenel could count on Mr Morgan's silence as to the true cause of Nora's death. And, Mr Dale, why should he reveal the dishonour of a family? That very day, or the next at farthest, she could induce her husband to absent himself lest he should blab out the tale while his sorrow was greater than his pride. She alone would then stay in the house of death until she could feel assured that all else were hushed into prudence. Ay, she felt, that with due precautions, the *name* was still safe. And so she awed and hurried Mark and his wife away, and went with them in the covered cart—that hid the faces of all three—leaving for an hour or two the house and the dead to her husband's charge, with many an admonition, to which he nodded his head, and which he did not hear! Do you think this woman was unfeeling and inhuman? Had Nora looked from heaven into her mother's heart, Nora would not have thought so. A good name, when the burial stone closes over dust, is still a possession upon the earth; on earth it is indeed our only one! Better for our friends to guard for us that treasure than to sit down and weep over perishable clay. And weep—Oh! stern mother, long years were left to thee for weeping! No tears shed for Nora made such deep furrows on the cheeks as thine did! Yet who ever saw them flow?

Harley was in great surprise to see Egerton; more surprised when Egerton told him that he found he

was to be opposed—that he had no chance of success at Lansmere, and had, therefore, resolved to retire from the contest. He wrote to the Earl to that effect; but the Countess knew the true cause, and hinted it to the Earl; so that, as we saw at the commencement of this history, Egerton's cause did not suffer when Captain Dashmore appeared in the borough; and, thanks to Mr Hazeldean's exertions and oratory, Audley came in by two votes—the votes of John Avenel and Mark Fairfield. For though the former had been removed a little way from the town, and by medical advice—and though, on other matters, the disease that had smitten him left him docile as a child—yet he still would hear how the Blues went on, and would get out of bed to keep his word; and even his wife said, "He is right; better die of it than break his promise!" The crowd gave way as the broken man they had seen a few days before so jovial and healthful was brought up on a chair to the poll, and said with his tremulous quavering voice, "I'm a true Blue—Blue for ever!"

Elections are wondrous things! No one who has not seen, can guess how the zeal in them triumphs over sickness, sorrow, the ordinary private life of us!

There was forwarded to Audley, from Lansmere Park, Nora's last letter. The postman had left it there an hour or two after he himself had gone. The wedding-ring fell on the ground, and rolled under his feet. And those burning passionate reproaches—all that anger of the wounded dove—they explained to him the mystery of her return—her unjust suspicions—the cause of her sudden death, which he still ascribed to brain fever, brought on by excitement and fatigue. For Nora did not speak of the child about to be born; she had not remembered it when she wrote, or she would not have written. On the receipt of this letter, Egerton could not remain in the dull village district—alone, too, with Harley. He said, abruptly, that he must go to London—prevailed on L'Estrange to accompany him; and there, when he heard from Lady Lansmere that the funeral was over, he broke to Harley,

with lips as white as the dead, and his hand pressed to his heart, on which his hereditary disease was fastening quick and fierce, the dread truth that Nora was no more. The effect upon the boy's health and spirits was even more crushing than Audley could anticipate. He only woke from grief to feel remorse. "For," said the noble Harley, "had it not been for my mad passion—my rash pursuit—would she ever have left her safe asylum—ever even have left her native town? And then - and then—the struggle between her sense of duty and her love to me! I see it all—all! But for me, she was living still!"

"Oh, no!" cried Egerton—his confession now rushing to his lips. "Believe me, she never loved you as you think. Nay—nay—hear me! Rather suppose that she loved another—fled with him—was perhaps married to him, and—"

"Hold!" exclaimed Harley, with a terrible burst of passion—"you kill her twice to me, if you say that! I can still feel that she lives—lives here, in my heart—while I dream that she loved me - or, at least, that no other lip ever knew the kiss that was denied to mine! But if you tell me to doubt that;—you—*you*—!" The boy's anguish was too great for his frame; he fell suddenly back into Audley's arms; he had broken a blood-vessel. For several days he was in great danger, but his eyes were constantly fixed on Audley's, with wistful, intense gaze. "Tell me," he muttered, at the risk of reopening the ruptured veins, and of the instant loss of life—"tell me—you did not mean *that*! Tell me you have no cause to think she loved another—*was* another's!"

"Hush, hush—no cause—none—none. I meant but to comfort you, as I thought—fool that I was—that is all!" cried the miserable friend. And from that hour Audley gave up the idea of righting himself in his own eyes, and submitted still to be the living lie—he, the haughty gentleman!

Now, while Harley was still very weak and suffering, Mr Dale came to London, and called on Egerton. The curate, in promising secrecy to Mr Avenel, had made one condition, that it should not be to the positive injury

of Nora's living son. What if she were married, after all? And would it not be right, at least, to learn the name of the child's father? Some day he might need a father. Mrs Avenel was obliged to content herself with these reservations. However, she implored Mr Dale not to make inquiries. What good could they do? If Nora were married, her husband would naturally, of his own accord, declare himself; if seduced and forsaken, it would but disgrace her memory (now saved from stain) to discover the father to a child of whose very existence the world as yet knew nothing. These arguments perplexed the good curate. But Jane Fairfield had a sanguine belief in her sister's innocence; and all her suspicions naturally pointed to Lord L'Estrange. So, indeed, perhaps, did Mrs Avenel's, though she never owned them. Of the correctness of these suspicions Mr Dale was fully convinced;—the young lord's admiration, Lady Lonsmere's fears, had been too evident to one who had often visited at the Park—Harley's abrupt departure just before Nora's return home—Egerton's sudden resignation of the borough before even opposition was declared, in order to rejoin his friend, the very day of Nora's death—all confirmed his ideas that Harley was the betrayer or the husband. Perhaps there might have been a secret marriage—possibly abroad—since Harley wanted some years of his majority. He would, at least, try to see and to sound Lord L'Estrange. Prevented this interview by Harley's illness, the curate resolved to ascertain how far he could penetrate into the mystery by a conversation with Egerton. There was much in the grave repute which the latter had acquired, and the singular and pre-eminent character for truth and honour with which it was accompanied, that made the curate resolve upon this step. Accordingly, he saw Egerton, meaning only diplomatically to extract from the new member for Lonsmere what might benefit the family of the voters who had given him his majority of two.

He began by mentioning, as a touching fact, how poor John Avenel, bowed down by the loss of his child, and the malady which had crippled

his limbs and enfeebled his mind, had still risen from his bed to keep his word. And Audley's emotions seemed to him so earnest and genuine, to show so good a heart, that out by little and little came more; first, his suspicions that poor Nora had been betrayed; then his hopes that there might have been private marriage; and as Audley, with his iron self-command, showed just the proper degree of interest, and no more, he went on, till Audley knew that he had a child!

"Inquire no further!" said the man of the world. "Respect Mrs Avenel's feelings and wishes, I entreat you; they are the right ones. Leave the rest to me. In my position—I mean as a resident of London—I can quietly and easily ascertain more than you could, and provoke no scandal! If I could right this—this—poor—poor—(his voice trembled)—right the lost mother, or the living child—sooner or later you will hear from me; if not, bury this secret where it now rests, in a grave which slander has not reached. But the child—give me the address where it is to be found—in case I succeed in finding the father, and touching his heart."

"Oh, Mr Egerton, may I not say where you may find him—who he is?"

"Sir?"

"Do not be angry; and, after all, I cannot ask you to betray any confidence which a friend may have placed in you. I know what you men of high honour are to each other—even in sin. No, no—I beg pardon; I leave all in your hands. I shall hear from you, then?"

"Or, if not—why, then, believe that all search is hopeless. My friend! if you mean Lord L'Estrange, he is innocent. I—I—I—(the voice faltered)—am convinced of it."

The curate sighed, but made no answer. "Oh, ye men of the world!" thought he. He gave the address which the member for Iansmere had asked for, and went his way, and never heard again from Audley Egerton. He was convinced that the man who had showed such deep feeling had failed in his appeal to Harley's conscience, or had judged it best to leave Nora's name in peace, and her

child to her own relations and the care of heaven.

Harley L'Estrange, scarcely yet recovered, hastened to join our armies on the Continent, and seek the Death which, like its half-brother, rarely comes when we call it.

As soon as Harley was gone, Egerton went to the village to which Mr Dale had directed him, to seek for Nora's child. But here he was led into a mistake which materially affected the tenor of his own life, and Leonard's future destinies. Mrs Fairfield had been naturally ordered by her mother to take another name in the village to which she had gone with the two infants, so that her connexion with the Avenel family might not be traced, to the provocation of inquiry and gossip. The grief and excitement through which she had gone dried the source of nutriment in her breast. She put Nora's child out to nurse at the house of a small farmer, at a little distance from the village, and moved from her first lodging to be nearer to the infant. Her own child was so sickly and ailing, that she could not bear to intrust it to the care of another. She tried to bring it up by hand; and the poor child soon pined away and died. She and Mark could not endure the sight of their baby's grave; they hastened to return to Hazeldean, and took Leonard with them. From that time Leonard passed for the son they had lost.

When Egerton arrived at the village, and inquired for the person whose address had been given to him, he was referred to the cottage in which she had last lodged, and was told that she had been gone some days—the day after her child was buried. Her child buried! Egerton staid to inquire no more; thus he heard nothing of the infant that had been put out to nurse.* He walked slowly into the churchyard, and stood for some minutes gazing on the small new mound; then, pressing his hand on the heart to which all emotion had been forbidden, he re-entered his chaise and returned to London. The sole reason for acknowledging his marriage seemed to him now removed. Nora's name had escaped reproach. Even had his painful position with regard to Harley

not constrained him to preserve his secret, there was every motive to the World's wise and haughty son not to acknowledge a derogatory and foolish marriage, now that none lived whom concealment could wrong.

Audley mechanically resumed his former life,—sought to resettle his thoughts on the grand objects of ambitious men. His poverty still pressed on him; his pecuniary debt to Harley stung and galled his peculiar sense of honour. He saw no way to clear his estates, to repay his friend, but by some rich alliance. Dead to love, he faced this prospect first with repugnance, then with apathetic indifference. Levy, of whose treachery towards himself and Nora he was unaware, still held over him the power that the money-lender never loses over the man that has owed, owes, or may owe again. Levy was ever urging him to propose to the rich Miss Leslie;—Lady Lansmere, willing to atone, as she thought, for his domestic loss, urged the same;—Harley, influenced by his mother, wrote from the Continent to the same effect.

"Manage it as you will," at last said Egerton to Levy, "so that I am not a wife's pensioner."

"Propose for me if you will," he said to Lady Lansmere—"I cannot woo—I cannot talk of love."

Somehow or other the marriage, with all its rich advantages to the ruined gentleman, was thus made up. And Egerton, as we have seen, was the polite and dignified husband before the world—married to a woman who adored him. It is the common fate of men like him to be loved too well!

On her deathbed his heart was touched by his wife's melancholy reproach—"Nothing I could do has ever made you love me!" "It is true," answered Audley, with tears in his voice and eyes—"Nature gave me but a small fund of what women like you call 'love,' and I lavished it all away." And he then told her, though with reserve, some portion of his former history;—and that soothed her; for when she saw that he *had* loved, and *could* grieve, she caught a glimpse of the human heart she had not seen before. She died, forgiving him, and blessing.

Audley's spirits were much affected by this new loss. He inly resolved never to marry again. He had a vague thought at first of retrenching his expenditure, and making young Randal Leslie his heir. But when he first saw the clever Eton boy, his feelings did not warm to him, though his intellect appreciated Randal's quick keen talents. He contented himself with resolving to push the boy;—to do what was merely just to the distant kinsman of his late wife. Always careless and lavish in money matters, generous and princely, not from the delight of serving others, but from a *grand Seigneur's* sentiment of what was due to himself and his station, Audley had a mournful excuse for the lordly waste of the large fortune at his control. The morbid functions of the heart had become organic disease. True, he might live many years, and die at last of some other complaint in the course of nature; but the progress of the disease would quicken with all emotional excitement; he might die suddenly—any day—in the very prime, and, seemingly, in the full vigour, of his life. And the only physician in whom he confided what he wished to keep concealed from the world, (for ambitious men would fain be thought immortal,) told him frankly that it was improbable that, with the wear and tear of political strife and action, he could advance far into middle age. Therefore, no son of his succeeding—his nearest relations all wealthy—Egerton resigned himself to his constitutional disdain of money, he could look into no affairs, provided the balance in his banker's hands were such as became the munificent commoner. All else he left to his steward and to Levy. Levy grew rapidly rich—very, very rich—and the steward thrived.

The usurer continued to possess a determined hold over the imperious great man. He knew Audley's secret; he could reveal that secret to Harley. And the one soft and tender side of the statesman's nature—the sole part of him not dipped in the ninefold Styx of practical prosaic life, which so renders man invulnerable to affection—was his remorseful love for the school friend whom he still de-
ceived.

Here then you have the key to the locked chambers of Audley Egerton's character, the fortified castle of his mind. The envied minister—the joyless man—the oracle on the economics of an empire—the prodigal in a usurer's hands—the august, high-crested gentleman, to whom princes would refer for the casuistry of honour—the

culprit trembling lest the friend he best loved on earth should detect his lie! Wrap thyself in the decent veil that the Arts or the Graces weave for thee, O Human Nature! It is only the statue of marble whose nakedness the eye can behold without shame and offence!

CHAPTER XIX.

Of the narrative just placed before the reader, it is clear that Leonard could gather only desultory fragments. He could but see that his ill-fated mother had been united to a man she had loved with surpassing tenderness; had been led to suspect that the marriage was fraudulent; had gone abroad in despair, returned repentant and hopeful; had gleaned some intelligence that her lover was about to be married to another, and there the manuscript closed with the blisters left on the page by agonising tears. The mournful end of Nora—her lonely return to die under the roof of her parents—this he had learned before from the narrative of Dr Morgan.

But even the name of her supposed husband was not revealed. Of him Leonard could form no conjecture, except that he was evidently of higher rank than Nora. Harley L'Estrange seemed clearly indicated in the early boy-lover. If so, he must know all that was left dark to Leonard, and to him Leonard resolved to confide the MS. With this resolution he left the cottage, resolving to return and attend the funeral obsequies of his departed friend. Mrs Goodyer willingly permitted him to take away the papers she had lent to him, and added to them the packet which had been addressed to Mrs Bertram from the Continent.

Musing in anxious gloom over the record he had read, Leonard entered London on foot, and bent his way towards Harley's hotel; when, just as he had crossed into Bond Street, a gentleman in company with Baron Levy, and who seemed, by the flash on his brow and the sullen tone of his voice, to have had rather an irritating colloquy with the fashionable usurer, suddenly caught sight of Leonard, and, abruptly quitting

Levy, seized the young man by the arm.

"Excuse me, sir," said the gentleman, looking hard into Leonard's face; "but unless these sharp eyes of mine are mistaken, which they seldom are, I see a nephew whom, perhaps, I behaved to rather too harshly, but who still has no right to forget Richard Avenel."

"My dear uncle," exclaimed Leonard, "this is indeed a joyful surprise; at a time, too, when I needed joy! No; I have never forgotten your kindness, and always regretted our estrangement."

"That is well said; give us your fist again. Let me look at you—quite the gentleman I declare!—still so good-looking too. We Avenels always were. Good bye, Baron Levy. Need not wait for me; I am not going to run away. I shall see you again."

"But," whispered Levy, who had followed Avenel across the street, and eyed Leonard with a quick curious searching glance—"but it must be as I say with regard to the borough; or (to be plain) you must cash the bills on the day they are due."

"Very well, sir—very well. So you think to put the screw upon me, as if I were a poor ten-pound householder. I understand—my money or my borough?"

"Exactly so," said the Baron, with a soft smile.

"You shall hear from me—you shall hear from me. (Aside, as Levy strolled away)—D—d tarnation rascal!"

Dick Avenel then linked his arm in his nephew's, and strove for some minutes to forget his own troubles, in the indulgence of that curiosity in the affairs of another which was natu-

ral to him, and, in this instance, increased by the real affection which he had felt for Leonard. But still his curiosity remained unsatisfied; for long before Leonard could overcome his habitual reluctance to speak of his success in letters, Dick's mind wandered back to his rival at Screwestown, and the curse of "over-competition"—to the bills which Levy had discounted, in order to enable Dick to meet the crushing force of a capitalist larger than himself—and the "tarnation rascal" who now wished to obtain two seats at Lansmere, one for Randal Leslie, one for a rich Nabob whom Levy had just caught as a client; and Dick, though willing to aid Leslie, had a mind to the other seat for himself. Therefore Dick soon broke in upon the hesitating confessions of Leonard, with exclamations far from pertinent to the subject, and rather for the sake of venting his own griefs and resentment than with any idea that the sympathy or advice of his nephew could serve him.

"Well, well," said Dick, "another time for your history. I see you have thrived, and that is enough for the present. Very odd; but just now I can only think of myself. I'm in a regular fix, sir. Screwestown is not the respectable Screwestown that you remember it—all demoralised and turned topsy-turvy by a demoniacal monster capitalist, with steam-engines that might bring the falls of Niagara into your back parlour, sir! And, as if that was not enough to destroy and drive into almighty shivers a decent fair-play Britisher like myself, I hear he is just in treaty for some patent infernal invention that will make his engines do twice as much work with half as many hands! That's the way those unfeeling ruffians increase our poor-rates! But I'll get up a riot against him—I will! Don't talk to me of the law! What the devil is the good of the law if it don't protect a man's industry—a *liberal* man, too, like me!" Here Dick burst into a storm of vituperation against the rotten old country in general, and the monster capitalist of Screwestown in particular.

Leonard started; for Dick now named, in that monster capitalist, the very person who was in treaty for

Leonard's own mechanical improvement on the steam-engine.

"Stop, uncle—stop! Why, then, if this man were to buy the contrivance you speak of, it would injure you?"

"Injure me, sir! I should be a bankrupt—that is, if it succeeded; but I daresay it is all a humbug."

"No, it *will* succeed—I'll answer for that!"

"You! You have seen it?"

"Why, I invented it."

Dick hastily withdrew his arm from Leonard's.

"Serpent's tooth!" he said, falteringly, "so it is you, whom I warned at my hearth, who are to ruin Richard Avenel?"

"No—but to save him! Come into the city and look at my model. If you like it, the patent shall be yours!"

"Cab—cab—cab," cried Dick Avenel, stopping a "Hansom;" "jump in, Leonard—jump in. I'll buy your patent—that is, if it is worth a straw; and as for payment—"

"Payment! Don't talk of that!"

"Well, I won't," said Dick, mildly—"for 'tis not the topic of conversation I should choose myself, just at present. And as for that black-whiskered alligator, the Baron, let me first get out of those rambustious unchristian filbert-shaped claws of his, and then—But jump in—jump in—and tell the man where to drive!"

A very brief inspection of Leonard's invention sufficed to show Richard Avenel how invaluable it would be to him. Armed with a patent, of which the certain effects in the increase of power and diminution of labour were obvious to any practical man, Avenel felt that he should have no difficulty in obtaining such advances of money as he required, whether to alter his engines, meet the bills discounted by Levy, or carry on the war with the monster capitalist. It might be necessary to admit into partnership some other monster capitalist—What then? Any partner better than Levy. A bright idea struck him.

"If I can just terrify and whop that infernal intruder on my own ground, for a few months, he may offer, himself, to enter into partnership

—make the two concerns a joint-stock friendly combination, and then we shall flog the world.”

His gratitude to Leonard became so lively that Dick offered to bring his nephew in for Lansmere instead of himself; and when Leonard declined the offer, exclaimed, “Well, then, any friend of yours; you have only to say the word at the last hour, for I am sure of both seats. I’m all for Reform against those high and mighty right honourable boroughmongers; and what with loans and mortgages on the small householders, and a long course of “free and easies,” with the independent Freemen, I carry the town of Lansmere in my breeches pocket.” Dick then, appointing an interview with Leonard

at his lawyer’s, to settle the transfer of the invention, upon terms which he declared “should be honourable to both parties,” hurried off, to search amongst his friends in the city for some monster capitalist, who might be induced to extricate him from the jaws of Levy, and the engines of his rival at Screwestown. “Mullins is the man, if I can but catch him,” said Dick. “You have heard of Mullins?—A wonderful great man; you should see his nails; he never cuts them! Three millions, at least, he has scraped together with those nails of his, sir. And in this rotten old country, a man must have nails a yard long to fight with a devil like Levy! Good bye—good *bye*—GOOD BYE, my DEAR nephew!”

CHAPTER XX.

Harley L’Estrange was seated alone in his apartments. He had just put down a volume of some favourite classic author, and he was resting his hand firmly clenched upon the book. Ever since Harley’s return to England, there had been a perceptible change in the expression of his countenance, even in the very bearing and attitudes of his elastic youthful figure. But this change had been more marked since that last interview with Helen which has been recorded. There was a compressed resolute firmness in the lips—a decided character in the brow. To the indolent careless grace of his movements had succeeded a certain indescribable energy, as quiet and self collected as that which distinguished the determined air of Audley Egerton himself. In fact, if you could have looked into his heart, you would have seen that Harley was, for the first time, making a strong effort over his passions and his humours; that the whole man was negating himself to a sense of duty. “No,” he muttered—“no—I will think only of Helen. I will think only of real life! And what (were I not engaged to another) would that dark-eyed Italian girl be to me?—What a mere fool’s fancy is this! I love again—I who, through all the fair spring of my life, have clung with such faith to a memory and a grave! Come,

come, come, Harley L’Estrange, act thy part as man amongst men, at last! Accept regard; dream no more of passion. Abandon false ideals. Thou art no poet—why deem that life itself can be a poem?”

The door opened, and the Austrian Prince, whom Harley had interested in the cause of Violante’s father, entered with the familiar step of a friend.

“Have you discovered those documents yet?” said the Prince. “I must now return to Vienna within a few days. And unless you can arm me with some tangible proof of Peschiera’s ancient treachery, or some more unanswerable excuse for his noble kinsman, I fear that there is no other hope for the exile’s recall to his country than what lies in the hateful option of giving his daughter to his perfidious foe.”

“Alas!” said Harley, “as yet, all researches have been in vain; and I know not what other steps to take, without arousing Peschiera’s vigilance, and setting his crafty brains at work to counteract us. My poor friend, then, must rest contented with exile. To give Violante to the Count were dishonour. But I shall soon be married; soon have a home, not quite unworthy of their dye rank, to offer both to father and to child.”

“Would the future Lady L’Es-

trange feel no jealousy of a guest so fair as you tell me this young signorina is? And would you be in no danger yourself, my poor friend?"

"Pooh!" said Harley, colouring. "My fair guest would have *two* fathers; that is all. Pray do not jest on a thing so grave as honour."

Again the door opened, and Leonard appeared.

"Welcome," cried Harley, pleased to be no longer alone under the Prince's penetrating eye—"welcome. This is the noble friend who shares our interest for Riccabocca, and who could serve him so well, if we could but discover the document of which I have spoken to you."

"It is here," said Leonard simply; "may it be all that you require!"

Harley eagerly grasped at the packet, which had been sent from Italy to the supposed Mrs Bertram, and, leaning his face on his hand, rapidly hurried through the contents.

"Hurrah!" he cried at last, with his face lighted up, and a boyish toss of his right hand. "Look, look, Prince, here are Peschiera's own letters to his kinsman's wife; his avowal of what he calls his 'patriotic designs'; his entreaties to her to induce her husband to share them. Look, look, how he wields his influence over the woman he had once wooed; look how artfully he combats her objections; see how reluctant our friend was to stir, till wife and kinsman both united to urge him."

"It is enough,—quite enough," exclaimed the Prince, looking at the passages in Peschiera's letters which Harley pointed out to him.

"No, it is not enough," shouted Harley as he continued to read the letters with his rapid sparkling eyes. "More still! O villain, doubly damned! Here, after our friend's flight, here, is his avowal of guilty passion; here he swears that he had intrigued to ruin his benefactor, in order to pollute the home that had sheltered him. Ah! see how she answers; thank Heaven her own eyes were opened at last, and she scorned him before she died. She was innocent! I said so. Violante's mother was pure. Poor lady, this moves me! Has your Emperor the heart of a man?"

"I know enough of our Emperor," answered the Prince warmly, "to know that, the moment these papers reach him, Peschiera is ruined, and your friend is restored to his honours. You will live to see the daughter, to whom you would have given a child's place at your hearth, the wealthiest heiress of Italy—the bride of some noble lover, with rank only below the supremacy of kings!"

"Ah!" said Harley, in a sharp accent, and turning very pale—"ah, I shall not see her that! I shall never visit Italy again!—never see her more—never, after she has once quitted this climate of cold iron cares and formal duties—never, never!" He turned his head for a moment, and then came with quick step to Leonard. "But you, O happy poet! No ideal can ever be lost to you. You are independent of real life. Would I were a poet!" He smiled sadly.

"You would not say so, perhaps, my dear lord," answered Leonard with equal sadness, "if you knew how little what you call 'the ideal' replaces to a poet the loss of one affection in the genial human world. Independent of real life! Alas! no. And I have here the confessions of a true poet-soul, which I will entreat you to read at leisure; and when you have read, answer if you would still be a poet!"

He took forth Nora's MSS. as he spoke.

"Place them yonder, in my *stac-taire*, Leonard; I will read them later."

"Do so, and with heed; for to me there is much here that involves my own life—much that is still a mystery, and which I think you can unravel!"

"I!" exclaimed Harley; and he was moving towards the *secrétaire*, in a drawer of which Leonard had carefully deposited the papers, when once more, but this time violently, the door was thrown open, and Giacomo rushed into the room, accompanied by Lady Lausmere.

"Oh, my lord, my lord!" cried Giacomo, in Italian, "the signorina! the signorina!—Violante!"

"What of her? Mother, mother! what of her? Speak, speak!"

"She has gone—left our house!"

"Left! No, no!" cried Giacomo, "She must have been deceived or forced away. The Count! the Count! Oh, my good lord, save her, as you once saved her father!"

"Hold!" cried Harley. "Give me your arm, mother. A second

such blow in life is beyond the strength of man—at least of mine. So, so!—I am better now! Thank you, mother. Stand back, all of you—give me air. So the Count has triumphed, and Violante has fled with him! Explain all—I can bear it!"

THE EARL OF DERBY'S APPEAL TO THE COUNTRY.

WHEN we addressed our readers, in the month of June last,* in a very earnest, and perhaps a somewhat apprehensive spirit, we declared that we did so "on the eve of a tremendous conflict, the results of which, in our deliberately formed opinion, shared by every thinking and experienced politician in the kingdom, affect the welfare of the Empire to an extent almost unprecedented, and also, at present, utterly incalculable." That conflict has now taken place, or rather it is yet—while we are writing, very far on in this memorable month of July (the 24th inst.)—not quite over. It has been, indeed, a signal conflict: but between whom? And what is the issue? Has there been a victory, and consequently a defeat? Is it the Earl of Derby, sitting dismayed in his cabinet, from whose lips these sad words are at this moment falling, as he surveys the results of the general election of 1852, on which he had staked so much?—or is it his rival and opponent? But *who is he*?—or is his name legion? Is it Lord John Russell?—or Sir James Graham?—or the Duke of Newcastle?—or Lord Palmerston?—or, dropping for a moment to the *dii minores*, is it—Mr Cobden?

One fact is certain, that the Earl of Derby, on the 1st of July 1852, upon which day the writs were issued for a new election, deliberately gave battle to them all; having four months previously declared that he would do so. And on the occasion of making that declaration, he furthermore declared, in terms which no one could mistake, that he intended to do battle for the *Constitution in Church and State*—for the Protestant Constitution; and

against those who were secretly or openly advancing to assail its integrity, under the baleful flag of DEMOCRACY and POVERTY. He and his advisers had been calm and quicksighted enough to see that such was the true nature of the great electoral struggle ordained to take place in the month of July 1852; and they had also sufficient sagacity and resolution to foresee and defeat the cunning and desperate attempts which would be made by their opponents, to disguise the true nature and real objects of the contest, and shift the scene of it to a disadvantageous and deceptive locality. Those, indeed, who made this attempt, were wise in their generation, and did the very best thing that the nature of things admitted. Conscious of occupying a discreditable and desperate position, through their own imbecility and recklessness, the only chance of regaining lost ground, and making a tolerated appearance before the country, lay in attempting to enlist popular sympathies; and the felicitous device was, to persuade the millions that their bread was in danger;—but this was to be done, if at all successfully, so very suddenly, that the falsehood should not be found out before it had gained its object. The Earl of Derby was to be exhibited before women and children as a vampire, but only for a moment, lest the false colours should dissolve away while they were being looked at, and a wise and benevolent statesman appear in his true figure and colours. Hence the convulsive effort that was made, the moment it was announced that his gracious Mistress had summoned him in a critical emergency to her counsels, to precipitate him into

a contest before he had had a moment's time to survey his new position, to summon his advisers about him—to tell friends from foes—and see what were the precise objects which they had to keep in view. "If," said they, "Lord Derby be allowed to go to the country at his own time, and in his own way, the country will welcome him as a deliverer from mischievous misrule. Let us, therefore, force him to select *our* time, and *our* place, for fighting the battle. If we hesitate, we are lost; for he is strong and skilful, and the country acute and honest." In vain the Earl said to his eager opponents, "By your leave, gentlemen; for a moment, by your leave. What is the meaning of all this feverish fidget? What are you afraid of?" "That you will take away the people's bread; reverse a wise and beneficent policy; and not only bid the sun of commercial prosperity stand still, but go back, and so plunge us all into confusion and despair." "I assure you," quoth the Earl, "I am not going to attempt *any* of these things. I love the people as much as yourselves, and, with you, am one of them. My interests, like your own, are identical with theirs: I wish only to secure the safety of our institutions, the common interests of the Queen and the people, against certain perils which I see distinctly, though you may not. And as to the corn question, in which you would tie up, and hide, and crush all others, I will have none of it. I have opinions of my own on the subject of corn laws, thinking it would be infinitely to the benefit of the community if I could at once derive a revenue for it from foreigners, and enable our own corn-growers to supply us with bread at a reasonable price, and foster and stimulate the energies of producers, and provide a safe, quick-paying home-market for them: thus protecting the interests of both the great classes of the community—producers and consumers. If, however, your long-continued and systematic agitation and misrepresentations have succeeded in persuading the masses of society that my own views on that subject are in variance with theirs, and

that theirs they are resolved shall prevail, be it so; I will do all I can, less than which I should desert my duty in doing;—I will take care to submit that particular question, in order to dissipate all doubt, to the deliberate decision of the country: and whatever that decision may be, I will cordially carry it out. But do you seriously suppose that this question is the only one by which I must stand or fall?—the only one for which the Queen called me to her counsels? O no, gentlemen. Whichever way the pleasure of the country may lie upon this question, it is but one, and that a subordinate one, of several—nay, of many; it is but one, and a subordinate interest among several intrusted to my consideration and my keeping. Suppose the corn question totally set aside, and at rest, and yourselves called to advise the Sovereign, and carry on the government of the country, *what would you do, then?* You may pause; but I know well what you would do. Judging from your own repeated declarations, you would, under the pretence of liberalising our institutions, intrust power to incompetent hands, to be used only for the furtherance of your own selfish purposes, they would nominally, and you as demagogues practically,* be the depositaries of power. Your avowed principles are inconsistent with the maintenance of our national independence; of the connection between Church and State; of the Protestant character of our institutions: the Queen's throne would be shaken, and her crown quiver upon her sacred brow, if you were intrusted with the power for which you are so anxious. I see distinctly before me the crimsoned darkness of anarchy, and through it the fabric of a republic crumbling under a military despotism. Now, gentlemen, I fear God and honour the Queen; I am heart and soul a Protestant; I am satisfied with our institutions, civil and religious, and believe that so are the people; but let them speak out for themselves on all these subjects, which I will submit to them with deliberate distinctness, despising your efforts to misrepresent my objects and principles,

* See our April Number, "The Earl of Derby."

and await the decision with composure." "Well, but, my Lord, how is this? Be so good as to tell us in detail what you are going to do if you should be continued in power; do not set us running about in search of shadows; do not amuse us with a series of dissolving views; give us something visible and tangible, in order that we may deal with it in our own way before the people." "That is, in order that you may misrepresent it. No, my friends: you would have me do exactly what I will not do. It was by your own voluntary act that I am where I am. You should have considered consequences. I did, and have formed my purposes, and organised my plans. My character and principles are before the country, so are those of my colleagues. These principles I will reassert as emphatically as you please; and I pledge myself to carry them out in practice, if I have the opportunity." "But you will delude the country: you will set them scampering in every direction after will-o'-the-wisps, while you and your myrmidons are quietly stealing their bread, and forging chains and dungeons for them." "Well, gentlemen, tell the country as much: see whether they will believe you. It is a fair question between us. You say that yourselves, and your doings are thoroughly well known to them. Well, if that be so, go and prosper with the constituencies, for they will give you their confidence if they think that you deserve it. But observe, my good friends: if, thus knowing you and your doings, *those constituencies should decide against you*, and in favour of me, my friends, and our principles, even though I expressly withhold a distinct declaration of the way in which I purpose to act upon them, what will you *then* say? That those whom they knew they reject, and have chosen others?" It is an ugly dilemma! "But, my Lord, you impute to us principles and purposes which we repudiate: we are *not* wolves in sheep's clothing; we are good, honest folk, the best friends the people ever had—in fact, their true, as you their false friends." "Well, gentlemen, what is easier than to tell them so? You are only losing time yourselves, and mak-

ing me lose precious time myself; for all our hands are full, having the Queen's business to do in every quarter of the globe. Good morning, my friends, away to the constituencies." On this, one may conceive that the colloquy ended, and the people's imaginary deputation withdrew, with flushed faces, anxious brows, and disconcerted looks, to their council-chamber in Chesham Place. After a troubled silence, one lean flippant fellow among them possibly rose up, with his arms stuck a kimbo, and said—"Lord Derby shall dissolve *instantly*. We will kick his people out of the House of Commons the very first day we meet, and so force him to dissolve; and I will bring out our trusty fellows of the League, subscribe a hundred thousand pounds, and in one month's time annihilate the crazy Cabinet, and then there is an end of him!" But these wild counsels did not altogether prevail. The more steadily that matters were looked at by long-headed people, the more embarrassing was found the position which had been occupied. If the Earl of Derby should succeed in presenting himself to the people in his own way, and if they should think fit to say, "We will have no return to protective duties, but we feel that there is a great derangement of financial affairs which we believe you capable of rectifying, and, above all, we believe you a man of honour, and agree with you as to the existence of a dangerous conspiracy between Popery and Democracy;" where would then be those who had themselves driven him to appeal to the country? And as time wore on, it saw Faction baffled and crushed, and the new Ministers developing extraordinary aptitude for business; exhibiting uniform tact, temper, and firmness; overcoming obstacle after obstacle, formerly deemed insuperable; winning majorities in division after division, forced on them by their opponents; while no amount of newspaper stimulus could succeed in flurrying the spirits of the country into distrust or alarm. Not an opportunity was lost in either House of Parliament for glibbing, taunting, misrepresenting, sedulously echoed by the Radical press out of doors, both metropolitan and provincial. In four

months' time, a skillfully-slandered Ministry succeeded in conducting to a satisfactory conclusion such a splendid amount of legislation as will ever render those four months memorable; and at the close of that eventful period, the Earl of Derby saw that the proper moment for appealing to the country had at length arrived: at the voice of the Queen, her Parliament dissolved away; and her people were free to choose another.

Now had arrived indeed the tug of war. Now was to be seen the fruit of those seeds which all parties had been sowing during the interval, with a view to propitiating the people. Those seeds had been scattered by many hands, and were of various kinds. A large proportion of that seed consisted solely of *distrust of Lord Derby*, because he *was* Lord Derby, without principles or a policy; and this seed was deemed the most attractive and hopeful of any, by its venerable and volatile sower, who scattered it freely everywhere, watching its growth with deep solicitude, for he had laid out all the little he had left, of political capital, in order to purchase that seed. Said he to himself, with sometimes a sigh, and sometimes a smile, this will grow up, if at all, flexible and chameleon-hued, according to the condition of the political atmosphere; and the vast extent to which it is sown must, at all events, show the spirit and resources of the sower, and keep that personage prominently before the public eye. Another class of seeds had fallen from a desponding and anxious sower, who had been deposed by former followers and supporters from a proud position, and accused of having rendered necessary the sowing of any seed at all, at that particular conjuncture. He moved tremulously along, scattering his little seed, the growth of which, he evidently hoped, might be suitable for all purposes, and alarm no one prematurely. He was rudely jostled, however, by surly impudent fellows, who furiously stamped on what he had sown, and flung down thickly large crimson-coloured seed, which should by and by choke and overpower the other by its baleful and glaring crop. A few timid hands scattered seeds stealthily, those of

parasitical plants, following in the wake of a burly sower in scarlet, full of deceit and insolence, dropping, as he went, dark and deadly seed, heedless of the alarm, the scorn, and the hatred which he by turns provoked. That seed was destined, in the sower's expectation, to produce ere long a forest, overshadowing the land, with all manner of obscene birds lodging in its gloomy branches.

To drop metaphor, however, the appeal to the constituencies was undoubtedly made under circumstances calculated to occasion much anxiety to the Queen's Ministers, under whose auspices that appeal was made. They were in a great minority in the House of Commons, and had been thrown into that minority by reason of their having been opposed to a measure which, by whatever means, had brought popularity to their opponents, the majority. The latter had astutely identified themselves with the most palatable topic that can ever be urged to the masses of the community—cheap food, without reference to all those deep and extensive political arrangements, necessarily involved in the discussion concerning the import of foreign corn. Mr Cobden, for instance, was aware of being a mere cipher, disconnected with that question, the agitation of which had alone given him political importance, and an independent fortune, securing him leisure for all kinds of mischief; and it was his interest, and that of all those who were, with him, opposed to the Government, to interweave that popular topic with all other political topics, giving them, and those urging them, the hue of its popularity. Thus was the constituency carefully familiarised with a contrast between the friends of free and fettered trade, with all their respective advantages and disadvantages, and the applause or odium which either entailed. A second source of anxiety to the well-wishers of the Government, and unquestionably a great one, was that Government's steady adherence to the expressed determination of its chief, on first assuming the reins of power, that he would indicate only the general principles on which his policy was founded, reserving all measures and details, till the period when he should

be able to carry his plans and measures into effect. This was a severe test to be borne by any class whatever of aspirants to popular confidence and favour. It was saying, "We stand on character and principle; if you distrust either, withhold your support." And this furnished such endless topics of effective ridicule and invective to the opponents of the Government, as required no small amount of moral courage in its supporters to encounter. These topics were used with systematic energy by a bitterly hostile press for several months previously to, as well as during, the momentous contest with which we are dealing; and it were idle to disguise that these efforts were made with great ability, and a very great measure of success. When, therefore, the struggle commenced, we ourselves said, it is a very critical one, entered upon under circumstances *most unfavourable to the Government*; and if, in spite of those immense disadvantages, the Government should be victorious, it will be a triumph indeed, and calculated to secure them both strength and permanence. A calm observer, however, of the position of parties and the course of events, could not fail to detect, on the other hand, certain disturbing forces inevitably affecting the tactics of the opponents of Ministers. The rashness of Lord John Russell in resigning the Government as he did; immediately recommending his gracious Mistress to summon Lord Derby to her counsels; and, instantly afterwards, suddenly repenting of what he had done, and, stung by the keen reproaches of his supporters, organising an opposition to Lord Derby, simply because he had obeyed the royal command—alienated from him a great amount of that secret support on which he had so long been borne buoyant, and averted from him the countenance of men, though professing Liberal principles, yet characterised by independence and moderation. To attempt a coalition with such a man as Mr Cobden, and at the particular moment selected for the experiment, was one of the maddest tricks of modern politicians on record; alienating for ever a steady support, in the vain attempt to conciliate a con-

temptuous and distrustful patronage! If Lord John Russell were honest, and Mr Cobden honest, and both firm, what would be the inference?

Again, when the late members of the House of Commons were reduced to the rank of private citizens, they had belonged to various sects and parties, as the representatives of opinions not over easy to define and distinguish for practical electioneering purposes. There were fervent and lukewarm Conservatives, with corresponding Liberals; high church, low church, dissenters, Protestants, Roman Catholics, both in reality, and *in name* only. All these were now to present themselves to the country as worthy of its confidence, a considerable majority of them, however, being unable to state what public man they owned as leader, or to what party they professedly attached themselves. And many, indeed, wished themselves to be thenceforth regarded as leaders and founders of parties! And each individual's ambition would suggest to him the necessity of considering how he intended hereafter, if elected into Parliament, practically to carry out his views, with reference to a sphere of action where unfortunately *all* could not be leaders. How, then, were all these to "go to the country?" And that country, too, a somewhat shrewd one!

The last Session of the Parliament of 1852 closed very quietly. Neither Lord Derby in the House of Lords, nor any of his colleagues or friends in the House of Commons, seized an opportunity for making, as with their power they could have made, a dazzling *ad captandum* appeal to the country. Very many of their supporters expected that this would have been done; but we are of opinion that, in not doing so, they acted with a dignity and self reliance entitling them to the highest respect. They might, indeed, have pointed to a glittering catalogue of their doings during the Session—afforded their supporters many rallying points, and secured among them a conspicuous consistency of means and objects; but these advantages appeared to be deliberately foregone. Never before, in our memory, did a Ministry, especially one so critically situated,

and professedly on its trial, go to the country with less apparent effort to secure a favourable verdict. It amounted to an apparently indolent over-confidence, susceptible of being resolved by their enemies into a conscious unworthiness, and distrust alike of themselves, of their cause, and of the issue.

The Earl of Derby having distinctly announced, in the month of February, that he should be guided by the legitimately expressed voice of the country, in reimposing, or abstaining from reimposing, duties on corn; and, moreover, that he would not attempt to do so, unless the country should decide in favour of such a policy by an unequivocal and even a great majority, some two months afterwards made another announcement, in answer to one of the many interpellations with which he was perseveringly harassed by his opponents in the House of Lords. He said that, if it would afford them any satisfaction, he already distinctly saw that the voice of the country would be pronounced against the reimposition of duties on corn, whether for purposes of protection or revenue. Forthwith there arose a cry among his opponents and their advocates, "Then at once retire, as avowedly vanquished Protectionists!" and nothing could exceed the rancorous reiteration of the demand. Lord Derby, however, remained unmoved; and his enemies, beginning to fear that they had to deal with one of thoroughly settled purpose, anxiously cast about for other topics of disparagement against the coming elections. The public themselves, however, seemed so provokingly indifferent to their efforts, that it was deemed unsafe to attempt an open organisation of opposition, or to inaugurate it by formal appeals to the country, in the shape of public meetings. Not one was called throughout the length and breadth of the land! although it was occasionally whispered that a great staff of agitators at Manchester, amply officered, and largely supplied with the sinews of war, were ready to start into action at a moment's notice. But in defence of what? Lord Derby had already declared that the corn laws were out of his reach, and his supporters were almost everywhere using the same

language; many of them accompanying it, however, with avowals that their *opinions* were unchanged, though the temper of the masses of society rendered it impossible to act up to those opinions. Then—said his enemies—is not this monstrous? The cause of Free Trade is now in the keeping of false friends, or rather of its enemies, who are only apparently surrendering their opinions and intentions, in order subtly and indirectly to effectuate them by and by! and there arose the cry that this was to be done by the juggle of readjusting taxation. On this point the Ministers and their friends avowed that they were concentrating their attention with a view to redress glaring injustice; but beyond that general declaration they could be induced to say nothing. In the mean time, the nation began to speak out for itself unequivocally on another great subject of its anxiety—the safety of our Protestant institutions, threatened by Dr Wiseman and his allies in Ireland, in a spirit of deadly hatred and unwavering resolution. They did not condescend to conceal or disguise their intention of securing a large accession of force in the new House of Commons—a course of procedure, however, calculated directly to strengthen the hands of the Government, who were at all events known to be thoroughly in earnest upon the subject of Protestantism. Concurrently with this, there existed another subject of anxiety among moderate men of all parties—the sweeping changes, of a democratic tendency, proposed by Lord John Russell and his new friends to be effected in our political institutions. The Earl of Derby took several opportunities of declaring publicly and unequivocally his determination to resist all attempts of this kind, come in whatever shape, and from whatever quarter, they might; and the practical result of all this was, that he stood, on the eve of the all-important appeal to the country, in the character of a PROTESTANT CONSERVATIVE MINISTER. That appeal, it was declared by his opponents, would at once annihilate him and his Government. But the assertion was always accompanied by a certain small difficulty in sug-

gesting who was to succeed him, and what was the exact combination of parties by which that successor was to be made, and to be kept, Minister. At all events, it was said, get rid of Lord Derby. Strip off his disguises, and expose him and his friends to the country as charlatans and impostors; and, when the proper time comes, it will be sure to find the proper man. The organs of the Peel party began now to make themselves heard a little; we were told that that was the quarter in which the coming man was to be looked for; and it was whispered at Clubs, and intimated in the papers, that the Duke of Newcastle had the list of his Cabinet complete!—Thus, then, stood matters when the writs were delivered into the hands of the returning officers throughout the kingdom; and when the vital struggle commenced, the attitude of Ministers was at once firm and modest.

The *Times* of Wednesday the 7th July thus announced, in its leading article, the commencement of the grand struggle:—"So far as regards the disputed seats, the general election begins this morning, and a few hours will place beyond doubt our probable masters for the next five or six years"—words very exciting to all ardent politicians, and fraught with no little truth. That the editor, when he wrote them, expected the result to be a defeat of Ministers, no one who has read what had been said before, and has been said subsequently, and with increasing bitterness, could have denied. The eloquent leading columns of the *Times*, can doubt. The first week was devoted to the English borough elections; and here the opponents of the Government expected a long series of triumphs. It is not consistent with our space or purpose to present a detailed retrospect of the general elections. We shall content ourselves with indicating a few salient points, fraught with *great political significance* in respect of both persons and places—the sayings and doings of the chief electors and elected.

A calm voice from Calne first caught the attentive ear. The Earl of Shelburne, the son and heir of the Marquis of Lansdowne, was re-elected without opposition on Tues-

day the 6th July. What said he, on returning thanks for his re-election? That he had "thought it desirable to try the experiment of Free Trade; saw nothing to shake his faith in it—much to confirm it; but had always thought that the change had been very abrupt. There were persons who had been seriously affected by the rapidity of the change, and he should therefore be ready to give his attention to any proposed remedy for their distress." "He was not a supporter of the present Government, but should offer no factious opposition to them; and although there were other men quite competent to conduct the government of the country, to whom he could more readily give assistance, yet, until those men were established in power, he by no means said, that if the present Government brought forward measures of which he could approve, he would not give them his support. He felt that it was his duty, as their representative, to abstain from all factious opposition to the present Government, until some other Government became possible." If the Earl of Derby had been one of Lord Shelburne's auditors, he ought to have been perfectly satisfied with these declarations; yet the speaker has been ever since set down in the daily lists given, in both the Conservative and Liberal newspapers, amongst the opponents of the Government, as though he were one of those certain of being found among the "ayes" on that "want of confidence" motion which a whisper from Sheffield was at the same time telling us would be the first step taken by the triumphant Liberal majority in the new Parliament. Weighing the political considerations likely to sway such a man as Lord Shelburne, can it be doubted that his tendencies are Conservative, though moderate, and that his public utterance of his sentiments was designed to be regarded as timely and significant? Lord Shelburne was in the late Parliament, and consequently aware of all that had been said by, on behalf of, and against Ministers; and he was also, when he thus spoke, aware of what would be the consequence of an instant,* blind, unscrupulous act of opposition—one shame-

ful in itself, as factions, and calculated to be attended by consequences most serious to the State. He therefore gave public notice that those inclined to act thus are to look for no countenance from him. Thus much for what fell from the Earl of Shelburne, and which, as in full accordance with the temperate, dignified, and friendly course adopted by his noble father in the House of Lords, since the accession of Lord Derby, is by no means unworthy of attention. But the very temperate tone of the member for Calne has distinguished many others of the re-elected or newly-elected members for both boroughs and counties; who have in express terms repudiated factions opposing to the Government, recognising the necessity of carefully reconsidering our fiscal policy, in consequence of the suddenness with which the late changes were effected, and the severe sufferings they have entailed upon particular classes. Yet all such members duly take their places in the aforesaid "lists"—gentlemen of fortune, of position, of attainments, of high personal character, with a large stake in the welfare of the country—as though they were "safe cards" for an unscrupulous Opposition, and always at the beck and bidding of such statesmen as a Cobden or a Bright! These are, indeed, fond but fallacious calculations, as the result will very shortly show.

Turn we now to Tiverton, where, on the ensuing day, (Wednesday the 7th July.) a very distinguished person was re-elected for Parliament—we mean LORD PALMERSTON. The noble lord declared his political opinions in considerable detail; and no one can read what fell from him without admiring the fascinating ease and playfulness which adorned the manifestation of intellectual power and great political knowledge. *Not one syllable* was uttered by Lord Palmerston of a hostile, disparaging, or offensive character, with reference to Lord Derby or his Government. He did not stoop to borrow those vulgar and degrading terms of opprobrium in which so many of his co-conspirators for political power suffered themselves to indulge, thereby dis-entitling themselves to the consi-

deration of gentlemen. He undoubtedly spoke of Protection as "a question long since settled," admitting that he himself had been in favour of such "a small duty as would not have raised in any perceptible degree the price of food, but which would never be again submitted to the choice of the agriculturists." He deprecated hasty reforms, earnestly advocating "steady progressive improvement of our institutions, going slowly and deliberately about them," and deprecating "rashly and hastily overturning those ancient institutions under which this country has long flourished and prospered." He utterly repudiated vote by ballot and triennial Parliaments, justified his support of the ministerial Militia Bill, and spoke with extreme caution on the subject of the Maynooth grant. He made no allusion to any political leaders, nor indicated any possible situation or combination of parties in the new Parliament, nor what was the course which he himself might feel bound or disposed to pursue. Thus much for this eminent person, who said nothing which might not also have been said by any even *decided* supporter of the Ministry. The indignity which had been inflicted upon himself by Lord Derby's predecessor, he passed over in dignified silence. Lord Palmerston, again, is claimed by the Liberal journals as an undoubted opponent of the Ministry, whatever measures they may or may not propose!

On the ensuing day LORD JOHN RUSSELL was declared re-elected, after a suddenly-announced contest. He said that he relied on his past career as the best guarantee of his probable future career; spoke of the question of Free Trade as finally disposed of; and added, that "that contest being removed out of the way, questions of religious liberty—of Parliamentary reform—reform of our courts of law and equity—of sanitary reform—and others of vast and deep importance to the people at large, will have due attention bestowed upon them, and time given for their consideration." When challenged on the subject of Papal Aggression, he answered coldly and drily, in a single sentence—"I never will allow any interference with the supre-

macy and independence of the Crown and of the nation; but, on the other hand, I will never punish any man for his religious opinions." Into this shrivelled sentence had shrunk the lusty letter to the Bishop of Durham! He declared himself determined to remove "all religious disabilities," especially those alleged to affect the Jews; and that "one simple oath, the same for persons of *all religious faiths*," should be substituted for the existing oaths—of course including every class of heathens and pagans! He declared himself opposed to vote by ballot; and when pressed on the subject of extending the franchise and shortening the duration of Parliament, spoke with marked guardedness, thus:—"With regard to these two questions, I must ask the indulgence of the electors. With regard to any measure I may bring forward, or may support, in Parliament, I have to consider, first, what is best for the country; and next, what other men will support, and what I have a chance of carrying. If fit to be your representative, I am fit to be intrusted with discretion on those subjects." It is worthy of notice, that whereas Lord John Russell, in 1847, had 7137 votes, he polled in 1852 only 5537 votes—only 1600 votes fewer than in 1847; while Mr Masterman was returned at the head of the poll by 6195 votes—*i.e.*, a majority of 658 votes over Lord John Russell—Mr Rothschild having gravitated to the bottom of the poll, where he lay pressed down by a majority over him, by Sir James Duke, of 522 votes. In 1847, Mr Rothschild had 6792—in 1852, only 4718 votes. All these are highly significant facts, not to be accounted for by the mere suddenness of the struggle. In noticing these facts, and also recording the triumphant return, at the head of the poll, of the Government candidate at Greenwich, the *Times* observed—"Thus far the changes, such as they are, are in favour of Lord Derby." On that day, however, the *Times* had unexpectedly to record, in letters of mourning, a very splendid triumph for Lord Derby, in the result of a contest on which, as if by common consent, the

eyes of the whole kingdom had for many weeks been fixed with intense anxiety. It was the deliberately-selected battle-field between the Earl of Derby and his combined Peelite and ultra-liberal opponents. This was, indeed, a pitched battle between parties; and the field was Liverpool. Lord Derby sent one of his own lieutenants to fight it, and in conjunction with an eminent, and very able, and highly-respected resident supporter at Liverpool; the opponents being an equally honourable Liverpool resident, and Mr Cardwell, the late member, and favourite lieutenant of the late Sir Robert Peel. All parties admitted that the issue of this contest, especially if of a decisive character, would be of immense political importance; and the general impression undoubtedly was, that the Ministerial candidates had undertaken too much for their strength. All other elections were thrown into the shade while this was pending; the result of which was conveyed hourly to London, during the London election, by the electric telegraph. The result dismayed our opponents. Lord Derby's candidate headed Mr Cardwell by 1130 votes, and his other opponent by 1167 votes; while the other Ministerial candidate, Mr Turner, headed Mr Cardwell by 1116 votes, and Mr Cardwell's comrade by 1783 votes! Such was the decision deliberately pronounced by the great and enlightened constituency of Liverpool; and it has been, and will be, attended by consequences of magnitude.

Mr Cardwell's defeat at Liverpool has been followed by the signal discomfiture of that small party in the late House of Commons, of which he had been a distinguished member—Mr Green, Mr Smythe, Mr Roundell Palmer, (an amiable and most accomplished man, who, after an arduous canvass, fled without a struggle,) Mr Pusey, Mr Townley, Mr Tollemache, Mr Mackinnon, Lord Mahon, Lord Norreys, Sir C. Douglas, Sir George Clerk, and others—as though there had been a sort of political murrain among them; and the *Morning Chronicle* has had to gnash its little teeth, day after day, in despair, as its friends disappeared; declaring, at length,* in

a solemn, funereal strain—"A competent Ministry might be formed from the candidates who, at the present election, have been rejected principally in consequence of their political honesty and intellectual superiority!"

On the same day on which Lord John Russell expounded his political opinions, on having been declared re-elected for London, Sir James Graham presented himself to the constituency of Carlisle, and made a very remarkable appearance. At that period not a few regarded him as most likely to be fixed upon as the leader of the combined forces of the Opposition—and, on defeating Lord Derby—as his successor; and what might fall from him on the present occasion was regarded with some curiosity. Respect for the private personal character of the right honourable baronet would incline one to speak with forbearance of his chequered and erratic public career; but it must be owned that he has by turns belonged to, aided, and damaged, almost every party in the State—adopting and abandoning political principles, whenever a candidate for office, with a levity that is lamentable to all interested in the public character of statesmen. His habit of replying with a sort of jaunty jocularity, to taunts on the score of his having boxed the political compass, tells heavily against him in the estimation of a sincere and staid people like ourselves, especially when he himself comes forward, at the eleventh hour, to level elaborate sarcasms at those whom he may deem obnoxious to similar imputations. He has of late been peculiarly bitter in his reproaches against the present Ministers, on the subject of their imputed inconsistencies on the subject of Protection. If Sir James were to cast his eyes over pp. 669-695, of the 46th volume of *Hansard*,* where stands recorded a lengthened, elaborate, and most able speech of his, in opposition to Mr Villiers' motion to consider the question of repealing the corn laws, we cannot but think that it would, for a moment, bring the colour into his cheek, and make him indeed doubtful as to his political,

if not even personal, identity. He is there seen sternly vindicating the landlords against false imputations of cowardice and selfishness. "If the advocates of Free Trade expected them to yield to fear, he mistook their character greatly, if he could not confidently pronounce, that from such motives as these they ought not, so they never would act;" and he reprobated agitation on the subject of the corn laws, as productive of disastrous consequences. "Commerce, credit, floating capital, were exotics which flourished in the sunshine of national tranquillity; and if a struggle, such as was contemplated on the other side, were pushed to extremities, the very manufactures which they sought to encourage would take to themselves wings, and fly away to lands where they might hope that national peace would be preserved, and life and society be secured." He heard "with astonishment, the President of the Board of Trade declare that he had encouraged agitation, a declaration well worthy of the member for Manchester, but utterly unworthy of a Minister of the Crown." "If they endeavoured by force of law to establish, that in a year of comparative scarcity the home-corn grower should not have a price which would cover the cost of production, they aimed a deadly blow at British native agriculture, which, after all, depend upon it, was the foundation of national power and prosperity, and the mainstay of national greatness."

The peroration of his speech consisted of a touching and beautiful picture of the corn lands of this country thrown out of cultivation, and agricultural labour superseded. "After the best reflection which he could bestow upon the subject [!] and viewing it in every possible light [!] he did not hesitate to declare his conviction, that a free importation of corn must produce the same effect in England that the law of agistment had produced in Ireland. . . . Let them but once diminish the consumption of British-grown corn, and from that moment the consumption of iron, of hardware, of cotton, and of wool-

lens must decline. Then would come a fresh displacement of labour, and a fresh lowering of wages; and discontent, disturbance, and misery would prove its inevitable consequences. . . . Little could they estimate the wretchedness which sprung from change of habit, of house, of manners, of the mode of life itself. What change more cruel could despotism itself inflict, than a change from 'the breezy call of incense-breathing morn,' to a painful and grievous obedience to the sad sound of the factory bell—the relinquishment of the thatched cottage, the blooming garden, and the village green, for the foul garret or the dark cellar of the crowded city—the enjoyment of the rural walk of the innocent rustic Sabbath, for the debauchery, the temptations, the pestilence, the sorrows, and the sins of a congregated multitude? Where were their moralists, that their voices were not raised against the fearful consequences which the proposed change brought in its train? Talk to him of sending the Poles to Siberia, or the hull coolies from the Coromandel to the Mauritius! the authors of the intended change contemplated the perpetration, within the limits of their native land, of a cruelty far more atrocious. It was the first step towards making England, the workshop of the world, dependent for its daily food upon Continental supplies. He hoped that the proposition would not be successful. Were it to succeed, he should say with his friend Lord Ashburton, that *this was the last country which he should wish to inhabit.*"* And for these reasons he concluded by "not hesitating to give his cordial and decided opposition to the motion."

Was this the Sir James Graham who, only thirteen years afterwards, could venture to scatter sarcasms over the Earl of Derby and his supporters?

When Sir James presented himself, shortly after the accession of the present Government, before his present constituents, he declared himself a convert, at length, to vote by ballot; or, at all events, as in a situation to become an immediate convert! Both

in and out of the House, he has ever since been one of the most sedulous and skilful of those who have striven to lower the Government and their friends in the estimation of the country, timing his appearance with great exactness, so as to seize the moment for most effective action; striving to disguise his earnestness and anxiety beneath the mask of a jocular contempt, but ever studiously keeping himself in the foreground. When before the constituency of Carlisle on the 8th of July, he appeared to feel the necessity of diverting attention from the political wanderings of his whole life, by taking the lion's share of credit for almost all the great measures of modern times. He had, however, transparently another object—to paint his own portraiture upon the eyes of the country, as the practical statesman of the age, of enlightened sagacity and extended experience, with both the will and the power to do whatever might be expected of one aspiring to lead the motley throng combined against Lord Derby. We suspect, however, that the portrait, though finished off by the sitter's own masterly hand, with a loving warmth of colouring, has only been eyed askance by those whom it had been intended to charm; while the *Times* criticised it severely. "After perambulating England," said Sir James, "I have come home at last, and once more appear before the Carlisle constituency. I have no personal object to gratify. I see a great public interest at stake; and I think it of the last importance that this capital of the Borders should send no doubtful voice to the approaching Parliament. . . . If the electors of this city shall be of opinion that the time has arrived when, with reference to the public interest, I should withdraw from the public service, I will respectfully retire. If, on the other hand, they be of opinion that my labour may still be useful to the public, *I am content, for a short time longer, to give to the public my best exertions.* I cannot promise you that they will be more zealous, more energetic *than they have been*; nor am I vain enough to expect that my exertions can be attended with greater success than

has crowned my past efforts." We regard this as neat, and unequalled. Such a cool bidding for power was probably never before made by a man of Sir James Graham's mark in this country.—A certain Dr Lonsdale then assumed the functions of catechist of Sir James Graham, whose ears he first soothed with the dulcet assurance that "Sir James Graham was sure to hold the highest place in the next Administration!" and the venerable catechumen answered the courteous catechist very smoothly on the subject of foreign politics; but the latter concluded by saying—"The right honourable gentleman has shown that he is neither a Derby-ite nor a Russell-ite. Then what *he* are you?" Sir James replied, "It is true I am not a Derby-ite, nor a Russell-ite: Dr Lonsdale asks what 'ite' I now am. I *have* been a Peel-ite; but am now resolved not to bind myself in the fetters of any party, but will do my best as a private member of Parliament, or in any situation which it may be in the pleasure of the Crown to call upon me to fill." We ask again, when was this equalled? Had Sir James and the Doctor arranged this little scene beforehand? Sir James said not a word, having been kindly not asked a word, on the subject uppermost in the mind of the country—the insolent and dangerous machinations of Popery against our civil and religious liberties; but on the subject of Reform, he declared stoutly that he had been dissatisfied "with the new Reform Bill introduced by the late Whig Government;" that the Reform Act of 1832 (for which he claimed a large share of credit) "was marked by great imperfections," and "a revision of the measure was indispensable." The new Reform Bill ought "to disfranchise decayed boroughs, and extend the franchise to large communities not at present enjoying it." And, "with respect to cities and boroughs, it appeared to him that residence and rating should be the legitimate foundation of any future extension of the suffrage." Sir James then bade high for popular favour; but, as we showed in our April number,* he is neces-

sarily opposed, in his attempts to unsettle the Reform Act, to some of the greatest Whig supporters of the late Government; one of whom, Earl Fitzwilliam, declared in his place in Parliament, since the accession of Lord Derby, his strong disapproval of Lord John Russell's recent Reform Bill—adding, "It will not do for the Government to be thus continually tampering with constitutional rights." As the English borough elections went on, notwithstanding the Ministers succeeded in a great number of instances in which they attacked Liberal seats, they appeared to have suffered no inconsiderable losses; but they displaced numerous staunch and able supporters of the late Government, as well as several of the Radical members. One of the Liberal papers (the *Daily News*) of the day on which we are writing, following the trifling example of the *Morning Chronicle* in respect of its Peelite friends, mourns over the following victims:—Mr Bernal, Mr Greene, Mr Horsman, Sir Edward Buxton, Mr Harcastle, Lord Ebrington, Lord Duncan, Mr W. J. Fox, Mr Anstey, Sir John Romilly, Sir William Somerville, Colonel Thompson, Mr D'Eyncourt, Mr George Thompson—to which he might have added a long catalogue of others; and may now greatly increase the list—Sir George Grey being a host in himself! and thus concludes: "Still, even with these losses, our ranks are crowded; and we shall give Lord Derby battle, with no fear as to where will be the victory." This, however, was said on the 21st July, after the ranks of Lord Derby had been swollen with reinforcements from the English counties and from Ireland, without, at the same time, losing ground, in Scotland. So long as the English borough returns, which came in almost all at once, or within two or three days of each other, showed a considerable numerical superiority for the opponents of Lord Derby, notwithstanding his gains, the Liberal papers, as if agreeing to close their eyes against the distant but inevitable county returns! were loud in their exultations, occasionally slipping into even truculent expressions. "Thus

ends," says one, "somewhat prematurely too, the farce of a Derby Ministry." "Will Lord Derby venture to meet the new Parliament?" asked another. "The Derbyites begin now to feel the absurd appearance they make before the country which they have so long striven in vain to mystify and amuse." "How do you like the returns, my Lord Derby?"—And so forth. On the other hand, the friends of the Ministry began also to quake, and go about with downcast looks, uttering despondency; and one of their own ablest organs was forced to "remind its friends that they were not to run away disheartened by the idea that they had *suffered a loss* on every occasion on which they had simply failed to wrest a seat from their opponents;" and its readers were assured "that, all things considered, matters wore by no means an unpromising aspect." Another able journal concluded by the solemn assurance, that, "great as were Lord Derby's difficulties, those of the leaders, whoever they might be, of the heterogeneous opposition, were at least as great"—a passage quoted the next day by a triumphant Liberal contemporary, with the words "cold comfort!" prefixed. A week's time, however, began to tell startling tidings for the opponents of the Ministry. Unexpected success in Ireland, notwithstanding almost unprecedented difficulties and obstacles arising out of the demoniacal conduct of the Papal emissaries, to whom we shall presently again allude; and the counties, pouring in their contingents by threes and twos at a time, soon gave a totally different aspect to the field of battle. In almost every instance, moreover, where Lord Derby's county friends were assailed, they triumphantly maintained their ground; and in nearly every case where they were assailants, they were successful. It was amusing to note how suddenly Lord Derby's opponents in the press drew in their horns; and after the "boldest" had "held their breath for a time," they began to comfort one another by fearful tales of intimidation; of divers gross irregularities pervading the whole proceedings; of divisions among the Liberal party,

letting in the common enemy; the defective state of the registries; and the still more defective and unsatisfactory condition of the franchise!

Having, however, heard what Lord Shelburne, Lord John Russell, Lord Palmerston, and Sir James Graham thought proper to address, concerning their opinions and purposes, to their respective constituencies, let us hasten on to a very eager, bustling, and ambitious personage, making his appearance much later in the field as a candidate for re-election for a county—we mean Mr Richard Cobden; who, on Saturday the 17th July, presented himself on the hustings at Wakefield, to go through the pleasant ceremony of an unopposed re-election. He was accompanied by—*Sir Charles Wood*, Lord John Russell's late Chancellor of the Exchequer, and then chairman of Mr Cobden's committee, of which he had taken pains to show himself a conspicuous and active member. Several points of the former gentleman's appearance on this occasion challenge particular observation; chiefly as indicative of his intense vanity and egotism; his virulent hatred of the Ministerial party, especially of the brilliant Chancellor of the Exchequer, under whose knout he had so frequently writhed; his absorbed one-ideadness; his consciousness of the palsied condition of the "Liberal" party, and the necessity of powerful stimulants to revive it; and the absence of any, even the slightest indication of triumph at the state of the elections. Before the electors, at the hustings, he was content to appear in his capacity as a Free-Trader only, reserving the other more special matters for a subsequent occasion, when sure of a safe and favourable reception from his own supporters only, under the auspices of Sir Charles Wood. On the former occasion he deliberately glorified himself on account of "his name being so prominently connected with Free Trade," and "having the honour, privilege, and glory to see himself individualising, as it were, a great and permanent principle!" He proceeded to charge the Ministerial party with "undisguised selfishness in advocating a change of taxation for the benefit of particular interests;"

"transferring the taxation now paid by the land, to the shoulders of those who have no land at all"—which was "protection in a new form, ten thousand times less tenable than in its former aspect." He hoped "that forty-eight hours would not elapse after the meeting of Parliament before the present Government, and the party that belongs to it, are brought fairly to issue upon the question of Free Trade or Protection." This sort of worn-out dreary drivél was all that he thought it prudent to say upon the hustings before the electors of the West Riding; but it was far otherwise afterwards, at the "luncheon" at the Corn Exchange, presided over by Sir Charles Wood, and given to Mr Cobden by his "friends and supporters." He there ventured to launch out into general politics; "and as Parliament was likely to meet in November," he said it "would be as well to calculate beforehand what the state of parties would be." He immediately betrayed his fears of returning to the condition of a political cipher, in the absence of Free Trade agitation. "The subject of Free Trade being disposed of, the state of parties would be found exceedingly embarrassing to the old political leaders! The House would not answer the helm; and the question was, how they should take a new tack!"—"I do not think there is anything in the temper of the country which should precipitate any decision on the point"—he had seen the then rapidly-altered aspect of the election returns!—"for with the exception of the feeling as regards [*sic*] Free Trade, I do not think there is much political feeling in the country on any question! There will be, in the House of Commons, no party so strong as to be able to form a Government which can be bargained [!] to stand for three months, if the old rule is to be acted on as to Government majorities. The question then is, *how are parties to be reconstituted?* Consequently our friends of the statesman and

functionary class must take counsel to themselves, and SEE WHAT IS TO BE DONE IN ORDER TO INSPIRE SOME FRESH ENTHUSIASM, BY AND BY, IN THE COUNTRY, ON BEHALF OF THE OLD LIBERAL PARTY!" This was the same gentleman who, on attempting to reorganise the League, upon Lord Derby's accession to power, unwittingly acknowledged, in terms, the extreme difficulty of "keeping up the excitement of the people, on the subject of *Free Trade*, for more than a few weeks!" Mr Cobden then favoured his company with a few of his luminous notions on the subject of "Parliamentary Reform;" being pleased to intimate that "as far as the suffrage was concerned, Lord John Russell had proposed a five-pound rating claim;" but Mr Cobden "would rather have a five-pound renting clause—a franchise which would go, he thought, almost as far as any gentleman in that room practically expected or probably wished—at present." Mr Cobden concluded with coarse and insolent invective against the Chancellor of the Exchequer. "If there is a man in this country—a politician who has suddenly jumped to an elevation which I predict he will not sustain—who may be called a dangerous revolutionist, if he have the opportunity—it is he! The strangest revolution I have seen, was when I found the great territorial party declaring intellectual bankruptcy and proclaiming political suicide, by naming Mr Benjamin Disraeli as their chief! And if it were not for the steady, ballasting principle of the Manchester school, which would prevent jugglers, and mountebanks, and unscrupulous incendiary adventurers from playing tricks in this country, [!] there is no man so dangerous, because none who seemed less unwilling, at all times, to bend anything like the profession of principle to his own personal and sinister objects, than the present Chancellor of the Exchequer!"* Without condescending to characterise the tone

* In a similar strain ventured to speak a certain Mr Serjeant Murphy at Cork. "Who is their Chancellor of the Exchequer? I'll tell you what he is. He is a political adventurer, who speculates on politics as a black-leg on the turn of the dice and the

and style of this attack upon an absent gentleman, let us see how he was being spoken of elsewhere, at the very same moment, by a *gentleman*—one of the most able, accomplished, and high-minded members of the House of Commons,* Mr Drummond, the member for West Surrey. "It appears to me that our taxes have been laid on upon no general principle, as money was wanted, and that they are not in the satisfactory state they ought to be. Let the Minister be who he may, this must be put in a better state; and I believe that Mr Disraeli is more likely, and the persons now in office are more likely, to do this than others.—I must be permitted to say, that I think Mr Disraeli a man of very great genius. He has risen by his own merits alone; and never having been tried in office, he is not a man who ought to be sneered at by persons who pretend that they wish 'to extend the basis of the Administration!'" This dignified rebuke might have been uttered by the speaker on listening to Mr Cobden's gross vituperation on the occasion to which we are referring. Such was Mr Cobden—in Yorkshire; such will not be Mr Cobden—in the House of Commons, when standing face to face before that same formidable Chancellor of Exchequer, behind whose back he has spoken offensively with such virulent vulgarity and presumption. Passing over these smaller matters, however, it is impossible not to note the recently lowered tone of Mr Cobden, whilom so loud and confident on the subject of a "Protectionist Ministry" as a thing to be only "laughed at," and which would "fly like chaff before the wind before a General Election." On the ensuing day, the *Times*, in commenting on Mr Cobden's speech, pronounced to be "not wholly worthy of his theme"—and in a "tone hardly elevated enough for the occasion"—"recommended to the

consideration of the future Parliament the advice of Mr Cobden with reference to the manner in which Ministers should be dealt with."—"It is only fair and wise to hear from them the principles on which they intend to act, and the measures which they mean to bring forward."

. . . By precipitating matters, we are quite sure either to prevent the Ministry from showing conclusively the hollowness of their abandonment of Free Trade, or from bestowing upon us a great public benefit. It is much easier to turn out a Government than to form its successor; and the besetting sin to which heterogeneous Oppositions are liable is, that they are apt to place themselves in a situation in which they may be called upon to act in concert, when concert, except against the common enemy, is impossible; and thus, by the exertion of their strength, to render their weakness more apparent and more fatal." These were prudent counsels, and probably influenced by the same causes which had emboldened the Chancellor of the Exchequer, a few days previously,* thus to speak out concerning the position and prospects of the Government: "It is my firm conviction that the Government of Lord Derby will meet Parliament in the autumn with an absolute majority. To me that is not a subject of doubt." Two days afterwards—the election returns, during the brief interval, abundantly justifying him—Mr Disraeli thus deliberately and confidently addressed the constituency of Buckinghamshire from the hustings: "I express my firm and solemn conviction, in the face of the county of Buckingham, after witnessing the present temper of the public mind, and scanning—I am sure with no prejudice—the results of the general election, that the Ministry will be permitted to bring forward their measures; that no manœuvres

fluctuating chance of the turf—a political trader!" And the refined and complimentary Milesian proceeds to utter a supposed *bon-mot* concerning Mr Disraeli's speech on the Budget, which, he says, he himself heard, "while sitting near the Duke of Cambridge, with whom I have the honour of being acquainted!"

* Wednesday, 14th July 1852.

of faction will terminate their career; and that those measures will obtain the assent, and I will even say the enthusiastic approbation, of the great body of the people." On the ensuing day, the *Spectator* observed—"The elections have not yet decided the question of the majority; and it is still possible that Lord Derby may have the balance of numbers." In the "Postscript" to the same number of his paper, the editor, in recounting additional gains, observed—"Lord Derby is steadily gaining in the elections."

Before these pages meet the reader's eye, all the elections will have

been completed; but up to the day on which we are writing, it would appear that nearly six hundred are decided, and the results are thus classified in the five morning papers of this day.* It is curious to see how the various organs of political opinion deal with the same facts, viewed through the disturbing medium of their own hopes and wishes.

The *Times* distinguishes between "Ministerialists" and "Liberal Conservatives," giving 252 as the former, and 63 as the latter—together, 315; Liberals, 271;—placing the latter in a minority of 44. The

<i>Morning Herald</i>	gives—Ministerialists, 311	Opposition, 269	{ Majority for Ministerialists, 42
<i>Morning Post</i>	„ do. 289	Liberals, 275	do. 11
<i>Daily News</i>	„ Derbyites, 285	do. 293	do. Liberals, 9
<i>Morning Chronicle</i>	„ Ministerialists, 250	Non-Ministerialists, 326	{ Majority for Non-Ministerialists, 76 !

Doubtless all these are *intended* to be, or to be deemed, fair approximations towards the real numerical relations existing between those who will be found generally opposed to each other in the House of Commons; but it is obvious that such calculations are, to a very great extent, purely conjectural, and deeply tinctured by the political predilections of those who make them; and indeed it is impossible for any calm and well-informed observer to cast his eyes over the columns on which these calculations are based, without seeing abundant reason for doubting the propriety of even the Conservative classifications. The gentlemen whose political opinions and intentions are thus confidently dealt with, must often smile at the position thus assigned to them. In the Liberal journals of this day,† for instance, two members, Mr Duncuft, for Oldham, and Mr Sandars, for Wakefield, are set down as "Non-Ministerialists," "Liberals," and "Oppositionists;" while, on the preceding day, Mr Duncuft is reported as returning thanks for the toast of "The Conservatives

of Lancashire;" and proposing "The Conservative Press," at a dinner given by "The Conservatives of Wakefield," to Mr Sandars! And very many other names might be mentioned, which the slightest consideration must show to be referred to the wrong category. There are undoubtedly many, and will be more, gentlemen returned to Parliament, so far unpledged to particular measures, and having indicated, in such general terms, the tendency of their political opinions, as to render it doubtful on which side of the Speaker's chair they will sit, or on which side they would vote on the leading political questions of the day. But we would warn those who have been so loudly proclaiming their confident opinions on the subject, to pause before coming to a conclusion on the course which will be adopted by the majority, on the first fair and avowed trial of strength between Ministers and their opponents. In our opinion, on a calculation of the probable character of the members, upwards of 70, yet unreturned—but all of whose names are known, and their general political opinions ascertained—

* 21st July 1852.

† 21st July 1852.

whoever shall propose a direct motion of want of confidence in Ministers, or any motion having that tendency, will find himself in a very considerable, if not, indeed, in a large minority. The consequences of such a successfully taken step, all must see, would be exceedingly serious; and a forced resignation under such circumstances would greatly dissatisfy the country, and still further confuse the present perplexed party relations of those opposed to the Government. Long before Parliament meets, which will be probably towards the close of October, each member will have asked himself frequently and anxiously the grave question—Who is to succeed Lord Derby? And how is the compact and formidable phalanx of his present supporters to be practically dealt with? Without such a sacrifice of principle as would shock the morality of the whole country, how could a Ministry be formed which would combine in opposition to the present occupants of the Treasury Bench—those publicly pledged persons who would insist on being included in the new Government? And by whom are they to be led? What are the measures which they would propose, and be likely to carry? Will Lord Palmerston, Lord John Russell, Sir James Graham, Mr Gladstone, go into the same lobby with Mr Hume, Mr Cobden, and Mr Bright, on a motion in favour of a great extension of the suffrage, vote by ballot, triennial parliaments, or the destruction of the Irish Church?—or on a motion of simple want of confidence in Ministers? And if Mr Villiers, or any other member, should propose a resolution expressive of the determination of the House not to sanction any measures calculated to interfere with or reverse the policy of the year 1846, who shall tell the fate of it in the then existing complication and character of the House of Commons, with such various shades of opinion on fiscal and economical questions? Who shall expect a majority to agree on what will constitute a prejudicial or unjustifiable interference with that policy? And suppose Ministers should distinctly avow that it was not their intention to propose measures directly

or indirectly aimed at such interference or reversal? Suppose a considerable number of members should be found concurring generally in the Free Trade policy, but also believing that the manner in which it was introduced and established was unjust, and injurious to great interests in the country, and anxious to repair such injustice, and mitigate the admitted sufferings of the agriculturists? This is the opinion of Lord Shelburne, and doubtless of many men of moderate opinions, though formally opposed to the present Government. Suppose, on the other hand, the Minister, in answer to such a motion, should be prepared to intimate generally a policy likely to be received with favour in the House of Commons and out of doors; and either move the previous question, or boldly meet the motion with a direct negative, and *successfully*? Their hands would have been immensely strengthened by their opponents, for the remainder of the Session—perhaps for many succeeding Sessions. All these, and many other cognate considerations, will be taken calmly into account by the more astute tacticians of the Liberal party; and, in our opinion, shrewder counsels will prevail than those which would herald in an immediately aggressive policy on the part of her Majesty's motley opposition. With the very best hostile intentions, they would lack arms and opportunity. We concur in every word of the following passage, which fell from the lips of Mr Disraeli at Aylesbury, so long ago as the 14th instant. "We shall carry out our views with more efficiency, and, I believe, with more success, in the new Parliament—when the Ministry will no longer have to meet a hostile Parliament, or be restrained in its policy by an overpowering Opposition. We shall meet Parliament prepared to do our duty, under a firm conviction that the country will steadily support us. I will not conceive the alternative position of the Government's failing to succeed; but at the same time, no one can be blind to the fact, that the Opposition will create its organisation upon revolutionary principles. The Whigs have shown us their character. Their

policy has been received with universal scouting by the country, and they cannot attain to power again, except by calling to their councils the Jacobin clubs of Lancashire. I feel that the present Government is necessary for the preservation of the English Constitution; but the future institution of the Opposition already peeps from its shell, and develops its horns; and from that shell the Opposition cannot emerge, except enveloped in the slime of sedition. A change in the institutions of the country will be the condition of its success; and Englishmen must indeed be false to all their professions—false to that high spirit which Englishmen have ever shown—false to the traditional associations of their country, if they suffer an Opposition, founded on such principles, to govern this nation.

"Will you," concluded the right honourable gentleman, "be prepared to say, we will have justice done to the soil—we will have our legislation conceived in the spirit of the age, which is the spirit of justice? We will have the PROTESTANT CONSTITUTION of this country preserved, not with the sectarianism of bigots, but with those who believe that Protestantism is the only safeguard of English liberty?"

In our opinion, the country has answered these questions decidedly in the affirmative, and thereby placed firmly in power an able, united, Protestant Conservative Government. It is easy for newspapers, day after day, and week after week, to repeat the cuckoo cry that Ministers are impostors, and that their policy is, in the vulgar phraseology of the hour, "*a sham*." The progress and the result of the general election of 1852 demonstrate that these paper pellets cannot batter down the rock of national firmness and good sense. Had it been otherwise, Ministers must have fallen ignominiously within the first week of their presuming to take office; for the wordy batteries of the "*Liberal*" press have been blazing upon them, double-shotted, from morning to night

ever since. Yet the Funds have never gone down, and Ministers remain in their places, not with downcast looks and desponding hearts, but with cheerful confidence and resolution, satisfied that the voice of the nation has pronounced in their favour, and has also declared that it will regard their acts with indulgence and forbearance, and will not tolerate faction or intrigue. There is now a fair prospect that a united and powerful Government may do incalculable good to the country and the Sovereign which has called that Government into existence. Its mission is to act, where its predecessor could only talk; to consolidate and strengthen, where that predecessor could only disturb and unsettle; to terminate the wretched strife of classes, by a just, cautious, firm, and comprehensive policy. Its mission is, further, to repel the insolent advances of Democracy and Popery, which will now find that the day of vacillation and vicious concession has passed away. We say it with pain, that we believe the interests of Protestantism are no longer safe in the keeping of Lord John Russell, though individually he may be true at heart in his abhorrence of the wicked and tyrannical spirit of Popery; but his political exigencies have fettered his will, and chilled his spirit. His fondness of power inclines him to compromises and sacrifices, which very often look only too like sacrifice of principle and conviction. In like manner we fear him in his dalliance with Democracy. In tampering with the great political adjustment of 1832, he is seen standing irresolutely with his foot upon the steep inclined plane which leads to confusion and anarchy, surrounded by those who are incessantly goading and jogging him into commencing the descent. We believe that in his heart he despises the clique of Cobden, Bright, &c.; he has in fact contemptuously told them so in their very faces;* yet are we grievously apprehensive that he is now prepared to join them, faintly protesting, but suffering them to impel him infinitely

further than he himself thinks it safe or wise to go. That he has lost the confidence of the country, few will question; and is that confidence now extended to Sir James Graham? His recent career, especially his undisguised sympathy with Popery, would at once irritate and alarm the country, if it saw his advent to power a probable event; and, indeed, he must have gazed with dismay on the successive disappearance from Parliament of so many of those to whom he had recently allied himself, in reliance on their efforts to consolidate and work his influence. A very few months, perhaps a few weeks, will see the erratic baronet the close ally of the Manchester School—at once its leader and follower; he will declare for a perilous extension of the suffrage, and support it with powerful and plausible arguments, but, at the same time, with that semblance of dignified candour and moderation, which he has been latterly showing such anxiety to assume, and acquire credit for. He will co-operate with Mr Cobden, very quietly at first, to reorganise the Liberal party; and if their efforts obtain any considerable share of popularity, Sir James will be seen one of the most eager and swift in the race towards the goal of revolution. Both he, Mr Cobden, and Sir Charles Wood, at present know well that they have grievously lost ground in the country, and that what they have so lost is now in the possession of Lord Derby and his Government.

Of one thing we are *quite certain*, that Ministers will not meet the new Parliament unprepared to carry into vigorous operation a well-considered and determinate policy, which will abundantly satisfy any degree of reasonable expectation. Nor shall we be surprised to see them disposed to bring matters to a speedy issue, if encountered by factions opposition, come from what quarter it may, and disguised under never so specious an aspect. Those interests which have suffered so severely from precipitate legislation, will be well represented in the new House of Commons, and have to deal with a friendly Ministry, which it

will be at once their interest and their duty to support steadily, against all hostile and sinister combinations. The cause of law reform will be safe in their hands; nay, the first four months of their existence have shown that it cannot be in better hands, and we venture to deny that it can be in any other hands so good as theirs. They have indeed shown a thorough heartiness in the sacred cause of law and justice; and what they have already done in this great department, of itself is sufficient for ever to signalise their hitherto brief tenure of power. We shall not concern ourselves, nor amuse our readers, by speculations as to the precise number of supporters with whom the election returns are rapidly surrounding Lord Derby and his Government. It is now, as we have already stated, upwards of a week ago since the present Chancellor of the Exchequer distinctly declared in public, that the Government "would meet Parliament, in the autumn, with an absolute majority;" and we are not aware of a single journal that has ventured to contradict the statement. Every day's returns tend to corroborate more and more strongly the truth of that statement, which was one calculated to challenge vehement contradiction, could it have been given consistently with fact. There was a will, but no way, to do so. Our own over-zealous friends may have been too sanguine in their expectations, and hasty in their calculations; but those of our opponents, at least of the more eager and unscrupulous, are preposterous, impeaching their good faith, or their capacity as political observers. We entertain no misgivings as to the position and reception of Ministers in the new Parliament. Their majority, on vexed questions, may not be large, but it will be sufficient; and against faction, it will be *decisive*.

What, then, was the question which has been put to the constituencies, and answered? It was not that of Free Trade or Protection. The question was one of a far wider description. Lord Derby, in February last, stated in terms the question which he sought to have

answered; a question not of details, but of principles, relying on the estimate formed of his character by the country, for its allowing him to carry these principles into operation.

"These are the PRINCIPLES on which I shall make my appeal on behalf of myself and colleagues. We are threatened with far more serious difficulties than opposition to a five shilling, six shilling, or seven shilling duty on corn. It is a QUESTION, whether the Government of this country can be carried on, and on what principles, and through what medium. Will you support a Government which is against hostile attacks;

which will maintain the peace of the world; which will uphold the Protestant institutions of the country; which will give strength and increased power to religious and moral education throughout the land; and which will exert itself, moreover, I will not hesitate to say, to oppose some barrier against the current, continually encroaching, of democratic influence, which would throw power *nominally* into the hands of the masses, practically into those of the demagogues who lead them?"

This was, indeed, a GREAT QUESTION, and it has been ANSWERED satisfactorily to all lovers of constitutional freedom.

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DECEMBER, 1852.

VOL. LXXII.

MY NOVEL; OR, VARIETIES IN ENGLISH LIFE.

BOOK XIX. CONTINUED.—PARTER XXIV.

For chiefs of the Blue party went in state from Lansdowne Park, the two candidates in open carriages, each attended with his proposer and second. Other carriages were devoted to Harley and Levy, and the principal members of the committee. Riccabocca was seized with a fit of melancholy or cynicism, and declined to join the procession. But just before they started, as all were assembling without the front door, the postman arrived with his welcome bag. There were letters for Harley, some for Levy, many for Egerton, one for Randal Leslie.

Levy, soon hurrying over his own correspondence, looked, in the familiar freedom wherewith he usually treated his particular friends, over Randal's shoulder.

"From the Squire?" said he. "Ah, he has written at last! What made him delay so long? Hope he relieves your mind?"

"Yes," cried Randal, giving way

to a joy that rarely lighted up his close and secret countenance—"yes, he does not write from Hazeldean—not there when my letter arrived—in London—could not rest at the hall—the place reminded him too much of Frank—went again to town, on the receipt of my first letter concerning the rupture of the marriage, to see after his son, and take up some money to pay off his post-obit. Read what he says."—"So while I was about a mortgage—(never did I guess that I should be the man to encumber the Hazeldean estate)—I thought I might as well add £20,000 as £10,000 to the total. Why should you be indebted at all to that Baron Levy? Don't have dealings with money-lenders. Your grandmother was a Hazeldean; and from a Hazeldean you shall have the whole sum required in advance for those Rood lands—good light soil some of them. As to repayment, we'll talk of that later. If Frank and I come together

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again, as we did of old, why, my estates will be his some day; and he'll not grudge the mortgage, so fond as he always was of you; and if we don't come together, what do I care for hundreds or thousands, either more or less? So I shall be down at Lansmere the day after to-morrow, just in the thick of your polling. Beat the manufacturer, my boy, and stick up for the land. Tell Levy to have all ready. I shall bring the money down in good bank-notes, and a brace of pistols in my coat pocket to take care of them, in case robbers get scent of the notes and attack me on the road, as they once did my grandfather. A Lansmere election puts one in mind of pistols. I once fought a duel with an officer in his Majesty's service, R.N., and had a ball lodged in my right shoulder, on account of an election at Lansmere; but I have forgiven Audley his share in that transaction. Remember me to him kindly. Don't get into a duel yourself; but I suppose manufacturers don't fight; not that I blame them for that—far from it."

The letter then ran on to express surprise, and hazard conjecture, as to the wealthy marriage which Randal had announced as a pleasing surprise to the Squire. "It could not be Miss Stickto-rights!"

"Well," said Levy, returning the

letter, "you *must* have written as cleverly as you talk, or the Squire is a booby indeed."

Randal smiled, pocketed his letter, and responding to the impatient call of his proposer, sprang lightly into the carriage.

Harley, too, seemed pleased with the letters delivered to himself, and now joined Levy, as the candidates drove slowly off.

"Has not Mr Leslie received from the Squire an answer to that letter of which you informed me?"

"Yes, my lord, the Squire will be here to-morrow."

"To-morrow? Thank you for apprising me; his rooms shall be prepared."

"I suppose he will only stay to see Leslie and myself, and pay the money."

"Aha! Pay the money. Is it so, then?"

"Twice the sum, and, it seems, as a gift, which Leslie only asked as a loan. Really, my Lord, Mr Leslie is a very clever man; and though I am at your commands, I should not like to injure him, with such matrimonial prospects. He could be a very powerful enemy; and, if he succeed in Parliament, still more so."

"Baron, these gentlemen are waiting for you. I will follow by myself."

CHAPTER XXV.

In the centre of the raised platform in the town-hall sat the Mayor. On either hand of that dignitary now appeared the candidates of the respective parties. To his right, Audley Egerton and Leslie; to his left, Dick Avenel and Leonard. The place was as full as it could hold. Rows of grimy faces peeped in, even from the upper windows outside the building. The contest was one that created intense interest, not only from public principles, but local passions. Dick Avenel, the son of a small tradesman, standing against the Right Honourable Audley Egerton, the choice of the powerful Lansmere aristocratic party—standing, too, with his nephew by his side—taking, as he himself was wont to say, "the tarnation Blue Bull

by both its oligarchical horns!" There was a pluck and gallantry in the very impudence of the attempt to convert the important borough—for one member of which a great Earl had hitherto striven, "with labour dire and weary woe"—into two family seats for the house of Avenel and the triumph of the Capelocracy.

This alone would have excited all the spare passions of a country borough; but, besides this, there was the curiosity that attached to the long-deferred public appearance of a candidate so renowned as the ex-minister—a man whose career had commenced with his success at Lansmere, and who now, amidst the popular tempest that scattered his colleagues, sought to refit his vessel in

the same harbour from which it had first put forth. New generations had grown up since the name of Audley Egerton had first fluttered the dovescotes in *that* Corioli. The questions that had then seemed so important, were, for the most part, settled and at rest. But those present who remembered Egerton in the former day, were struck to see how the same characteristics of bearing and aspect which had distinguished his early youth, revived their interest in the mature and celebrated man. As he stood up for a few moments, before he took his seat beside the Mayor, glancing over the assembly, with its uproar of cheers and hisses, there was the same stately erectness of form and steadfastness of look—the same undefinable and mysterious dignity of externalis, that imposed respect, confirmed esteem, or stifled dislike. The hisses involuntarily ceased.

The preliminary proceedings over, the proposers and seconders commenced their office.

Audley was proposed, of course, by the crack man of the party—a gentleman who lived on his means in a white house in the High Street—had received a University education, and was a cadet of a “County Family.”

This gentleman spoke much about the Constitution, something about Greece and Rome—compared Egerton with William Pitt, also with Aristides: and sat down, after an oration esteemed classical by the few, and pronounced prosy by the many. Audley’s seconder, a burly and important maltster, struck a bolder key. He dwelt largely upon the necessity of being represented by gentlemen of wealth and rank, and not by “upstarts and adventurers. (Cheers and groans.) Looking at the candidates on the other side, it was an insult to the respectability of Lansmere to suppose its constituents could elect a man who had no pretensions whatever to their notice, except that he had once been a little boy in the town in which his father kept a shop—and a very noisy, turbulent, dirty little boy he was! Dick smoothed his spotless shirt-front, and looked daggers, while the Blues laughed heartily, and the Yellows cried “Shame!” “As for the other candidate on the same side, he (the maltster) had no-

thing to say against him. He was, no doubt, seduced into presumption by his uncle and his own inexperience. It was said that ~~that~~ candidate, Mr Fairfield, was an author and a poet; if so, he was unknown to fame, for no bookseller in the town had ever even heard of Mr Fairfield’s works. Then it was replied, Mr Fairfield had written under another name. What would that prove? Either that he was ashamed of his name, or that the works did him no credit. For his part, he (the maltster) was an Englishman; he did not like anonymous scribblers; there was something not right in whatever was concealed. A man should never be afraid to put his name to what he wrote. But, grant that Mr Fairfield was a great author and a great poet, what the borough of Lansmere wanted was, not a member who would pass his time in writing sonnets to Peggy or Moggie, but a practical man of business—a statesman—such a man as Mr Audley Egerton—a gentleman of ancient birth, high standing, and princely fortune. The member for such a place as Lansmere should have a proper degree of wealth.” (“Hear, hear,” from the hundred, and fifty hesitators, who all stood in a row at the bottom of the hall; and “Gummon!” “Stuff!” from some revolutionary, but incorruptible Yellows.) Still the allusion to Egerton’s private fortune had considerable effect with the bulk of the audience, and the maltster was much cheered on concluding. Mr Avenel’s proposer and seconder—the one a large grocer, the other a proprietor of a new shop for ticketed prints, shawls, blankets, and counterpanes, (a man who, as he boasted, dealt with the People for ready money, and no mistake—at least none that *he* ever rectified.)—next followed. Both said much the same thing. Mr Avenel had made his fortune by honest industry—was a fellow townsman—must know the interests of the town better than strangers—upright public principles—never fawn on governments—would see that the people had their rights, and cut down army, navy, and all other jobs of a corrupt aristocracy, &c. &c. &c. Randal Leslie’s proposer, a captain on half-pay, undertook a long defence of army and navy, from the

unpatriotic aspersions of the preceding speakers; which defence diverted him from the due praise of Randal, until cries of "Cut it short," recalled him to that subject; and then the topics he selected for eulogium were "amiability of character, so conspicuous in the urbane manners of his young friend;"—"coincidence in the opinions of that illustrious statesman with whom he was conjoined;"—"early tuition in the best principles—only fault, youth—and that was a fault which would diminish every day." Randal's seconder was a bluff yeoman, an out-voter of weight with the agricultural electors. He was too straightforward by half—adverted to Audley Egerton's early desertion of questions espoused by the landed interest—hoped he had had enough of the large towns; and he (the yeoman) was ready to forgive and forget, but trusted that there would be no chance of burning their member again in effigy. As to the young gentleman, whose nomination he had the pleasure to second—did not know much about him; but the Leslies were an old family in the neighbouring county, and Mr Leslie said he was nearly related to Squire Hazeldean—as good a man as ever stood upon shoe leather. He (the yeoman) liked a good breed in sheep and bullocks; and a good breed in men he supposed was the same thing. He (the yeoman) was not for abuses—he was for King and Constitution. He should have no objection, for instance, to have tithes lowered, and the malt-tax repealed—not the least objection. Mr Leslie seemed to him a likely young chap, and uncommon well-spoken; and, on the whole, for aught he (the yeoman) could see, would do quite as well in Parliament as nine-tenths of the gentlemen sent there. The yeoman sat down, little cheered by the Blues—much by the Yellows—and with a dim consciousness that somehow or other he had rather damaged than not the cause of the party he had been chosen to advocate. Leonard was not particularly fortunate in his proposer—a youngish gentleman—who, having tried various callings, with signal unsuccess, had come into a small independence, and set up for a literary character. This gentleman undertook

the defence of poets, as the half-pay captain had undertaken that of the army and navy; and after a dozen sentences spoken through the nose, about the "moonlight of existence," and "the oasis in the desert," suddenly broke down, to the satisfaction of his impatient listeners. This failure was, however, redeemed by Leonard's seconder—a master tailor—a practised speaker, and an earnest, thinking man—sincerely liking, and warmly admiring, Leonard Fairfield. His opinions were delivered with brief simplicity, and accompanied by expressions of trust in Leonard's talents and honesty, that were effective, because expressed with feeling.

These preparatory orations over, a dead silence succeeded, and Audley Egerton arose.

At the first few sentences, all felt they were in the presence of one accustomed to command attention, and to give to opinions the weight of recognised authority. The slowness of the measured accents, the composure of the manly aspect, the decorum of the simple gestures—all bespoke and all became the Minister of a great empire, who had less agitated assemblies by impassioned eloquence, than compelled their silent respect to the views of sagacity and experience. But what might have been formal and didactic in another, was relieved in Egerton by that air, tone, bearing of *gentleman*, which have a charm for the most plebeian audience. He had eminently these attributes in private life; but they became far more conspicuous whenever he had to appear in public. The "*senatorius decor*" seemed a phrase coined for him.

Audley commenced with notice of his adversaries in that language of high courtesy which is so becoming to superior station, and which augurs better for victory than the most pointed diatribes of hostile declamation. Inclining his head towards Avenel, he expressed regret that he should be opposed by a gentleman whose birth naturally endeared him to the town, of which he was a distinguished native, and whose honourable ambition was in itself a proof of the admirable nature of that Constitution, which admitted the lowliest to rise to its distinctions, while it compelled the

loftiest to labour and compete for those which were the most coveted, because they were derived from the trust of their countrymen, and dignified by the duties which the sense of responsibility entailed. He paid a passing but generous compliment to the reputed abilities of Leonard Fairfield; and, alluding with appropriate grace to the interest he had ever taken in the success of youth striving for place in the van of the new generation that marched on to replace the old, he implied that he did not consider Leonard as opposed to himself, but rather as an emulous competitor for a worthy prize with his "own young and valued friend, Mr Randal Leslie." "They are happy at their years!" said the statesman, with a certain pathos. "In the future they see nothing to fear, in the past they have nothing to defend. It is not so with me." And then, passing on to the vague insinuations or bolder charges against himself and his policy proffered by the preceding speakers, Audley gathered himself up, and paused; for his eye here rested on the Reporters seated round the table just below him; and he recognised faces not unfamiliar to his recollection when metropolitan assemblies had hung on the words, which fell from lips then privileged to advise their King. And involuntarily it occurred to the ex-minister to escape altogether from this contracted audience—this election, with all its associations of pain—and address himself wholly to that vast and invisible Public, to which those reporters would transmit his ideas. At this thought his whole manner gradually changed. His eye became fixed on the farthest verge of the crowd; his tones grew more solemn in their deep and sonorous swell. He began to review and to vindicate his whole political life. He spoke of the measures he had aided to pass—of his part in the laws which now ruled the land. He touched lightly, but with pride, on the services he had rendered to the opinions he had represented. He alluded to his neglect of his own private fortunes; but in what detail, however minute, in the public business committed to his charge, could even an enemy accuse him of neglect?

The allusion was no doubt intended to prepare the public for the news, that the wealth of Audley Egerton was gone. Finally, he came to the questions that then agitated the day; and made a general but masterly exposition of the policy which, under the changes he foresaw, he should recommend his party to adopt.

Spoken to the motley assembly in that town-hall, Audley's speech extended to a circle of interests too wide for their sympathy. But that assembly he heeded not—he forgot it. The reporters understood him, as their flying pens followed words which they presumed neither to correct nor to abridge. Audley's speech was addressed to the nation;—the speech of a man in whom the nation yet recognised a chief—desiring to clear all misrepresentation from his past career—calculating, if life were spared to him, on destinies higher than he had yet fulfilled—issuing a manifesto of principles to be carried later into power, and planting a banner round which the divided sections of a broken host might yet rally for battle and for conquest. Or perhaps, in the depths of his heart, (not even comprehended by reporters, nor to be divined by the public,) the uncertainty of life was more felt than the hope of ambition; and the statesman desired to leave behind him one full vindication of that *public* integrity and honour, on which, at least, his conscience acknowledged not a stain. "For more than twenty years," said Audley, in conclusion, "I have known no day in which I have not lived for my country. I may at times have opposed the wish of the People—I may oppose it now—but, so far as I can form a judgment, only because I prefer their welfare to their wish. And if—as I believe—there have been occasions on which, as one amongst men more renowned, I have amended the laws of England—confirmed her safety, extended her commerce, upheld her honour—I leave the rest to the censure of my enemies, and (his voice trembled) to the charity of my friends."

Before the cheers that greeted the close of this speech were over, Richard Avenel arose. What is called "the more respectable part" of an audi-

ence—viz., the better educated and better clad, even on the Yellow side of the question—winced a little for the credit of their native borough, when they contemplated the candidate pitted against the Great Commoner, whose lofty presence still filled the eye, and whose majestic tones yet sounded in the ear. But the vast majority on both sides, Blue and Yellow, hailed the rise of Dick Avenel as a relief to what, while it had awed their attention, had rather strained their faculties. The Yellows cheered and the Blues groaned; there was a tumultuous din of voices, and a reel to and fro of the whole excited mass of unwashed faces and brawny shoulders. But Dick had as much pluck as Audley himself; and by degrees his pluck and his handsome features, and the curiosity to hear what he had to say, obtained him a hearing; and that hearing, Dick having once got, he contrived to keep. His self-confidence was backed by a grudge against Egerton that mounted to the elevation of malignity. He had armed himself for this occasion with an arsenal of quotations from Audley's speeches, taken out of Hansard's Debates; and, guarding these texts in the unfairest and most ingenious manner, he contrived to split consistency into such fragments of inconsistency—to cut so many harmless sentences into such unpopular, arbitrary, tyrannical segments of doctrine—that he made a very pretty case against the enlightened and incorruptible Egerton, as shuffler and trimmer, defender of jobs, and enologist of Manchester massacres, &c. &c. And all told the more because it seemed courted and provoked by the ex-minister's elaborate vindication of himself. Having thus, as he declared, "triumphantly convicted the Right Honourable Gentleman out of his own mouth," Dick considered himself at liberty to diverge into what he termed the just indignation of a freeborn Britain; in other words, into every variety of abuse which bad taste could supply to acrimonious feeling. But he did it so roundly and dauntlessly, in such true hustings style, that for the moment, at least, he carried the bulk of the crowd along with him sufficiently to bear down all the resentful mur-

murs of the Blue Committee men, and the abashed shakes of the head with which the more aristocratic and well-bred among the Yellows signified to each other that they were heartily ashamed of their candidate. Dick concluded with an emphatic declaration that the Right Honourable Gentleman's day was gone by; that the people had been pillaged and plundered enough by pompous red-tapists, who only thought of their salaries, and never went to their offices except to waste the pen, ink, and paper which they did not pay for; that the Right Honourable Gentleman had boasted he had served his country for twenty years—served his country! He should have said served her out! (Much laughter.) Pretty mess his country was in now. In short, for twenty years the Right Honourable Gentleman had put his hands into his country's pockets. "And I ask you," bawled Dick, "whether any of you are a bit the better for all that he has taken out of them!" The hundred and fifty hesitators shook their heads. "No, that we be'n't!" cried the hundred and fifty, dolorously. "You hear THE PEOPLE!" said Dick, turning majestically to Egerton, who, with his arms folded on his breast, and his upper lip slightly curved, sat like "Atlas unremoved"—"You hear THE PEOPLE! They condemn you, and the whole set of you. I repeat here what I once vowed on a less public occasion—'As sure as my name is Richard Avenel, you shall smart for'—(Dick hesitated)—smart for your contempt of the jus' rights, honest claims, and enlightened aspirations of your indignant countrymen. The schoolmaster is abroad, and the British Lion is aroused!"

Dick sat down. The curve of contempt had passed from Egerton's lip;—at the name of Avenel, thus harshly spoken, he had suddenly shaded his face with his hand.

But Randal Leslie next arose, and Audley slowly raised his eyes, and looked towards his *protégé* with an expression of kindly interest. What better *début* could there be for a young man warmly attached to an eminent patron, who had been coarsely assailed—for a political aspirant, vindicat-

ing the principles which that patron represented? The Blues, palpitating with indignant excitement, all prepared to cheer every sentence that could embody their sense of outrage—even the meanest amongst the Yellows, now that Dick had concluded, were dimly aware that their orator had laid himself terribly open, and richly deserved (more especially from the friend and kinsman of Audley Egerton) whatever punishing retort could vibrate from the heart of a man to the tongue of an orator. A better opportunity for an honest young *débütant* could not exist;—a more disagreeable, annoying, perplexing, unmanageable opportunity, for Randal Leslie, the malice of the Fates could not have contrived. How could he attack Dick Avenel!—he who counted upon Dick Avenel to win his election? How could he exasperate the Yellows, when Dick's solemn injunction had been—"Say nothing to make the Yellows not vote for you!" How could he identify himself with Egerton's policy, when it was his own policy to make his opponents believe him an unprejudiced, sensible youth, who would come all right and all Yellow one of these days? Demosthenes himself would have had a sore throat, worse than when he swallowed the golden cup of Harpalus, had Demosthenes been placed in so cursed a fix. Therefore Randal Leslie may well be excused if he stammered and boggled—if he was appalled by a cheer when he said a word in vindication of Egerton—and looked cringing and pitiful when he sneaked out a counter civility to Dick. The Blues were sadly disappointed—damped; the Yellows smirked and took heart. Audley Egerton's brows darkened. Harley, who was on the platform, half seen behind the front row, a quiet listener, bent over and whispered drily to Audley—"You should have given a lesson beforehand to your clever young friend. His affection for you overpowers him!"

Audley made no rejoinder, but tore a leaf out of his pocket-book, and wrote in pencil these words—"Say that you may well feel embarrassed how to reply to Mr Avenel, because I had especially requested you not to

be provoked to one angry expression against a gentleman whose father and brother-in-law gave the majority of two by which I gained my first seat in Parliament;—then plunge at once into general politics." He placed this paper in Randal's hand, just as that unhappy young man was on the point of a thorough break-down. Randal paused, took breath, read the words attentively, and, amidst a general titter, his presence of mind returned to him—he saw a way out of the scrape—collected himself—suddenly raised his head—and in tones unexpectedly firm and fluent, enlarged on the text afforded to him—enlarged so well that he took the audience by surprise—pleased the Blues by an evidence of Audley's generosity—and touched the Yellows by so affectionate a deference to the family of their two candidates. Then the speaker was enabled to come at once to the topics on which he had elaborately prepared himself, and delivered a set harangue very artfully put together—temporising, it is true, and trimming, but full of what would have been called admirable tact and discretion in an old stager who did not want to commit himself to anybody or to anything. On the whole, the display became creditable, at least as an evidence of thoughtful reserve, rare in a man so young—too refining and scholastic for oratory, but a very good essay—upon both sides of the question. Randal wiped his pale forehead and sat down, cheered, especially by the lawyers present, and self-contented. It was now Leonard's turn to speak. Keenly nervous, as men of the literary temperament are—constitutionally shy, his voice trembled as he began. But he trusted, unconsciously, less to his intellect than his warm heart and noble temper—and the warm heart prompted his words, and the noble temper gradually dignified his manner. He took advantage of the sentences which Audley had put into Randal's mouth, in order to efface the impression made by his uncle's rude assault. "Would that the right honourable gentleman had himself made that generous and affecting allusion to the services which he had deigned to remember, for, in that case, he (Leonard) was confident that Mr

Avenel would have lost all the bitterness which political contest was apt to engender in proportion to the earnestness with which political opinions were entertained. Happy it was when some such milder sentiment as that which Mr Egerton had instructed Mr Leslie to convey, preceded the sharp encounter, and reminded antagonists, as Mr Leslie had so emphatically done, that every shield had two sides, and that it was possible to maintain the one side to be golden, without denying the truth of the champion who asserted the other side to be silver." Then, without appearing to throw over his uncle, the young speaker contrived to insinuate an apology on his uncle's behalf, with such exquisite grace and good feeling, that he was loudly cheered by both parties; and even Dick did not venture to utter the dissent which struggled to his lips.

But if Leonard dealt thus respectfully with Egerton, he had no such inducements to spare Randal Leslie. With the intuitive penetration of minds accustomed to analyse character and investigate human nature, he detected the varnished insincerity of Randal's artful address. His colour rose—his voice swelled—his fancy began to play, and his wit to sparkle—when he came to take to pieces his younger antagonist's rhetorical mosaic. He exposed the falsehood of its affected moderation—he tore into shreds the veil of words, with their motley woof of yellow and blue—and showed that not a single conviction could be discovered behind it. "Mr Leslie's speech," said he, "puts me in mind of a ferry-boat; it seems made for no purpose but to go from one side to the other." The simile hit the truth so exactly, that it was received with a roar of laughter: even Egerton smiled. "For myself," concluded Leonard, as he summed up his unsparing analysis, "I am new to party warfare; yet if I were not opposing Mr Leslie as a candidate for your suffrages, if I were but one of the electors—belonging as I do to the people by my condition and my labours—I should feel that he is one of those politicians in whom the welfare, the honour, the moral elevation of the people, find no fitting representative."

Leonard sat down amidst great applause, and after a speech that raised the Yellows in their own estimation, and materially damaged Randal Leslie in the eyes of the Blues. Randal felt this, with a writhing of the heart, though a sneer on the lips. He glanced furtively towards Dick Avenel, on whom, after all, his election, in spite of the Blues, might depend. Dick answered the furtive glance by an encouraging wink. Randal turned to Egerton, and whispered to him—"How I wish I had had more practice in speaking, so that I could have done you more justice!"

"Thank you, Leslie; Mr Fairfield has supplied any omission of yours, so far as I am concerned. And you should excuse him for his attack on yourself, because it may serve to convince you where your fault as a speaker lies."

"Where?" asked Leslie, with jealous sullenness.

"In not believing a single word that you say," answered Egerton, very drily; and then turning away, he said aloud to his proposer, and with a slight sigh, "Mr Avenel may be proud of his nephew! I wish that young man were on our side; I could train him into a great debater."

And now the proceedings were about to terminate with a show of hands, when a tall brawny elector in the middle of the hall suddenly arose, and said he had some questions to put. A thrill ran through the assembly, for this elector was the demagogue of the Yellows—a fellow whom it was impossible to put down—a capital speaker, with lungs of brass. "I shall be very short," said the demagogue. And therewith, under the shape of questions to the two Blue candidates, he commenced a most furious onslaught on the Earl of Lansmere, and the Earl's son, Lord L'Estrange, accusing the last of the grossest intimidation and corruption, and citing instances thereof in the presence of various electors in Fish Lane and the Back Sluiss, who had been turned from Yellow promises by the base arts of Blue aristocracy, represented in the person of the noble lord, whom he now dared to reply. The orator paused, and Harley suddenly passed into the front of the platform, in

token that he accepted the ungracious invitation. Great as had been the curiosity to hear Audley Egerton, yet greater, if possible, was the curiosity to hear Lord L'Estrange. Absent from the place for so many years—heir to such immense possessions—with a vague reputation for talents that he had never proved—strange, indeed, if Blue and Yellow had not strained their ears and hushed their breaths to listen.

It is said that the poet is born, and the orator made—a saying only partially true. Some men have been made poets, and some men have been born orators. Most probably Harley L'Estrange had hitherto never spoken in public, and he had not now spoken five minutes before all the passions and humours of the assembly were as much under his command as the keys of the instrument are under the hand of the musician. He had taken from Nature a voice capable of infinite variety of modulation, a countenance of the most flexible play of expression; and he was keenly alive (as profound humourists are) equally to the ludicrous and the graver side of everything presented to his vigorous understanding. Leonard had the eloquence of a poet—Audley Egerton that of a parliamentary debater. But Harley had the rarer gift of eloquence in itself, apart from the matter it conveys or adorns—that gift which Demosthenes meant by his triple requisite of an orator, which has been improperly translated “action,” but means in reality “the *acting*”—“the stage-play.” Both Leonard and Audley spoke well, from the good sense which their speeches contained; but Harley could have talked nonsense, and made it more effective than sense—even as a Kemble or Macready could produce effects from the trash talked by “The Stranger,” which your merely accomplished performer would fail to extract from the beauties of Hamlet. The art of oratory, indeed, is allied more closely to that of the drama than to any other; and throughout Harley's whole nature there ran, as the reader may have noted, (though quite unconsciously to Harley himself,) a tendency towards that concentration of thought, action, and circumstance, on a single purpose,

which makes the world form itself into a stage, and gathers various and scattered agencies into the symmetry and compactness of a drama. This tendency, though it often produces effects that appear artificially theatrical, is not uncommon with persons the most genuine and single-minded. It is, indeed, the natural inclination of quick energies springing from warm emotions. Hence the very history of nations in their fresh, vigorous, half-civilised youth, always shapes itself into dramatic forms, while, as the exercise of sober reason expands with civilisation to the injury of the livelier faculties and more intuitive impulses, people look to the dramatic form of expression, whether in thought or in action, as if it were the antidote to truth, instead of being its abstract and essence.

But to return from this long and so somewhat metaphysical digression, whatever might be the cause why Harley L'Estrange spoke so wonderfully well, there could be no doubt that wonderfully well he did speak. He turned the demagogue and his attack into the most felicitous ridicule, and yet with the most genial good humour; described that virtuous gentleman's adventures in search of corruption through the pure regions of Fish Lane and the Back Slums; and then summed up the evidences on which the demagogue had founded his charge, with a humour so caustic and original that the audience were convulsed with laughter. From laughter Harley hurried his audience almost to the pathos of tears—for he spoke of the insinuations against his father, so that every son and every father in the assembly felt moved as at the voice of Nature.

A turn in a sentence, and a new emotion seized the assembly. Harley was identifying himself with the Lansmere electors. He spoke of his pride in being a Lansmere man, and all the Lansmere electors suddenly felt proud of him. He talked with familiar kindness of old friends remembered in his schoolboy holidays, rejoicing to find so many alive and prospering. He had a felicitous word to each.

“Dear old Lansmere!” said he, and the simple exclamation won him the hearts of all. In fine, when he

paused, as if to retire, it was amidst a storm of acclamation. Audley grasped his hand, and whispered—"I am the only one here not surprised, Harley. Now you have discovered your powers, never again let them slumber. What a life may be yours if you no longer waste it!" Harley extricated his hand, and his eye glittered. He made a sign that he had more to say, and the applause was hushed. "My right honourable friend elides me for the years that I have wasted. True; my years have been wasted, no matter how nor wherefore! But *his*!—how have they been spent: in such devotion to the public that they who know him not as I do, have said that he had not one feeling left to spare to the obscurer duties and more limited affections, by which men of ordinary talents and humble minds rivet the links of that social order which it is the august destiny of statesmen—like him who now sits beside me—to cherish and defend. But, for my part, I think that there is no being so dangerous as the solemn hypocrite, who, because he drills his cold nature into serving mechanically some conventional abstraction—whether he calls it 'the Constitution' or 'the Public'—holds himself dispensed from whatever, in the warm blood of private life, wins attachment to goodness, and confidence to truth. Let others, then, praise my right honourable friend as the incorruptible politician. Pardon me if I draw his likeness as the loyal sincere man, who might say with the honest priest, 'that he could not tell a lie to gain Heaven by it!'—and with so fine a sense of honour, that he would hold it a lie merely to conceal the truth." Harley then drew a brilliant picture of the type of chivalrous honesty—of the ideal which the English attach to the phrase of "a perfect gentleman," applying each sentence to his right honourable friend with an emphasis that seemed to burst from his heart. To all of the audience, save two, it was an eulogium which the fervent sincerity of the eulogist alone saved from hyperbole. But Levy rubbed his hands, and chuckled inly; and Egerton hung his head, and moved restlessly on his seat. Every word that Harley uttered lodged an arrow in Audley's breast. Amidst

the cheers that followed this admirable sketch of "the loyal man," Harley recognised Leonard's enthusiastic voice. He turned sharply towards the young man: "Mr Fairfield cheers this description of integrity, and its application; let him imitate the model set before him, and he may live to hear praise as genuine as mine from a friend who has tested his worth as I have tested Mr Egerton's. Mr Fairfield is a poet: his claim to that title was disputed by one of the speakers who preceded me!—unjustly disputed! Mr Fairfield is every inch a poet. But, it has been asked, 'Are poets fit for the business of senates? Will they not be writing sonnets to Peggy and Moggie, when you want them to concentrate their divine imagination on the details of a beer bill!' Do not let Mr Fairfield's friends be alarmed. At the risk of injury to the two candidates whose cause I espouse, truth compels me to say, that poets, when they stoop to action, are not less prosaic than the dullest amongst us: they are swayed by the self-same interests—they are moved by the same petty passions. It is a mistake to suppose that any detail in common life, whether in public or private, can be too mean to seduce the exquisite plicancies of their fancy. Nay, in public life, we may trust them better than other men; for vanity is a kind of second conscience, and, as a poet has himself said—

'Who fears not to do ill, yet fears the name,
And, free from conscience, is a slave to shame.'

In private life alone we do well to be on our guard against these children of fancy, for they so devote to the Muse all their treasury of sentiment, that we can no more expect them to waste a thought on the plain duties of men, than we can expect the spendthrift, who dazzles the town, 'to fritter away his money in paying his debts.' But all the world are agreed to be indulgent to the infirmities of those who are their own deceivers and their own chastisers. Poets have more enthusiasm, more affection, more heart, than others; but only for fictions of their own creating. It is in vain for us to attach them to ourselves by vulgar

merit, by commonplace obligations—strive and sacrifice as we may. They are ungrateful to us, only because gratitude is so very unpoetical a subject. We lose them the moment we attempt to bind. Their love,

‘Light as air, at sight of human ties,
Spreads its light wings, and in a moment
flies.’

They follow their own caprices—adore their own delusions—and, deeming the forms of humanity too material for their fantastic affections, conjure up a ghost, and are chilled to death by its embrace!

Then, suddenly aware that he was passing beyond the comprehension of his audience, and touching upon the bounds of his bitter secret, (for here he was thinking not of Leonard, but of Nora,) Harley gave a new and more homely direction to his terrible irony—turned into telling ridicule the most elevated sentiments Leonard’s speech had conveyed—hastened on to a rapid view of political questions in general—detended Leslie with the same apparent earnestness and latent

satire with which he had eulogised Audley—and concluded a speech which, for popular effect, had never been equalled in that hall, amidst a diapason of cheers that threatened to bring down the rafters.

In a few minutes more the proceedings were closed—a show of hands taken. The show was declared by the Mayor, who was a thorough Blue, in favour of the Right Hon. Audley Egerton and Randal Leslie, Esquire. Cries of “No,” “Shame,” “Partial,” &c.—a poll demanded on behalf of the other two candidates:—And the crowd began to pour out of the hall.

Harley was the first who vanished, retreating by the private entrance. Egerton followed:—Randal lingering, Avenel came up and shook hands with him openly, but whispered privately:—“Meet me to-night in Lansmere Park, in the oak copse, about three hundred yards from the turnstile at the town end of the park. We must see how to make all right. What a confounded humbug this has been!”

CHAPTER XXVI.

If the vigour of Harley’s address had taken by surprise both friend and foe, not one in that assembly—not even the conscience-stricken Egerton—felt its effect so deeply as the assailed and startled Leonard. He was at first perfectly stunned by sarcasms which he so ill deserved; nor was it till after the assembly had broken up, that Leonard could even conjecture the cause which had provoked the taunt and barbed its dart. Evidently Harley had learned (but learned only in order to misconceive and to wrong) Leonard’s confession of love to Helen Digby. And now those implied accusations of disregard to the duties of common life not only galled the young man’s heart, but outraged his honour. He felt the generous indignation of manhood. He must see Lord L’Estrange at once, and vindicate himself—vindicate Helen; for thus to accuse one, was tacitly to asperse the other.

Extricating himself from his own enthusiastic partisans, Leonard went straight on foot towards Lansmere House. The park palings touched close

upon the town, with a small turnstile for foot-passengers. And as Leonard, availing himself of this entrance, had advanced some hundred yards or so through the park, suddenly, in the midst of that very copse in which Avenel had appointed to meet Leslie, he found himself face to face with Helen Digby herself.

Helen started, with a faint cry. But Leonard, absorbed in his own desire to justify both, hailed her sight, and did not pause to account for his appearance, nor to soothe her agitation.

“Miss Digby!” he exclaimed, throwing into his voice and manner that respect which often so cruelly divides the past familiarity from the present alienation—“Miss Digby, I rejoice to see you—rejoice to ask your permission to relieve myself from a charge, that in truth wounds even you, while levelled but at me. Lord L’Estrange has just implied, in public, that I—I—who owe him so much—who have honoured him so truly, that even the just resentment I now feel,

half seems to me the ingratitude with which he charges me—has implied that—Ah Miss Digby, I can scarcely command words to say what it so humiliates me to have heard. But you know how false is all accusation that either of us could deceive our common benefactor. Suffer me to repeat to your guardian, what I presumed to say to you when we last met—what you answered—and state how I left your presence."

"Oh, Leonard! yes; clear yourself in his eyes. Go! Unjust that he is, ungenerous Lord L'Estrange!"

"Helen Digby!" cried a voice close at hand. "Of whom do you speak thus?"

At the sound of that voice, Helen and Leonard both turned, and beheld Violante standing before them; her young beauty rendered almost sublime by the noble anger that lit her eyes, glowed in her cheeks, animated her stately form.

"Is it you who thus speak of Lord L'Estrange? You—Helen Digby—*you*!"

From behind Violante now emerged Mr Dale. "Softly, children," he said; and, placing one hand on Violante's shoulder, he extended the other to Leonard. "What is this? Come hither to me, Leonard, and explain."

Leonard walked aside with the Parson, and in a few sentences gave vent to his swelling heart.

The Parson shared in Leonard's resentment; and having soon drawn from him all that had passed in his memorable interview with Helen, exclaimed—

"Enough! Do not yet seek Lord L'Estrange yourself; I am going to see him—I am here at his request. His summons, indeed, was for to-morrow; but the Squire having written me a hurried line, requesting me to meet him at Lansmere to-morrow, and proceed with him afterwards in search of poor Frank, I thought I might have little time for communications with Lord L'Estrange, unless I forestalled his invitation and came to-day. Well that I did so. I only arrived an hour since—found he was gone to the Town Hall—and joined the young ladies in the Park. Miss Digby, thinking it natural that I might wish to say something in

private to my old young friend Violante, walked a few paces in advance. Thus fortunately I chanced to be here, to receive your account, and I trust to remove misunderstanding. Lord L'Estrange must now be returned. I will go back to the house. You, meanwhile, return to the town, I beseech you. I will come to you afterwards at your inn. Your very appearance in these grounds—even the brief words that have passed between Helen and you—might only widen the breach between yourself and your—your—benefactor. I cannot bear to anticipate this. Go back, I entreat you. I will explain all, and Lord L'Estrange shall right you! *That is—that must be his intention!*"

"*Is—must* be his intention—when he has just so wronged me!"

"Yes, yes," faltered the poor Parson, mindful of his promise to L'Estrange not to reveal his own interview with that nobleman, and yet not knowing otherwise how to explain or to soothe. But, still believing Leonard to be Harley's son, and remembering all that Harley had so pointedly said of atonement, in apparent remorse for crime, Mr Dale was wholly at a loss himself to understand why Harley should have thus prefaced atonement by an insult. Anxious, however, to prevent a meeting between Harley and Leonard while both were under such feelings towards each other, he made an effort over himself, and so well argued in favour of his own diplomacy, that Leonard reluctantly consented to wait for Mr Dale's report.

"As to reparation or excuse," said he proudly, "it must rest with Lord L'Estrange. I ask it not. Tell him only this—that if, the instant I heard that she whom I loved and held sacred for so many years was affianced to him, I resigned even the very wish to call her mine—if that were desertion of man's duties, I am guilty. If to have prayed night and day that she who would have blest my lonely and toilsome life, may give some charm to his, not bestowed by his wealth and his greatness—if that were ingratitude, I am ungrateful; let him still condemn me. I pass out of his sphere—a thing that has crossed it a moment, and is gone. But

Helen he must not blame—suspect—even by a thought. One word more. In this election—this strife for objects wholly foreign to all my habits, unsuited to my poverty, at war with aspirations so long devoted to fairer goals, though by obscurer paths—I obeyed but his will or whim; at a moment, too, when my whole soul sickened for repose and solitude. I had forced myself at last to take interest in what I had before loathed. But in every hope for the future—every stimulant to ambition—Lord L'Estrange's esteem still stood before me. Now, what do I here longer? All of his conduct, save his contempt for myself, is an enigma. And unless he repeat a wish, which I would fain still regard as a law to my gratitude, I retire from the contest he has embittered—I renounce the ambition he has poisoned; and, mindful of those humble duties which he implies that I disdain, I return to my own home."

The Parson nodded assent to each of these sentences, and Leonard, passing by Violante and Helen, with a salutation equally distant to both, retraced his steps towards the town.

Meanwhile Violante and Helen had also been in close conference, and that conference had suddenly endeared each to the other; for Helen, taken by surprise, agitated, overpowered, had revealed to Violante that confession of another attachment, which she had made to Lord L'Estrange—the rupture of her engagement to the latter. Violante saw that Harley was free. Harley, too, had promised to free herself. By a sudden flash of conviction, recalling his words, looks, she felt that she was beloved—deemed that honour alone (while either was yet shackled) had forbidden him to own that love. Violante stood a being transformed, "blushing celestial rosy red"—Heaven at her heart, joy in her eyes:—she loved so well, and she trusted so implicitly. Then from out the overflow of her own hope and bliss she poured forth such sweet comfort to Helen, that Helen's arm stole around her—check touched cheek—they were as sisters.

At another moment Mr Dale might have felt some amazement at the sudden affection which had sprung up be-

tween these young persons; for in his previous conversation with Violante, he had, as he thought, very artfully, and in a pleasant vein, sounded the young Italian as to her opinion of her fair friend's various good qualities—and Violante had rather shrunk from the title of "friend;" and though she had the magnanimity to speak with great praise of Helen, the praise did not sound cordial. But the good man was at this moment occupied in preparing his thoughts for his interview with Harley,—he joined the two girls in silence, and, linking an arm of each within his own, walked slowly towards the house. As he approached the terrace, he observed Riccabocca and Randal pacing the gravel walk side by side.

Violante, pressing his arm, whispered, "Let us go round the other way; I would speak with you a few minutes undisturbed."

Mr Dale, supposing that Violante wished to dispense with the presence of Helen, said to the latter, "My dear young lady, perhaps you will excuse me to Dr Riccabocca—who is beckoning to me, and no doubt very much surprised to see me here—while I finish what I was saying to Violante when we were interrupted."

Helen left them, and Violante led the Parson round through the shrubbery, towards a side door in another wing of the house.

"What have you to say to me?" asked Mr Dale, surprised that she remained silent.

"You will see Lord L'Estrange. Be sure that you convince him of Leonard's honour. A doubt of treachery so grieves his noble heart, that perhaps it may disturb his judgment."

"You seem to think very highly of the heart of this Lord L'Estrange, child!" said the Parson in some surprise.

Violante blushed, but went on firmly, and with serious earnestness. "Some words which he—that is, Lord L'Estrange—said to me very lately, make me so glad that you are here—that you will see him; for I know how good you are, and how wise—dear, dear Mr Dale. He spoke as one who had received some grievous wrong, which had abruptly soured all

his views of life. He spoke of retirement—solitude; he on whom his country has so many claims. I know not what he can mean—unless it be that his—his marriage with Helen Digby is broken off.”

“Broken off! Is that so?”

“I have it from herself. You may well be astonished that she could even think of another after having known him!”

The Parson fixed his eyes very gravely on the young enthusiast. But though her cheek glowed, there was in her expression of face so much artless, open innocence, that Mr Dale contented himself with a slight shake of the head, and a dry remark: “I think it quite natural that Helen Digby should prefer Leonard Fairfield. A good girl, not misled by vanity and ambition; temptations of which it behoves us all to beware—nor least, perhaps, young ladies suddenly brought in contact with wealth and rank. As to this nobleman’s merits, I know not yet whether to allow or to deny them; I reserve my judgment till after our interview. This is all you have to say to me?”

Violante paused a moment. “I cannot think,” she said, half smiling—“I cannot think that the change that has occurred in him—for changed he is—that his obscure hints as to injury received, and justice to be done, are caused merely by this disappointment with regard to Helen. But you can learn that;—learn if he be so very much disappointed. Nay, I think not!”

She slipped her slight hand from the Parson’s arm, and darted away through the evergreens. Half concealed amidst the laurels, she turned back, and Mr Dale caught her eye—half arch—half melancholy; its light came soft through a tear.

“I don’t half like this,” muttered the Parson; “I shall give Dr Riccabocca a caution.” So muttering, he pushed open the side door, and find-

ing a servant, begged admittance to Lord L’Estrange.

Harley at that moment was closeted with Levy, and his countenance was composed and fearfully stern. “So, so, by this time to-morrow,” said he, “Mr Egerton will be tricked out of his election by Mr Randal Leslie—good! By this time to-morrow his ambition will be blasted by the treachery of his friends—good! By this time to-morrow the bailiffs will seize his person—ruined, beggared, pauper, and captive—all because he has trusted and been deceived—good! And if he blame you, prudent Baron Levy—if he accuse smooth Mr Randal Leslie—forget not to say, ‘We were both but the blind agents of your friend Harley L’Estrange. Ask *him* why you are so miserable a dupe.’”

“And might I now ask your lordship for one word of explanation?”

“No, sir!—it is enough that I have spared *you*. But you were never my friend; I have no revenge against a man whose hand I never even touched.”

The Baron scowled, but there was a power about his tyrant that cowed him into actual terror. He resumed, after a pause—

“And though Mr Leslie is to be member for Lansmere—thanks to you—you still desire that I should—”

“Do exactly as I have said. My plans now never vary a hair’s-breadth.”

The groom of the chambers entered.

“My lord, the Reverend Mr Dale wishes to know if you can receive him.”

“Mr Dale!—he should have come to-morrow. Say that I did not expect him to-day; that I am unfortunately engaged till dinner, which will be earlier than usual. Show him into his room; he will have but little time to change his dress. By the way, Mr Egerton dines in his own apartment.”

CHAPTER XXVII.

The leading members of the Blue Committee were invited to dine at the Park, and the hour for the entertainment was indeed early, as there might be much need yet of active exertion at the eve of a poll in a

contest expected to be so close, and in which the inflexible hundred and fifty “waiters upon Providence” still reserved their very valuable votes.

The party was gay and animated, despite the absence of Audley Eger-

ton, who, on the plea of increased indisposition, had shut himself in his rooms the instant that he had returned from the Town Hall, and sent word to Harley that he was too unwell to join the party at dinner.

Randal was really in high spirits, despite the very equivocal success of his speech. What did it signify if a speech failed, provided the election was secure? He was longing for the appointment with Dick Avenel, which was to make "all right!" The Squire was to bring the money for the purchase of the coveted lands the next morning. Riccabocca had assured him, again and again, of Violante's hand. If ever Randal Leslie could be called a happy man, it was as he sat at that dinner taking wine with Mr Mayor and Mr Alderman, and looking, across the gleaming silver *platoon*, down the long vista into wealth and power.

The dinner was scarcely over, when Lord L'Estrange, in a brief speech, reminded his guests of the work still before them; and after a toast to the health of the future members for Lansmere, dismissed the Committee to their labours.

Levy made a sign to Randal, who followed the Baron to his own room.

"Leslie, your election is in some jeopardy. I find, from the conversation of those near me at dinner, that Egerton has made such way amongst the Blues by his speech, and they are so afraid of losing a man who does them so much credit, that the Committee men not only talk of withholding from you their second votes and of plumping Egerton, but of subscribing privately amongst themselves to win over that coy body of a hundred and fifty, upon whom I know that Avenel counts in whatever votes he may be able to transfer to you."

"It would be very unhandsome in the Committee, which pretends to act for both of us, to plump Egerton," said Randal, with consistent anger. "But I don't think they can get those hundred and fifty without the most open and exorbitant bribery—an expense which Egerton will not pay, and which it would be very discreditable to Lord L'Estrange or his father to countenance."

"I told them flatly," returned Levy,

"that, as Mr Egerton's agent, I would allow no proceedings that might vitiate the election; but that I would undertake the management of these men myself; and I am going into the town in order to do so. I have also persuaded the leading Committee men to reconsider their determination to plump Egerton: they have decided to do as L'Estrange directs; and I know what he will say. You may rely on me," continued the Baron, who spoke with a dogged seriousness, unusual to his cynical temper, "to obtain for you the preference over Audley, if it be in my power to do so. Meanwhile, you should really see Avenel this very night."

"I have an appointment with him at ten o'clock; and, judging by his speech against Egerton, I cannot doubt on his aid to me, if convinced by his poll books that he is not able to return both himself and his impertinent nephew. My speech, however sarcastically treated by Mr Fairfield, must at least have disposed the Yellow party to vote rather for me than for a determined opponent like Egerton."

"I hope so; for your speech and Fairfield's answer have damaged you terribly with the Blues. However, your main hope rests on my power to keep these hundred and fifty rascals from splitting their votes on Egerton, and to induce them, by all means short of bringing myself before a Committee of the House of Commons for positive bribery—which would hurt most seriously my present social position—to give one vote to you. I shall tell them, as I have told the Committee, that Egerton is safe, and will pay nothing; but that you want the votes, and that I—in short, if they can be bought *upon tick*, I will buy them. Avenel, however, can serve you best here; for as they are all Yellows at heart, they make no scruple of hinting that they want twice as much for voting Blue as they will take for voting Yellow. And Avenel being a townsman, and knowing their ways, could contrive to gain them, and yet not bribe."

RANDAL. (shaking his head incredulously.)—"Not bribe!"

LEVY.—"Pooh! Not bribe—so as to be found out."

There was a knock at the door. A servant entered and presented Mr Egerton's compliments to Baron Levy, with a request that the Baron would immediately come to his rooms for a few minutes.

"Well," said Levy, when the servant had withdrawn, "I must go to Egerton, and the instant I leave him I shall repair to the town. Perhaps I may pass the night there." So saying, he left Randal, and took his way to Audley's apartment.

"Levy," said the statesman abruptly, upon the entrance of the Baron, "have you betrayed my secret—my first marriage—to Lord L'Estrange?"

"No, Egerton; on my honour, I have not betrayed it."

"You heard his speech! Did you not detect a fearful irony under his praises?—or is it but—but—my conscience?" added the proud man, through his set teeth.

"Really," said Levy, "Lord L'Estrange seemed to me to select for his praise precisely those points in your character which any other of your friends would select for panegyric."

"Ay, any other of my friends!—What friends?" muttered Egerton gloomily. Then, rousing himself, he added, in a voice that had none of its accustomed clear firmness of tone—"Your presence here in this house, Levy, surprised me, as I told you at the first: I could not conceive its necessity. Harley urged you to come?—he with whom you are no favourite! You and he both said that your acquaintance with Richard Avenel would enable you to conciliate his opposition. I cannot congratulate you on your success—"

"My success remains to be proved. The vehemence of his attack to-day may be but a feint to cover his alliance to-morrow."

Audley went on without notice of the interruption. "There is a change in Harley—to me and to all; a change perhaps not perceptible to others—but I have known him from a boy."

"He is occupied for the first time with the practical business of life. That would account for a much greater change than you remark."

"Do you see him familiarly?—converse with him often?"

"No, and only on matters connected with the election. Occasionally, indeed, he consults me as to Randal Leslie, in whom, as your special *protégé*, he takes considerable interest."

"That, too, surprises me. Well, I am weary of perplexing myself. This place is hateful; after to-morrow I shall leave it, and breathe in peace. You have seen the reports of the canvass; I have had no heart to inspect them. Is the election as safe as they say?"

"If Avenel withdraws his nephew, and the votes thus released split off to you, you are secure."

"And you think his nephew will be withdrawn? Poor young man!—defeat at his age, and with such talents, is hard to bear." Audley sighed.

"I *must* leave you now, if you have nothing important to say," said the Baron, rising. "I have much to do, as the election is yet to be won, and—to you the loss of it would be—"

"Ruin, I know. Well, Levy, it is, on the whole, to your advantage that I should not lose. There may be more to get from me yet. And, judging by the letters I received this morning, my position is rendered so safe by the absolute necessity of my party to keep me up, that the news of my pecuniary difficulties will not affect me so much as I once feared. Never was my career so free from obstacle—so clear towards the highest summit of ambition—never, in my day of ostentations magnificence, as it is now, when I am prepared to shrink into a lodging, with a single servant."

"I am glad to hear it, and I am the more anxious to secure your election, upon which this career must depend, because—nay, I hardly like to tell you—"

"Speak on."

"I have been obliged, by a sudden rush on all my resources, to consign some of your bills and promissory notes to another, who, if your person should not be protected from arrest by parliamentary privilege, might be harsh, and—"

"Traitor!" interrupted Egerton fiercely, all the composed contempt with which he usually treated the usurer giving way, "say no more."

How could I ever expect otherwise! You have foreseen my defeat, and have planned my destruction. Presume no reply. Sir, begone from my presence!"

"You will find that you have worse friends than myself," said the Baron, moving to the door; "and if you are defeated—if your prospects for life are destroyed—I am the last man you will think of blaming. But I forgive your anger, and trust that to-morrow you will receive those explanations of my conduct which you are now in no temper to bear. I go to take care of the election."

Left alone, Audley's sudden passion seemed to forsake him. He gathered together, in that prompt and logical precision which the habit of transacting public business bestows, all his thoughts, and sounded all his fears; and most vivid of every thought, and most intolerable of every fear, was the belief that the Baron had betrayed him to L'Estrange.

"I cannot bear this suspense," he cried aloud, and abruptly. "I will see Harley myself. Open as he is, the very sound of his voice will tell me at once if I am a bankrupt even of human friendship. If *that* friendship be secure—if Harley yet clasp my hand with the same cordial warmth—all other loss shall not wring from my fortitude one feeble complaint." He rang the bell; his valet, who was waiting in the ante-room, appeared.

"Go and see if Lord L'Estrange is engaged; I would speak with him."

The servant came back in less than two minutes.

"I find that my lord is now particularly engaged, since he has given

strict orders that he is not to be disturbed."

"Engaged!—on what?—whom with?"

"He is in his own realm, sir, with a clergyman, who arrived, and dined here, to-day. I am told that he was formerly curate of Lansmere."

"Lansmere—curate! His name—his name? Not Dale?"

"Yes, sir, that is the name—the Reverend Mr Dale."

"Leave me," said Audley in a faint voice.

"Dale! the man who suspected Harley, who called on me in London, spoke of a child—my child—and sent me to find but another grave! He closeted with Harley—he!"

Audley sank back on his chair, and literally gasped for breath. Few men in the world had a more established reputation for the courage that dignifies manhood, whether the physical courage or the moral. But at that moment it was not grief, not remorse, that paralysed Audley—it was fear. The brave man saw before him, as a thing visible and menacing, the aspect of his own treachery—that crime of a coward; and into cowardice he was stricken. What had he to dread? Nothing save the accusing face of an injured friend—nothing but that. And what more terrible? The only being, amidst all his pomp of partisans, who survived to love him—the only being for whom the cold statesman felt the happy, living, human tenderness of private affection, lost to him for ever. He covered his face with both hands, and sat in suspense of something awful, as a child sits in the dark—the drops on his brow, and his frame trembling.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

Meanwhile Harley had listened to Mr Dale's vindication of Leonard with cold attention.

"Enough," said he at the close. "Mr Fairfield (for so we will yet call him) shall see me to-night; and if apology be due to him, I will make it. At the same time, it shall be decided whether he continue this contest or retire. And now, Mr Dale, it was not to hear how this young man wooed, or shrunk from wooing, my

affianced bride, that I availed myself of your promise to visit me at this house. We agreed that the seducer of Nora Avenel deserved chastisement, and I promised that Nora Avenel's son should find a father. Both these assurances shall be fulfilled to-morrow. And you, sir," continued Harley, rising, his whole form gradually enlarged by the dignity of passion, "who wear the garb appropriated to the holiest office of Christian charity—

you who have presumed to think that, before the beard had darkened my cheek, I could first betray the girl who had been reared under this roof, then abandon her—sneak like a dastard from the place in which my victim came to die—leave my own son, by the woman thus wronged, without thought or care, through the perilous years of tempted youth, till I found him, by chance, an out-cast in a desert more dread than Hagar's—you, sir, who have for long years thus judged of me, shall have the occasion to direct your holy anger towards the rightful head; and in me, you who have condemned the culprit, shall respect the judge!"

Mr Dale was at first startled, and almost awed, by this unexpected burst. But, accustomed to deal with the sternest and the darkest passions, his calm sense and his habit of authority over those whose souls were bared to him, nobly recovered from their surprise. "My lord," said he, "first with humility I bow to your rebuke, and entreat your pardon for my erring, and, as you say, my un-charitable opinions. We, dwellers in a village, and obscure pastors of a humble flock—we, mercifully removed from temptation, are too apt, perhaps, to exaggerate its power over those whose lots are cast in that great world which has so many gates ever open to evil. This is my sole excuse, if I was misled by what appeared to me strong circumstantial evidence. But forgive me again if I warn you not to fall into an error perhaps little lighter than my own. Your passion, when you cleared yourself from reproach, became you. But ah! my lord, when, with that stern brow and those flashing eyes, you launched your menace upon another over whom you would constitute yourself the judge, forgetful of the divine precept, 'Judge not,' I felt that I was listening no longer to honest self-vindication—I felt that I was listening to fierce revenge."

"Call it revenge, or what you will," said Harley, with sullen firmness. "But I have been stung too deeply not to sting. Frank with all, till the last few days, I have ever been—frank to you, at least, even now. This much I tell you: I pre-

tend to no virtue in what I still hold to be justice; but no declamations nor homilies tending to prove that justice is sinful, will move my resolves. As man I have been outraged, and as man I will retaliate. The way and the mode—the true criminal and his fitting sentence—you will soon learn, sir. I have much to do to-night; forgive me if I adjourn for the present all further conference."

"No, no; do not dismiss me. There is something, in spite of your present language, which so commands my interest, I see that there has been so much suffering where there is now so much wrath, that I would save you from the suffering worse than all—remorse. O pause, my dear lord, pause, and answer me but two questions; then I will leave your after course to yourself."

"Say on, sir," said Lord L'Estrange, touched, and with respect.

"First, then, analyse your own feelings. Is this anger merely to punish an offender and to right the living?—for who can pretend to right the dead? Or is there not some private hate that stirs and animates, and confuses all?"

Harley remained silent. Mr Dale renewed.

"You loved this poor girl. Your language even now reveals it. You speak of treachery: perhaps you had a rival who deceived you; I know not—guess not, whom. But if you would strike the rival, must you not wound the innocent son? And, in presenting Nora's child to his father, as you pledge yourself to do, can you mean some cruel mockery that, under seeming kindness, implies some unnatural vengeance?"

"You read well the heart of man," said Harley; "and I have owned to you that I am but man. Pass on; you have another question."

MR DALE.—"And one more solemn and important. In my world of a village, revenge is a common passion; it is the sin of the uninstructed. The savage deems it noble; but Christ's religion, which is the sublime Civiliser, emphatically condemns it. Why? Because religion ever seeks to ennoble man; and nothing so debases him as revenge. Look into

your own heart, and tell me whether, since you have cherished this passion, you have not felt all sense of right and wrong confused—have not felt that whatever would before have seemed to you mean and base, appears now but just means to your heated end. Revenge is ever a hypocrite—rage, at least, strikes with the naked sword; but revenge, stealthy and patient, conceals the weapon of the assassin. My lord, your colour changes. What is your answer to my question?"

"Oh," exclaimed Harley, with a voice thrilling in its mournful anguish, "it is not since I have cherished the revenge that I am changed—that right and wrong grow dark to me—that hypocrisy seems the atmosphere fit for earth. No; it is since the discovery that demands the vengeance. It is useless, sir," he continued, impatiently—"useless to argue with me. Were I to sit down patient and impotent, under the sense of the wrong which I have received, I should feel, indeed, that debasement which you ascribe to the gratification of what you term revenge. I should never regain the self-esteem which the sentiment of power now restores to me—I should feel as if the whole world could perceive and jeer at my meek humiliation. I know not why I have said so much—why I have betrayed to you so much of my secret mind, and stooped to vindicate my purpose. I never meant it. Again I say, we must close this conference." Harley here walked to the door, and opened it significantly.

"One word more, Lord L'Estrange—but one. You will not hear me. I am a comparative stranger, but you have a friend, a friend dear and intimate, now under the same roof. Will you consent, at least, to take counsel of Mr Audley Egerton? None can doubt his friendship for you; none can doubt, that whatever he advise will be that which best becomes your honour. What, my lord, you hesitate?—you feel ashamed to confide to your dearest friend a purpose which his mind would condemn? Then I will seek him—I will implore him to save you from what can but entail repentance."

"Mr Dale, I must forbid you to see Mr Egerton. What has passed

between us ought to be as sacred to you as a priest of Rome holds confession. This much, however, I will say to content you: I promise that I will do nothing that shall render me unworthy of Mr Audley Egerton's friendship, or which his fine sense of honour shall justify him in blaming. Let that satisfy you."

"Ah, my lord," cried Mr Dale, pausing irresolute at the doorway, and seizing Harley's hand, "I should indeed be satisfied if you would submit yourself to higher counsel than mine—than Mr Egerton's—than man's. Have you never felt the efficacy of prayer?"

"My life has been wasted," replied Harley, "and I dare not, therefore, boast that I have found prayer efficacious. But, so far back as I can remember, it has at least been my habit to pray to Heaven, night and morning, until, at least—until"—The natural and obstinate candour of the man forced out the last words, which implied reservation. He stopped short.

"Until you have cherished revenge. You have not dared to pray since. Oh! reflect what evil there is within us, when we dare not come before Heaven—dare not pray for what we wish. You are moved—I leave you to your own thoughts."

Harley inclined his head, and the Parson passed him by, and left him alone—startled indeed; but was he softened?

As Mr Dale hurried along the corridor, much agitated, Violante stole from a recess formed by a large bay-window, and, linking her arm in his, said anxiously, but timidly: "I have been waiting for you, dear Mr Dale; and so long! You have been with Lord L'Estrange?"

"Well."

"Why do you not speak? You have left him comforted—happier?"

"Happier! No."

"What!" said Violante, with a look of surprise, and a sadness not unmixed with petulance in her quick tone. "What! does he then so grieve that Helen prefers another?"

Despite the grave emotion that disturbed his mind, Mr Dale was struck by Violante's question, and the voice in which it was said. He loved her tenderly. "Child, child,"

said he, "I am glad that Helen has escaped Lord L'Estrange. Beware, oh, beware! how he excite any gentler interest in yourself. He is a dangerous man—more dangerous for glimpses of a fine original nature. He may well move the heart of the innocent and inexperienced, for he has strangely crept into mine. But *his* heart is swollen with pride, and ire, and malice."

"You mistake; it is false!" cried Violante, impetuously. "I cannot believe one word that would asperse him who has saved my father from a prison, or from death. You have not treated him gently. He fancies he has been wronged by Leonard—received ingratitude from Helen. He has felt the sting in proportion to his own susceptible and generous heart, and you have chided where you should have soothed. Poor Lord L'Estrange! And you have left him still indignant and unhappy!"

"Foolish girl! I have left him meditating sin; I have left him afraid to pray; I have left him on the brink of some design—I know not what—but which involves more than Leonard in projects of revenge; I have left him so, that if his heart be really susceptible and generous, he will wake from wrath to be the victim of long and unavailing remorse. If your father has influence over him, tell Dr Riccabocca what I say, and bid him seek, and in his turn save, the man who saved himself. He has not listened to religion—he may be more docile to philosophy. I cannot stay here longer—I must go to Leonard."

Mr Dale broke from Violante and hurried down the corridor; Violante stood on the same spot, stunned and breathless. Harley on the brink of some strange sin—Harley to wake the victim of remorse—Harley to be saved, as he had saved her father! Her breast heaved—her colour went and came—her eyes were raised—her lips murmured. She advanced with soft footsteps up the corridor—she saw the lights gleaming from Harley's room, and suddenly they were darkened, as the inmate of the room shut to the door with angry and impatient hand.

An outward act often betrays the inward mind. As Harley had thus closed the door, so had he sought to

shut his heart from the intrusion of softer and holier thoughts. He had turned to his hearthstone, and stood on it, resolved and hardened. The man who had loved with such pertinacious fidelity for so many years, could not at once part with hate. A passion once admitted to his breast, clung to it with such rooted force! But woe, woe to thee, Harley L'Estrange, if tomorrow at this hour thou stand at the hearthstone, thy designs accomplished, knowing that, in the fulfilment of thy blind will, thou hast met falsehood with falsehood, and deception with deceit! What though those designs now seem to consummate so just, so appropriate, so exquisite a revenge—seem to thee the sole revenge wit can plan and civilised life allow—wilt thou ever wash from thy memory the stain that will sully thine honour? Thou, too, professing friendship still, and masking perfidy under smiles. Grant that the wrong be great as thou deem it—be ten times greater—the sense of thy meanness, O gentleman and soldier, will bring the blush to thy cheek in the depth of thy solitude. Thou, who now thinkest others unworthy a trustful love, wilt feel thyself for ever unworthy theirs. Thy seclusion will know not repose. The dignity of man will forsake thee. Thy proud eye will quail from the gaze. Thy step will no longer spurn the earth that it treads on. He who has once done a base thing is never again wholly reconciled to honour. And woe—thrice woe, if thou learn too late that thou hast exaggerated thy fancied wrong; that there is excuse, where thou seest none; that thy friend may have erred, but that his error is venial compared to thy fancied retribution.

Thus, however, in the superb elation of conscious power, though lavished on a miserable object—a terrible example of what changes one evil and hateful thought, cherished to the exclusion of all others, can make in the noblest nature—stood, on the hearth of his fathers, and on the abyss of a sorrow and a shame from which there will be no recall—the determined and scornful man.

A hand is on the door—he does not hear it; a form passes the threshold—he does not see it; a light step

pauses—a soft eye gazes. Deaf and blind still to both.

Violante came on, gathering courage, and stood at the hearth, by his side.

CHAPTER XXIX.

"Lord L'Estrange—noble friend!"
"You!—and here—Violante? Is it I whom you seek? For what? Good heavens, what has happened? Why are you so pale—why tremble?"

"Have you forgiven Helen?" asked Violante, beginning with evasive question, and her cheek was pale no more.

"Helen—the poor child! I have nothing in her to forgive, much to thank her for. She has been frank and honest."

"And Leonard—whom I remember in my childhood—you have forgiven him?"

"Fair mediator," said Harley, smiling, though coldly, "happy is the man who deceives another; all plead for him. And if the man deceived cannot forgive, no one will sympathise or excuse."

"But Leonard did not deceive you?"

"Yes, from the first. It is a long tale, and not to be told to you. But I cannot forgive him."

"Adieu! my lord. Helen must, then, still be very dear to you!" Violante turned away. Her emotion was so artless, her very anger so charming, that the love, against which, in the prevalence of his later and darker passions, he had so sternly struggled, rushed back upon Harley's breast; but it came only in storm.

"Stay, but talk not of Helen!" he exclaimed. "Ah! if Leonard's sole offence had been what you appear to deem it, do you think I could feel resentment? No; I should have gratefully hailed the hand that severed a rash and ungenial tie. I would have given my ward to her lover with such a dowry as it suits my wealth to bestow. But his offence dates from his very birth. To bless and to enrich the son of a man who—Violante, listen to me. We may soon part, and for ever. Others may misconstrue my actions; you, at least, shall know from what just principle they spring. There was a man whom I singled out of the world as more than a brother. In the romance of my boyhood I saw one who dazzled my fancy, captivated my heart. It was a dream of Beauty

breathe into waking life. I loved—I believed myself beloved. I confided all my heart to this friend—this more than brother; he undertook to befriend and to aid my suit. On that very pretext he first saw the ill-fated girl;—saw—betrayed—destroyed her;—left me ignorant that her love, which I had thought mine, had been lavished so wildly on another. I left me to believe that my own suit she had fled, but in generous self-sacrifice—for she was poor and humbly born;—that—oh vain idiot that I was!—the self-sacrifice had been too strong for a young human heart, which had broken in the struggle;—left me to corrode my spring of life in remorse;—clasped my hand in mocking comfort;—smiled at my tears of agony—not one tear himself for his own poor victim! And suddenly, not long since, I learned all this. And, in the father of Leonard Fairfield, you behold the man who has poisoned all the well-spring of joy to me. You weep! O Violante! the Past he has blighted and embittered—that I could forgive; but the Future is blasted too. For, just ere this treason was revealed to me, I had begun to awake from the torpor of my dreary penance, to look with fortitude towards the duties I had slighted—to own that the pilgrimage before me was not barren. And then, oh then, I felt that all love was not buried in a grave. I felt that you, had fate so granted, might have been all to my manhood which youth only saw through the delusion of its golden mists. True, I was then bound to Helen; true, that honour to her might forbid me all hope. But still, even to know that my heart was not all ashes—that I could love again—that that glorious power and privilege of our being was still mine, seemed to me so heavenly sweet. But then this revelation of falsehood burst on me, and all truth seemed blotted from the universe. I am freed from Helen; ah, freed, forsooth—because not even rank and wealth, and benefits and confiding tenderness, could bind to me one human heart! Free from her;

but between me and your fresh nature stands Suspicion as an Upas tree. Not a hope that would pass through the tainted air, and fly to you, but falls dead upon the dismal boughs. I love! Ha, ha! I—I, whom the past has taught the impossibility to be loved again. No: if those soft lips murmured 'Yes' to the burning prayer that, had I been free but two short weeks ago, would have rushed from the frank depths of my heart, I should but imagine that you deceived yourself—a girl's first fleeting delusive fancy—nothing more! Were you my bride, Violante, I should but debase your bright nature by my own curse of distrust. At each word of tenderness, my heart would say, 'How long will this last?—when will the deception come?' Your beauty, your gifts, would bring me but jealous terror;—eternally I should fly from the Present to the Future, and say, 'These hairs will be grey, while flattering youth will surround her in the zenith of her charms.' Why then do I hate and curse my foe? Why do I resolve upon revenge? I comprehend it now. I knew that there was something more imperious than the ghost of the Past that urged me on. Looking on you, I feel that it was the dim sense of a mighty and priceless loss; it is not the lost Nora—it is the living Violante. Look not at me with those reproachful eyes; they cannot reverse my purpose; they cannot banish suspicion from my sickened soul; they cannot create a sunshine in the midst of this ghastly twilight. Go, go; leave me to the sole joy that bequeathes no disappointment—the sole feeling that unites me to social man; leave me to my revenge."

"Revenge! Oh, cruel!" exclaimed Violante, laying her hand on his arm. "And in revenge, it is your own life that you will risk!"

"My life, simple child! This is no contest of life against life. Could I bare to all the world my wrongs for their ribald laughter, I should only give to my foe the triumph to pity my frenzy—to shun the contest; or grant it, if I could find a second—and then fire in the air. And all the world would say, 'Generous Egerton!—soul of honour!'"

"Egerton, Mr Egerton! He cannot

be this foe? It is not on him you can design revenge?—you who spend all your hours in serving his cause—you to whom he trusts so fondly—you who leant yesterday on his shoulder, and smiled so cheerily in his face?"

"Did I? Hypocrisy against hypocrisy—snare against snare; that is my revenge!"

"Harley, Harley! Cease, cease!"

The storm of passion rushed on unheeding.

"I seem to promote his ambition, but to crush it into the mire. I have delivered him from the gentler gripe of a usurer, so that he shall hold at my option alms or a prison—"

"Friend, friend! Hush, hush!"

"I have made the youth he has reared and fostered into treachery like his own, (your father's precious choice—Randal Leslie,) mine instrument in the galling lesson how ingratulate can sting. His very son shall avenge the mother, and be led to his father's breast as victor, with Randal Leslie, in the contest that deprives sire and benefactor of all that makes life dear to ambitious egotism. And if, in the breast of Audley Egerton, there can yet lurk one memory of what I was to him and to truth, not his least punishment will be the sense that his own perfidy has so changed the man whose very scorn of falsehood has taught him to find in fraud itself the power of retribution."

"If this be not a terrible dream!" murmured Violante, recoiling. "It is not your foe alone that you will deprive of all that makes life dear. Act thus—and what, in the future, is left to me?"

"To you! Oh, never fear. I may give Randal Leslie a triumph over his patron, but in the same hour I will unmask his villainy, and sweep him for ever from your path. What in the future is left to you?—your birthright and your native land; hope, joy, love, felicity. Could it be possible that in the soft but sunny fancy which plays round the heart of maiden youth, but still sends no warmth into its depths—could it be possible that you had honoured me with a gentler thought, it will pass away, and you will be the pride and delight of one of your own years, to whom the vista of Time is haunted by no chilling

spectres—one who can look upon that lovely face, and not turn away to mutter—"Too fair, too fair for me!"

"Oh agony!" exclaimed Violante, with sudden passion. "In my turn hear me. If, as you promise, I am released from the dreadful thought that one, at whose touch I shudder, can claim this hand, my choice is irrevocably made. 'The altars which await me will not be those of a human love. But oh, I implore you—by all the memories of your own life, hitherto, if sorrowful, unsullied—by the generous interest you yet profess for me, whom you will have twice saved from a danger to which death were mercy—leave, oh leave to me the right to regard your image as I have done from the first dawn of childhood. Leave me the right to honour and revere it. Let not an act, accompanied with a meanness—oh that I should say the word!—a meanness and a cruelty that give the lie to your whole life—make even a grateful remembrance of you, an unworthy sin. When I kneel within the walls that divide me from the world, oh let me think that I can pray for you as the noblest being that the world contains! Hear me! hear me!"

"Violante!" murmured Harley, his whole frame heaving with emotion, "hear with me. Do not ask of me the sacrifice of what seems to me the cause of manhood itself—to sit down, meek and patient, under a wrong that debases me, with the consciousness that all my life I have been the miserable dupe to affections I deemed so honest—to regrets that I believed so holy. Ah! I should feel more mean in my pardon than you can think me in revenge! Were it an acknowledged enemy, I could open my arms to him at your bidding; but the perfidious friend!—ask it not. My cheek burns at the thought, as at the stain of a blow. Give me but to-morrow—one day—I demand no more—wholly to myself and to the past, and mould me for the future as you will. Pardon, pardon the ungenerous thoughts that extended distrust to you. I retract them; they are gone—dispelled before those touching words, those ingenuous eyes. At your feet, Violante, I repent and I implore! Your father himself shall

banish your sordid suitor. Before this hour to-morrow you will be free. Oh, then, then! will you not give me this hand to guide me, to gain into the paradise of my youth?" Violante, it is in vain to wrestle with myself—to doubt—to reason—to be wisely fearful—I love, I love you; I trust again in virtue and faith. I place my fate in your keeping."

If at times Violante may appear to have ventured beyond the limit of strict maiden bashfulness, much may be ascribed to her habitual candour, her solitary rearing, and remoteness from the world—the very innocence of her soul, and the warmth of heart which Italy gives its daughters. But now that sublimity of thought and purpose which pervaded her nature, and required only circumstances to develop, made her superior to all the promptings of love itself. Dreams realised which she had scarcely dared to own—Harley free—Harley at her feet;—all the woman struggling at her heart, mantling in her blushes,—still stronger than love—stronger than the joy of being loved again—was the heroic will—will to save him—who in all else ruled her existence—from the eternal degradation to which passion had blinded his own confused and warring spirit.

Leaving one hand in his impassioned clasp, as he still knelt before her, she raised on high the other. "Ah!" she said, scarce audibly—"ah! if Heaven vouchsafe me the proud and blissful privilege to be allied to your fate, to minister to your happiness, never should I know one fear of your distrust. No time, no change, no sorrow, not even the loss of your affection, could make me forfeit the right to remember that you had once confided to me a heart so noble. But"—Here her voice rose in its tone, and the glow fled from her cheek—"But, O Thou the Ever Present, hear and receive the solemn vow. If to me he refuse to sacrifice the sin that would debase him, that sin be the barrier between us evermore. And may my life, devoted to Thy service, atone for the hour in which he belied the nature he received from Thee. Harley, release me! I have spoken: firm as yourself, I leave the choice to you."

"You judge me harshly," said Har-

ley, rising, with sullen anger. "But at least I have not the meanness to sell what I hold as justice, though the bribe may elude my last hope of happiness." at

"Meanness! Oh unhappy, beloved Harley!" exclaimed Violante, with such a gush of exquisite reproachful tenderness; that it thrilled him as the voice of the parting guardian angel. "Meanness! But it is that from which I implore you to save yourself. You cannot judge, you cannot see. You are dark, dark. Lost Christian that you are, what worse than heathen darkness, to feign the friendship the better to betray—to punish falsehood by becoming yourself so false—to accept the confidence even of your bitterest foe, and then to sink below his own level in deceit? And oh—worse, worse than all—to threaten that a son—son of the woman you professed to love—should swell your vengeance against a father. No! it was not you that said this—it was the Fiend!"

"Enough!" exclaimed Harley, startled, conscience-stricken, and rushing into resentment, in order to escape the sense of shame. "Enough! you insult the man you professed to honour."

"I honoured the prototype of gentleness and valour. I honoured one who seemed to me to clothe with life every grand and generous image that is born from the souls of poets. Destroy that ideal, and you destroy the

Harley whom I honoured. He is dead to me for ever. I will mourn for him as his widow—faithful to his memory—weeping over the thought of what he was." Sobs choked her voice; but as Harley, once more melted, sprang forward to regain her side, she escaped with a yet quicker movement, gained the door, and, darting down the corridor, vanished from his sight.

Harley stood still one moment, thoroughly irresolute—nay, almost all subdued. Then sternness, though less rigid than before, gradually came to his brow. The demon had still its hold in the stubborn and marvellous pertinacity with which the man clung to all that once struck root at his heart. With a sudden impulse, that still withheld decision, yet spoke of sore-shaken purpose, he strode to his desk, drew from it Nora's manuscript, and passed from his room.

Harley had meant never to have revealed to Audley the secret he had gained, until the moment when revenge was consummated. He had contemplated no vain reproach. His wrath would have spoken forth in deeds, and then a word would have sufficed as the key to all. Willing, perhaps, to hail some extenuation of perfidy, though the possibility of such extenuation he had never before admitted, he determined on the interview which he had hitherto so obstinately shunned, and went straight to the room in which Audley Egerton still sat solitary and fearful.

CHAPTER XXX.

Egerton heard the well-known step advancing near and nearer up the corridor—heard the door open and reclose—and he felt, by one of those strange and unaccountable instincts which we call forebodings, that the hour he had dreaded for so many secret years had come at last. He nerved his courage, withdrew his hands from his face, and rose in silence. No less silent, Harley stood before him. The two men gazed on each other; you might have heard their breathing.

"You have seen Mr Dale?" said Egerton, at length. "You know—"

"All!" said Harley, completing the arrested sentence.

Audley drew a long sigh. "Be it so; but no, Harley; you deceive yourself; you cannot know all, from any one living, save myself."

"My knowledge comes from the dead," answered Harley, and the fatal memoir dropped from his hand upon the table. The leaves fell with a dull low sound, mournful and faint as might be the tread of a ghost, if the tread gave sound. They fell, those still confessions of an obscure uncomprehended life, amidst letters and documents eloquent of the strife that was then agitating millions, the fleeting, turbulent fears and hopes that torture parties and perplex a nation; the stormy business of practical pub-

lic life, so remote from individual love and individual sorrow.

Egerton's eye saw them fall. The room was but partially lighted. At the distance where he stood, he did not recognise the characters, but involuntarily he shivered, and involuntarily drew near.

"Hold yet awhile," said Harley. "I produce my charge, and then I leave you to dispute the only witness that I bring. Audley Egerton, you took from me the gravest trust one man can confide to another. You knew how I loved Leonora Avenel. I was forbidden to see and urge my suit; you had the access to her presence which was denied to myself. I prayed you to remove scruples that I deemed too generous, and to woo her, not to dishonour, but to be my wife. Was it so? Answer."

"It is true," said Audley, his hand clenched at his heart.

"You saw her whom I thus loved—her thus confided to your honour. You wooed her for yourself. Is it so?"

"Harley, I deny it not. Cease here. I accept the penalty;—I resign your friendship;—I quit your roof;—I submit to your contempt;—I dare not implore your pardon. Cease, let me go hence, and soon!"—"The strong man gasped for breath.

Harley looked at him steadfastly, then turned away his eyes, and went on. "Nay," said he, "is that ALL? You wooed her for yourself—you won her. Account to me for that life which you wrenched from mine. You are silent." I will take on myself your task;—you took that life, and destroyed it."

"Spare me, spare me!"

"What was the fate of her who seemed so fresh from heaven when these eyes beheld her last? A broken heart—a dishonoured name—an early doom—a forgotten gravestone."

"No, no—forgotten—no!"

"Not forgotten! Scarce a year passed, and you were married to another. I aided you to form those nuptials which secured your fortunes. You have had rank, and power, and fame. Peers call you the type of English gentlemen. Priests hold you as a model of Christian honour. Strip the mask, Audley Egerton; let the world know you for what you are!"

Egerton raised his head, and folded his arms calmly; but he said with a melancholy humility—"I bear all from you; it is just. ^{and} go on."

"You took from me the heart of Nora Avenel. You abandoned her—you destroyed. And her memory cast no shadow over your daily sunshine; while over my thoughts—over my life—oh, Egerton—Audley, Audley—how could you have deceived me thus!" Here the inherent tenderness under all this hate—the fount imbedded under the hardening stone—broke out. Harley was ashamed of his weakness, and hurried on.

"Deceived—not for an hour, a day, but through blighted youth, through listless manhood—you suffered me to nurse the remorse that should have been your own;—her life slain, mine wasted; and shall neither of us have revenge?"

"Revenge! Ah, Harley, you have had it!"

"No, but I await it! Not in vain from the charnel have come to me the records I produce. And whom did fate select to discover the wrongs of the mother?—whom appoint as her avenger? Your son—your own son; your abandoned, nameless, son!"

"Son!—son!"

"Whom I delivered from famine, or from worse; and who, in return, has given into my hands the evidence which proclaims in you the perjured friend of Harley L'Estrange, and the fraudulent seducer, under mock marriage forms—worse than all franker sin—of Leonora Avenel."

"It is false—false!" exclaimed Egerton, all his stateliness and all his energy restored to him. "I forbid you to speak thus to me. I forbid you by one word to sully the memory of my lawful wife."

"Ah!" said Harley, startled. "Ah! false!—prove *that*, and revenge is over! Thank Heaven!"

"Prove it! What so easy? And wherefore have I delayed the proof—wherefore concealed, but from tenderness to you—dread, too—a selfish but human dread—to lose in you the sole esteem that I covet;—the only mourner who would have shed one tear over the stone inscribed with

some lying epitaph, in which it will suit a party purpose to proclaim the gratitude of a nation. Vain hope. I resign it! But you spoke of a son. Alas, alas! you are again deceived. I heard that I had a son—years, long years ago. I sought him, and found grave. But bless you, Harley, if you succoured one whom you even erringly suspect to be Leonora's child!" He stretched forth his hands as he spoke.

"Of your son we will speak later," said Harley, strangely softened. "But before I say more of him, let me ask you to explain—let me hope that you can extenuate what—"

"You are right," interrupted Egerton, with eager quickness. "You would know from my own lips at last the plain tale of my own offence against you. It is due to both. Patiently hear me out."

Then Egerton told all; his own love for Leonora—his struggles against what he felt as treason to his friend—his sudden discovery of Nora's love for him;—on that discovery, the overthrow of all his resolutions; their secret marriage—their separation; Nora's flight, to which Audley still assigned but her groundless vague suspicion that their nuptials had not been legal, and her impatience of his own delay in acknowledging the rite.

His listener interrupted him here with a few questions; the clear and prompt replies to which enabled Harley to detect Levy's plausible perversion of the facts; and he vaguely guessed the cause of the usurer's falsehood, in the criminal passion which the ill-fated bride had inspired.

"Egerton," said Harley, stifling with an effort his own wrath against the vile deceiver, "if, on reading those papers, you find that Leonora had more excuse for her suspicions and flight than you now deem, and discover perfidy in one to whom you trusted your secret, leave his punishment to Heaven. All that you say convinces me more and more that we cannot even see through the cloud, much less guide the thunderbolt. But proceed."

Audley looked surprised and startled, and his eye turned wistfully toward the papers; but after a short pause he continued his recital. He

came to Nora's unexpected return to her father's house—her death—his conquest of his own grief, that he might spare Harley the abrupt shock of learning her decease. He had torn himself from the dead, in remorseful sympathy with the living. He spoke of Harley's illness, so nearly fatal—repeated Harley's jealous words, "that he would rather mourn Nora's death, than take comfort from the thought that she had loved another." He spoke of his journey to the village where Mr Dale had told him Nora's child was placed—and, hearing that child and mother were alike gone, "whom now could I right by acknowledging a bond that I feared would so wring your heart?" Audley again paused a moment, and resumed in short, nervous, impressive sentences. This cold, austere man of the world for the first time bared his heart—unconscious, perhaps, that he did so—unconscious that he revealed how deeply, amidst state cares and public distinctions, he had felt the absence of affections—how mechanical was that outer circle in the folds of life which is called "a career"—how valueless wealth had grown—none to inherit it. Of his gnawing and progressive disease alone he did not speak; he was too proud and too masculine to appeal to pity for physical ills. He reminded Harley how often, how eagerly, year after year, month after month, he had urged his friend to rouse himself from mournful dreams, devote his native powers to his country, or seek the surer felicity of domestic ties. "Selfish in these attempts I might be," said Egerton; "it was only if I saw you restored to happiness that I could believe you could calmly hear my explanation of the past, and on the floor of some happy home grant me your forgiveness. I longed to confess, and I dared not; often have the words rushed to my lips—as often some chance sentence from you repelled me. In a word, with you were so entwined all the thoughts and affections of my youth—even those that haunted the grave of Nora—that I could not bear to resign your friendship, and, surrounded by the esteem and honour of a world I cared not for, to meet the contempt of your reproachful eye."

Amidst all that Audley said—amidst all that admitted of no excuse—two predominant sentiments stood clear, in unmistakable and touching pathos. Remorseful regret for the lost Nora—and self-accusing, earnest, almost feminine tenderness for the friend he had deceived. Thus, as he continued to speak, Harley more and more forgot even the remembrance of his own guilty and terrible interval of hate; the gulf that had so darkly yawned between the two closed up, leaving them still standing, as it were, side by side, as in their schoolboy days. But he remained silent, listening—shading his face from Audley, and as if under some soft, but entrancing spell, till Egerton thus closed—

“And now, Harley, all is told. You spoke of revenge?”

“Revenge!” muttered Harley, starting.

“And believe me,” continued Egerton, “were revenge in your power, I should rejoice at it as an atonement. To receive an injury in return for that which, first from youthful passion, and afterwards from the infirmity of purpose that concealed the wrong, I have inflicted upon you—why, that would soothe my conscience, and raise my lost self-esteem. The sole revenge you can bestow takes the form which most humiliates me;—to revenge, is to pardon.”

Harley groaned; and, still hiding his face with one hand, stretched forth the other, but rather with the air of one who entreats than who accords forgiveness. Audley took and pressed the hand thus extended.

“And now, Harley, farewell. With the dawn I leave this house. I cannot now accept your aid in this election. Levy shall announce my resignation. Randal Leslie, if you so please it, may be returned in my stead. He has abilities which, under safe guidance, may serve his country; and I have no right to reject, from vain pride, whatever will promote the career of one whom I undertook, and have failed, to serve.”

“Ay, ay,” muttered Harley; “think not of Randal Leslie; think but of your son.”

“My son! But are you sure that he still lives? You smile; you—you—oh, Harley—I took from you the mother—give to me the son; break my heart with gratitude. Your revenge is found!”

Lord L'Estrange rose with a sudden start—gazed on Audley for a moment—irresolute, not from resentment, but from shame. At that moment he was the man humbled; he was the man who feared reproach, and who needed pardon. Audley, not divining what was thus passing in Harley's breast, turned away. “You think that I ask too much; and yet all that I can give to the child of my love and the heir of my name, is the worthless blessing of a ruined man. Harley, I say no more. I dare not add, ‘You too loved his mother! and with a deeper and a nobler love than mine.’” He stopped short, and Harley flung himself on his breast.

“Me—me—pardon me, Audley! Your offence has been slight to mine. You have told me your offence; never can I name to you my own. Rejoice that we have both to exchange forgiveness, and in that exchange we are equals still, Audley—brothers still. Look up—look up; think that we are boys now as we were once;—boys who have had their wild quarrel—and the moment it is over, feel dearer to each other than before.”

“Oh, Harley, this is revenge! It strikes home,” murmured Egerton, and tears gushed fast from eyes that could have gazed unwinking on the rack. The clock struck; Harley sprang forward.

“I have time yet,” he cried. “Much to do and to undo. You are saved from the grasp of Levy—your election will be won—your fortunes in much may be restored—you have before you honours not yet achieved—your career as yet scarce begun—your son you will embrace to-morrow. Let me go—your hand again! Ah, Audley, we shall be so happy yet!”

SULLIVAN'S RAMBLES IN NORTH AND SOUTH AMERICA.

PERHAPS it may be a symptom of approaching senility, but we are forced to confess that, with each successive year, our faith in the authenticity of books diminishes. The time was when we swallowed the narratives of Sindbad with as much zest and devotion as could have been displayed by Hindbad, the porter who was expressly hired as a listener by the adventurous circumnavigator of Serendib. In Mandeville, while we were young, we recognised not the traces of a liar. Mendez Pinto we never read—we do not even know whether we spell his name aright; but were he sevenfold the fabricator which men aver him to be, we have seen the day when we would have bolted his narrative as easily as an apricot. We were too old for Kaloolah when that ingenious romancer appeared, otherwise we should have manfully opposed its being included in the list of literary apocrypha. Of course, all of us believe most firmly in Robinson Crusoe, Peter Wilkins, and Philip Quarl; but, with these rare exceptions, what reliance can be placed in the veracity of those who have travelled afar?

Humble and modest as we are, we do not conceive ourselves less liable to imposition than was Herodotus, the Father of History. That old Hali-carnassian was, in truth, an exceedingly wary individual, who listened to a great deal of astounding narrative with an imperceptible inward pressure of the cheek; and noted it down, simply because he knew the value of fiction in relieving the dull monotony of fact. Since his day, many other men have arisen, who, pursuing the same line of conduct, have infinitely stimulated that thirst for adventure and voyage which is the characteristic of a civilised people. But long ago the wonders both of Europe and Asia have disappeared. What has become of Prester John, that mysterious potentate, with whom half the kings of Christendom would have been proud to enter into alliance? Whereabouts dwelt the Amazons, the true assertors

of the Rights of Woman, who spurned even the gentle bondage of the petticoat? Also anent the Centaurs—where trotted they? or in what central race-course do their descendants still exercise for the Derby? In the old world—or worlds—giant and troglodyte alike have died out; nobody expects to find them, any more than the unicorn; and the unbelieving miscreants of this age even sneer at the existence of the sea-serpent.

In Europe and Asia, we suspect, it is difficult for a man to lie. Difficult, but not absolutely impossible; for we can conceive the composition of a most unimpeachable book of wonders, with the scene laid in Thibet; or most miraculous discoveries of natural phenomena on the eastern skirts of Siberia. Also there is good lying still to be had in the interior of Africa. Round the margin of Lake Tchad, or to the south of the Jebel Kumrah, a fine, fresh, young, unadulterated fancy may still afford to run riot, and amaze the world with an avalanche of novel wonders. Were it not that we lack enthusiasm, and also, to a great extent, the faculty of invention, we should certainly try our hand upon a batch of new discoveries. It is full time that the mammoth should again appear in life. Another dragon is wanted to replace that salamander which Gozon slew in Rhodes. Snake-cities require a revival; and we are decidedly in need of a more closely connecting link between the man and the monkey. The old fables are disappearing fast; honour to the daring chief who will furnish us with a new supply!

We grant that, in America, there still exists scope for a bold imagination. There are the Patagonians in the south, a race of which little use has been made since the days of Captain Wallis. Then there are the Lost Cities, in which a voyager might spend a winter or two greatly to his profit and delectation; more especially if he possessed sufficient knowledge of Hebrew to connect satisfactorily the inhabitants thereof with the Ten

Tribes. A glance at the map convinces us that there is fair food for fiction towards the upper sources of the Amazon; and of what use is fact when you find yourself panting among the Andes? Condors are all very well in their way; but we are anxious to have something bigger.

But, while we point to these countries as affording an almost boundless field for romance, and for harmless exercise of invention, we are sorry to say that, in our opinion, North America is dying out. Monsieur Violet did his best for Texas; but he was the last of a great race, and we have not found his successor. Lately, indeed, at a railway station, we picked up a book, denominated, if we recollect aright, the "Hair-raisers," in which there was a considerable allowance of scalping, wigwams, and stampedes; but, on the whole, it was terribly dull. There was one scene of a ride amidst a herd of buffaloes, which reminded us unpleasantly of Falkirk Tryst. The only tolerable parts of the book were palpable cribbages from poor Ruxton, who was, indeed, as true a lover of the prairie as ever tightened his belt from famine. But, even in Ruxton, it is remarkable that the pure Indian—the aboriginal Red-skin—cuts but a poor figure. Ruxton, we believe, drew with a hand as faithful as bold; yet it is evident that he had very little respect for the character of the "noble savage." This we hold to be a very remarkable instance of the decadence and gradual expiry of fable. We were all nurtured in the belief of the sublime qualities of the Indian. Outalissi, as Campbell conceived him, was not very much short of Achilles; and had it been advisable for the modern bard to make the plains of Wyoming a battle-field like those of the Troad, doubtless the tomahawk would have glanced as fiercely as the Grecian spear. Is it unfair to ask ourselves, as a question of speculative æsthetics, whether, had such been Campbell's plan, we should have been favoured with any scalping or no? It is a question of some artistical interest. To raise the hair of a slain enemy is not worse than to drag his body about the field—to secure a top-lock, as an honourable trophy, is less mercenary than to make play for golden armour. Yet we doubt if the

Bard of Hope, in his epic mood, would have ventured to indicate the tonsure. Achilles, attended in his tent by Briseis, is a fine picture of an heroic prizefighter;—could we have stood Outalissi, distended with buffalo bump, making signs to his trembling squaw to pour out for him "the strong fire-water of the pale-face?" Campbell's was, of course, a fancy portraiture—and a very splendid one it undoubtedly is—but we are beginning to entertain serious and painful doubts whether all the notions which we have hitherto entertained regarding the innate nobility of the Red Indian, are not absolute exaggerations. We pass Pocahontas and Captain Smith. What sort of a fellow Smith really was, has never been fully explained; but we take him to have been a long-legged, red-headed son of a gun, whose scalp, from its very brilliancy, must have been an object of excessive desire to the nobility and gentry of that respectable tribe into whose hands it was his fortune to fall. The more honour to Pocahontas! She became aware, through a process of intuitive logic, that the possession of the sinewy Smith, with his radiant locks intact above his brow, would be more valuable to her than the separated radiance would be, if girt around the leggings of her uncle, "The Grizzly Bear;" and so, with sweet woman's instinct, she struck in, and no "brave" dared forbid the banms. What could Smith do less than take her to his hairy bosom? To Cooper we are disposed to assign the credit—for success in fiction is everyway creditable—of having misled the civilised world for a long time with regard to the habits of the Redskins. Cooper is a great author. We say so in the gravest earnest; for several of his earlier fictions have taken a hold of the public mind in a wonderful degree, and those who have read them in their youth, cannot forget them in their maturity. That he is a most unequal writer may be allowed. Some of his novels are so heavy that it is severe work to wade through them; and some of them, again, are absolutely childish and maudlin. But, in his best days, he was a grand fellow in the prairie or the forest; and *The Last of the Mohicans* is a work which any man might be proud to have written.

Many years have elapsed since we read that book—and it may be we shall never read it again, for the recollection of its impression of it is still so strong in our minds, that we almost fear another perusal might destroy somewhat of the charm which still haunts us with never we hear its name;—but well do we remember the Sagamore, and Uncas, and Natty Bumppo, and the rest of the characters that figured in that fascinating tale. It was not only the sagacity of the Indian “on the trail” that then struck us with amazement, or the almost superhuman development of the more physical attributes—but the wisdom, the philosophy, the reticence, the justice, and the self-denial of the untutored children of the desert. Young as we were when we read that tale—not less credited than many a truer story—we could not help asking ourselves whether, if savage life could produce so many instances, not of valour only, or of improved instinct, but of profound estimate of character and design, civilisation could add much to the mental development, or the happiness of the stoic of the woods. What was the use of putting any question of the kind? Uncas was, undoubtedly, supposing him to be a real character, superior to any young man who had received a university education. Of the three great springs of human action—truth, duty, and interest—he acknowledged but two, refusing the more personal motive; and, as Cooper depicts him in his splendid heathenness, he is unquestionably a more faultless being, as regards his mastery of the passions, and pure native feeling, than any character that can be extracted from the writings of pagan antiquity. In him the graces of chivalry mingle with unsullied nature. He is a compound of Antiochus and Sir Galahad—fearless as the one, and noble and tender as the other. But then Cooper was an educated and a Christian writer; and where have we any assurance—or, in fact, reason—to suppose that his portraiture was drawn from the life? None at all. Cooper knew no more about the real habits of the Red Indians, in their state of freedom, than did the late Lachlan MacTavish, distiller in Campbelltown, who forwarded to us not long ago a manuscript en-

titled, *The Last of the Assinaboins*, with a request that we would publish it as a serial in our “world-renowned periodical.” The eulogistic phrase is Lachlan’s—not ours. We read the novel, penned by young Alcoholides; and, though we loved the man, and patronised his whisky, we must needs confess that his literary production was infernally bad. His notion was to transport a distant relation of his own—a MacTavish, of course—to the wilds of America, train him in the ways of the forest, and finally elevate him to the high rank of Sachem. It was a queer jumble of Celtic and Indian character; sennachies consorting with squaws, and dumbewassails carousing with braves. There was in it, if we remember aright, one terrific equestrian combat of twelve, which would have made the fortune of the late Mr Ducrow, could that lamented artist have reproduced it in the circus at Astley’s. Also there was a sufficiency of cedar-swamps, cane-brakes, and snapping turtles, with other natural horrors familiar to the readers of Transatlantic literature. However, notwithstanding such allurements, MacTavish made on the whole but an indifferent leader of the Assinaboins; and we could not divest ourselves of the impression that, instead of hunting buffaloes, he would have been more appropriately depicted as driving a Sassenach creach. Far are we from wishing to diminish the poetry of life in the wilderness. Willingly we shall unsettle no man’s faith in the realities of Crocodile Island—that splendid sketch which we owe to the genius of our beloved contributor, the author of Sir Frizzle Pumpkin—but we are compelled candidly to avow our conviction that the Redskin of the novelists differs as much from the scalping Mingo of reality as does the British sailor of the Surrey boards from the veritable Jack of the fore-castle. Nay, more; we entertain a strong suspicion that buffalo-hunting is, after all, but a sorry kind of sport, and certainly not worth the fatigue and privation which every one must necessarily undergo in order to make the practical experiment.

We have been led into this train of thought by a perusal of Mr Sullivan’s *American Rambles*, a book from which we acknowledge we have derived not

a little useful information. The author, as we gather from his own statement, set out for the new country upon no especial mission. He neither wanted to inquire into the state of agriculture, nor to collect manufacturing statistics. We are pleased to observe that he has no touch of the geologist in him, and does not make his pages heavy by a lumbering affectation of science. Mr Sullivan simply wanted to see the United States, and to take a peep at the prairies; and, having time at his disposal, he has occupied a year profitably in these objects, as well as in visiting the principal West Indian islands. He writes like a thorough gentleman, without any preconceived bias; his style is always lively and entertaining; and his pictures are not over-coloured. Other tourists may lay claim to more attention, on account of that ostentatious exaggeration which is too commonly the fault of your very far-travelled author, who, like the artist, carries his colour-box with him, and never hesitates, for effect, to dash in the lake and the carmine. We have a strong notion that some fellows set out upon their travels with the deliberate intention, not of depicting things as they really are, but of eclipsing, by all manner of rhetorical appliances, the narratives of former writers who have preceded them on the same ground. "Won't I draw a picture of Niagara that shall do for Dickens?" quoth Tims the younger, as he finds himself and portmanteau safe on board the steamer at Liverpool. "Look out for a Choctaw chief!" are the departing words of young Higginbottom, as he valiantly turns his face, like another Columbus, towards the West. And, to do them justice, both Tims and Higginbottom exert themselves wonderfully; but woe to the man who believes them! We lately read, in the columns of an American paper, a touching account of the last moments of an unfortunate Cockney, who was found, in a state of extreme starvation, somewhere about the Rocky Mountains. The poor creature was so far gone that he could not masticate the morsel of dried bull-buffalo which his discoverer humanely tendered; and, with his dying lips, he accused, as the shortener of his days, a noto-

rious scribe in the pay of a London publisher, who had put forth a volume containing a most fascinating account of the delights of existence in the prairies—the said scribe having never penetrated beyond the Astor House hotel in New York. No such charge can be laid at the door of Mr Sullivan. He gives us the prairie and its people as he found them; and we are so satisfied with his account, that should we ever be called upon to take our part in the national exodus, we have pretty nearly made up our mind to emigrate in a different direction. No sane man would be inclined to lodge his household gods in the interior of an Indian wigwam.

Let us take Mr Sullivan's first Indian acquaintance at the lake of St Croix.

"One evening when we camped, an Indian, greased and naked, came in to ask for food. They are the most improvident people, too proud to dig, but not in the least too proud to beg or steal; never looking to the morrow, gorging one day, and barely subsisting for the next month. The Chippewas are a well-formed race, with the strut of a prince. This Indian had to keep his eyes 'skinned,' as he was not very far from the Sioux country, where he would have been snapped up like a young trout. However, an old guide told us, from the manner he was painted, and his carrying nothing but his arms, not even a blanket, that he imagined he was out on the war-path himself, prowling about in the hopes of picking up some stray Sioux. The mosquitos, who were grazing on us in shoals, did not appear to touch him. I suppose he was anointed in some way."

However, this fragrant child of nature, whom even the mosquitos avoided, showed himself to be no way deficient in smartness. Notwithstanding that he had been made free of the camp-kettle, he set his affections on certain movables; and proceeded to put into practice the socialist principles in a manner that would have won the heart of Blanqui. On turning over the page, we find the following entry: "The Chippewas that came into camp the other night stole a hatchet *and comb!* They are the biggest thieves in the world, thinking it quite as worthy to take as to receive. The education of the youth, with regard to the right

of *meum* and *tuum*, is rather Spartan, successful theft being considered rather creditable than otherwise, especially if the white man be the sufferer." The abduction of the hatchet is intelligible enough, but what the device could the rascal want to do with the comb?

Lest, however, it should be thought that the Chipeways are worse than other tribes—they are certainly no better—we shall take leave to introduce the reader to a solemn banquet among the Sioux. We never yet were reduced to the necessity of dining in a pig-stye, but we are not convinced that such a locality would be more sickening than an Indian lodge. The scene is at the Echo Lake, or, as it is there called, the Lac-qui-Parle.

"It appeared that, after our departure on our first trip, some chiefs, of a different band of Sioux, who were not there when we made our presents before, had gone to M'Leod and complained that we were gone to hunt their buffalo, and very likely drive them out of their country, and had not made them any presents; and threatened to send and prevent our hunting, if M'Leod did not make them some present: he promised that on our return we should do so. One morning, therefore, about twelve old chiefs assembled in the hut, and we gave them some forty yards of calico, and some very bad tobacco, with which they were enchanted, and said we might kill all the buffalo in the country, if we could; after that, they invited us to a dog-feast—but in the absence of dog, they gave us duck, a change we did not regret. The feast is worth describing. When we arrived at the chief's lodge, 'The Beaver's Tail'—which we entered by a hole like the entrance to a bee-hive—we found an atmosphere of smoke, and smell not of the pleasantest. About ten old warriors were squatting in tailor fashion round the fire, over which was hanging the pot, containing some twenty or thirty canvas-back ducks, each of them nearly the size of three of our domestic ones, and presided over by Dohummeh, or the 'Prolific Pumpkin,' a rather pretty squaw, and the youngest and favourite wife of the 'Beaver's Tail.' Directly we were seated, great wooden platters were placed before us, loaded with duck enough to have dined ten people in England. The warriors dispensed with plates, dipping nature's knife and fork into the caldron.

Such appetites I never saw before, and never wish to see again: great, fat, half-boiled ducks disappeared like so many snipes, and handfuls of grease, of the consistency of thick arrow-root, were baled in, and daubed over the face and person with a most magnanimous disregard to personal appearance. After eating about half-an-hour, during which they 'swelled visibly,' the old Beaver Tail gave in, and with a grunt of repletion fell back in a reclining position; the others, evidently feeling very uneasy, soon followed. For example, and the miserable remains of the feast were removed to be disposed of by the squaws, children, and dogs, in turn. After we had sat some time, the old chief produced a medicine pipe, which, with the accompanying kiinnikinnik bag, he handed to the youngest chief present, who loaded and lighted it, and, after turning the bowl and blowing a cloud to each of the four quarters of the heavens, handed it to the old Beaver. The Indians, on any great occasion, make a point of propitiating the Great Spirit by turning the bowl of the pipe to the four quarters of the heavens. After the old Beaver had taken six or seven puffs, he passed it to us, and we, doing likewise, passed it to the others, by whom it was inhaled with a grunt of pleasure. When an Indian lights a pipe, it is always handed round to the company present, taking the same direction as the wine does with us—viz., with the sun.

"After we had smoked a short time in silence, the old Beaver rose, and, in the unmusical language of his tribe, made more so by his disgusting state of repletion, began a complimentary speech, saying what pleasure it gave him to see his white brethren, (this was rather a *double entendre*, for the old villain was supposed to have been one of those who killed the Americans in the spring, and most probably had some of their hair hanging from his leggings at that moment!) and wishing to know what we had come for, and whether we had brought anything for him. When he had done speaking, a grunt of acquiescence went round, when we, through the interpreter, told him that our Great White Mother, having heard of the fame of the warriors of the great Dacotah nation, had said, 'Go and see whether their warriors equal mine;' and that we had crossed the Big Salt Lake, and come from the rising sun; and that our Big Mother, knowing that her Red Brother, liked tobacco and powder, had sent them some. On this we produced a small quantity of tobacco, and some powder, and paint, and beads, which latter were

immediately handed to the squaws to be worked into ornaments. After this we struck up a great friendship, and a small flask of fire-water being produced, the Indian reserve disappeared, and they chatted, and joked, and laughed. One old chief, 'Le Croup Percé,' grew quite affectionate; he said that he not only loved his white brethren, but his white sisters, and mothers, and grandmothers!—in fact, all his white relations. I had taken a great fancy to the Beaver Tail's pipe, and he was equally struck with a shirt of mine, of a sort of bed-curtain pattern, which, being worn rather threadbare, I had intended committing to the flames; on my proposing to make an exchange, he was delighted, and in a moment my shirt was adorning his greasy person, and I was reduced to Indian costume with a vengeance—and indeed, before we broke up, nearly all our available garments were exchanged for pipes, mocassins, &c., and we returned quite destitute of superfluous clothing.

"Amongst the Indians it is considered a manly accomplishment to be able to eat a great quantity; and a young warrior, eating for reputation, will consume as much as 20 lb. of fresh meat at one sitting. I knew one old scoundrel, 'The Old Racoon,' who ate 120 potatoes, and would have eaten as many more if his friends had not stopped him—not from any regard to his own good, but from the fear that none would be left for them."

As a practical professor of vegetarianism, the Old Racoon was well qualified to have dined at the board of Mr Brotherton. Beastly as they appear at their meals, it is nevertheless safer to gobble raw duck with a Red Indian, than to meet him on the open prairie. It may be possible, though not probable, that he could, by some violent exercise of volition, overcome the strong impulse which attracts him to your saddle-bags; but no Indian virtue is powerful enough to resist the temptation of your hair. Premature baldness, which is not much coveted in this country, is the first of all blessings in those American states that border on the territories of the savage. Few are the certificates that reach Messrs Rowland and Son, from the frontiers of the Far West! In order to travel with anything like safety, your head must be like a billiard-ball. No greater mistake can be committed than to take off your hat, if you have anything

like a *chevelure*, to a Chippeway, a Sioux, or a Crow—it is like exhibiting your purse to a footpad, who knows that he can meet you half-an-hour afterwards in a dark lane, and who will meet you undoubtedly, and ease you of your burden, if you are not able to offer resistance. The Sioux, according to Mr Sullivan, possess the unenviable distinction of being the most demoniacal of all the Indian tribes. "They are," he says, "very cruel in war, torturing their prisoners, if they take any, (which, however, does not often happen,) in the most inhuman manner, mutilating and hacking them to pieces, and sometimes, in their savage excitement, even eating pieces of their flesh. The Sioux scalp in a more blood-thirsty manner than other Indians; not contenting themselves with the mere scalp, but, when practicable, taking the features, nose, lips, ears," &c. For the credit of Tobias Smollett, we are glad to receive such distinct corroboration of the practices of these beastly savages, as originally detailed by Lieutenant Lismahago, whose narrative doubtless must be familiar to every classical reader. Some passages in Mr Sullivan's book remind us irresistibly of the bridal ceremonies observed at the marriage of Squinkinacoosta with the Scot, which, indeed, we feel an irresistible desire to insert.

"The princess had neither shoes, stockings, shift, nor any kind of linen; her bridal dress consisted of a petticoat of red baize, and a fringed blanket, fastened about her shoulders with a copper skewer; but of ornaments she had great plenty. Her hair was curiously plaited, and interwoven with bobbins of human bone; one eye-lid was painted green and the other yellow; the cheeks were blue; the lips white, the teeth red, and there was a black list drawn down the middle of the forehead, as far as the tip of the nose; a couple of gaudy parrot's feathers were stuck through the division of the nostrils; there was a blue stone set in the chin; her ear-rings consisted of two pieces of hickory, of the size and shape of drumsticks; her arms and legs were adorned with bracelets of wampum; her breast glittered with numerous strings of glass beads; she wore a curious pouch or pocket, of woven grass, elegantly painted with various colours; about her neck was

hung the fresh scalp of a Mohawk warrior, whom her deceased lover had lately slain in battle; and, finally, she was anointed from head to foot with bear's grease, which emitted forth a most agreeable odour."

We should have been more chary of these quotations, did we believe that there exists the remotest chance of the Redskins improving towards civilisation, or abandoning, at the least, the more abominable practices of their forefathers. But we cannot say that we have any such faith in their future destiny. As there are some animals which cannot be tamed, so there are some races of men that seem proof against all civilisation. We are aware that this view is unpopular, nay, abhorred by a certain class of philanthropists, who, we verily believe, would, without hesitation, undertake to tame a Kafir, or to educate an Australian nomad in the higher branches of mathematics. Such gentlemen had better go to the prairies, and exercise their persuasiveness in person. Right glad may they be if they are allowed to return with their hair, though without a single convert; for we fancy that even the "Old Racoon" would decline to entertain them permanently in his lodge. That any man in his senses should hanker after the Indian life, would appear to be almost incredible. And yet there have been instances of men who, in spite of delicate nurture, have rushed off to the wilderness, and of their own accord embraced the loathsomeness of barbarism. It is to be hoped that ignorance more than inclination has led to such lamentable and disgraceful cases of back-sliding; for not even the temptation of perfect freedom can be pled in excuse for such an abnegation of the higher duties of humanity. On this point Mr Sullivan makes the following most just observations:—

"The cant about the trammels of civilisation, and the perfect liberty and independence of the savage in his native state, roaming where he listeth, is all humbug; nobody, in reality, has less liberty than the savage Indian. He cannot say, 'This country and manner of life does not suit me; I will go and live elsewhere.' The instant he sets his foot out of his own country, he knows he will be

scalped. His position realises to the letter—'In the sweat of thy brow shalt thou eat bread.' His every movement is taken up by his exertion to procure food. The laws even of the society he exists in render him anything but a free agent. Witness the young warrior whose lodge was slit up on a cold winter's night, and his gun broken, because he had hunted without leave, (game laws, with a vengeance!) The more civilised and enlightened a country becomes, the greater liberty of thought and action its inhabitants enjoy. The honest labourer or sweeper of crossings in London has more real freedom than the proudest chief that ever hunted buffalo on the prairie."

Of buffalo hunting, the descendant of O'Sullivan More speaks rather contemptuously. Of our own knowledge, having never been adopted by the Old Racoon, Big Skunk, Waddling Tortoise, or any other Indian chief, we can neither corroborate nor refute his statement: but we have a strong impression that his view is essentially correct.

"The next morning on awakening, we found seven of the bulls close to camp. We ran them and killed them all, our guides, I believe doing the greater part of the execution; they were better mounted, and ore up to the sport. Running buffalo for the first time, and the sensation of galloping along side a brute that appears as large as a haystack, is novel and exciting; but after running them a few times the sport loses its excitement, for my part, I would rather have ten minutes with a pack of hounds across the worst county in England, than kill all the buffalo on the prairie. The bulls generally allow you to approach within 500 yards before they start off *à la course*. A good horse will catch them in half a mile; and once up and alongside, the pleasure is over, as you keep on loading and firing as fast as you can at a distance of five or six yards, till the animal drops or stops, when you dismount and finish him at your leisure. The death struggles of such an enormous brute (and they die very hard) are most painful to witness. The sport is just dangerous enough to keep up a wholesome excitement, and to originate tales of hair-breadth escapes without number. There is the chance of your horse putting his foot into a fox or badger earth; there is the chance of the bull stopping suddenly and turning round, in which case, most probably, he receives the horse on his horns, and you make a voyage of dis-

covery over his head; and there is the chance, if you are fortunate, of his running at you when he is wounded. I only speak of these dangers from hearsay, as all the bulls I saw were in far too great a hurry to get away, to have any idea of turning upon their pursuers."

As, therefore, neither the people nor the sport on the prairies appear to be very inviting, we advise none of our friends who may be meditating a distant expedition, to penetrate so far. It is always safe to keep, at least, upon the skirts of civilisation. When you pass beyond, and get into the howling wilderness, you are likely to be in a sad quandary. Hunger and cold must be your daily concomitants; and although we can very well believe that buffalo-hump tastes divinely after a long ride, you cannot calculate upon such a luxury every day, but must make up your mind, on a pinch, to dine off wolf or skunk. Mr Sullivan did not like wolf, at which we are not surprised; and we fancy it would require some determination to make a hearty meal on weasels. But let us suppose that you have somehow or other contrived to procure the wherewithal to satisfy an appetite never so ravenous as on the prairie—that you are even enabled to solace yourself with a medium of rum, and to blow a cloud before turning into roost—that a large cotton tree is blazing in the midst of the bivouac, and that you are free from any apprehension that in the course of the night either Crow or Sioux will make a larcenous attempt on your horses.—granting you this favourable combination of circumstances, which is by no means of frequent occurrence, what will be the nature of your slumbers?

"We 'humped' it for four days, snowing and sleeting continually, with the snow several inches deep, and a wind that went through you and came out the other side without stopping. You felt the breath out of your body was quite as cold as the air you took in. We had no fire but from buffalo dung, which took a long time to collect, and then lasted but a very short time, giving scarcely any heat. Lying down in snow, with nothing to eat, and awakening next morning half-frozen, and the snow nearly a foot deep over you, was by no means cheerful. A buffalo robe is the

warmest thing possible, so long as you can exclude the air; but during those cold drifting winds on the prairies, if a crevice of half-an-inch be open, you were half-frozen; the wind came direct from the Pole, with hardly a stick or a hill to break its keenness. All our flour, pork, tea, and coffee had been exhausted for nearly a fortnight, and we had nothing but meat, meat, meat, harder and harder, half-cooked, and more indigestible every day, washed down with either snow water, which is very unwholesome, or stagnant pool water, got with much difficulty by chopping a hole in the ice. One day, when the repetition of buffalo meat had become extremely nauseous, we boiled a few tit-bits of some of the large wolves we had killed, and ate them *par preference*, but I cannot say it was an improvement."

Commend us by all means to a four-poster! Unpleasant as may be the interior of a lodge, we would rather remain there, even if deprived of the fascinating society of the Profligate Pumpkin, than run the risk of being frozen to death on those bleak and abominable wastes. We hope we are not much more effeminate than our fathers, and, although we dislike at all times lying out of doors, we think we could make shift beside a hay-cock. But the mere thought of these nights on the prairie chills us to the very marrow.

Many men will cheerfully undergo great hardships in the cause of science; and we have even known one or two nincompoops, who nearly fell martyrs to their exorbitant appetite for scenery. A keen sportsman, as a matter of course, will face anything; and so will a pedlar for the sake of a virgin market. But what can tempt people, who neither care for scenery, science, sport, nor profit, to the prairies? Nay, what temptation is there even for enthusiasts? Far better scenery, we are assured on every hand, can be had, combined with comfort. Science is at sea on the prairies; and the philosopher, yielding to the savage, confesses himself to be little better than an ass. Sport, as we have seen, is but indifferent—in fact, a day's deer-stalking in the Athole forest is worth the whole buffalo season. As for trade, we imagine that it is difficult to effect even a tolerable stroke of

business, now that beaver skins have declined in value; for unless the traders were to accept scalps in exchange for calico and powder, there is little else to be obtained from the cabin of an Indian brave. And, as yet, though "hair" is commonly quoted, we have seen no entry in the Liverpool mercantile lists under the specific denomination of "scalps." Our feeling, with regard to Mr Sullivan, is that of extreme gratitude for his candid account of the hardships which beset his way. His book may serve, like a sign-post at a dangerous ford, to warn others against rash and unprofitable attempts; and we really wish that such candour were more common. Why persuade some poor devil, by glowing descriptions of scenery which does not exist, to peril a life which, though not generally valuable, may be priceless in the eyes of some old mother or infatuated sister? Why lead, in short, an unhappy idiot astray, when all that he can acquire for his pains may be an ague to torment him for life? Here is a specimen of savage scenery, which we recommend to the attention of those who are anxious to survey nature in her primitive and undisturbed retreats:—

"The forests between Lake Superior and the Mississippi, where the country is very flat and wet, are composed almost entirely of black cypress: they grow so thick that the tops get intermixed and interlaced, and form almost a matting overhead, through which the sun scarcely ever penetrates. The trees are covered with unwholesome-looking mosses, which exhale a damp earthy smell, like a cellar. The ground is so covered with a rank growth of elder and other shrubs—many of them with thorns of an inch long—and with fallen and decayed trunks of trees, that it is impossible to take a step without breaking one's shins; not a bird or animal of any kind is to be seen, and a death-like silence reigns through the forest, which is only now and then interrupted by the rattle of the rattlesnake, (like a clock going down,) and the chirrup of the chituncuk or squirrel. The sombre colour of the foliage, the absence of all sun even at mid-day, and the vault-like chilliness one feels when entering a cypress swamp, is far from cheering; and I don't know any position so likely to give one the

horrors as being lost in one, or where one could so well realise what a desolate loneliness is. The wasps, whose nest-like great gourds hang from the trees about the level of one's face—the mosquitos in millions—the little black flies and venomous snakes—all add their 'little possible' to render a tramp through a cypress swamp agreeable."

And what kind of tramp is it? Mr Murray has not yet, so far as we know, vouchsafed to put out a hand-book for that part of the world; and even had he done so, we apprehend that there would be no minute directions for the threading of a cypress swamp. Now, we have no wish to make things appear worse than they really are. We do not think it necessary to depict one of these "swamps"—and we are glad that Mr Sullivan has taken the same line—as a morass, in order to cross which the unfortunate traveller has to leap from the back of one slumbering crocodile to the other, at the peril, if he misses his footing, of falling amidst knots of snakes whose bite is instantaneous death. The fact is, that no crocodile could exist in such a slough, and even the snakes are seriously to be pitied. Bad enough it is, in all conscience, without any attempt at exaggeration; and we can conceive nothing more horrible than the thought of a Cockney, yet fresh from the atmosphere of Ludgate Hill, being placed in such a position as the following:—

"When a stranger, uninitiated in the mysteries of woodcraft, and unprovided with a compass, loses his way in a forest, he invariably continues describing circles of greater or less diameter round the spot where he was first puzzled. And this is easily accounted for; for having nothing to guide him as to the points of the compass, and dreading lest he should be advancing too steadily in what may possibly be the wrong direction, he unconsciously continues walking in a circle, and very likely finds him-self, at the end of several hours' toil, in the identical spot where he first commenced. All assistance from the sun is rendered impossible by the crowded growth of the timber. I have frequently, when wishing to form some idea of the time of day, tried to get a glimpse of the sun, and even climbed trees for that purpose, but without success."

That would be a pleasant situation for a poor lad whose knees could not afford barking, and whose muscles would not suffice to pull him up an ordinary spruce fir!

So much for the "outlying" portion of Mr Sullivan's experiences. When he has to deal with civilisation, and with civilised manners, we find him calm and temperate; and although, no doubt, to a young man—for such we suppose him to be.—the decided differences of habit and thought, which are visible in the Anglo-Saxon race on either shore of the Atlantic, might provoke unnecessary, and even unfair comparison, we are glad to find that his good taste and discretion are at least equal to his talent. One subject there is, which cannot be passed over, and that is, the existence of slavery, in its worst and most hideous form, in the United States of America. At the present moment, it is perhaps useless to write dispassionately upon such a theme; for the novel of Mrs Beecher Stowe is in the hands or the thoughts of every one; and must rank hereafter infinitely less as a great literary triumph, than as a noble and sublime protest in the cause of outraged humanity. We are glad to observe that she has maintained the distinction, which a writer who feels so strongly as she does would have been apt to have overlooked, between the general treatment of the coloured population, and the detestable instances of cruelty which the law permits. That she has not exaggerated the atrocities which have been perpetrated under the sanction of that law, is clear upon the testimony of many well-informed and impartial witnesses. On this subject we shall insert a short extract from the pages of Mr Sullivan:—

"The company on board was very mixed, and as we got down south, changed very much for the worse. One young man, who embarked at St Louis, had been going a little too fast, and he was taking down half-a-dozen negroes to New Orleans to sell, just as you hear of a man sending up his horses to Tattersall's—with this difference, that whereas the horses are well groomed and looked after, these poor negroes were chained together, two and two, by the wrists, as if they had been convicts on their way to

prison. They seemed very happy, however, and chatted away like so many monkeys. The thoughtless happiness, however, of the African slaves, which is always in the mouth of the free and enlightened citizen, as an argument in favour of slavery, is not the happiness of a human being, but that of an animal. It cannot arise from the exercise of the social affections—for their wife and children, their kindred and friends—and all the ties that we hold most dear, are to them a blank page; they are theirs only for the day, and they know they may be taken away at any moment. It cannot be from the exercise of the intellect, or the faculties either of body or mind; but it is the happiness arising entirely from health, and the freedom from care. The former is an enjoyment which the Creator has annexed to life, and of which not even the slave-master can deprive them. Their happiness is not even that of the higher order of animals; for, as Paley says, happiness arising from health alone, is that of oysters, periwinkles, &c., and other sedentary animals.

"The most natural instincts, which are common to all animals, are denied to the negro. The affection of the mother for the child is not weighed in the balance for a second against the all-mighty dollar. Mothers and children are sold separately, without any sort of compunction. As for the father, he never knows anything about his children. As often as he changes his master he changes his wife. One old fellow told me he had been sold nine times, and had a different wife at each new home. In England, and in most civilised countries, the boy who takes the eggs from the nest, and the young birds from the mother, is considered as showing a want of humanity; but the slave-owner, who sells the mother from the children, and the children from the mother, incurs no censure whatever. The rights of property, as explained by the Scripture text, 'Is it not lawful to do what I will with my own?' distorted to suit their own views, is the answer always given in arguments of that kind. It does not follow that, because it is a man's interest to treat his slaves well, he always does so. It is not a man's interest to ride his horse to death in a good run; neither is it to the omnibus-driver's interest to overwork his horses: but still they do it. A rich man keeps his horses for pleasure, not profit; and therefore he does not grudge them expense and comfort: but slaves are never kept for pleasure. Profit, and profit at any cost, is all the slaveholder thinks of; and to that he will, if necessary, sacrifice the health and com-

fort, and even the life itself, of his slaves. The rich planter, when times are good, feeds his slaves well, and houses them well; but the small poor proprietor does neither: he buys broken-down negroes at a low figure: he feeds and houses them badly; they did not cost him much, and when they are worn out he can easily replace them."

But, after all, no argument is required on the matter. The present system cannot be defended on any pretext whatever. It is a cruel and hideous violation of the laws of God and of nature. Even if it were true that the negro is, intellectually speaking, of inferior capacity to the white man, that surely cannot be pled as any excuse for a code which, overlooking the intellect altogether, tramples on, and lacerates the affections and the ties of nature; and, awful to think, does the devil's work, by standing between man and his Redeemer! But how can even such a miserable Pharisaical plea as this be admitted, when it is notorious that, in the slave markets of America, thousands of persons, male and female, in whom the critical eye can scarcely detect any trace of African origin—descendants of the white man, inheritors of the Saxon feelings, and the Saxon intellect, many of them highly educated, Christians all of them—are exposed for public sale? The children of President Jefferson, after his death, were sold by public auction at New Orleans! Sold to what? To tyranny and lust; to degradation of the body, and perdition of the immortal soul.

But amidst the indignation and horror which the continuance of such a system cannot fail to excite, it is not wise that an unmeaning clamour should be raised without a view to some possible remedy. If we believed that the declamations of abolitionists on this side of the Atlantic would have the effect of shaming the Americans into an acknowledgment of their national crime, and into consequent atonement, we should advocate, by all means, an agitation in a cause so holy and so just; but we are very much afraid, indeed, that no remonstrance will be listened to. In the northern States, it is true, slavery does not exist; but in those States the social condition of the negro is hardly

better than in the south. He may be nominally, but he is not really, recognised as a man and a citizen. Still, the abolition of slavery in its worst form is more than something gained—it is a great step, which, we would to Heaven, could be extended to the southern States. But is there much chance of this?

"According to the census," says Mr Sullivan, "the slaves amount to between three and four millions. I expect they are considerably nearer the five than the three millions, and they are continually increasing. People look forward to the time when they will be emancipated, either by their own exertions, or by the State government. I do not see the slightest chance of either. As for doing it themselves, it is out of the question. Without arms, organisation, or direction, any revolt would only be followed by a war of extermination, which would not cease whilst there was a woolly head remaining in North America. The debased state of feeling among the slaves, which makes them fawn on the hand that strikes them, and prompts them to imitate their masters in every way, and the pride with which the mulatto cherishes any tinge of white blood, as a distinctive mark that separates him from the black negro, and attaches him to the white man, would always insure a large majority supporting their masters in any rising that might take place, and would paralyse any united attempt at revolt. Even if the government *wished* to liberate them, how are they to do it? They cannot buy four millions of slaves, at prices varying from a hundred to five hundred dollars. The south would never willingly give up their slaves for nothing, and the north would never insist on their doing so. The abolitionists are a very small minority of loud-talking men, who are just tolerated in the north, but who dare not show themselves in the western or southern States; and I am convinced that the abolition agitation is only thrown in the teeth of the south, more to annoy them, than with any idea that it is a consummation likely to take place, or even to be desired. Another very embarrassing fact is, that many of the southern properties, with their attendant slaves, are mortgaged to northern capitalists—and catch them giving up one single bright dollar to liberate a single black negro! The recent annexation of two such enormous tracts of country as Texas and New Mexico, both essentially fitted for the cultivation of sugar and cotton, has raised the price of slaves essentially."

This is by no means a hopeful view; but we cannot help thinking that Mr Sullivan is too rapid in assuming impossibilities. That there are serious, nay prodigious, difficulties in the way of emancipation, is perfectly true; and we have no expectation that such difficulties will yield to clamour, as the walls of Jericho crumbled before the blast of the Jewish trumpets. The publication of Mrs Stowe's book will, we are sure, do more towards convincing the people of America that their system is morally wrong, and to be reprobated, than hundreds of platform harangues delivered by the shallow-pated coxcombs who affect public exhibitions. Until the conquest of the conviction can be attained, we see no chance for any remedy at all. Mr Sullivan, however, especially in the latter part of the extract which we have just quoted, seems to regard the pecuniary interests involved as the great obstacle. A great obstacle it is, undeniably, but not an insuperable one; for such hostile interests may be overcome, provided there is a wish to overcome them. Those who clamour for *immediate* emancipation are no true friends of the negro. The accursed system has endured too long to be prostrated at a single blow;—against such a proposition society would rise in its own defence, and not without a show of reason. It would be a great matter if, in the first instance, the right of property in those who have any admixture of white blood in their veins could be annulled. Here is a vulnerable point in the system, a concession to humanity, for which, surely, the sympathy of many Americans could be secured; for, in innumerable cases, the quadroons and mulattoes are their own children, and they cannot altogether refuse to them that consideration which they will not accord to the negro. We do not believe that any man would willingly barter his own flesh and blood. It is no argument against this to say, that the abstract rights of the negro and the mulatto are the same. That may be—we shall not deny it; but surely it is better that one class should be freed than both remain in bondage. If some American statesman could be found to lead a movement in this direction, and to carry it to a success-

ful issue, he would lay a better and surer claim to immortal renown than the man through whose unwearied efforts the independence of his country was secured. Nor is it certain that interest is, after all, so much opposed to an amelioration, at least, of the negroes' lot, so as to rescue them from the worst of the evils which are inflicted by the present system. The forced separation of families—the violent severance of all natural ties—is undoubtedly the most hideous feature of slavery as it exists in America. That might be in a great measure remedied by a law which would convert the slave into a serf, and secure him from being dragged, at the caprice or through the misfortune of his master, from the land on which he was born. Personal servitude is not unknown, even at the present day, in Europe—to the negro it would be an inestimable boon; and the master would have no right to complain if he were simply forbidden to transfer.

This, however, is a question which can only be settled definitively by the Americans themselves. They must legislate for their own country; and they certainly will not be moved by any demonstration here. The most discouraging symptom is, the strong feeling of repugnance which still exists against the negro, and which operates, not only against his social position—but against his right to be regarded at least as a human being. We entirely agree with Mr Sullivan in the following remarks:—

“The re-enactment of the Fugitive Slave Bill last year—the most iniquitous bill ever framed by human beings—is a proof of the feeling of the country against the negro, and how little justice and humanity are considered when he is concerned. The bill was to enable slave-owners to recover slaves who had run away at any former period; and even individuals who had escaped upwards of thirty years were, with their children, who had never known slavery, seized in Boston and other free cities, and taken back to slavery! Some cases even more cruel happened, where, the parents being dead, the children, who had been born and brought up as free men and women, were claimed as the

children of slaves, and hurried to interminable slavery! Is it credible that, in this free country—the champion of liberty, as she calls herself, and in the nineteenth century—such a law as this could be revived, and acted up to with the most unflinching everity? The extreme vehemence with which the question of emancipation is argued by the slave-owners on one side, and the abolitionists on the other, goes far to prevent anything being done towards ameliorating the condition of the slaves. While one party demands everything, and nothing will satisfy them but total emancipation, the other refuses to abate one jot in the treatment of what they choose to consider their property.”

But further space is denied us, and we must now take leave of Mr Sullivan in rather an unceremonious man-

ner; for we have not accompanied him over nearly one-half of his journey. We recommend, however, his book to our readers, assuring them that they will derive both instruction and amusement from the narrative of his rambles among the West Indian Islands. As in duty bound, the inquiring traveller looked in upon quality balls, as he did upon Indian banquets; and we are not sure whether he is inclined to accord the palm of beauty to the swarthy Miss Floriana, with her head-dress of pomegranate flowers, or to the Prolific Pumpkin of the prairies. Any how, we take leave of him with our best wishes, hoping that he may improve his future hours of leisure as well as he has hitherto done.

MAJOR MOSS.

A CAMPAIGNING REMINISCENCE.

It was on a dark September night of the year 1835 that Jack Rutherford and myself sallied forth from the *Fonda de los Estrangeros*, in the Spanish seaport-town of T——, where we had dined much to our own satisfaction, and not a little to the inn-keeper's benefit. Such thirsty customers as Rutherford it was not often his luck to find amongst the paper-cigar-smoking, lemonade-swalling Dons, who were his usual supporters. We had been pretty moderate that evening. The Bordeaux at the *fonda* was unexceptionable—none of your Cotte compounds, or London brew, concocted of Catalan wine, pump-water and chemicals, but genuine juice of the Garonne grape, wafted, in swift trincadores, straight across Biscay's bay. This was our tippie at dinner, and after dinner too; besides which, upon the day in question, Rutherford had interpolated a bottle of very fair champagne, and sundry glasses of prime old sherry. Finally, to correct any possible acidity of the claret, Jack had insisted on associating it with its twin product, Cognac; and, by our joint exertions, (Jack's chiefly,) the fragrant contents of a slender-necked bottle had been gradually mingled with water,

in the proportion of one to two, and sent to look after the various wines which had preceded it down our grateful gullets. Strictly sober, but in high spirits, we strolled through the dingy streets of T——, in which, although it was little after eleven, scarcely a creature was visible, except stray dogs, grubbing for garbage in the dust-heaps, and the *sereños*, Spanish counterfeits of the ancient London Charleys, queer old boys carrying lanterns and armed with a sort of boat-hook, used, as Rutherford assured me, to hook people as they ran away, and then to goad them into the watchhouse.

Before we had passed through three streets, my companion, who had certainly drunk enough to last him till morning, felt his thirst revive, and insisted on introducing me to a wine-house, kept by an uncommonly pretty girl, and where the liquor was unexceptionable. My arguments in favour of a quiet bed at the *fonda*, and an appetite for breakfast next morning, as opposed to hot coppers, a headache, and a bad conscience, were totally unavailing. Jack was bent upon a visit to Mariquita's wine-skins; logic was lost upon him; and thinking it neither safe nor

friendly to desert him in his slightly exhilarated condition, I accompanied him. We found the tavern shut up, lights out, and all silent. No way discouraged, Jack played the Devil's tattoo on the door with his boot heels, for some time without result. At last, after much kicking, thumping, and shouting, an upper window opened, and a cracked voice bade us depart in God's name, and not disturb the neighbourhood and bring the police down upon a respectable house. Jack laughed horribly at the claim to respectability, swore prodigiously in Spanish, insisted upon admission, and threatened to break in the door. Whereupon the crone in the garret, alternately minatory and supplicatory, adjured him, in the name of the Virgin and saints, not to ruin her house, then shrieked to the guard to remove the mad Englishman, and finally bade him do his worst. The door was strong enough, she said, to keep out half-a-dozen; and if he wanted to get in, he had better scale the roof and go down the chimney. She ended her discourse by a slight flourish of Castilian Billingsgate, and a slam-to of the window. For a moment Jack stood aghast at the old lady's impudence; then, taking her ironical hint, he grasped the water-pipe, which extended from roof to basement, scuttled up it with true nautical agility, and reached the first-floor balcony. The odds were now clearly in favour of the besiegers. Jack shook a crazy old French window so rudely, that an upper pane, ill secured, fell with terrific crash and jingle upon the iron balcony. Just then I was half blinded by the light of a *sereno's* lantern, turned suddenly into my eyes, the bearer at the same time harshly apostrophising Jack, and requiring his immediate descent. Jack's reply was a Spanish version of a polite English phrase, which so offended the functionary that he at once sounded an alarm. This was replied to in several directions; and glancing up the neighbouring streets, I saw two or three lanterns, doubtless with *serenos* attached to them, hobbling towards us. I implored Jack to come down. Instead of complying, he seated himself on the railing of the balcony, his feet dangling over

the street, folded his arms, and whistled a bolero. Up came the watchmen, held a council of war how they should get him down, and surrounded me as if to take me prisoner. Suddenly Jack dropped like a shot into the midst of the group, knocked over one fellow in his descent, floored another with a left-hander, kicked the lantern out of the hand of a third, caught my arm, and dragged me away at double quick. We should have got clear off, had we not, on turning the corner of the street, run into the arms—not of Mariquita—but of a guard of grey-coated Spanish soldiers, who hemmed us in with levelled bayonets. It was useless to show fight, Jack's expostulations were disregarded, and we were marched off to the guardhouse, followed by the battered *serenos* and their broken lanterns.

Before relating how we got out of our scrape, I may as well explain the circumstances under which I found myself at T—. On my twentieth birthday I had been three years waiting for a commission, which Lord Tardy Epaulet, to whom I was recommended, had promised me I should receive "as soon as possible." Not feeling very confident of the early arrival of this possibility, and having ascertained from a friend, who had had a surreptitious peep at the document, that I was No. 900 on his lordship's list—that is to say, that there were still 899 meritorious and aspiring youths who had the advantage over me, at least of priority of application—I resolved to fill, by service abroad, the interval likely to elapse before I saw my name in the *Gazette*. Accordingly I accepted the offer of a cornetcy in The Queen's Own Death or Glory Hussars, then about to sail for Spain, to serve under the banner of Lieutenant-Colonel Evans, who had just been converted, by the grace of the graceless queen of Spain, into His Excellency the Lieutenant-General, Commanding &c., &c., &c. I take this opportunity of relieving my conscience by confessing that I knew nothing, and cared less, about the rights of the quarrel in which I was to bear arms; and that if his Westminster Excellency had displayed his standard—which was said strongly to

resemble an electioneering flag—on the side of John Carlos, (as our soldiers persisted in calling him,) instead of on behalf of the then innocent infant at Madrid, it would have made not the slightest difference in my readiness to follow it. I had not left school long enough to be quite as well acquainted with foreign affairs as the Secretary of State for that department is usually supposed to be, and my sole objects in going out were to see a little service—in preference to kicking my heels at Horseguards' levees—to acquire some practical knowledge of soldiering, and perhaps, in a minor degree, to wear a showy uniform. I recollect thinking it a great day for Ireland when I first paraded before my looking-glass, at my lodgings in Murphy Street, in the full tog of the Q.O.D.O.G.H., amidst the admiring plaudits of Mr Schneider, (of the firm of Schneider and Billhook, military tailors, Bond Street,) who had come down to Killalee to do for the regiment, bringing with him every imaginable necessary and unnecessary possible to be palmed upon greenhorns preparing for a campaign. A very showy uniform was that of the Q.O.D.O.G.H., thanks to Tomkins: indeed, some people said it was rather more showy than serviceable, and that fifty-guinea shabraques, jackets laden with lace, and pelisses covered with bullion and embroidery, although doubtless essential enough to the household cavalry or the Black Bottle Light Horse, were rather costly than convenient for newly-raised troops destined to a brief term of rough service in a foreign country. However, Tomkins and the tailor would have it so, and they must, of course, be obeyed. Tomkins was our lieutenant-colonel, having just received his promotion from a considerably lower rank which he held in the British service. He was an "old Peninsular," and came to us with the reputation of a very smart officer—a reputation which he possibly may have deserved a quarter of a century before. All his smartness now was confined to his own dilapidated person, which he was never weary of adorning. As a young man, Schneider confidentially informed some of his favourite customers, Tomkins had been

a renowned dandy and lady-killer. Unmentioned in Napier, there were traditions of him amongst the tailors, and Schneider got quite excited when relating how his daring and magnificent innovations on the regulation uniform had drawn down upon him repeated reprimands and arrests from martinet colonels, and were said materially to have impeded his promotion. Tomkins still made up very decently—although considerably on the wrong side of sixty—by the aid of stays, padding, hair-dye, and—malicious rumour whispered—the least possible touch of rouge. He was stiff in the joints, and could not throw his leg over his saddle quite so lightly as of yore; but when once settled in it, or on foot, well blacked, polished, and painted, he looked a very respectable sort of wooden soldier.

I cannot doubt that by far the happiest period of Tomkins' existence was the time that he spent in company with Schneider, fixing the details of his own regiment's uniform and accoutrements. The result, although confoundingly expensive to us poor subs, was creditable enough in a tailorly point of view, the only blunder made being in the button, which was cast with the initials of the regiment thus disposed—

Q. O.
D. O. G.
H.

The odd combination of letters in the second line, detected only when too late for alteration, was a constant source of annoyance to Tomkins, who was driven almost demented when he learned that it had given occasion to that impudent dog Joker, of the Tipperary Footpads, to nickname us the Canine Cavalry.

After a few weeks passed in constant drills and riding-school work at Killalee, whose good-natured, hospitable inhabitants promoted us all to majors and captains for the time being, we sailed for Spain, and had now been for a while in cantonments in the neighbourhood of T—. On the day in question I had ridden in to dine with Jack Rutherford, who was an immense ally of mine. Jack belonged to the artillery, and was waiting an opportunity to march up the country and join his battery, a

hundred miles or more in the interior. He was a fellow of great originality, who had been half over the world and back again, was at home in every place, and at ease in all society. He had entered the navy young, had been shipwrecked two or three times, in sundry affairs with pirates and slavers, and in queer adventures of all kinds; had once had to work his way home from the antipodes in a red shirt and a merchant vessel, and after all his roughing and knocking about found himself at thirty a master's mate, and without a ship, when an offer was made to him to go to Spain as lieutenant of artillery, for which post his familiarity with great guns was considered to qualify him. Jack at once accepted: he had no want of self-confidence, and would have accepted an embassy just as readily, had it been offered him. At T—— we had become acquainted, and were soon intimate companions.

To return to the guardhouse. The officer on duty heard the report of his sergeant, the complaint of the *serenos*, and the representations of Jack Rutherford, who had picked up a tolerable knowledge of Spanish in the West Indies, and, to my ears, was as good a Castilian as Cervantes himself. The Spanish officer, a steady old soldier and perfect gentleman, listened courteously to his voluble explanations, could not help laughing at the ludicrous turn he gave to the affair, and then gravely but gently represented the impropriety of such proceedings in time of war and in a garrison town. He evidently was indisposed to deal hardly with a couple of Englishmen out upon a frolic; and as I, in the mean time, had taken opportunity to mend the *serenos'* lanterns with a dollar or two, I saw that we might hope to pass the night in better quarters than the guardhouse. He had no doubt, the officer said, that we were both, as we represented ourselves, English officers; but as we were in plain clothes, and without papers to prove what we were, he suggested that we should send for a friend to identify us, after which he would release us, trusting we would thenceforward comport ourselves with more formality. A soldier was accordingly despatched with a card, on which I

wrote a line, to the quarters of a captain of my regiment in town on sick leave.

Anybody would have been amused—I, as a raw youth, felt intense admiration—at the manner in which Jack availed of the next quarter of an hour, passed in the room occupied by the officer on guard. The Spaniard was at first a little stiff in his manner—evidently perplexed between the desire to behave as a *buen camarado* to the foreign auxiliaries from whom such great things were expected, and a sense of his duty towards prisoners brought in for a street row. Jack's first move was to inquire, in his most winning manner, and with a smile that would have melted a glacier, if it was permitted to smoke. There could be no doubt about the reply. The Spaniard himself handed a charcoal from his *brasero*. Jack lit a choice Havana, whose first puff perfumed the apartment, and presented his cigar-case to the obliging officer. It would have been ungracious—in Spain almost discourteous—to refuse, and we all three blew an amicable cloud. There had been a skirmish in the environs a few days previously between the garrison of T—— and a Carlist expeditionary corps, in which the Queen's troops had had a few men wounded, and having captured a lame drummer, a mule, and half-a-dozen muskets, of course claimed a brilliant victory, and published a bombastic bulletin. Taking for granted that the lieutenant had been in the affair, Jack adroitly complimented him, lauded Spanish heroism, then darted off to South America—where, when first at sea, he had seen something of the struggle between Spaniards and Patriots—and told most astounding stories of the valiant feats of the Spanish troops and generals engaged there, although the rascal had told me, only the day before, that they had invariably either run away or been well thrashed. In less than fifteen minutes the lieutenant had totally forgotten what had brought us to the guardhouse, addressed Jack as his "*amigo*," accepted an invitation to breakfast with him when he came off guard, and appeared on the point of vowing eternal friendship to Englishmen in general, and Rutherford in

particular when, just at that moment, a soldier appeared at the door and reported the arrival of an English *caballero*, who entered the room as he spoke. Instead of the comrade I expected, I was surprised to behold a total stranger, who, after a quick glance at all present, addressed himself to me, as promptly and confidently as if my name had been written on my face.

"Lieutenant Green, I presume."

"Cornet Green," anended I.

"Happy to make your acquaintance, sir," squinting at my card, which he had in his hand. "Captain Ramsay returned to his duty to-day—gone out to cantonments. I am quartered in the same house, and your card was brought to me. Came on at once. Perhaps I may do as well. Ah! I see"—(here he again ogled the card)—"slight scrape—good wine—youthful spirits. I've seen a few things of the sort. Passed a night in a Spanish guardroom myself, I recollect—half-a-dozen of us—some story about clearing a coffee-room—after Albuera, it was—bad blood at that time between English and Spanish officers—they had run like hares, and then published a bulletin in which the English were not even mentioned. Just like them—you'll find that out by and by. Our affair was hushed up, though, or the Duke would have made short work of it. Old Douro didn't understand jokes of that kind. Hated brawls and rows, and wouldn't have overlooked them even in his best officers—which, I may venture to say, some of those in question were. But touching your affair, Mr Green. And first let me introduce myself—as Major Moss, late of His Majesty's 125th."

I bowed, and introduced Rutherford to the Major, who was a stout-built man, past the middle age, with dark aquiline features, and hair slightly grizzled. His "get-up" was strictly military—the popular ideal of an English veteran officer—stiff black stock, blue surtout buttoned high, whiskers shaved sharp off in a line with the bottom of the ear, buckskin gloves of snowy whiteness. His off-hand manner and easy assurance carried everything before him. In very indifferent Spanish—had for-

gotten it, he said, since he was there with the Duke—he introduced himself to the officer of the guard as a British *commandante*, who had served under the great Wellington in the War of Independence, and had now come over, on a tour of pleasure, to observe the operations of the Spanish armies, whose gallantry he had learned to respect in former days. This last compliment, coming on the top of Jack's pretty speeches, completely subjugated the Spaniard; and I have no manner of doubt that, had we required it, he would have handed over the command of the guard to us. As we did not exact so much, he contented himself with conducting us to the door of the guardhouse and wishing us a very good night.

Rutherford and I would have at once returned to our inn, but we had to pass the Major's quarters in our way, and he insisted on our stepping in for ten minutes, and for a single glass of grog by way of nightcap.

"Lascelles!" cried the Major, as we entered a capital apartment strongly scented with Oriental pastiles, Latakia tobacco, and rum punch—"Lascelles, here are two of our gallant young countrymen, come out to support the throne of Her Catholic Majesty. Honourable Lewis Lascelles—Mr Green, Queen's Own Death or Glory Hussars—Mr Rutherford, of the Artillery."

The Honourable Mr Lascelles rose languidly from his arm-chair to return our bows. He was a fair-haired, effeminate-looking young man of about five-and-twenty. His features had something foreign in their cast; altogether he was rather good-looking, and evidently thought so. His neck was bare—on his feet he wore Turkish slippers,—a dressing-gown of brilliant hues enfolded his slender person—his ruddy lips languidly caressed the amber mouthpiece of a cherry-stick pipe, which reached half way across the room.

It was well on in the small hours of the morning before Rutherford and I quitted the Major's quarters. The impression left upon my youthful mind by the prolonged sederunt, was one highly favourable to our new acquaintances. The Honourable Lascelles I certainly thought a little

too much of the exquisite—a trifle more of the silver-fork-and-rose-leaf school about him than met my ideas of manliness—but then his fine airs and drawing nonchalance sat well upon him. His style of dress was decidedly peculiar and somewhat showy, but at the same time airy, graceful, and characteristic of the man of high fashion, who had lived much abroad. But Major Moss was the boy for me—a splendid specimen of the British veteran. I could have sat till daylight, and again till dark, listening to his tales of war, of battles, skirmishes, and venturous escapes. He had been everywhere, knew everybody. He had dined with the Duke a few days before starting for Spain; was intimate with Napier, and the four volumes then published of that officer's *History of the Peninsular War* lay upon his table. He showed me the words "The Author to an old friend and comrade" inscribed in a bold sprawling hand at the commencement of Volume One. With General Evans he was not on terms—some old dispute when they were on the staff together—and he therefore did not mean to go to his headquarters—there would be an awkwardness about it—but would proceed up the country, at the first opportunity, and visit some of the principal towns in the north of Spain, attach himself perhaps for a time to a Spanish *corps d'armée*—to see, he said, if the Dons had improved in soldiering since his day—and ultimately probably proceed to Madrid, and home to England by way of Andalusia, where he proposed to winter. In short, the Major talked a great deal that evening, in a sort of laconic, off-hand way; touched on innumerable subjects, chiefly of a more or less military nature; gave me some excellent advice as a young soldier—seemed, indeed, to take quite a fancy to me—hoped he should see me often, and that we should be going up the country at the same time, when he should have great pleasure in conducting me over some of the famous battle-fields of the Peninsular War. I was duly attentive, gratified, and grateful; the Honourable Lascelles sat listless and somnolent, trifling with his amber mouthpiece, and oc-

casionaly vouchsafing a remark; Rutherford, contrary to his custom, said little or nothing.

I was favoured next morning after breakfast with Jack's opinion of our new friends. Jack had had a hammock slung in his room at the *funda*, and, when there was nothing better to do, would lie in it half the day, smoking Cavendish in a short black pipe, and spinning yarns of his past life, to which he was sure to find as many attentive listeners as there were persons present. I, who at that time was enthusiastic after everything in the way of adventure, was never weary of his vivid pictures of fights with slavers, cutting-out parties, cruises amongst savages, and frolics in West Indian towns, varied occasionally by an episode of a more touching and domestic character. Jack had been a wild slip in his youth—had run away from home—and gone to sea in a merchantman, where he found hard fare, rough usage, and just enough leisure heartily to repent his folly. And he more than once made the most heedless amongst us look grave, when he told how he returned to his village home in an inland county, and of his faltering, hesitating walk along the leafy avenue leading to his father's parsonage—ashamed as he was to show himself in his coarse seaman's dress, which was in rags, whilst his toes had pierced his only shoes in the long march from the distant seaport—and how his elder sister started at sight of the wild sailor lad when he came suddenly upon her, as she sat, clad in deep mourning, in the shadow of the honeysuckle porch; and how she wept when she recognised him, and told him of his mother's death. When he got to this part of his story, the lines on Jack's honest countenance, which was burned to a deep brick-dust colour by exposure to sun and storm, would grow more rigid, and he would lie silent for a while, sucking his pipe very hard, until his gay companions had almost forgotten his presence, when he would burst out suddenly with some quaint sally or reminiscence, that set the room in a roar. A worthy and true-hearted fellow was Jack Rutherford; and it was a treat to see him, as I

often did at a later day, galloping his light guns into the hottest of the enemy's fire, and singeing the very whiskers of the infantry with his close and deadly discharges. Poor Jack! he had a presentiment he would die in Spain, and it did not deceive him; but he surely deserved a better fate than to be picked off from behind a bush by a lurking marauder.

Jack listened very stoically to my fervent eulogium of Major Moss, smiled once or twice, but said nothing until I questioned him directly as to his opinion of the gentleman. He did not know, he said—had not had time to form one. The Major seemed a very fine fellow in his way—talked rather much—rather a young man to have been in all those battles he told of. Respecting the Honourable Lascelles he was more decided in his opinion: thought him an infernal puppy, with his long pipe and fine dressing-gown, and affected lip; didn't like the cut of his rib at all—something Jewish in it—very like a Jew at Calcutta, who had once sold him a pinchbeck watch and appendages as gold of Ophir; could not bear fair Jews—was not particularly fond of dark ones.

I totally differed with Jack's estimate of our new acquaintance, but I avoided controversy on the subject, and soon afterwards left the *fonda* to return to our quarters. Riding towards the town gate, I fell in with Major Moss, mounted on a stout Spanish pony. He joined company, laughed over my misadventure of the night before, was chatty and amusing, rode out of the town with me, and finally accepted an invitation to accompany me to cantonments, take camp-kettle luck and pass the day. We had no regimental mess at that time, but fed together by threes and fours on such fare as the villages yielded. The Captain and two jolly subs, who were my mess companions, made much of the stranger, who was invited to return as often as he felt disposed, and who did return, and soon became acquainted with the whole regiment. The Honourable Lascelles sometimes accompanied him, but not often, being of sedentary habits, addicted to solitude and smoke, and also, as his friend confidentially informed us, a terrible Lothario, and

much taken up just then with a certain beautiful marchioness resident at T—.

Orders at last came for the squadron to which I belonged to march up the country. With it went the Colonel and part of the staff of the regiment. Rutherford had preceded us by a fortnight; but Major Moss, who, although on more or less intimate terms with most of our fellows, had always shown a marked preference for me, his first acquaintance in the corps, was to go with us. He had some time since been introduced to the Colonel, upon whom he made an excellent impression. Tomkins was one of those men who are stiff and inaccessible enough if they detect timidity or deference in a new acquaintance, but bland as guava jelly when treated rather cavalierly. Acting upon hints he had obtained, or upon intuitive perception of character, Major Moss treated him from the very first in an easy, off-hand, almost patronising way, (for which his superior rank in the British service may have seemed to him sufficient warrant,) maintaining himself on a footing of perfect equality, at the same time that he adroitly threw in complimentary references to Tomkins' early military career, to his smartness as an officer, his lady-killing exploits in Southern Europe, his exquisite taste in dress, &c. &c. &c. In short, Tomkins took quite a fancy to the Major—paid him many attentions—obtained him, upon some unfavourable pretext, an authorisation to draw rations for horses and servants—lent him a baggage animal—and finally, on the morning of our departure from T—, the Major's pony having gone lame, actually also lent him one of his own chargers; I doing a like good office to the Honourable Lascelles, whose brace of mountain cobs were sufficiently loaded with his pipes, wardrobe, nicknacks, and pictures. For I forgot to mention that my two new friends were enthusiastic lovers of art and objects of vertu, and had already, since their arrival in Spain, made a considerable collection of church ornaments, old-fashioned arms, and pictures of price, intended, Major Moss informed me, to enrich the magnificent gallery and museum of the Lascelles family.

We were all weary of our cantonments, and eager for action, and it was a joyful day when boot and saddle sounded—for the last time for us—in the muddy uncomfortable hamlets where we had for some weeks been quartered, without other occupation than perpetual drills and field days. The enemy was not in the neighbourhood of our line of march, and for the first two days we were unaccompanied by infantry. But at the small town at which we passed the second night, the officer commanding offered to send a company with us on our following day's march. There were flying parties of Carlists about, and as the road was hilly, and in some places fringed with forest, a handful of hostile infantry might, without risk to themselves, cause us great annoyance.

Colonel Tomkins, amongst whose faults want of caution was not to be included, readily accepted the proffered escort, for which, however, judging from appearances during the early part of the day, there was not the slightest occasion. There was no sign of an enemy—not so much as a distant vedette, or the smoke of a picket fire. But towards noon, the character of the road changed. The hills, previously distant on our right and left, closed in upon us. The road ran at the base of a steep range of rocks, thickly clothed with brushwood, from which we were separated but by a strip of level ground, in few places more than a hundred or two yards wide. On our other hand, the ground sank abruptly to a depth of thirty or forty feet, and we overlooked a green valley, partially cultivated, dotted with trees, watered by a tortuous stream, and on whose further side, towards the foot of the opposite mountains, stood several small villages, each with its church tower, and, upon a sunny slope, the ponderous walls of an extensive convent.

I was riding at the head of the squadron. A slight ascent of the road was terminated, about a quarter of a mile in our front, by a ridge, which had just been topped by a party of infantry—they, in their turn, being preceded by an advance of three hussars. The Colonel, two other officers, and Major Moss, were a short

distance ahead of the squadron. I was admiring the picturesque group of the infantry, whose figures, on attaining the summit of the ridge, were clearly defined against the sky, when they suddenly halted. The officer commanding them advanced a step or two, then turned to his men, gave an order, and drew his sword. The men handled their arms. Just then a shot was fired further to the front, quickly followed by another—two, three more—then a whole volley, and then—two shots close to my ear, as they seemed, but in reality at about a hundred yards off, out of the wood on our right. One bullet whistled close by my head; another made a bloody streak across the crupper of a trumpeter's horse just before me. A hussar came at a canter over the ridge, closely followed by two riderless horses. It was our advance, driven in, two out of the three men having fallen.

The suddenness of this attack, on such young troops as were then the Q. O. D. O. G. Hussars, caused some confusion, and for a minute or two nobody seemed to know what to do. As an humble sub, I, of course, had merely to wait orders. Pending these, I looked about me. In several parts of the wood on our right I saw a movement: here and there a musket barrel gleamed, and I once or twice discerned the Carlists' blue and red caps. Straggling shots were fired, but with little effect. It was to our front that the enemy were in force: I heard a considerable popping going on there, but could see nothing of it, owing to the rise in the road. A little in front of me Tomkins was consulting with his captains. Inexperienced though I was in the noble art of war, I plainly saw that we were in a very nasty position for cavalry—on a narrow road, with a sort of precipice to the left, and with a thick wood close up to our right. Our best, and, indeed, our only plan for avoiding damage that might be considerable, and that we could not possibly retaliate, was to retire from the proximity of the wood, which was naturally the base of our light-infantry enemy's operations, and to get into the open ground upon our left, where, if the Carlists thought proper to follow us,

horse could act with advantage. I was running my eye along the side of the road, to see if there was any place where we could file down into the fields, when somebody passed before me. It was Major Moss, his horse's head turned to the rear.

"I am going to fetch the infantry," said he, without waiting to be questioned.

"You may spare yourself the trouble," I replied; "they are coming up."

"I will hasten them, then," said the Major, who himself seemed rather in haste, "and at the same time look after my baggage."

"Your baggage is safe enough," said I, detaining him. "Better stay here and see the fun."

The Major looked a little disturbed, I thought—a shade paler than usual he seemed to me—but it might be only fancy. Just then a bullet from the bushes, passing in front of me, went slap into the top of his holster-pipe. Could I have believed it possible for so old a soldier to be affected by such a trifle, I should have said he started. The next instant he smiled grimly.

"Sharp work this," he said. "Reminds me of Fuentes d'Onoro." And putting his heels to his horse, he rode off to the rear.

I did not, at that moment, give another thought either to the Major or to the probable similarity between the trifling skirmish now commencing, and the severe combat of Fuentes d'Onoro, for I had caught sight of a place where it seemed to me probable we might get off the road and into the fields. Just then the rest of the infantry came up. They were only about a hundred men strong, inclusive of the party whom we heard blazing away beyond the ridge; but they were well officered, which is not always the case with Spanish troops. Half of them went forward to support their comrades engaged in front. The other half lined the low stone parapet to the right of the road, and returned the fire of the Carlists in the wood. Tomkins had sent forward an officer to the top of the ridge, to ascertain how things looked in front. A steep and rugged road, was the report, the wood coming down close to it for a distance of at least a mile—that

being as far as could be seen, a second ridge then occurring—the Carlists seemed in some force, and the precipice on the left continued, increasing in depth, without any visible means of descent into the level. That such a descent, if practicable, was by far our best resource, had not unnaturally occurred to Tomkins and others, as well as to an inexperienced soldier like myself; but the practicability was more than doubtful. Tomkins was evidently at a nonplus; riding to the road-side, he craned over the edge to look for a practicable slope. Without waiting orders, I galloped a hundred yards to a place where a sort of promontory jutted out into the fields. On its further side, fringed with bushes, I found a gentle slope, concealed from the road by the foliage overhanging it, and not easy to detect. I rode back to report my discovery to the Colonel. It was not made too soon; for the Carlists, who had either received reinforcements, or gained fresh courage from our inaction and embarrassed position, managed not only to give full employment to our infantry, but to gall ourselves considerably. Several horses and two or three men were wounded, and there seemed danger of our losing part of our baggage. Prompt measures were now taken. I and another officer were sent, with twenty men, to repel by a charge an attempt upon the baggage, should the enemy come upon the road. As I trotted into the rear I caught a glimpse of my friend Major Moss. He was dismounted, and standing with his (or rather Tomkins') horse between him and the fire of the enemy. He looked disturbed and anxious.

"Ah, my dear boy!" he cried, as I rode up, "this is kind. So you heard of my accident. Only a spent ball, but rather painful;" and he made a step towards me, limping terribly.

It was no time for sympathy or kind inquiries.

"Close up with the baggage!" said my senior in command; and the grooms and muleteers bustled and goaded, and flogged their beasts, frequently looking over their shoulders the while, as though but moderately pleased at the foe's proximity and their own nearly defenceless condition. Tom-

kins and the squadron were already filing down into the fields. The baggage animals and led horses moved quickly after them. Happening to turn my head, I saw my friend the Major get into his saddle with an activity that relieved me from all anxiety with respect to his wound. We brought up the rear at a short distance, till all had reached the fields, and then filed down ourselves, and joined the squadron, which was drawn up on a fine level turf half a mile from the road, with the baggage well in rear, and the surgeons busy looking to the wounded; whilst old Lampass, the vet., was paying the same attention to the injured horses—more numerous than the human sufferers.

The infantry next retired from the road upon our position, followed by the Carlists, who, it now became evident, considerably outnumbered them. There was a brisk but brief skirmish. The enemy—active fellows, irregularly uniformed, but well armed with long-barrelled muskets of unusual range—pressed our foot-soldiers hard, and, carried away by the ardour of the fight, were soon nearer to us than to the road, and their bullets fell thick about us. Then Tomkins ordered a troop to charge. Advancing at a canter, our line was quickly disordered by clumps of bushes and inequalities of the ground. The Carlists ran like mad when they saw us in motion, but they were not quick enough. Our charge, although irregular, and in a sort of straggling open order—such as I afterwards frequently saw made with good results by Zurbano's Cossack-like lancers—was effective, and the slowest of the runaways were sabred. The others reached the road, and did not again venture to any distance from it.

On rejoining the squadron, one of the first persons I observed was Major Moss. He was on foot; a handkerchief was bound round his leg, and a servant was brushing his clothes, which were dirty and clay-stained. His horse had reared and thrown him down, he told me, just as he was mounting to accompany us in our charge; and, besides the bruise on his leg from the spent ball, he had strained his back, which had alone prevented him from having a cut at

the rascals in the wood. (The Major, I should observe, wore a sword upon the march, and carried pistols.) I saw the man who was rubbing him down grin as he spoke, and heard a soldier say something, of which I caught only the words—"safe in a ditch," but which seemed hugely to divert his comrades. At a later period the real state of the case was more clearly explained to me.

Marching for a short distance over the fields, we regained the road a little farther on. Thenceforth the country was less favourable to ambuscades; and, without other adventure, we reached our halting-place for the night—a large village, open, but garrisoned, and having, like many of the villages in Northern Spain at that time, a strong loop-holed guardhouse, capable of holding out for some time if artillery were not brought against it. There were a number of large handsome houses in this village, which had not as yet suffered from the war, but which, at a later period, I saw in grievous plight—sacked, half burned down, and with scarcely a tithe of its inhabitants remaining. Then, however, it looked cheerful enough, and tolerably populous. We got good billets, and soon learned that we were to remain there all the following day. We had had three very fatiguing marches, and the respite was agreeable, especially to the wounded, and to our horses, which had not yet got used to hard work on chopped straw and barley.

On the second evening passed in this village, I was returning rather late to my quarters, when, at the angle of a garden wall which enclosed one of the best houses in the place, I ran against and nearly upset a person standing in its shadow, who uttered an exclamation of alarm. It was so dark that, although close to him, I could not distinguish his features, but I recognised the voice as that of Major Moss, who had risen that morning seemingly quite recovered from the effects of his yesterday's casualties.

"Hallo, Major!" cried I, "what are you doing here?"

"Ha, my dear boy!" replied the Major, with a sigh of relief; "is it you? I am delighted; I thought it

was—but never mind. Where are you off to?”

“To bed, to be sure; and should think it a better place for you than these gasless lanes. You know that we march at—”

I stopped, for just then there was a low whistle, quickly followed by a sound, thrice repeated, of hands clapped cautiously together. “What the deuce is that?” said I.

“Hush!” said the Major, laying his hand on my arm; and he gave a similar whistle in reply. I now first perceived that he was enveloped in a large cloak.

“Moss! Moss!” said a voice, not loud but distinct, and which came from a little distance—“Quick! Where are you?”

“Discretion, my dear young friend,” said the Major, speaking close to my ear in a quick whisper. “It is Lascelles—a lady in the case. Leave me, I entreat you. To-morrow you shall know all;” and, gliding from me, he disappeared in the darkness.

It struck me as rather odd that the Major, at his time of life, should be playing the cloaked gallant, and engaged in midnight adventures, however subtle the part might be to the fascinating Lascelles; but it was no business of mine, and I went at once to my quarters. We marched at grey of morning; and, as soon as the sunbeams had dissipated drowsiness, I rode abreast of the Major, and ventured an allusion to his recent nocturnal prowl. He laughed.

“Ah!” he said, “you think it strange an old soldier like me should be dangling after damsels and dealing in cloaks and rope-ladders. You are right, my dear Green; all that was well enough on my first visit to the Peninsula—I *could* perhaps tell a tale or two of that time—but not now. The fact is—I don’t wish it to be known, but I am sure I can rely on your discretion—the fact is, that fellow Lascelles gives me a deal of uneasiness. His father is my old comrade and intimate friend, and committed him in some measure to my charge. Now, my dear Green, see my position! You are a young man of sense beyond your years, and will duly appreciate its difficulties; for, I repeat it, you are a man of

great judgment and good sense, and of knowledge of the world unusual at your age. I have been thinking a good deal about you this last day or two. I am anxious to serve you, and have been considering how to do it. General Alava is an old Peninsular friend of mine—we were once on the staff together—and I propose, if you do not object, writing to him by an early post, and mentioning in the strongest terms your gallant behaviour in that skirmish the other day.”

I felt myself colour with pleasure, and, warmly shaking the Major’s hand, expressed my acknowledgments—visions of promotion, of staff appointments and brilliant decorations, floating before my eyes.

“Well, as I was saying,” continued the Major, “Lascelles is a fine fellow, but young and imprudent. He has come to Spain with his head full of romance, dreaming of serenades, balconies, twirling fans, black-eyed dames, and so forth. I may advise, but I cannot control him; and I am in daily apprehension of his being brought home with a deadly wound from the knife of some vindictive Spaniard.”

The Major was proceeding with his explanation, when another officer joined us, and during the remainder of the march there was no opportunity of resuming this confidential conversation. That night’s halt was at a place called Oña, famous for a great old convent, the burial-place of sundry Spanish princes, but which had then been turned into barracks, and considerably knocked about and plundered. I expected to meet the Major at the *posada*, where some of us were quartered, and where we all dined; but neither he nor Lascelles appeared. Next day I was orderly officer, and had to ride forward to take up quarters. This was a disagreeable duty, which we subalterns performed in turn, the quartermaster having remained sick at 1—. The road now was perfectly safe, the weather fine, and the march pleasant.

My various duties were not over until late that evening, and I then betook myself to the village inn, where a number of officers were assembled. They had dined, and were sitting over hot wine. Major Moss

was of the party. Whilst I was getting my dinner, the adjutant came in, looking half vexed, half diverted.

"The colonel's in a devil of a way," he said. "The squadron is accused—of what do you suppose? Nothing less than housebreaking and sacrilege! At that place with an unpronounceable name, where we halted after the skirmish, the country residence of some Spanish grandee was broken into, and plundered of a lot of valuable pictures. The house was uninhabited, except by an old woman left in charge. The robbers, it seems, gagged and bound her; but after some time she managed to get rid of the gag and squallied till assistance came. She swears the burglars were *Ingleses*, but seems to have been awfully frightened, for there is no making anything of her description of them. The colonel is to have further particulars to-morrow. Then from our another report has come. You recollect the old convent there?—our would not have thought there was much to be got out of that. But it seems there is a church belonging to it, into which robbers also—and, from certain traces they left, to be English) broke their way last night. They considerably abstained from meddling with the toe-nail of St Cecilia, St Francisco de Paula's flat-collar, and other precious relics enshrined there. But this forbearance does not console the monks for the loss of a valuable altar-piece, some church candles vestu-

ral, and so on. In short, there is the devil to pay. The priests and Spanish authorities are all up in arms; the colonel is furious at the stigma cast upon the regiment, and swears he will sift the matter to the very bottom."

This intelligence naturally gave rise to much speculation and conversation. Suspicious were pointed in various directions. There were several private servants, and other camp-followers, marching with the squadron, not all of whom bore the most immaculate of characters. Some suspected them. Others doubted that the thieves were English at all—thought they might be Spaniards, who had palmed themselves off as foreigners,

to distract pursuit from the right direction. A third party admitted the painful possibility of the delinquents being found in the ranks of the Q. O. D. O. G. Hussars. In short, for full half an hour the matter was briskly discussed, amidst the smoke of cigars and the fumes of the mulled Rioja wine. Then somebody proposed cards. We played pretty late, considering that the reveille was to sound a full hour before daylight, for the next day's march was a long one; and, as often happens, the stakes got higher as the game proceeded. I was unlucky, and the best part of a month's pay was transferred, in bright quadruples, from my pocket to that of Lascelles, who was the principal winner. Major Moss also won, as we all thought, but at the end of the evening he declared himself a loser.

"I hate gambling," said he, as he stood, candle in hand, at my room door, just as I had tumbled into bed, sleepy, and rather savage at having lost my money. "The worst thing possible in a regiment. The Duke hated it too. I remember once, in Portugal, it was whilst we were shut up in Torres Vedras—but I see you are tired, and, faith, so am I. I will tell you the story another time, good night. By the by, my dear fellow," he continued, coming back, "the mornings are very chilly now, and on arriving here, my infernal servant coolly informed me that he had lost my cloak on the road. I gave it him to carry when the sun

warm, and the rain fell—drop it. Can you lend me something, to keep the rheumatism out of my old bones, till my heavy baggage comes up?"

The Major's heavy baggage, I supposed, would come up on elephants. He was already, as it seemed to me, pretty well off for *equipamento*, to be travelling in a disturbed country and over Spanish roads. He and Lascelles had four well-laden baggage animals between them, one belonging to Tomkins, the three others strong rough brutes, of a kind purchasable, in those parts, for fifteen or twenty dollars a-piece. They rode, as I think I before mentioned, horses that I and the colonel had lent them.

"Well," said I, "I hardly know. I can't march without my uniform cloak, you see, and my pea-jacket wouldn't fit you. I'm really afraid I can't oblige you."

"But that furred wrapper of yours—lend me that, can't you? It will be the very thing. To-morrow we halt at a town, and I can buy a cloak."

Now, truth to tell, I did *not* much like to lend the Major the furred wrapper, as he called it, which was a bit of boyish extravagance and dandyism, a sort of dark-green *polonoise*, lined with squirrel fur—a denced comfortable sort of thing on a cold night, and, as I flattered myself, a particularly knowing and handsome piece of toggery. However, there it lay upon a chair; at that time of day I was a bad hand at refusing anything—thought it looked ill-natured, mean, and so forth, and moreover I was just then extremely sleepy—so I told the Major to take it, turned on my pillow, and was asleep before he had shut the door.

How I cursed the trumpets the next morning, as they clanged out the reveille in front of the *posada*, my drowsy servant at the same time stumbling into my room with a stinking oil lamp in his hand—one of those primitive iron beaks, still used in Spain, which look as if they had been stolen from a museum of antiquities. There was no help for it, however. A hasty wash, a rapid pack, a struggle into my boots, a brief visit to the stables of my troop, a hurried breakfast on delicious chocolate, (luxury of the poorest Spanish village,) and then into the saddle. Whilst the squadron formed up, I looked about for Major Moss, whose old military habits made him usually as punctual on parade as though his presence had been required there. This morning he was absent, but I saw his servant at the stable door, busy saddling and arranging the baggage, and I called to him to know where his master was. He was rather late, the man said, but was getting up. Just then the Major put his nightcapped head out of window.

"Late on parade," cried I.

"Yes," said he; "couldn't sleep all night. Very lively beds these. Didn't you find them so?"

I had been too tired to attend to such trifles.

"Lascelles is still snoring, I believe," said the Major; "but I'll have him up directly, and we'll be after you in no time. Ah, Tomkins, how d'ye do? We shall bring up the rear to-day. Road quite safe, is it not?"

"Perfectly so, I believe," replied Tomkins, rather stiffly, as if he did not much relish the nightcapped Major's free and easy address, in front of his assembled squadron.

Major Moss winked at me, nodded, shut the window, and in five minutes, and with the first sunbeam, we marched out of the place.

Several times in the course of the morning I looked back along the road, expecting to see the Major and his friend, with their well-laden baggage animals, trotting up in our rear. But I looked in vain. The day wore on. About noon a half-hour's halt was called, in a pleasant vine-embowered village, to feed the horse, and refresh the men;—still the absentees did not rejoin us. The sun sank; dusk came, then darkness, and we halted for the night. Quarters taken up, and the routine of duty gone through, the officers assembled, as usual, for supper at the inn. No signs of the Major; his absence became the subject of conversation. Could anything have happened to him? Was the road quite safe? Were there parties of the enemy about? The two last questions were satisfactorily replied to. Only one doubt arose. Early in that day's march, we had passed a place where the road forked. Ours was the left hand route. That to the right led straight into the Carlist country. Could the travellers have made a mistake—been purposely misled, perhaps, by some ill-disposed peasant—and have ridden into the lion's jaws? The possibility made me uneasy, and I confess that with my misgivings about my friends were mingled some selfish thoughts as to the fate of the good bay charger, which the *debonnaire* Lascelles bestrode, and of the elegant *polonoise*, Schneider's masterpiece, that contributed to the bodily comfort of the veteran of many fights. Our apprehensions, however,

were considerably relieved by the arrival, late that night, of a Spanish officer going to rejoin his regiment. He had made a very long and rapid day's march, had ridden through our last night's halting-place about noon, and had there fallen in with the Major and Lascelles. They were preparing for departure, and had told him they might possibly be unable to overtake the squadron that day—which was, however, quite unimportant, as we were drawing near to our final destination, and the remainder of the road was perfectly safe. So the Spanish officer had found it. With a soldier servant for sole escort, he had performed his journey without molestation or sign of peril.

Two days more brought us to the place where we were for a time to be quartered. It was a large provincial town; and, after dodging about for so long a time amongst poor villages, sleeping on maize-straw mattresses, and relying for staple provender on rusty bacon and elderly eggs, we hailed with delight the signs of civilisation that greeted our eyes on entrance, and indulged in pleasing anticipations of feather-beds and flesh-pots. All the more intense was our disgust when, upon the morning after our arrival, we were marched out to cantonments in two hamlets nearly a league from the town. On arriving there, we found them already occupied by several companies of infantry. There was stabling enough for the horses, but the men's quarters were bad, and those for the officers worse. In virtue of his rank, Tomkins got himself well put up, and so did the senior captain and regimental staff; but, in the further village, the other captain, and three unfortunate subs, (including myself,) found themselves utterly at a nonplus. In vain did we drag the bewildered alcalde from house to house in quest of billets; every room was filled. The officer commanding the infantry had three rooms, (for himself, adjutant, and orderly-room,) but churlishly refused to compress his arrangements into two. In short, it seemed likely we should have to bivouac, or to sleep over the stables amongst the men, when a good genius came to our rescue. Going through

one of the principal habitations in the place, (there were only three or four decent houses, the others consisting merely of stable, kitchen, and loft,) Captain Ramsay, vexed at finding every place taken up, pointed to a door, and asked who was billeted there, at the same time grasping the handle.

"The commandant of artillery!" replied the alcalde. But before the words were uttered, the door had opened, and "Jack Rutherford!" was exclaimed by four voices, in various notes of admiration. There lay Jack, in his hammock, his short pipe in his mouth, frowning over the *Artilleryman's Manual*. In an instant he and the book were upon the floor, and he made us welcome in his quarters. These were not splendid, consisting of a single room, of moderate size, with a deal-table and bench, and two lame chairs, for sole furniture. Jack slept in his hammock; a few nails in the wall supported his well-burnished sabre, his valise and pistols; a very moderate-sized portmanteau comprised the whole of his heavy baggage. But Jack's notions of hospitality were on the most magnificent scale. On learning our dilemma, he immediately proposed that we should all four take up our quarters with him. After taking the inventory of his apartment, the offer was not very tempting, and yet we were fain to accept it, for the room was clean and airy, and the only one vacant in the wretched hamlet, which boasted nothing in the shape of an inn. So that night, after a homely but merry meal, succeeded by some tolerable grog and cigars, and by some of Jack's very best yarns, we all slept there, on beds made up of cloaks, horse-blankets, and the like. Next day we got out a camp-bed or two, and made ourselves tolerably comfortable in a rough way; and I hardly remember to have passed a pleasanter or merrier three weeks than I did there, five in a small room, with scarcely enough chairs to sit upon, our diet consisting, for the most part, of Irish stew, composed of tough ration beef; dry salt sardines; an occasional hare, shot in the neighbouring fields; and, for liquids, bad coffee and Spanish brandy. The town was not very far off, but it was crowded with troops; roads

and weather were bad, and supplies not easily obtained.

Meanwhile we did not forget our absent friends, Major Moss and Lathario Lascelles. We expected them for two days; but when these past, and they appeared not, Tomkins addressed himself to the authorities, and inquiries were instituted. The result of these was anything but satisfactory. Our two friends, it appeared, had not quitted, until late in the afternoon, the village in which we left them. They had with them their baggage, and their two servants, one a Frenchman, the other an Englishman, whom they had not brought out from England, we afterwards learned, but had picked up on landing at T—, where he had been discharged by some officer. About half a league beyond the place where the road forked, stood a good-sized village, at which, before starting, they had declared their intention of passing the night. At this village they had never been seen. It was just possible they might have passed through unobserved, after nightfall; but then, how was it that at no subsequent place upon the road could the least tidings be obtained of them? Upon the other hand, two peasants were found, who deposed to having met, soon after nightfall, upon the road leading into the Carlist country, a party of travellers, consisting of four men and six horses, with a considerable quantity of baggage. The peasants had met them within a quarter of an hour of each other, at an interval of half a league, proceeding at a brisk pace. One of the men, known to be well affected to the Queen's cause, said that he had told the travellers, in passing, and after the customary "good night!" that they were within a league and a half of a certain town, notoriously occupied by the Carlists, and whose name, he thought, would be sufficient warning to them, if they did not wish to fall in with the rebels. They had made him an unintelligible reply in bad Spanish, and not knowing who or what they might be, he dared not say more, lest he should get into danger by too plainly intimating to what party he belonged. The other peasant, a less intelligent or less willing witness, had met them nearer to the

division of the roads. He either could not, or would not, give any particulars beyond agreeing as to the numbers of the men and horses, and saying that, as he passed, one of the former was beating the animal he rode, and which also had baggage on it, and swearing at it in French. Beyond that he knew nothing, had not spoken to or particularly noticed them. On calculating time and distances, it became evident that rather quick marching would have brought the Major and his party to the fork in the road at about nightfall, and to the places where the peasants had met them just at the time deposed to by these. The only fact that threw a shade of doubt on the matter was, that they were not in the habit of marching fast, but, on the contrary, at rather a slow pace, in conformity with ours. Tomkins was dreadfully afraid of fatiguing his horses on the march. "Walk! walk!" was his continual cry—a command which in time became so habitual to him, that he would not unfrequently repeat it when quite unnecessary, and even when the regiment was halted; so that the men gave him the nickname of "Walker," which stuck to him to the last. When not marching with us, however, there was no reason to suppose that Major Moss and Lascelles might not adopt a brisker mode of progression—the more so as they were probably desirous to reach their destination before dark. And doubtless their ill-omened haste made them overlook the divergence of the roads, or neglect inquiring which they should take. Thus every circumstance combined to leave scarcely a shadow of doubt that our unfortunate acquaintances had fallen into the hands of the Carlists, from whom it was much to be feared they would experience little mercy, even should they succeed in establishing their quality of peaceable travellers, so exasperated, at that time, were the Spanish Pretender's adherents against all who bore the name of Englishman.

Such was the result of the investigation instituted by the local authorities. The general commanding the district promised that, on the next exchange of prisoners, which was shortly to take place, inquiries should be made of the Carlist officers, and

everything done to ascertain what had become of our two countrymen, and to obtain their liberty if they still lived. Hard-hearted Tomkins grumbled not a little at the loss of his horses, but did not expend much commiseration on the fate of his Peninsular contemporary. Younger and less callous, I trust I shall be believed when I say that sincere regret for the misfortunes of my friends was mingled with that which I not unnaturally felt for my good bay horse and elegant fur coat, and for the promised, but as yet unwritten, recommendation to General Alava.

Jack Rutherford, who was in command of two light guns, which he daily manœuvred in the neighbouring fields till he was splashed to the eyes and as hoarse as a raven, was not satisfied with having given up four-fifths of his apartment, but thought it incumbent upon him to do the hospitable to his friends the hussars. So he gave a dinner party, to which every man brought his own knife and fork, and where there was almost a glass for every two persons. The repast was more abundant than elegant, but the good humour that prevailed was boundless, and the fun it gave rise to unlimited. Jack was just warbling, to the tune of the "British Grenadiers," a song he had himself composed in honour and praise of the Galloping Gunners, when an orderly came to tell Captain Ramsay that the colonel desired to see him at the next village. In half an hour Ramsay returned, in great glee at prospect of something to do. Twenty men were to parade at two hours before daybreak. The object was to surprise a Carlist cavalry picket which passed, every morning before daylight, over a hill less than a mile from our quarters. For three successive mornings its passage had been observed: its business was doubtless to convey some communication between two points of the Carlist line, the shortest road between which passed at that short distance from us. That the Carlists did not fear to be intercepted by an ambuscade, certainly showed rather a contemptuous estimate of our vigilance and soldiery, and it was proposed to show them what these were worth.

The command of the twenty men should naturally have devolved upon a subaltern, but as the enterprise required much caution and judgment, and a knowledge of the ground, which Ramsay considered he possessed, having been over it two or three times after hares, he took the command himself. I accompanied him. In our eagerness, we were out sooner than necessary, and remained for nearly three hours halted just below the brow of the hill, on the contrary side to that by which the enemy were expected to approach. A peasant had given information of the very path by which they usually came—a sort of sheep track leading over the corner of the hill. We sat upon our horses behind a small cluster of trees: it was October; the night had been wet, and, although the rain had ceased, the air was damp, and towards dawn it got very cold. We were not sorry when the first grey light came. We were on the alert; this was the time the enemy might be looked for. But the sky brightened, and there were no signs of them. The hour passed at which they usually appeared. Our faces, already rather blue with the cold, looked bluer still with anticipated disappointment. The rascals were evidently not coming. We had been airing ourselves half the night in a damp field, all for nothing.

"Well, I suppose there is nothing to be done," said Ramsay, twisting his thick yellow mustache with an air of vexation. "You look rather cold, Green. You may warm yourself presently by a trot home to your breakfast. Hang the fellows! Wait here a bit—I will peep round the other end of the hill and see if anything is moving in the country beyond."

Taking six men, Ramsay rode along the side of the long low hill, maintaining just the same distance from its summit as that at which he left us stationed. He thus increased his distance from the place at which the picket usually came over the hill, close to which place we were halted. Left alone, I redoubled my vigilance. My eyes were fixed upon the spot at which the enemy might be expected to appear: although my hopes of their appearance, I confess, were now

slender—when I heard a shout in my rear, and, looking round, saw Ramsay and his half-dozen troopers spurring in pursuit of three Carlist cavaliers who had just come over that corner of the hill which was farthest from us, but nearest to our cantonment. Impunity had begotten temerity. Instead of a dozen men, an officer and two orderlies were deemed sufficient for the duty, whatever it was; and they, to save distance, had ventured still nearer to their enemy's quarters than the picket had dared to do.

With the remainder of the men I now galloped off to support Ramsay, although it was evident, from the start he had got of us, that the fate of the fugitives would be settled one way or the other without our aid. As we rode along, an animated and striking scene was presented to us. The hill sloped gradually into the green plain, sprinkled with trees from which autumn was fast stripping the leaves. A blue vapour floated over the ground, receiving a reddish tint from the early sunbeams, that now forced their way through the masses of cloud. In the flat at my feet, and in the midst of this vapour, which formed a sort of frame to the picture, I obtained, whilst descending the slope, a complete view of all that passed. The Carlist officer, who wore a white horseman's cloak with a red collar, was mounted on a good black Spanish charger, very fast, and which on dry ground would have carried him clear away, but which was no match in speed, over that sodden turf, for the English horses that followed it. His two green-coated lancers kept well up with him, and the three made with might and main for a road on which their horses would find harder footing, and where, in a village, Carlist infantry were stationed. It was a life and death race, and death won it. I saw Ramsay, on his powerful bright chestnut, gain at every stride upon the fugitives, and three of his men were within a few yards of him. Presently he was so close to one of the Carlists that he but just avoided a sudden and dexterous rear-point. The next instant his sabre cut through the flat scarlet cap of the lancer, who fell from his horse. As the cut was delivered, the Carlist officer, turning

in his saddle, fired a pistol at his foremost pursuer. Allowing for difference of costume, the group, at that moment, reminded me of a sketch by Wouvermans. Two other shots were fired by the hussars, and the officer and his horse rolled over; whilst, at almost the same instant, the second lancer, after a most gallant attempt to defend himself against two of our men, was struck from his saddle.

When I reached the spot of this spirited little conflict, the Carlist was on his feet. His horse, which was not seriously wounded, stood trembling beside him. He himself was unhurt, and in the act of presenting his sword to Ramsay.

"I see I am in the hands of Englishmen," he said in French, "and reckon on good treatment."

He spoke in a firm, confident tone, and there was no quailing in his countenance or bearing; but I saw that he cast a doubtful glance at our men, as they came galloping up with no very friendly mien. Although the fellows had scarcely fleshed a sabre since they landed in Spain, they knew there was no quarter for them if taken, and this made them ruthless enough. There was a shade of anxiety on the officer's face as he awaited Ramsay's reply. Had he known his man, he could not have doubted what that would be. Ramsay was as gentle as brave, and it was not in his kindly Kentish nature to hurt living creature unless able and willing to defend itself. In two minutes more the prisoner, having given his parole not to escape whilst in our charge, was mounted and riding between Ramsay and me, and the detachment was on its way to cantonments. Before we got there, we had found out a good deal about our new acquaintance and captive, who was a handsome man, in the prime of life, dressed in a neat staff uniform, and altogether better equipped than was usual with Carlist officers. He was a Frenchman, he told us, and a staunch royalist; had served in the royal guard before the revolution of 1830, had fought in La Vendée with the Duchess of Berri, and, when that rising was finally quelled, had come to Spain to serve Charles V. Altogether he was a frank, gentlemanly, and

very soldierly man, and it was a pity to think that he would now probably pass months, perhaps years, in a squalid prison. Ramsay said as much to me, an English, and added that he would ask the colonel to make interest for an early exchange for this fine fellow. The word at once reminded me of Major Moss, and I asked the Frenchman if he had heard anything of two English travellers who were believed to have fallen into the hands of the Carlists, on a day and at a place which I named. He shook his head. No English prisoners had been taken so recently, to his knowledge. I went on to describe the appearance, equipment, number of horses, &c. of the Major and Lascelles. Suddenly our captive slapped his hand on his thigh.

"*Parbleu!*" he exclaimed, "I know whom you mean—the two Jew picture-dealers. But they were not taken prisoners—they came in of themselves. They are in France by this time."

The Frenchman's first sentence raised hopes which the succeeding ones extinguished.

"We are not talking of the same persons," I said. "One of the gentlemen is a retired British officer, who had the honour of formerly serving against your great Napoleon in this very country. The other is the younger son of a noble English family."

"Oh, yes! to be sure!" cried the Frenchman, laughing heartily. "I know all that story. Nevertheless, I shall be able to convince you that your British major and my Jew picture-dealer (and stealer also, I suspect) are identical. So yours was the English regiment that had the advantage of escorting them to within a league or two of our lines? Ha, ha! a rare joke! I saw the fellows the other day at headquarters. Everybody was laughing at their clever imposition upon the enemy. They had passports from the King's principal London agent, and were perfectly well treated—if it be any gratification to you to know that. They had heaps of baggage—rolls of pictures, and other matters, which they had bought, they said; but I heard that some of the things were of a nature that could hardly have been honestly come by.

They did, however, buy a few pictures whilst with us, and dog-cheap they got them, money being scarce in King Charles's country, and coloured canvass in little demand."

"Had they an English bay horse with them?" I asked.

"To be sure they had—a capital strong charger; and well they sold it, too, to a colonel of cavalry. They sold all their horses, and at very good prices; for, if pictures are at a discount amongst us, horse-flesh, when good, is invaluable."

I bade a mental adieu to my poor Rocket, and told the Frenchman, in few words, the tricks the two impostors had played, and that the horses, and (I had now no doubt) a large portion of their pictures and baggage, were stolen goods. A thousand little circumstances, unnoted or unheeded at the time, now flashed upon me, and I saw the whole scheme. It had certainly been cleverly devised and executed. Its origin was doubtless to be traced to my incarceration at T——, and to the intimacy with Moss that grew out of that trilling incident. Circumstances had favoured the rogues, who, on the other hand, had most skilfully availed themselves of them. The footing they were on with the regiment, and the rank and qualities they assumed, and which none thought of questioning, rendered them the last persons on whom suspicion of any kind was likely to fall.

Our light-hearted prisoner rocked in his saddle with laughter at my story.

"A thousand pities you caught me this morning," he cried. "First, because I candidly confess that I much prefer the outside of a horse to the inside of a prison; and, secondly, because I have spoiled, or at least curtailed, the best joke I ever heard. But for my revelations, you would have continued to mourn, for Heaven knows how long, the dark and mysterious fate of the brave Peninsular veteran, and the hopeful scion of England's nobility. But I beg your pardon," said he, seeing me look rather thoughtful, (my head was running on Rocket and the furred garment,) "I forget that you are a loser by the fellows' rascality, and a serious loser too, since a good horse is a soldier's greatest

treasure in this wild war. I wish your loss might be replaced by poor Royalist," he added, mournfully patting his charger's neck; "but I fear he will pass into hands where I shall be more averse to see him. The fact is, the two Jews would hardly have escaped some investigation of their plunder, had they not, besides a London passport and letters of recommendation, brought a mass of information concerning the forces and movements of the Isabelistas. They had been taking notes ever since they came to the country; and some of their memoranda were of considerable interest and value. So they were made much of, and permitted to depart in peace."

Mighty was the uproar amongst the officers of the squadron, when I imparted to them the Frenchman's tale. It was astonishing how many suspicious traits were remembered, now that the Major and the Honourable were discovered to be a pair of sharpers. Their uniform luck at cards was now explained. Besides this, they had borrowed something, it appeared, of nearly every one of us. One regretted a field-glass, another a saddle; in short, where they could not get much they had taken little, but they had lost no opportunity. For our own sakes, we kept the matter as quiet as possible; but of course it got wind, and the laugh was loud against us. Tomkins, who, as the oldest man amongst us, ought to have taken shame for his want of penetration, was mean enough to lay the whole blame on me, as having been the first to introduce to the regiment the distinguished Major and his aristocratic friend. I thought this rather hard, considering the loss of Rocket and the fur coat, neither of which, I need hardly say, did I ever again behold. In this respect, Tomkins was

more fortunate. The horse he had lent to the pseudo Peninsular hero was recognised, a few weeks later, on the field of a smart combat. One of Jack Rutherford's four-pounders had made dog's-meat of the poor brute.

Years elapsed before I returned to England. When I did, I took pains to trace the Major and his confederate. Although I did not obtain a sight of the gentlemen, my researches were not altogether unsuccessful. I heard of scores of Jews named Moss— it being, I was informed, no uncommon practice with that ancient race to suppress the *c* in the patriarchal name of Moses, when it chanced to be their patronymic. I have little doubt, however, that Major Moss of the Peninsula is identical with one Mordecai Moss, formerly well known as a dealer in pictures, old armour, antique tapestry, sham autographs, and the like commodities, and who retired, some years ago, on a handsome competency—acquired, I was told, in great part, by a lucky spec. in paintings by the Spanish masters—to a pleasant villa in the environs of that Hebrew paradise, the Free City of Frankfort-on-the-Maine. This retirement appears to have taken place just about the time that one Lewis Lazarus, *alias* Lascelles, *alias* the Jew Dorsay, was exported, free of charge, to a foreign land, for his share in a very extensive robbery of diamonds, whose details, at the period of its occurrence, filled the columns of all the London newspapers. What confirmed me in my belief that, as regarded the Major, I had traced the right man, was, that Mordecai Moss was latterly known amongst his intimates by the name of Pipeclay Moss, which he earned by his propensity to telling astounding tales of his exploits and adventures whilst holding a staff appointment in the service of Her Catholic Majesty.

THE CHURCH OF SPAIN.

SPAIN is the most extraordinary country in Europe, from the superiority of its climate, the advantages of its position, and the variety, abundance, and richness of its productions. It is not less extraordinary in its history, in its sudden rise to power, in the extent of that power, in the opulence of its colonies, in the completeness of their alienation, and in the general decay of its influence among nations.

On a glance at the map, it would seem to be made for universal dominion. Covered on three sides by the ocean and the Mediterranean, and on the fourth by the Pyrenees, a rampart absolutely impregnable, it vigorously defended, it appears to command Southern Europe, while itself remains guarded by the mountains and the seas. Its very form has the compactness of empire; it is nearly a square (including Portugal) of six hundred miles a side, and this square exhibiting every form of surface and of soil, mountain and valley, adapted for every kind of European and tropical production, with every kind of climate, from the wholesome cold of the north to the sultry temperature of the south; its centre a vast table-land, rising to the level of three thousand feet above the sea, an elevation double that of the Alpine plains - that table-land constituting nearly one-half of the surface of Spain; thus, by one of the fine contrivances of nature, or rather of Providence, giving, in the midst of a southern, the refreshing vigour of an atmosphere like our own. The whole extent of Spain proper is about 185,000 square miles, or double the area of the British Isles, yet this immense, prolific, and superb space contains only a population of ten millions of souls!

Once sovereign of Germany, Italy, and the Netherlands, Spain has lost them all; once sovereign of the gold and silver countries of the Western World, Spain has lost them all; once sovereign of a chain of colonies un-

equalled in the world, Spain has lost them all but Cuba and some nameless others, and holds even those by the precarious tenure of American conscience. Spain has never recovered that self-inflicted blow, the loss of the Armada!

But our immediate subject is the Church. Spain is characteristic in everything. She is the only great kingdom in Europe which has been ruled in all her faculties by the Church. The priest has been the great depository of Spanish power. The confessor has always superseded the councillor. The monk has been the master of the state, the inquisitor has been the lord of her religion, the kingdom a vast monastery, and the population, like the crowd gathered at the gates of a monastery, a combination of the beggar and the devotee. The Church reaped a golden harvest in those days among the poorest people of Europe. The Primate, Archbishop of Toledo, had a revenue of half a million sterling - a sum equivalent in England to *two* millions. The convents were overflowing with wealth; the cathedrals were palaces for thousands of those who "neither toiled nor spun," till the evil day came. French invasion poured over the Pyrenees, the people rose, and, once with arms in their hands, resolved to be impoverished no more by a generation of idlers.

But foreign revolution never stops at justice - it always degenerates into rapine. It has no conception of seeming rights while it can perpetrate wrongs. "*La propriété est le vol*" is the motto of all foreign political change. The Frenchman may have had the credit of putting it into words, but the maxim is engraved on the heart of Jacobinism throughout the world. The Spanish monasteries were robbed, the solid revenues of the clergy were converted into precarious pensions; and though we, as Protestants, can utter no lamentation for the shattering of a Church immersed in error and professing persecution,

yet we can be no advocates for rabble spoliation, no matter who may be the sufferers. Spain is not yet the richer for the plunder of her priesthood.

The volume which has revived our attention to the state of the Spanish Church is a small but intelligent, and, at the present time, peculiarly interesting, collection of letters by an English clergyman, and a lady of his family.

In the year 1819, the Rev. James Meyrick, vicar of Westbury in Wiltshire, was compelled by ill health to try a warmer climate, and he accordingly sailed for the south of Spain. In the next year, for the same reason, he again visited Spain, and again fixed his residence in the pleasant and bustling city of Malaga, taking up his abode in a *casa de papillos*, or boarding-house—a tolerable contrivance to have amusing conversation, varied society, and a knowledge of such news as is to be had in Spain.

We are informed, in a brief preface, that the writers went from England, "one with a high respect, the other with a high admiration, for the spirit of many of the practices of Rome—such as retreats, sisterhoods, and the good work wrought by those institutions." What effect the practical working of the Romish Church had upon their "minds" is the subject of the letters; but we are told, as the sum of their remarks, that observation "cleared off the mist which imagination throws over the distance, and revealed the truth."

The writers need not have travelled to have made the discovery of the scandals and abuses of Popery—we have sufficient displays of these at home; but still we are not unwilling to receive the testimony of intelligent people; and we congratulate the writers on their recovery from the *nonsense* of Puseyism. Why these opinions should have any place in any country pretending to common sense—why they should have sprung up, been fostered, and be still endured in the Established Church of England—why their propagators, instead of being cast out, should be patted on the back—why the doctrines, instead of being denounced by authority, should be left to work their way through the population—why, in the very cathedral towns, tricks of worship should be played with impunity, which would

once have excited the highest indignation—why private confessions, absolutions, vows, and conventual discipline are to be heard of among a Protestant people, in the midst of Churches whose purification once cost blood, and whose corruption will cost blood again—are all questions which we leave to the wisdom of the wise.

The travellers commenced their Spanish excursion at Gibraltar, from which place they came by the steamer to Malaga. The town is described as a lively place, which has risen into some commercial importance of late years. Trade always brings freedom of opinion, and reform seems to be the prevalent thought in Malaga. Unfortunately, reform on the Continent always means revolution, and revolution means robbery. The first thing done by the successful party is to plunder the unsuccessful; and the natural consequence is, that, in case of a reverse, the reaction rivets their former chains. This is the history of Europe during the last half-dozen years. Thus monarchs are taught tyranny by suffering oppression. They are compelled to rely on the soldier, from experiencing the ferocity of the citizen. The struggle for change operates in extinguishing all reform. Justice is trampled on by both sides; religion is insulted, humanity is forgotten, and liberty is annihilated. The Continent now resembles a vast dungeon, with one-half of the population in arms, to keep the other half in jail. The monarch is only the head jailor. And this system cannot be relaxed. Vigilance alone can insure national quiet or royal safety. The policy of governments on the Continent must be restraint, when relaxation has been danger. The sword is at this hour the sceptre from Calais to Constantinople.

At Malaga, with all its cosmopolitanism, bigotry is the order of the day; and it is so insolent that it absolutely prohibits all places of Protestant worship; not even in a private house may "two or three be gathered together." The only place where they are suffered to meet is the consul's house, where, of course, the Spaniards look upon the meeting as an affair wholly civil, or as we should look upon a meeting of negroes for the performance of an Obeah woman—

the consul's flag being the only protection.

If this service were attempted in any private house or hotel, "and any other of the guests came into the room to join in it, he would be liable to severe punishment." On further inquiry of one who had been a canon in the Cathedral of Cordova, it was ascertained "that, by the existing law of Spain, any Spaniard departing from Popery would be liable to capital punishment, though probably that extreme would not now be inflicted. But if divine service were performed in any Protestant assembly, except at the consul's house, the reader and his hearers would both be either fined or imprisoned, or sent out of Spain. But any Spaniard found among them would be prosecuted, and punished with greater severity."

And this is the law in a town where many English and Scotch workmen are engaged in manufactories, where its merchants have a large European connection, and where probably the chief wealth of the community is derived from foreigners. Such is Popery, where it has the power. Yet in England, if a pageant of banners and images, of gilded angels and Virgins, as large as life, in embroidered petticoats, and painted foolery, is forbidden to excite the populace, and outrage the common sense of the nation, there is a universal Popish outcry of persecution. In Spain they will not allow a hut for Protestant worship; in Rome they allow only a barn, which is alternately a barn store and a stable for travelling showmen; while in England they are suffered to erect cathedrals! Yet they cry out, "bigotry," and complain of persecution!

In the Tractarian fashion, the letter-writers seem to have run into every chapel, and been present at every mass which they could contrive to visit. But the worship was so irreverent among the people, that even a Tractarian might be disgusted with Rome.

"In the Cathedral of Malaga, the best part of the floor is kept for the ladies, who sit or kneel on the floor, the men standing or kneeling outside of them. All the ladies had books of the service, yet they talked and played with their fans all the while. They have the art of shutting their fans with a tremendous

crack, and in the most solemn parts of the service, one fan after another would go crack, crack, all round. There are notices posted up round the cathedral, forbidding the congregation to walk or talk during the service under pain of excommunication; but on those high days, the motion and buzz is like a beehive."

After hearing a sermon at the cathedral, the Reverend writer went in the afternoon to the fashionable church.

"For there are fashionable churches in Spain. I think I never saw a church full before. There being no pews, and few seats of any sort, I only first looked in, and stood near the door for a few minutes, and on returning home expressed my wonder at the good behaviour of the people. In England, I said, we must have had policemen—when I put my hand in my pocket, and found that my handkerchief was gone. A Mr. — and his servant, who wrote with me, had their pockets picked at the same time."

They all perhaps wished that the policeman had been present.

The curiosity of the letter-writer is not easily satisfied. There is a procession of thanksgiving on Sunday, in honour of the expected heir to the throne, and, of course, the English parson must be there.

"As I had never yet seen any procession with an image, I determined to go and see it; and at four o'clock on Sunday, I went to the cathedral. The image of the 'Virgen de los Reyes,' (the Virgin of the Sovereigns, the image which was carried about by Ferdinand and Isabella, in their conquest of Granada, and left by them in Malaga) had been moved from its own chapel to the side of the high altar. After a Litany, the image was raised by four men in surplices, and the procession was formed and moved. The progress was to the Vittoria Convent, where there is another image of the Virgin, called 'De la Vittoria,' which this image went to see."

After describing this train, which, with troops, extended about a quarter of a mile, the describer concludes, not unnaturally, with—

"It gave me no idea of a religious act at all. It looked quite out of place to see the good old bi-hop walking along with his hands together, and saying his prayers, while nothing else presented a religious appearance. The helpless way, too, in which the image shakes about as it is carried, reminds one rather painfully of some of the chapters in Isaiah. The grand

amusement of the procession seemed to be, that it brought out all the young ladies into the balconies, and all the young men to look at them."

This is one of the inevitable results of image-worship; it makes the idea of Deity ridiculous. Rational men despise such an imitation as can be made by the carpenter; the young and foolish make it a sport and a toy.

Idolatry in all shapes is the reigning worship. But it is in the Holy Week that the idols receive their plenitude of honours. On Wednesday in the week, the images of our Lord are dressed up and exhibited for adoration. The custom is, for every person to visit as many churches as possible in the course of the day. Every church is "crammed," and the people who cannot get in kneel at the doors. It is a perpetual, restless bustle during the day. We need not ask how much of the humility, reverence, and devotedness of heart, which belong to true devotion, were in all that squeezing, hurrying, and rushing from church to church. Then came, in the evening, the grand processions—showy affairs. In one of those, four horse-men led the way; then followed a military band; then men with torches; then a long double line of men with candles; then more men with torches; then priests chanting; then an image of our Lord bearing his cross,—finishing the whole with a troop of soldiers and music.

An especial feature of this awful absurdity was the appearance of the "Nazarenes." Those are a brotherhood whose whole zeal is applied to "getting up" processions. One of those men headed the pageant, and another walked before the image. They were robed in dark red velvet, with gilt crowns of thorns, and veiled faces, and ringing large bells, by which they moved and halted the whole line. Other Nazarenes carried the image. When the bell rang, the torches were lowered to make them burn dimly, and clouds of incense rose; when it rang again, the torches were raised, and burned brightly.

The lady writer, a tender Protestant, silyly says: "I do not think that any one, with the feelings of the day, could have looked at the image without reverence and love." We

quote the sentence, only to mark its folly. If the Almighty, in the most solemn display of His presence ever given to man—the descent on Sinai—has forbidden the making of an image, not only of Himself but of anything in heaven or earth, for worship of any kind; if He has declared that such worship is equivalent to *hating* Him; and if He has ordered that no toleration of variety of opinion on the subject, or scepticism whatever, should be permitted to the Jew—the Jewish idolator being *put to death* as a *heathen* and a *schel*—how can man suffer himself to conceive that this guilty, irreverent, and irrational practice is not equally forbidden to the Christian, or that its performance does not virtually exclude man from Christianity, as much as once it would have excluded him from Judaism? If the Ten Commandments are the *universal* law of duty to God and man, under what pretext can this direct insult to the Second Commandment be sustained? The pretext of images being merely for the purpose of reviving the idea of Deity finds no allowance in the Decalogue. All images for worship of any kind are forbidden. The pretext that the Papist does not worship the wooden block before him, is answered at once by the sight of the worship. What are incense, genuflections, and bowings down to an image, but image-worship? If the Deity himself stood upon the altar, what more palpable worship could be offered to him?

Yet, at this moment, in Protestant England and Wales, the number of Popish places for image-worship has grown, from 64 at the beginning of the century, to no less than *ten times* the number—640! Even in Protestant Scotland, the number of chapels is already 98, besides 40 stations at which mass is performed—the actual number of Popish chapels in Great Britain being 708—to say nothing of Popish colleges, which in England are 10—of monasteries, which are 17—and of convents, which are 62; and under all those seven hundred roofs, men and women bow down to images! Is not this enough to make a Christian clergy exclaim with the prophet,—“Oh that mine eyes were fountains of tears”?

The pretext of the "new school" of Protestantism, that since the Incarnation, images of Christ are justifiable, is answered by St Paul: "Though we have known Christ after the flesh, yet now know we him no more;" his presence and his worship being altogether *spiritual*. He also pronounces image-worship "the worship of demons." But who ever made an image of Christ in his lifetime? or which of the apostles ever made an image of him after his death? Who ever heard of any Christian image before the fourth century, when the Church was palpably falling into corruption? Yet Protestant Britain has at this hour 708 chapels in which incense is offered to images. Protestantism abhors persecution: but has it not the weapons of Scripture, of reasoning, and of common sense, to beat down this dangerous and desperate abomination? Shall all be silence?—shall the clergy of both England and Scotland look on without a feeling of solemn responsibility for themselves, and of Christian terror for their fellow-men, thus rushing by tens of thousands to spiritual ruin?

The general consequence in Spain is described as impurity of manners.

"The friars, from all that I can learn, had lost all respect; nay, much worse, had done the greatest injury to religion. A Spanish gentleman said to me, the other day, when I spoke of them: 'They make vows of chastity, yet they were not chaste; vows of poverty, yet they were avaricious; vows of humility, and they were proud; and they have deeply injured the faith of a religious people.' The friars, it is to be observed, always commenced with a prodigious pretence of sanctity and self-denial. But the body of the ecclesiastics is pretty much of the same calibre. Even now the character and tone of the priests is far from standing high."

Passion-week is, of course, full of ceremonial: priests and people are equally busy. On Good Friday—

"The passion from St John was sung; then followed the *adoration* of the cross. A veiled cross was taken down from the altar and given to the bishop, who unveiled it, and, standing with his back to the altar, said, 'Ecce lignum crucis;' on which the choir answer, 'Ex quo salus mundi pependit.' He then places the

cross below the altar, and *adores* it; then the canons and priests, two by two, *adore* it, the choir in the mean time singing.

"*Sábado Santo*, (Holy Sunday.) We went to the cathedral at half past eight, to see the blessing of the lights. They had just struck a new light, with which three candles on the top of a wreathed pole were lighted. These were *blessed*, and from them an immense candle was lighted, which, candlestick and all, is about twenty feet high, and as thick as my waist, standing by the side of the altar, then the lamp upon the high altar. Thus is not to go out till Easter comes again, but to burn continually."

Then followed a procession.

"I am glad to have seen all this, but I was heartily tired with it, and perceived that the mass of even the church-going people *do not understand* the services to which they go; it is more spectacle. The whole system is show and idle, and decays within."

But the Virgin is the grand object of worship in Spain. They may paint, and dress, and carry about the image of our Lord, but he passes comparatively unnoticed. His best drapery is unhonoured, his crown of thorns scarcely produces a Viva, while the wooden "Queen of Heaven" is honoured with a roar. Still, in all this exhibition, there is a vulgarity of conception, a *sensuous* feeling, a constant tendency to lower the idea of a *spiritual* being. The Virgin, instead of being shown as a majestic and sacred form, with any of the grandeur of countenance, or the mystery of vesture, which the natural imagination would combine with the grandeur and mystery of her supposed supremacy, is represented often "by the most contemptible dolls;" sometimes as a black Moor, and, on high occasions, in the flimsy and tinsel costume of an opera-dancer. In other instances, "a very disagreeable image exhibits her suffering for the pains of her Son, with a dagger in her breast, and her head on one side, but with a fashionable *lace pocket-handkerchief* in her hand!" The head has probably been carved from the likeness of a peasant, or of one of those handsome women who are more known than respected.

But we shall now turn to the domestic life of Spain, the *Casa de*

Pupillos, or account of a Spanish table.

"We consider it superior to the *Fonda*, (inn or hotel,) but the dinner comes in a queer scrambling way. First is a plain soup, or a dish of rice; then the *puchero*, (something like a stew;) then commonly chops, a fowl, a salad floating in oil and water; a *pimiento*, (a thing of spice;) perhaps some other odd-looking dish; and then *pastres*, (the desert,) which is usually rice milk, or a sort of plain custard and preserved quince, with grapes, walnuts, and roasted chestnuts."

To this bill of fare we do not observe the *bacalao*, or salted cod-fish, which, cooked in a variety of ways, is so much used in Spain; nor the use of the *tomato*, which takes a part in the whole *cuisine* of the other provinces. The dinner, on the whole, does not argue much for the Spanish taste, and the Englishman, at least, must come *home* to dine.

The society was miscellaneous, as indeed was to be expected; yet was well conducted, though in ways sufficiently new to John Bull.

"Next to ourselves is a little lively native of Madrid, who is very polite, but speaks faster than even an Andalusian; so fast, that even his own countrymen make him repeat. Still he is very friendly, and has lent us a volume of the *Semana Pintoresca*. [We thus find that the *Illustrated News* has reached even stagnant Spain.] Then we have Don O. and Don N., all perfectly well bred; but the two former generally prefer dining in *smart dressing gowns and little caps on their heads*. Then we have a priest, who was a friar at the Merced, but has been expelled, and has some duties at the Hospital. Then we have another priest; till the dinner is good and *quiet*."

Some details of the conversation are given, in which the priests have to fight a hard battle for their order.

Popery has produced the effects in Spain which it long since produced in France, every man of any intellectual vigour being an *infidel*: not that his infidelity is loud and loquacious, as everything was and is in France; but it is sober, sneering, and smiling, as becomes a country in which the times are remembered, when a *look* brought a man into the jaws of the Inquisition. The Inquisition is no

more, but the grown man has been so long trained in terror that he still trembles at the ghost. The Spaniard is still cautious in speaking of the "Church," but he exhibits his liberty in scoffing at the Scriptures; which, however, not one in two thousand ever reads. They, of course, take the parts which may excite an ignorant objection, and supply an infidel sneer. One questions the probability of the Flood; another, "a merry hair-brained fellow," suggests, whether, as the *Chinese* do not believe in it, perhaps it was not true. But some of their questions were home-thrusts. Thus, day by day they chatted on the celibacy of the clergy, absurd miracles, for what reason Protestants cannot be saved, &c. The celibacy of the clergy was a peculiarly sore point, for it is one of the popular scandals of Rome. "The experiment of a celibate clergy has here (in Malaga) been attended with the worst results. There are families known to be the children of monks and priests. Under the weight of this, the whole religious system seems to have broken down."

There is then some reference to the popular misuse of Confession, which is justly stated to be "the mainspring of religious life in the Popish Church;" a matter which we cannot discover whether the writer lauds or laments, but which is known to be the great source of disgust and disturbance, of intrigue and corruption, in every church and family where it exists. However, even in this rite, necessary as it is deemed by Rome, the love of mammon intervenes, and the "Certificate of Confession" may be had for money. Formerly Confession was required before any man could hold an office under government; but the annoyance of submitting to Confession was easily obviated, the certificate being sold for a *pesta* (tenpence.)

Preaching in Spain is (in the instance, at least, of popular preaching) a description of future torment—a matter of which man *can* know nothing, and which substitutes vague terrors for the motives of natural duty—the fear which casteth out love, for the "love which casteth out fear,"—the great impulse which reigns

in the whole revelation of Christianity. But excitement is here the universal object. On the day of the *Animas* (All-Souls) the writer went to hear a celebrated preacher. The subject was Purgatory, and the church was crowded, chiefly with women. The sermon was—"A long prayer for those in the flames of purgatory." First, for all Cardinals, Bishops, and Priests. To which the congregation answered, with a suppressed, but unanimous voice, "*Requiescant in pace.*" Then he reminded them of fathers, brothers, wives, husbands, and children *suffering still*, and partly through their neglect. And you might hear suppressed sobs run through the church, joined with often repeated prayer, *Requiescant in pace.* But the impression did not last long. "I went out and watched the people leaving the church, and saw them wipe away their tears, and exchange salutations, as light-hearted and as quickly moved either way."

The conversation at table was varied by an officer of the Carabiniers, who had been in the Carlist war, and who amused them with anecdotes. "There was a Carlist troop called *La Sagrada Compañía*, (the Sacred Company,) consisting wholly of monks, and commanded by a very fat friar. They were the most undisciplined corps in the army, very bad fighters, but fond of collecting contributions." To some questions about the luckless British Legion, the reply was, "that they were drunken and undisciplined, but desperate fighters, and on one occasion, where they were almost exterminated, they died fighting, (*murióran matando.*)"

Spain is still the country of Don Quixote. "The students of Salamanca—mostly very poor—form parties, and, during the vacation, wander about the country, asking alms. They have generally one clever fellow with a guitar, who improvises verses, and they are very popular, and collect much." But it seems that one great reason of their popularity is, that their verses are full of *double entendre*. They live about at different inns and lodging-houses till the Term comes round. Those who are intended for priests do not join those parties.

Salamanca is now scarcely a shadow

of its former self. In the fourteenth century it had 14,000 students; in the sixteenth it declined to 7000; in 1816, it had but 100. The French destroyed 13 out of 25 convents, and 20 out of 25 colleges. The university is now almost a desert, and the western portion of the city is a heap of ruins.

Superstition always tends to profanation, and the course, though startling, is natural. The perpetual use of sacred things and terms, which is the necessary habit of superstition, renders them familiar, and the familiarity naturally vulgarises them.

"As we came in, we heard Dolores (the chamber-maid) from the top of the stairs, calling 'Trinidad, Trinidad, Trindaita,' (Trinity.) The little slipshod girl in the house is named Trinidad; *nombre muy bonito*, (a very pretty name,) as Dolores says." The Spanish ships of war are similarly called by the most sacred names, which may well shock the ear, in the various uses made of them by the common sailors. Their great three-decker at Trafalgar was *La Santísima Trinidad*, (the most holy Trinity;) and we may well conceive the amount of execration and abomination that mingled with this name in a ship of a thousand men, and those men foreigners. The monks have unfortunately left to Protestant England a similar bequest in the names of our colleges, and it is certainly to be regretted that we have to pronounce such phrases as a *Fellow of Jesus*, or a *Master of Trinity*! It is true that no profanation is implied; but still the words shock the ear.

Then, too, the doctrine which superstition itself esteems most precious, degenerates into household gabble.

"One day I heard a characteristic dialogue. Some one rang the bell, and José (the footman) pulled the string to open the latch from upstairs, bawling out, '*¿Quién es?*' (who is there?) The answer was, '*¡Ay María purísima!*' (Hail Mary, the most pure;) to which José bawled again, '*¡Sin peccato concebida!*' (conceived without sin.) The appeal was from a woman begging." On this habit a note is given from a Tractarian, too characteristic to be omitted. He is accounting for the "facility and variety" of swearing in Popish coun-

tries. "Listen to their conversations, (Popish;) listen to the conversation of any multitude, or private party; what strange oaths mingle with it—God's heart, and God's eyes, and God's wounds, and God's blood. You cry out, 'How profane!' Doubtless. But, do you not see that the *special profaneness* above Protestant oaths lies not in the words, but simply in the speaker, and is the *necessary result* of that insight into the invisible world which you have not." This is certainly a new theory of cursing and swearing. We must leave its author to reconcile it with the older authority of—"Thou shalt not take the name of the Lord thy God in vain."

In the midst of all those forms there is some sober unbelief, and a great deal of contemptuous infidelity in Spain. An intelligent person is mentioned, who had been sent abroad for his education. On his return he felt disgust at the heathen ceremonies of his Church. "He says, that the Church orders confession, but that he cannot and will not confess to *such* priests. He has become acquainted with some good English people, and studied the Testament and the Prayer-book. Finding no rest or peace in his own Church, he longs to come to ours. He wishes to come to the English chapel. Of course it will not be allowed."

The lighter conversations were of the prettiness of the nuns, to whom one of the priests was confessor. "One day some one pointed to the hospital chaplain, and said, 'The padre is so rich, with the money he got for the pictures sent out of his convent.' (Probably a scoff.) This led to a conversation on the plunder of the churches, and the breaking up of the *retablos*, (a sort of *retables* in the altars,) which were sold for the gold. On being asked if the *retablos* in Malaga had been taken: 'Not one,' said a priest; 'and the reason was, that they were told that, if any touched them, the gold would turn to steel, and the steel to blood.'"—A tolerable specimen of the benefit of a *lie*.

At another time a priest was narrating a miracle of an image. One of the Spaniards came in, and exclaimed, "Do you believe all that nonsense,

padre?" The priest replied, "It is not an article of faith, and I do not require you to believe it; but it stands on good testimony." "Why don't such things happen now?" said the doubter. "And how do you know that they do not?" said the priest. "Because I don't see them," was the rejoinder. Surely here is some chance for the preaching of Christianity. But if preached, it must be at the risk of persecution.

"To-morrow there is to be a great *funcion* (a celebration) in honour of a very fine image of Christ bearing the Cross. Our friend the monk told us that, if we went, we should hear the whole history of the image, which is a *miraculous* one. He began telling it himself, but some of the other people came in, and he was obliged to be silent, they make such a mockery of those things. Living in a Spanish house gives me more idea of the extensive spread of infidelity than I had before. Truth and fable have been so mixed in people's minds, that when they cease to believe fables, the belief of the truth goes too."

And so much the better; for truth and fables can do no good to any one. The mixture of the true with the false only gives plausibility to falsehood. Better to clear the mind of the whole. Break up the *system* of fabrication, begin to think *once*, and make an effort to acquire the truth *undisfigured*.

Some of the obscure portions of Scripture are indebted to the Spanish pulpit for an easy solution. Thus, the name of the penitent malefactor on Calvary had hitherto escaped human knowledge. But the Spaniards are not kept in darkness on that subject, nor on any other that can be elucidated by a legend. This name, as communicated by "the archbishop to Padre Felix," the preacher, was *Demas*; and the whole affair was this: When the Virgin fled into Egypt, she fell in with a band of robbers, whose captain was named Demas. Though a desperado, he had an eye that told him she was something above the common order. Accordingly, he not only did not plunder her, but escorted her on her way. He was not converted, however, but, living the life of the high-road, he was

seized in *thirty-three* years afterwards—so tardy was justice, or so indolent was authority, in old times—and of course sentenced to die. At the crucifixion, Demas, from the notability of his crimes, in order to put the Great victim to greater shame, was made the companion of his suffering. In his extremity Demas prayed to our Lord, and the Virgin, remembering his kindness to her of old, “asked her Son to have mercy on him,” and thereupon he promised him paradise. From this the padre drew the conclusion that “there is one advocate able to save the most wicked; and this advocate is the Virgin.”

These things are so startling to the ears of men who have any respect for Scripture, that we must make an apology for our reference; it is only to show what reckless treatment of the Divine Word Popery can commit whenever it has an object to serve. Here, in the most solemn of all transactions, it has the insolence to interpolate words of its own, to take the act of mercy out of the Divine hands, and not merely to give the grace to the Virgin, but give her the virtual merit of the redemption.

In another instance of these legends, a man dies in mortal sin; but as he had once been a worshipper of the Virgin, she cannot let him go into final ruin. But then comes a dilemma. Of course, he cannot enter heaven, nor can he, with *mortal sin* on him, enter purgatory, that being only the place for venial sins. The affair was puzzling. However, it was managed at last in this dexterous way: “Our Lord *could not* reject his mother’s petition;” and so the man was sent back to earth, to earn money enough to pay for his injuries, and thus work out his own salvation. Now, if these daring absurdities were tales of the nursery, or mere dreams of the cloister, or fit-side stories of the peasantry, we might pardon them as the effects of half-savage ignorance; but these are the subjects of the pulpit, the teaching of the people, the declarations of ecclesiastical authority, the testimonies of the “saints” of Rome.

Iguori, a voluminous writer, and who was canonised so lately as 1816, after stating that there was a pious

tradition “that purgatory was emptied of all its tenants on the day of the Assumption,” exclaims:—“Oh, how many would have continued in their obstinacy, and been infallibly *dannèd*, if Mary had not *interposed* her intercession with her Son!” The saint then quotes the testimony of other Popish theologians “that the blessed Virgin has obtained for several persons, who died in mortal sin, the *suspension* of their sentence, and a gracious permission to *come to earth again*, to perform *penance*.”

If the Papist can believe such things, what can be the limit to his credulity, or to what fearful purposes may it not be turned? But if we are told that the higher orders do not believe these monstrous tales, why do they not vindicate their common sense and their religion by utterly disclaiming them? They are the declarations of Popery under all the forms which can impress them on the minds of the people; they are the preaching of the priest, the teaching of the confessor, the records of their volumes, the tenets of their theology, and the practice of their religion.

Who even now disputes, or dares dispute, the liquefaction of the blood of St. Januarius? It has been argued against, laughed at, and exposed to perpetual scorn, by Protestant writers; but it is performed still; the prelates and priests of Rome give their presence and their testimony to its performance; the public authorities assist at it, as a great religious ceremonial—yet it is a *puce*. But what Romish priest protests against it? or what superior mind among the prelates of Rome ever denies the reality of this pretended miracle?

Of course it is not in human nature to see all this without some comparative visitings; and even in Spain the Bible is sometimes secretly sought.

“At Gibraltar, I heard something which I did not know about the state of the Spanish Church. Very frequent applications are received from priests for bibles and prayer-books in Spanish. Quite lately, one wrote in distress of mind, willing to receive instruction from any English clergyman, or even any dissenting minister. It is my belief that we might make more conversions in Spain than they (the

Papists) in England. . . . In Spain, there are but two alternatives, Mariolatry and Infidelity."

In Seville, which has an especial fame for ceremonial, the writer arrived for the Holy Week in 1851. His impressions were soon changed. "I never saw anything like the behaviour of the people in the Cathedral. On *Palm Sunday*, the service was much as it is at Malaga, but utterly without reverence; people crowding and pushing to get the best places they could. . . . The Passion from St Matthew was beautifully sung; but through the most solemn parts the people talked continually, apparently quite unaware of the meaning of the words. Few had books."

On the Wednesday, there was to be a grand display. In the Popish churches everything is turned into a drama. The 'veil of the altar' was to be rent "with a great noise of thunder," as it was announced in the newspapers. The veil is a curtain drawn in front of the altar, which hides the priest on Monday and Tuesday, except at the time of consecration, elevation, and benediction. "The cathedral was crowded; a continual talking going on through the Passion, which increased more and more. At last came the words, 'He cried with a loud voice!' The curtain was pulled down, and a few crackers were fired off near the roof! The rubric says, that at the words 'He gave up the Ghost,' there shall be a silence, and all shall kneel. There was a general fitter instead, and every body began to talk aloud, giving their opinions of the effect. The remainder of the chapter was inaudible, in the noise of voices and feet, as the people crowded out. At the *Miserere* on Thursday evening, the singing was good, but not at all solemn—the choir sitting within the altar rails with violins and other instruments. The female side of the church was full of ladies, some sitting on the floor, others walking about in groups, talking."

The solemnity of the worshippers by no means increased with the solemnity of the services. On Good Friday there was a battle, like one of the Irish faction-fights. As to the gravity of the public feeling, the day presented the "most *festive* appearance

of all." There were processions all day long, with the population out in the streets to see them; boys clambering everywhere, and being driven down by the police; men and boys selling nuts, gingerbread, and water. Then came the battle. "One procession, bearing the image of our Lord falling under the Cross, and of our 'Lady of Hope,' fell in with another, bearing those of the 'conversion of the penitent thief,' and of our Lady of Monserrat; and they fought for the precedence. The former gained it, but the fight occasioned a panic in the Great Square, where there were, it is supposed, twenty thousand persons." The Monserrat men were unluckily disqualified for victory, wearing high caps, with flaps over the face, which blinded them, and long trains which entangled their feet, rendering them quite helpless in the confusion; and, as an American said, "they went down like nine-pins." When order was restored, the Infanta and all the royal party "took candles, and walked with them, to console them." Our Lady of Monserrat had a splendid new robe of blue velvet, and a great display of plate round her."

Those fights occur in other parts of Spain. At Athaurin there are usually two processions, one for the upper part of the town and one for the lower. These processions are called "Jesus above, and Jesus below." When they meet, they generally fight, and if any woman wearing the ribbons of one party happens to fall into the hands of the other, they are torn from her; the whole performance being obviously in the style of an election riot, except that in the latter we seldom hear of the onslaught being made on women.

Easter Day in this year happened to fall on one of the three days for the great fair of Seville. "Of course, it never entered into anybody's head to dream of putting it off, for Easter Day; on the contrary, it is a very fit day for it. The annual bull-fights were put off for the fair, and were on Easter Monday, Easter Tuesday, and the *Sunday* after. Easter Sunday was most un-Sunday like; all crowd and bustle, with shops open."

Good Friday was the only day on which they were closed. The Virgin

engrosses all the piety, prayers, and preaching. The following are extracts from a sermon in the cathedral. The text was—"She wept sore in the night, and the tears ran down her cheeks." (*Lam. i. 2*)

"The sorrows of Mary were the greatest in the world. St Jerome says, that in proportion to the greatness of the love is the greatness of the sorrow. This love to her Son was the greatest that ever was; therefore her sorrow is the greatest. . . . And yet from her free love and charity for the human race, she consented to offer him up! The sufferings of Mary were so great that, if they were divided among all the creatures in the world, they would suffice to destroy the existence of all. . . . Her sufferings, differed from those of the martyrs, not only in being more intense, but because they suffered for the salvation of *their own souls*! She, who was without spot or stain, purely through charity, that she might be the Redeemer of the human race. . . . I will say, with Saint Bonaventure, that all that Jesus suffered in all the various parts of his body, all those sufferings were gathered together in one, in the heart of Mary.

Thus the Virgin in Popery supersedes at once the sufferings and the redemption of our Lord.

The narrative is diversified with descriptions of travel. We are advised not to visit Gibraltar during a fog. The prestige of the columns of Hercules is totally lost during the prevalence of an east wind. It wreathes the mighty rock with a blanket of vapour, showing only here and there a frowning piece of granite, while the whole of the distant view, the hills of Spain to the north, the hills of Africa to the south, with the blue Mediterranean flowing between, are obscured, and the Rock of Gibraltar has no more imposing appearance than the cliffs of Freshwater Bay, enveloped in a sea-fog. On the casual clearing up of the fog, however, the eye is indulged with a stately sight—the impregnable citadel bursting boldly up from the sea, except on the north side, where it is joined to Spain by a little flat neck of land, across which the English and Spanish lines stretch, with a small space of neutral ground lying between them. The town nestles on the shore of the harbour.

underneath the Cliff, flanked on the right by the green Alameda, (promenade,) and on the left by an old Moorish castle. The planting of the greater part of the Alameda is recent, and owes its vegetable honours to General Don. There had been an old idea that the moisture of vegetation might increase the prevalence of fog; but the governor boldly undertook the work, and made it one of the ornaments of Gibraltar. The lower part of the bank is dressed with all sorts of tropical plants, in a profusion of differently-shaded leaves and bright-coloured blossoms; masses of geranium, with the prickly pear, the crab-tree, the aloe, and numberless other shrubs, among which almost labyrinthine paths, winding their way gradually up the hill, make one of the most delightful gardens, where, but twenty-five years ago, there was nothing but grey rock, broken ground, and desert sand.

Gibraltar, in the land of fiction, is not without its fictions, but they are of a higher order than stories of the Virgin and the Saints. St Michael's Cave—an opening into the heart of the mountain, believed to descend to the level of the ocean, or still deeper, and even to form a kind of tunnel to Africa—is by the Moors supposed to be meant to form their future access to Europe. When the day fixed by Allah arrives, its African mouth is to be discovered; then hosts are secretly and suddenly to pour into the subterranean passage, and in the name and with the power of the Prophet, they are to rise and rush upon the Infidel dogs who have so long withheld their earthly paradise from them. Then once more they are to possess the palaces of Cordova, the Alhambra, and all the glories of Andalusia. In the faith of these traditions the Moors of the opposite shore are said to keep the keys of their fathers' houses in Granada, handing them down as heir-looms to their posterity—title-deeds to their estates in Spain! In the mean time, the cavern is not without its presumed tenantry. A race of monkeys formerly existed in the upper part of the Rock, of which some specimens remain,

shooting them not being allowed. The populace think that the monkeys have found their way to Africa through the cave, no other monkeys being found in Spain, and none of them dead being found in Gibraltar. The solution of the mystery is, that each monkey is carried by his mourning relations in procession to the original cemetery in Africa, the procession taking its way through St Michael's Cave!

The ride from Gibraltar to Ronda is the classic ground of the Contrabandista, the latest of whom is the celebrated José Maria de Hiniñosa. The beginning of this gallant free-booter's career was his shooting an officer who attempted to arrest him. The money found in the officer's saddle supplied him with finance, and he collected a troop. The stories told of his contests, contrivances, and escapes, are the gossip of the country. Like all the Robin Hoods, he took care to be regarded as the friend of the poor! He one day met an acquaintance in great dejection, whom he had known as a muleteer and a merry fellow. José, in the spirit of his profession, ordered him to "stand and deliver." The poor fellow said that he had nothing to give but his life, and he was welcome to that. On further inquiries, he explained that he had lost his mule and his livelihood together. "Why not buy another?" The answer was "I have no money." José gave him money, and sent him to a farm where there was a mule for sale, ordering him especially to bring back the receipt. The man went, made the purchase, and came back with the receipt and thanks. José sent him on his way home, rode to the farm-house, and acquainted the farmer that "José Maria de Hiniñosa wanted a certain number of dollars." The answer was, the farmer "had no money." José took out the receipt: the farmer produced the dollars instantly, and gave him some additional allowance for the trouble of collection!

At Granada, the ceremonial is equally elaborate and equally disregarded. On Easter eve the writer visited the cathedral. The whole of the immense building was filled. "A

few minutes after nine o'clock a priest began to read; and then followed the reading, or rather sudden drawing aside, of the curtain. Immediately there arose a deafening uproar through the church. It seemed as though half the children of Granada had been brought there, and numbers of them armed with little bells or rattles, which were at once set going wildly. Squibs were let off in every direction among people's legs, guns were fired off at the doors, bells were clattered, doors were slammed, shouts were raised; and, in the midst of this din and tumult, the doors were thrown open, and the people, having had their amusement, poured out in crowds."

This scandal is the natural consequence of turning religion into a show - the pageant supercedes the piety. Where men come to see a pantomime they will look to nothing but the tricks; so the Spaniard worships his God with squibs, and the priest is only the scene-shifter. But the Spaniard has also the good fortune of securing him-self against the chances of evil in the world to come, by the singular facility of Indulgences. Originally this practice was merely a remission of the *temporal* penances for transgression. About the third or fourth century, when the corruptions of Christianity were already visible, the reconciliation of the offender to the Church was only through some public punishment submitted to as atonement for his sin; and, in some cases, the bishops "indulged" the penitents by abridging, or lightening the penalty. The liability of this custom to abuse excited the indignation of the better order, and Cyprian and Tertullian are loud in their censures of it; but the custom was too productive of power, and ultimately of gain, to be abandoned. On the establishment of the doctrine of purgatory, Indulgences were sold, shortening the pangs of purgatory by months, years, and thousands of years! They brought a flow of wealth to the Roman treasury. This traffic in Indulgences was so open and so craving, that it greatly tended to the rise of the Reformation. The sight of Tetzels the monk selling "Indulgences," in the streets of Witten-

berg, first excited the manly mind of Luther to inquire of the Bible if those things were Scriptural.

But Indulgences, having fallen off as revenue, are now used as a stimulant to duty, such as it is, in Popery. They are given for acts and observances of all kinds. On the walls of the cathedral of Seville are offers of the following nature: "80 days' Indulgence for reciting an Ave Maria before the glorious image of our Lady de los Angustias; 80 days for attendance in the morning at the ceremonial which annually takes place before the same image; 80 days for attendance on the exercises of the afternoon; 80 days for each 'Salve;' 80 days for each 'Ave Maria;' 80 days for each verse of the Litany; 80 days for each visit; 80 days for invoking her 'sweet name;' 80 days for imploring the propagation of the Faith"—each notice ending with a warning that no Indulgences were of any use in Spain, unless the suitors were in possession of the "Bula de la Cruzada."

This Bull was one of the privileges originally granted to Crusaders, but it has since been granted to all purchasers who dislike fasting. In the almanack for 1851 it is stated, in substance, that the Pope Pío Nono has given the privilege to all Spaniards, of eating "wholesome flesh meat" in the days of Lent and usual abstinence, with certain exceptions—the privilege extending to all Spaniards but lasting only for one year. The price is not high—two reals, or 5½d.; but, from the numbers sold, it constitutes a large sum. Ford, in his *Handbook*, records the calculation, "that a man might in *one hour* gain, by visiting privileged altars in the Holy Week, 29,630 years' diminution of purgatory." Yet the Indulgence is thrown into eclipse by the Mexican priesthood. "For a single mass at the San Francisco, in Mexico, the pope and prelates granted 32,810 years, ten days and six hours' Indulgence. Under these circumstances, who but a fool would have any fear of judgment to come? But what must a system of this kind of studied delusion appear before *His* eyes, who must be worshipped in *Spirit* and in *Truth*!

The Saint Philomena is one of the

great deities of Spain. In her history it is thus related:—"She was the daughter of a king of Greece, heiress to his throne, and of remarkable beauty. The Emperor Diocletian fell in love with her, and proposed marriage. But she preferred another bridegroom—namely, Christ;—on which the Emperor, not being accustomed to refusals, ordered her to be thrown into a dungeon filled with toads and snakes; this she bore. He then ordered her to be scourged; but she was comforted by an angel. He then ordered her to be shot with arrows; then to be plunged into the Tiber; and then, discovering the difficulty of killing a saint, ordered her head to be cut off—which was effectual. But two angels were seen to carry her soul to heaven in a cloud."

The groundwork of this history is as follows:—In 1802 an inscription, with the first and last letters destroyed, was found in the catacombs at Rome, beginning with "Lumen," and ending with "Fi"—the words between being "Pax tecum." Immediately Jesuit dexterity was at work, and it pretended to discover that she was "Filia lumenis," (daughter of light). Leo X. pronounced her a saint, and Gregory XVI. solemnly blessed her *image* at Rome. She is now "Santa Philomena," and one of the most popular objects of worship in the south of Spain. But we must conclude.

We have in England a band of apostates, who, with all those things before their eyes, have gone over to Popery. It is altogether false and vain for these men to pretend that they are only choosing between the spirit of one church and another: between the more and the less apostolic church; between ancient truth and modern innovation. They are choosing between the Protestantism which abhors idols, and cleaves to Scripture, and the Popery which worships idols, and makes the Scripture a sealed book. Look to Spain—*dare* they dissent from a single doctrine, practice, or principle of Spanish worship? Look to Rome—*dare* they remonstrate against a single abuse of that monstrous system? Look to the effect which the religion of Rome has produced on the morals of Europe.

Look to the punishment of the European nations for abandoning the dictates of Scripture, and worshipping according to the dictates of man. See the Invasions, the Convulsions, the Conspiracies, which have wrought their punishment before Heaven. See

the whole popish Continent in slavery at this moment; and let them ask themselves, *why* has England been saved in the midst of tempest raging for three hundred years? and there see the contrast of Protestantism with Popery.

PARIS ON THE EVE OF THE EMPIRE.

THE aspect of France, in the month of November 1852, is by no means that of a country which feels its liberties departed, and the iron heel of despotism daily pressing more sternly and irresistibly upon its neck. A large amount of mingled sympathy, pity, and scorn has been expended in England, during the past year, upon the oppressed and degraded condition of the French nation, and upon its ignominious submission to one man's tyrannical will. Day after day, a large section of the British press has uplifted its voice to execrate the despot, and deplore the degradation of the gallant and highly-civilised people which, after repeatedly rejecting, during the last sixty years, liberty and constitutional government in almost every form, has at last submitted to the absolute sway of a usurping adventurer. Such has been the burthen of the song constantly repeated, for twelve months past, by the Liberal press of this country, with variations scarcely sufficient to avoid painful monotony. Whilst English journalists thus exhale their indignation against the present ruler of France, admitting into their columns letters from Socialist refugees couched in abusive and unseemly terms, doing, in short, as it appears to us, everything in their power to exasperate Louis Napoleon and his friends, and to increase the probability of a war which, although we fear it not, we certainly are far from desiring—it is not uninteresting to investigate the mood of those who are most deeply concerned in the question of how France should be governed—namely, of the French themselves. And here let it be observed, that the fierce attacks, which English journals have continually directed against Louis

Napoleon, ever since the *coup d'état* of December last, are utterly ineffectual for the attainment of the only end for which they can reasonably be supposed to be made—namely, to rouse the French to a sense of their degraded condition; to shame them into the assertion of their rights as free citizen; and to spur them on to rise against their present ruler, and revert to a democracy or to constitutional monarchy. We will not pay so poor a compliment to the ability and eloquence of our newspaper contemporaries as to suppose that, if their potent leading articles and pungent communications from correspondents found daily as many readers in France as they obtain in England, the effect would not speedily be fatal to the revived dynasty of Napoleon. We will not doubt that a month's currency in France of their cogent arguments and cutting invectives would suffice utterly to destroy the tranquillity that now reigns in that country, to excite disaffection in the army, to raise barricades, to reawaken the hopes of parties, and to spread once more to the breeze, rescued from the dusty or ignoble recesses where they have lately lain hidden, the lilies of Bourbon, the tricolor of Orleans, the blood-coloured emblem of the Socialists; to introduce, in short, anarchy and strife into a land which at this moment unquestionably enjoys—at whatever price purchased—the unspeakable blessings of order and peace. Under these circumstances, we cannot but consider it fortunate for France that not one Frenchman in a thousand ever reads or sees the English papers, whose contents French journals dare not copy. Whilst some of those papers are positively excluded from France,

others are but grudgingly admitted there, and these latter are very apt to be *lost* in transit through the post. Moreover, few Frenchmen understand English, and the attacks upon their present government scarcely become known to any but that government itself, which is pretty sure to be irritated, but most unlikely to be amended or reformed, by violent and contemptuous language on the part of a foreign press. It were, perhaps, a wiser course to discontinue for a time the contemplation of Louis Napoleon's *past*; to look forward instead of back; and to judge him by what he shall do, and not by what he has done. Whilst English journalists empty the vials of their wrath upon the inscrutable dictator of France, what do the French say and think of their own condition and prospects? In public places one hears little or no politics talked; but if you converse in private with an intelligent and candid Frenchman, unbiassed by partisan influences, he speaks to you something in this strain: — "We have got what we deserved," he says; "*nous l'avons bien gagné*." The amount of freedom we now possess is all we have proved ourselves fit for and deserving of; the muzzling of the press, licentious and disreputable as it had become, should be viewed as a blessing rather than as an infliction; under the present *régime* we feel at least a temporary security, which for years previously we had not known. The government is strong, order is re-established, faction is crushed, commerce revives, material prosperity returns. We are sick of political theorists and charlatans, of liberators whose patriotism is concentrated in their breeches pockets, of princes unequal to emergencies and found wanting at the first trial. We do not laud the present man as a hero or a patriot; we see as plainly as you can the dark spots in his conduct and character, but still he has done France good service by crushing and disarming faction. Concerning his future conduct it were vain to prophesy; but after all we have gone through, we are well pleased to feel present security without peering too far or too inquisitively into the future."

Thus speak Frenchmen of the more

rational and reflecting class. Doubtless they feel humiliated at the loss of liberty, but they view that humiliation as the unavoidable atonement for the national folly and mutability. The less reflecting portion of the nation, the large body of the people, seem to have cast away all thoughts of politics. They have been so surfeited with them of late years, that, now that a respite has come, the reaction is proportionably strong, and the levity and *insouciance* of the national character are again in full force in the ascendant. Beyond a few bullet marks on the houses of the Boulevards, there is little in Paris to tell of recent convulsions. Here is a bright morning—such a one as in London is rarely vouchsafed in this month. It is more like May than November. Last evening, until near midnight, people were sitting out of doors, as though in summer. You turn out early and ramble along the Boulevards, seeking an appetite for your omelette. There is a placard posted at the street corner, the paste still wet. You stop and read. Louis Napoleon recognises in print the national desire to restore the empire, and graciously intimates his compliance. Simultaneously with yourself, other passengers peruse the document. Absolute indifference is on every countenance. *Qu'importe?* The change from a nominal republic to a positive despotism is not worth a thought. Even had the move been unanticipated, it would scarcely have excited a smile or a frown, a passing emotion of contentment or disgust. The French political palate has been treated to such highly-spiced dishes, that nothing less than gunpowder seasoning seems now hot and sharp enough to affect it. So the artisan tramps onwards to his work, the clerk to his office, the speculator to the Opera Passage, and the idler pursues his stroll, whilst all have scarcely lost sight of the placard before ceasing to reflect on its contents. The whole day through, one is struck by the unmistakable evidence of Parisian carelessness about politics, of the little concern France now gives itself about the liberty that was once its boast. The physiognomy of the capital is one of profound indifference to the political condition of the country. A gleam

of sun takes a stream of vehicles to the Champs Elysées and Bois de Boulogne; the Boulevards and the Tuileries are as thronged with cheerful faces and light hearted idlers as ever they were in the palmiest days of the *Roi clogon*, *cafés* and eating-houses are crammed; on every side is heard the rattle of lively gossip; at night the numerous theatres are filled to the roof. A few weeks spent in Paris must convince any unprejudiced observer that English sympathisers are infinitely more shocked than the French themselves, at the destruction in France of the last shred of political freedom and constitutional government.

We have been pleased with the just appreciation of French feelings and affairs scattered here and there through a little volume which lately reached our hands.* Its anonymous author describes himself as a married American, who passed last winter with his family in the French capital, and who was still resident there as lately as June of the present year—the date of his preface. An intelligent American, who has lived in France and rubbed off Transatlantic prejudices by European intercourse, seems to us as fair and fitting a judge of French character and affairs as the French themselves could claim or expect. No sentiment of national rivalry or ancient animosity can be supposed to interfere with his dispassionate and impartial judgment; his brief traditions, from Lafayette's day and Washington's, are those of amity to France, of alliance with Frenchmen. In 1818 a fresh link of sympathy seemed to be forged between America and France. The great republic of the New World saw one of the greatest of European nations reject constitutional monarchy in favour of democracy. The congratulations offered, so eagerly and hastily, by the American minister at Paris to the Provisional Government, were harbingers of the applause and greeting that quickly crossed the Atlantic from the American Union to her sister republic. But the Yankees were too prompt with their plaudits.

The extension of liberty was soon replaced by its extinction; the inauguration of self-government by the establishment of despotism. Seen from a distance, a French republic appeared possible; but a closer view dispelled the illusion. The remarks upon this head of our friend in spectacles are pertinent enough.

"In another respect have my opinions undergone a change since my arrival in France. A republican myself, I sympathised with all that bore the name. France, as a republic, was a country to be loved as well as adured. But further acquaintance has convinced me, that neither by genius, habits, nor education, are Frenchmen republican. Fifteen centuries of absolutism are no preparation for republicanism; and, were they tomorrow to be governed by the constitution of the United States, they would no more be republicans than would ducks be chickens though hatched under a hen.

"Americans justly consider religion and education as the wells whence they draw their republicanism. But it is religion and education carried home to each individual. Not a pompous ceremonial, to dazzle the eyes of the multitude, while it leaves their hearts as cold as the marble altars it rears—nor arts and sciences for the favoured few; but a vital principle—warming souls into action, and a system that carries the elements of knowledge to every fire-side." Exile from the United States the clergy, blot out our common schools, and the next generation, ceasing to be republicans, would become anarchists. Give Frenchmen the same education, not only of schools, but of the ballot box, and the popular forms of government, from village select-men up to legislative assemblies, and you prepare them for republicanism, but, until a people have learned to govern themselves, they must be governed.

"I have no need to recal the past, to prove that free principles have never been firmly rooted in France. There have been continual struggles against oppression, and repeated contests for power. Whichever gained the prize, prince or people, ruled with the authority of a despot or the cruelty of a tyrant. Terrorism has ever been the favourite weapon, because existence was only insured by success. Those who gave no quarter, could expect none: and thus, though

* *Parisian Sights and French Principles, seen through American Spectacles.* New York, 1852.

there has been blood enough spilt in France to regenerate a world, it has enriched no soil but that of despotism.

"The revolution of 1789, in its general destruction, swept away a multitude of abuses. But the nation exchanged only one despotism for a greater, and gladly welcomed imperial rule to rescue them from their own. In 1818, they again essayed republicanism; were well-nigh engulfed in anarchy, and now have sought safety and security in a dictator.

"When history has given so many proofs of the incapacity of a nation to be free, it is the part of wisdom, if she would remedy the evil, to investigate the causes. One of these I believe to be the Catholic religion; which began by making the people bigots, and ended in leaving them infidels. In requiring implicit faith and obedience, it destroyed individual judgment and action. But the error which at present prevents republicanism is ignorance: the actual ignorance of the masses, who, unable to read or reason for themselves, are eternally the tools of the demagogue and despot.

"Statistics will be found to sustain me in this opinion. The population of France is 36,000,000. In her primary schools she has 2,332,530 pupils, or the ratio of one school for her population, supported at an annual expense of 1,300,000 dollars, or an average of one dollar to each pupil of about 75 cents. The State of New York, in 1851, expended on 726,291 pupils in her common schools, 1,132,076 dollars, or an average of nearly 2 dollars a-head for one-fourth of her population, while she has a fund of 6,612,350 dollars devoted to purposes of education. The actual difference is, that while New York expends twice and two-thirds as much on each pupil as France, she educates her population also in the ratio of fourfold in point of numbers. France expends more upon the tomb of Napoleon than upon her entire 'Ecoles Primaires;' and the city of Paris, from 1800 to 1815, has spent at the Hotel de Ville, in fetters to the several governments of France, 2,000,000 dollars

a sum sufficient to support its common schools, at the present rate of appropriation, for fifteen years. Previous to 1830, the cost of primary instruction in Paris was but 16,000 dollars annually. Since then it has been increased to 250,000 dollars, and the number of children frequenting the schools is about 15,000, or one twenty-second part of the population. In the colleges, institutions, and boarding schools of the city, there are 11,000 pupils, but these embrace the elite of the youth from all parts of the country. The total number of pupils in

the lycées, colleges, and private institutions in France, for 1850, was 92,231; making a total of 2,124,811 children only, out of the 13,000,000 in France, receiving any degree of education.

"The military conscription shows, that out of every thousand young men drawn, about 40 know how to read and write, 500 to read only, and more than 400 have no instruction whatever.

"In the United States, where the nice adjustment of counter-balancing powers and general intelligence make the political machine move quietly in its accustomed track, no adequate conception can be formed of the evils to which France is exposed, from the passions and ignorance of its labouring masses, misled by unprincipled demagogues or concerted theorists. There is no part of condescension in French politics. A difference of views is a war to the knife. Falshood, force, treachery, and every kindred weapon, is employed to attain the desired end. The government tramples liberty, as it does, that society may exist. Independence of publication or writing — everything which gives political importance to the individual — becomes a crime. The press, army, judiciary, and even the church, exist only as the slaves of authority. Spies are everywhere. The government spreads a thick web over France, ready, like a spider, to dart upon any intruder upon the slightest movement. With this annihilation of political freedom, which in the United States would be the signal of universal dissolution, she prospers — growing mightier and richer as liberty recedes. Call her by what name you will, the freedom of America becomes her curse, and the despotism of Russia her security. This being the case, she has no alternative but to maintain a strong government, until education and tranquillity shall have prepared her citizens for the rational enjoyment of those privileges, which are the birthright alike of all men. It is not so much political as individual reform that France needs."

This is a decidedly American view of the subject, but it does not the less contain many home truths. The writer, in another chapter, follows the French to the place where he maintains that they are really educated — namely, to the theatre.

"The drama," he says, "plays the same relative part in the education of a Frenchman, that religion does in that of an American. The latter loves his meeting-house, and looks askant upon the

theatre; the former, indifferent to the church, or merely tolerating it, could not exist without the play-house. It is his school of manners; his forum of education; his teacher of history; the parent of his ideas; a living monument, in which antiquity reappears in the present. He can no more live without it than the American without his newspaper. It plays the most important rôle in his 'Art de vivre,' a science which in his own estimation exists only at Paris. It is the necessary superfluity. Sainte Beuve gravely says, 'The French public, who respect so few things, have preserved the religion of the French theatre.' Churches have been sacked and desecrated; the clergy have been massacred or banished; but the drama has triumphantly held its own, through every revolution, offender giving law to society than imitating it. The same author, the popularity of whose 'Causettes' attests how truly they reflect the public sentiment, speaks thus: 'When Paris recommences to amuse itself, it is not only a privileged class that is amused, but all classes profit and prosper. Paris then is in good train to save herself, and France with her. The theatres present the means of action the most direct, the most prompt, the most continuous, upon the masses. To abandon to chance the direction of the theatres, would be to despise the custom and the exigencies of our nature, the energy of the French mind itself.'

If we admit the proposition that the French really get the greater part of their education at the theatre, it is impossible to wonder at any degree of degradation to which the nation may come, or to anticipate where it shall stop. One need but glance at the sort of pastime just now provided by French dramatists for the nightly gratification of the complaisant public. Complaisant it assuredly is, when it tolerates and even applauds the licentious balderdash continually presented to it. Admirable as many of the present French actors are, especially in comedy and vaudeville, their powers are taxed to the very utmost to pass off the ignoble pieces in which they are compelled to appear. Thanks to their efforts, and to the fulsome eulogiums of the Paris papers, downright failures are rarer than they should be. Improbability, bad taste, and false sentiments, constitute the stock in trade of the present race of Persian dramatists. It is up-hill

work for actors, however able and accomplished. To take an example: The great success of the year, the only marked and decided one, has been *La Dame aux Camélias*, "The Lady with the Camélias," which, after running a hundred nights or more in the spring, has been revived this autumn with scarcely less success. Alexander Dumas the younger, novelist by hereditary right, produced a tale under the above title. It attracted no attention—that being exactly as much as it deserved—and would speedily have been forgotten, had not M. Dumas junior conceived the bright idea of turning it into a five-act vaudeville, which is indebted for the greater part of its success to the excellent acting of Madame Doche. So powerful was its effect upon the audiences which night after night crammed to suffocation the *Théâtre du Vaudeville*, that a caricature was published, in which the occupants of the pit were seen holding up umbrellas to protect themselves from the torrents of tears that flowed from the boxes. Of the real merit of the play, we can give the reader, in a few lines, an opportunity to judge for himself. The Lady with the Camélias (said to have been a real person, of the main incidents of whose life young Dumas availed himself) is a Parisian Aspasia of that higher class known by the name of *Lorettes*—a word derived originally from the quarter of Paris (*Notre Dame de Lorette*) in which they chiefly resided. She owes her *nom de guerre* to her love for camélias. Whilst leading a life of splendid luxury and dissipation—she falls in love with a young man, whose solicitude about her lungs (the lady, as is not wonderful, considering her rapid style of life, is of a consumptive habit) appears to be the chief engine brought to bear upon her heart. She becomes suddenly disgusted with her brilliant but profligate existence, flies from Paris, and buries herself with her youthful lover in a rural retreat. The pure and pastoral existence they there lead is unkindly broken in upon by the father of Armand, (the lover,) who has an idea that his son's time might be passed better than at the feet of the camellia-bearing siren, the more so that, notwithstanding the romantic

nature of their attachment, the loving pair have carried with them into their retirement some few of their Parisian tastes and habits. The father is a most wearisome person, and an act is taken up by his affecting expostulations with Marguerite, who will be the ruin of his son, he says, and to whose affection for that misguided youth he makes a touching appeal. Finally, Marguerite promises to leave Armand, and in such a manner that there shall be no chance of his returning to her. The next act shows her in the midst of an orgie. This scene, a thoroughly natural representation of certain aspects of Parisian life, is one of the cleverest in the piece. Armand, horrified at his mistress's relapse into lax habits, and believing her false to him, flies from her in despair. The sacrifice is consummated. Armand gone, Marguerite again abjures dissipation, sinks into a sort of secondary stage of her malady, and takes to her bed. The father hears of her suffering state, visits her, and at last, touched by her pale face and amiable qualities, consents to restore to her his son, and promises never again to seek to separate them. Before agreeing to this, however, the old fox is evidently quite aware that her recovery is impossible. Armand rushes in, Marguerite dies in his arms, and the majority of the audience, who for some time have been clandestinely whimpering, indulge in a chorus of sobs under cover of the applause that attends the fall of the curtain. Such is the piece that has made *furor* in Paris during the year 1852, exciting in an especial degree the sympathy and enthusiasm of the fair sex.

The glance taken at the National Assembly in the fifth chapter of "Parisian Sights," &c., places before the reader, in a very clear manner, the character and composition of that body, and the causes of its weakness and downfall.

"The talent and education of the National Assembly, composed of nearly eight hundred members, were chiefly to be found among the Legitimists or partisans of the house of Orleans. However friendly Berryer, Montalembert, Larochejaquelin, Molé, or Thiers might be to civil liberty, they were pledged to it in no other form than that of royalty. It was for that

they laboured, and by that tenure they held their seats. They carried with them a large proportion of the intellect and wealth of France. Republicanism in its name existed rather by reason of the disagreement of the rival branches of royalty than by its own strength. Still it was respectably represented in the Assembly by about eighty-three members of the conservative order, of whom the most eminent names were Lamartine, the General Cavaignac, Lamoricière, and the eloquent divine, M. Coquerel. The Reds, or the Mountain, the ultra-democrats, among whom every shade of opinion was to be found, from moderate republicanism to the worst errors of Socialism, embraced nearly one-third of the National Assembly, and numbered in their rank: Victor Hugo, Eugene Sue, the Abbé Lamennais, Emile Girardin, and others, whose literary talents have gained them reputation. A more heterogeneous body of legislators could not have been assembled. Members of the Buonaparte family were to be seen supporting all opinions: except that of legitimacy, while there was a party of Imperialists who looked forward to the re-establishment of the Empire as the national panacea. The National Assembly, in lieu of being a body of republican legislators, was an assemblage of Imperialists, Bourbonists, Orleanists, and Socialists, with a moderate number of members who were sincere in their attachment to a republic. It was a legislature of partisans, and not of patriots.

"Admitting it was a republican assembly, has their conduct shown their sincerity or their fitness for republicanism? They embraced the best minds of the nation, so that ignorance has no apology to offer; and if they failed in their duties as republican legislators, it has been from incapacity or design. That they have failed, and incurred the opprobrium and contempt of the nation, is evident from the fact that, while the usurpation of Louis Buonaparte was universally deplored or condemned, not one solitary voice of commiseration was raised for the Assembly. It had become the laughing-stock, or object of the indignation of the community; and they saw it fall to the ground, so far as the individual members were concerned, with as little concern as they would have shown for the dropping of rotten fruit in an orchard. Instead of labouring for the republic, in accordance with their oaths and duties, they had presented to the world the unseemly spectacle of fierce contentions, unprincipled intrigues, and a total disregard not only of forensic rules, but the ordinary forms of individual courtesy. In general,

they were united in one point—hostility to the executive authority; each party hoping that in its destruction their own might rise. It was a wild scramble for power, with the devil take the hindmost for its cry."

The writer gives some specimens of the proceedings of the Chamber, extracted from various days' reports, that certainly justify his censure, and then passes on to the events of December 1851, of which he was an eye-witness. His curiosity being apparently stronger than his prudence, he perambulated the streets and Boulevards on the fourth of that month, and saw not a little of what passed. The subject is still flesh; for owing to the peculiar circumstances of the day, to the great danger—even to perfectly inoffensive persons—of showing themselves to the excited and half-intoxicated soldiers, we can hardly be said to have had any complete and trustworthy narrative of what then occurred. In Paris one hears the most contradictory accounts, especially as to the numbers of the killed and wounded. These, there can be no doubt, have in many instances been enormously over-estimated. We have heard foreign (and therefore, we may presume, impartial) residents in Paris rate the total loss as low as three hundred killed and wounded. This is probably under the mark, although it must be remembered that the fighting was confined to an insignificant number of barricades, to a portion of the Italian and Poissonniere boulevards, and to the whole of the boulevard Montmartre—the shortest in Paris. The soldiery showed themselves vindictive and cruel; they had been primed with drink, and reminded of the days of June, when their loss had been heavy, and their victory at one time so doubtful that General Cavaignac seriously contemplated withdrawing from Paris. There can be no doubt that had the insurgents, in those terrible days, gained a little more ground, that was the course he would have adopted, and the capital would have been left in the power of the Reds, whilst troops were drawn together to besiege and reduce it. Louis Philippe's fortifications would have come to strange uses. On the 4th of December, however, there was

decidedly more noise than mischief. The houses suffered more than the inhabitants. A most painful feature of the day was the death of women and innocent persons, shot by accident, or through wantonness. In the Rue Grange Batelière a lady was shot on her husband's arm, whilst crossing the street. Two bullets pierced her back, and she fell dead. The frantic husband turned with execrations to her murderers. Some persons sallied from an adjacent house, took up his wife's body, and dragged him in, or he would doubtless have shared her fate. One hears many such distressing stories in Paris, from eye-witnesses. Still the numerical amount of casualties does not appear to have been nearly so large as has often been stated and believed. But we will extract our American's terse and spirited account of the events of the 4th December. He commences it in characteristic style. "He missed in Paris," he says, "the enlivening bustle of the fires common in his own country. He sighed after the hubbub of bells, the clatter of engines, and the shouts of the boys. But before long, he found that Paris possesses advantages in the way of excitements, quite peculiar to itself, and fully compensating the absence of conflagrations.

"It was the 2d of December of the past year. I had arisen at my usual hour, breakfasted, read *Galignani* and the *Constitutionnel*, my morning papers without finding an item of interest, and at the morning was sombre, had prepared my self for a day of more than ordinary quiet. Toward one o'clock, a French lady dropped in. She was somewhat excited, and I inquired the reason. 'What,' said she, 'have you not heard the news? There is a revolution. Paris is in a state of siege. The troops are all in the streets—the National Assembly is dissolved—most of the members are imprisoned—the railroad tracks are torn up, to prevent the provinces from marching upon the city—Louis Napoleon is Emperor? and thus she rattled off a volley of news, that was genuine news indeed.

"I immediately went out. The good citizens of Paris, who had gone to bed under a republic, were just leaving their breakfast tables to read the proclamations which announced to them it had suddenly departed this life, forgetting to add, however, leaving a numerous and afflicted

family. Those who had most at stake in this violent change, knew nothing of it until it had been old news by some hours in London.

"I passed along the Boulevard, and the usual resorts of business. All the shops were closed. Groups read in silence the notices, and quietly dispersed. This part of the city, usually so rife with life, appeared as if stunned by a violent blow. Men held their breaths. It was not the settled composure with which the seaman looks upon the coming storm, but the anxiety and terror with which is awaited an expected earthquake.

"The public gardens and Palais Royal were closed. There was no thought of amusement. The Champs Elysées, Place Madeleine, and every avenue leading to the Palais Bourbon and residence of Louis Napoleon, were filled with dense masses of troops in fighting order. More than fifty thousand were under arms. They, too, were awaiting, they knew not what—but ready at the order of their chiefs to rise and slay. Certain streets were closed: those who had homes therein found no little difficulty in reaching them.

"That evening the celebrated Jesuit, Le Pere Ventura, was to preach at Notre Dame. I started early to obtain admission as he always draws a multitude. By this time, six o'clock, the troops had returned to their barracks, and Paris looked as gay and busy as on the preceding evening. The church was closed; nothing was permitted at this juncture that would attract the crowd to one spot. News-boys were crying at every corner the dissolution of the National Assembly, and the other stringent measures of the President. The people had begun to discuss them; the first sentiments were admiration at the cleverness with which it had been done. The President had convened even till midnight in the most friendly manner, at the Elysée with his opponents. No agitation announced the desperate throw he had then resolved to make of his political dice. Yet his head was upon the cast, and if successful he foresaw that blood was to be shed. In four hours the deed was done; every printing-press, not his own, seized; the Assembly dissolved; the legislative halls closed; those in whose hands the grasp of his own was scarcely cold, arrested and in prison. Thiers wept, and was alternately fool and coward; Cavagnac, dignified; Changarnier haughty, and Lamoricière pugnacious. None whom Napoleon feared were spared. His selection was admirable. Not a leader of any party except his own was exempted from

the call to exchange a warm bed at four o'clock of a winter's morning for a stone cell at Vincennes, or the prison Mazas. Each had the honour of a special attendance: no questions were answered as to the object of their imprisonment or their probable fate. In twelve hours the bourgeoisie exclaimed '*C'est bien fait*' and were ready to go on with their amusements.

"On the third there was more excitement. The secret societies were at work. The Reds were recovering from their astonishment, ex-members of the National Assembly harangued the multitude, and circulated addresses to arouse the people to resistance. The result was several barricades, which were speedily carried by the troops, with some loss on both sides. On the part of the government the proclamations became more stringent. Carriages were forbidden to circulate, or the inhabitants to appear in the streets. Those taken near any barricade with arms about them were to be put to death.

"In the evening there was shouting— inflammatory speeches, the rallying cries of parties. Immense human masses on the Boulevards and the quays heaved to and fro in sullen anger, like the swell of the ocean before an approaching storm. Individuals ran from group to group muttering and whispering. Some said the excitement would spend itself in words; others, that Louis Napoleon would be killed within forty-eight hours. The police charged repeatedly on the crowds, which, in return, mocked at them. I looked quietly on, and became convinced that the back of the Prussian tiger was up, and was preparing for a leap.

"The next morning was the fourth. There was not much stirring; the shops were generally closed. I went to the Rue de Jemours, where I had business. This was before midday. As I approached this street, I saw crowds running through it, panic-struck, while the residents were barring their windows and closing their doors. I asked the cause. All were too much frightened to speak intelligently. Some thought the faubourgs were rising, and others that the troops were approaching; each added to the alarm of his neighbour. At last I learned that barricades were being erected at the Porte St Denis on the boulevard of that name.

"Being curious to see a barricade, I pushed directly for the spot. On arrival, I found the work going bravely on. Four were already commenced at different intervals in the boulevard. Stagings had been torn from unfinished houses;

iron railings from the magnificent gateway; trees were cut down; all those nameless buildings, at once so convenient and so disgraceful, to this fashionable avenue, were demolished, and their materials added to the fortifications. Carts, carriages, and omnibuses were triumphantly dragged from hiding-places, amid shouts of exultation, to add to the monster piles. The stout iron railing and massive stone wall which protects the side walk from the street, long resisted the efforts of destruction. Crow-bars, and the united strength of several hundred men, at last brought it down. Pavements were torn up, and shaped into breast-works. The barricades soon began to assume a formidable appearance, and to any force but artillery were well-nigh impregnable. They were further strengthened by ropes, which bound firmly together the disjointed parts. There were not very many at work, but those who were laboured like beavers, and evidently knew their trade. Blouses and broad-cloth were about equally mixed. Neither were there many spectators. All sorts of rumours were in circulation. The army, it was said, had left Paris, to defend the city against the troops coming in from the neighbouring cities—such a regiment had revolted; the National Guards were arming; in short, every species of tale to encourage and exasperate the enemies of the President, was circulated by agents of the political parties of the late Assembly.

"Having completed the barricades, the mob burst into the nearest guard-house, with wild shouts, sacked it, placed its flag on their most formidable fortification, and used the materials to further strengthen their quarters. The small force usually there had been withdrawn, or it would have been massacred.

"Sinister individuals in blouses armed with cutlasses, muskets, and pistols, began to appear. These acted as leaders. They broke into all the neighbouring shops and searched the houses for arms. When any were found, they marked in chalk on the building, 'arms given: death to robbers.' From one of the theatres they procured a few muskets and a drum. These were hailed with shouts of joy, and a party began beating the rappel through the adjacent streets.

"I was surprised to see how many boys there were in their ranks. They went to work in all these violences as if on a frolic—light-hearted, and even jovial. From their manner, I should rather have supposed that they were gathering materials for a rustic fair, than for a struggle in which no quarter would be given. I

saddened to think how many that I saw so busy around me, would be shot or bayoneted before night. The comments of the spectators varied; some said, let the rascals go ahead—they wish to plunder and kill—they will soon be taught a good lesson; others 'encouraged. One man asked me if I were German or English; on my replying that I was an American, 'Ah!' said he, with a sigh, 'you live in a true republic.'

"I asked a fine-looking boy of about fourteen, in a school uniform, with a stick in his hand, at the end of which was a bayonet, what he intended doing; 'you are too young to fight.' He laughed, brandished his weapon, and ran off to join a crowd, listening to the reading of a proclamation announcing the deposition of Louis Napoleon, and calling upon the Parisians to give their allegiance to the provisional government formed by such of the members of the late Assembly as had escaped arrest.

"A rough-looking fellow, armed with a musket, who seemed to have authority, came up to me and said, 'If you are one of the curious, you had better be off.' I thought so too, as appearances began to wear a serious aspect. The houses overlooking the barricades were taken possession of, and garrisoned; sentinels were placed at the principal points; the non-combatants were mostly gone, and few but fighters left. I had been there less than two hours; yet, so rapidly had the mob worked, that all the streets opening upon this vicinity were already fortified. I was forced to climb three barricades, politely assisted over one by an armed lad in a blouse, before getting clear of their line of operations. It was most injudiciously chosen, for it could be attacked to equal advantage in front and rear; and their flanks were also exposed.

"I found the boulevards below almost deserted. A brigade of infantry and artillery were just turning the corner of the street, marching without music, slowly, toward the first barricade. Before reaching it they halted. One-half the artillery passed in front, and was pointed toward the breastworks; the other was loaded with grape, and pointed in the other direction. The few persons about saluted the troops with 'Vive la République.' The commanding officer ordered the boulevard to be cleared. The troops charged upon us, and we slipped out of the way by the side streets.

"I then walked down the Rue Montmartre, where I saw similar scenes. Coming out again upon the Boulevard des Italiens, I found the entire length of the boulevard, from the spot I first left,

filled with troops, in order of battle. The line extended into the Rue de la Paix. It was a stirring spectacle to witness regiment after regiment of artillery, cavalry, and infantry, pass up this noble avenue to take their stations. In the novelty and beauty of their array, I quite lost sight of the fact that they were ordered out to slaughter these misguided people I had so recently left. At one time they cleared the side-walks, and allowed no one to approach their lines. The sentinels, however, for some inexplicable cause, were shortly removed; and those of the populace who had more curiosity than fear, allowed to pass along as far as the Boulevard Bonne Nouvelle. This led to the melancholy slaughter of thirty-five individuals, and the wounding of a large number, soon after on the Boulevard Montmartre, just above where I was. Opposite me was the 7th Lancers—a fine corps, recently arrived in Paris.

"I stood talking with a friend, when, from the upper end of the line, the discharge of cannon was heard, followed by a blaze of musketry and a general charge. The stragglers on the boulevards took to flight in all directions. They pitched headlong into open doors, or loudly demanded entrance at the closed. I was fortunate enough to get into a neighbouring carriage-way, through the grated *porte cochère* of which I could see what was going on. The firing was tremendous. Volley followed volley so fast, that it seemed like one continued peal of thunder. Suddenly there was a louder and nearer crash; the cavalry in front of me wavered, and then, as if struck with panic, turned, and rushed in disorder down the street, making the ground tremble under their tread. What could have occurred? The first supposition was that the different regiments had turned their arms upon each other. Another, that the Reds had proved too strong for the troops. In a few minutes the horsemen came charging back, firing their pistols on all sides. Then came in quick succession the orders 'To shut all windows; to keep out of sight; to open the blinds,' &c. It seemed an unexpected fire had been opened upon the soldiers from some of the houses above, by which they at first suffered so severely as to cause a recoil. The roar of firearms was now tremendous. Mortars and cannon were directed point blank at the suspicious houses, within a few rods distance, and fired. They were then carried by assault.

"The rattle of small shot against windows and walls was incessant. This was, too, in the finest part of the boule-

wards. Costly houses were completely riddled; their fronts were knocked in; balls passed through the various floors, and lodged finally wherever their spent force destined them. The windows were destroyed by the concussion of the cannon; and as for the outer walls, they looked as if a thunder-storm of bullets had passed over them. They were literally peppered with lead from cellar to roof. Some balls had passed through panes of glass, leaving holes as true and clear of their exact size as if they had been cut out by a diamond. Of the hair-breadth escapes of the inmates, and the general destruction of property, I need not speak. The government afterward footed all the bills for the last. The firing continued for nearly an hour, and then receded to more distant parts of the city; for the field of combat embraced an area of several miles, and there were some 10,000 troops engaged.

"As soon as I could with safety, I left my covert; and, by back streets, endeavoured to get near enough to the barricades, to see what work had been done there. It was now quite dark. The troops guarded every possible avenue, and fired upon all who approached the interdicted spots. The streets in this vicinity were almost wholly deserted. The few that were to be seen, cautiously peered round the corners, but did not venture to show themselves. Not knowing the danger, I attempted to go upon the boulevards by the Rue Montmartre. As I walked up the street, I noticed the marks of the balls that had glanced along the houses. There was a large pool of blood, but the corpses had been removed. I had nearly reached the corner, when an officer rushed out, and ordered me back in a tone which I thought most prudent to obey. As I was alone, and he had probably seen enough bloodshed that afternoon, he did nothing worse. I turned into the first cross street, and there saw a well-dressed man gasping on a rude bier. Those who had picked him up said he had six balls in him. In the Rue Richelieu there was the corpse of a young girl. Some one had placed lighted candles at her head and feet.

"Emerging from the line of soldiers as I reached the parts of the city removed from their surveillance, I noticed a bitter feeling among the better classes for the day's work. The slaughter was, as it always is, in the heat of a battle, greatly exaggerated. Still it was with no gratifying emotions that one could reduce it, even to a few hundred. It was civil war—fratricide. I reached home indignant and mournful.

"The soldiers have been justly blamed for firing upon the unarmed. Those who fought at the barricades knew the penalty of defeat. The inhabitants had been ordered not to appear in the streets. Those who suffered forgot the danger in their curiosity. One gentleman met his death by standing at a distant corner, and looking at the troops with a spy-glass. It was mistaken for a musket, and he fell, pierced with several balls.

"Those who were killed on the Boulevard Montmartre were non-combatants, but suffered from their rashness. The public feeling in such cases is ever severe on the soldier. But in extenuation, it should be remembered that his exposed position in a street, fired upon from houses on both sides, is by no means calculated to insure coolness and judgment. His enemies are unseen, and he knows, from fatal experience, that a Socialist gives no quarter. Several of my comrades had been basely assassinated in the public ways. Numbers had already fallen from the fire of his ambushed foes. In the heat of revenge he believes every citizen's coat to cover an assassin, and kills without pity.

"In the evening, I again attempted to go up the boulevards. Squadrons of lanciers were on guard, and brigades of infantry bivouacked on the side-walks. The public were permitted to go as far as the Rue Laftre, but obliged to walk quickly, and not allowed to stop for an instant. Horsemen with loaded pistols, stood at each corner, and if there was the slightest hesitation, or if two individuals spoke to each other, they pointed them directly upon the delinquents, and ordered them to pass on. The cavalry, with their lances in rest, charged repeatedly upon groups accidentally formed. In passing the length only of a square I was obliged to run twice; and once had just time to dodge under the projecting angle of a house as the troops swept by. These charges were intended simply to intimidate and prevent collections of people. The French rule is to run at the sight of a soldier. There is more danger from the panic of the crowd than from the military. I concluded an accident was as liable to occur to me as any one else, and returned home, fully satisfied by what I had seen during the day, that street-fighting in Paris is a serious matter.

"Louis Napoleon proclaimed himself master of France, December 2d. The 4th of December made him master. It was a terrible lesson deliberately planned, and intended as such by him. I say planned, for the Minister of War, in his

official report, says, 'The troops were withdrawn, and the insurgents allowed to build their barricades unmolested, that the insurrection might come to a head and be extinguished at one blow.' It left me nothing to covet in the political institutions of France, but more to love in those of my own country. The poor wretches who suffered most were mere hirelings. A French gentleman of my acquaintance, whose house was near one of the barricades, said a few days afterwards to the sentinel in front of his door, 'The soldiers have behaved well.' 'Ah!' replied the man, 'it pleases you to say so, but my heart is heavy this morning.' 'Why so?' 'I was drawn with a number of my comrades to shoot thirty prisoners condemned to death. As they marched to the place of execution, they said to one another, it was hard to die for ten francs.'

That the conflict of the 1th December was foreseen, and even premeditated by the framer of the *coup d'état* of the 2d, there can be hardly a doubt. We may not see in Louis Napoleon a patriot, or anything but an unscrupulous and ambitious man, far more concerned for his own aggrandisement than for the welfare of a country which can hardly be called his. The question does not hinge on the merits of the individual, but reduces itself to this: Can there, at the present moment, be found a man better fitted to govern France? We believe that there cannot. The French need to be ruled with a rod of iron. Republicanism has had its chance, and shown itself incapable. With the single exception of Lamartine, the baseness and selfishness of the leaders of the democratic party have been sufficiently proved. The inertness of the Legitimist candidate is growing into a proverb. Although possessing some able adherents, the chance of the Orleans family appears daily to lessen. In France, however, less than in any other country, can one risk political predictions. It seems like a dream that Louis Napoleon, the needy exile, the usurer's prey, the neglected of English society, the man to whom none but his intimates gave credit for ability of any kind, should have raised himself in a few months to supreme power in France, and should exercise it—at least with un-

questionable talent. After that, who shall assert that we may not one day see the sluggish Bourbon, or the heir of Orleans, seated on the French throne? The chance of either of them certainly appears slender, especially that of the Count de Paris, against whom many disadvantages combine. Too long an orphan for his father's temporary popularity to be reflected on himself, too young to have personally enlisted in his behalf the sympathies of Frenchmen, the insignificance of his uncles, his grandfather's ignominious exit from power, have cast an unfavorable shade over him. Odd as it appears, Paris positively dislikes Louis Philippe for not having canonized it. A little blood-letting in February might have saved depletion in June—to say nothing of deportations to Cayenne, shootings in December, and all the catalogue of evils that have occurred since the spring of '48. "I will put down the insurrection," said blunt Bugeaud to

the aged and irresolute chief of the house of Orleans, "but it will cost a couple of thousand lives." Fifteen years before, (judging from his determined conduct in the early disturbances of his reign,) Louis Philippe would probably have said, "Fire!" and given the African marshal *carte blanche*. In 1848 his mood was more vacillating. "Will that expenditure of blood," he asked, "restore permanent tranquillity?" "For that I cannot answer," replied Bugeaud, "but I will answer for suppressing the insurrection." The old king wavered and refused. The man of Isly should have planted his cannon and done his work. So say many now who bear no great love to Louis Philippe's memory, but who would rather have seen him end his days as king of the French than have beheld France delivered into the hands of anarchists, to be succeeded by an autocrat as absolute and unaccountable as Russian czar or Oriental despot.

OUR PERNAMBU

"I'll tell you, Fred, how it all happened," said the Lieutenant to a diminutive urchin at his side, who chanced to be an embryo reeler, and who, with uneasy legs and bright restless eyes, had already devoted about one-third of his not very advanced life to the navigation of miniature barks in the baby's bathing-tub, and in the study of *Tom Cringle's Log*, *The Cruise of the Maduc*, and other profane nautical romances, very much to the horror and dismay of his grandmother, who, during his tender months of infancy, had made a volunteer of her pet for the Church. Ending, however, at a later period, that he took infinite delight in kissing and hugging all the little girls at Sunday-school, that he could whip his playmates, and had learned to sing "The Battle of the Nile" and "Poor Tom Bowling," in a shrill though sweetly plaintive little voice, to his mother's accompaniments on the pianoforte; and, moreover, since the youngster was always attired for

the children's fancy balls in a natty suit of sailor rig—why, it seemed a moral impossibility, with all these perspective predilections for the navy, that the lad should not have anchor buttons on his jacket, and be forthwith consigned to his natural element, the ocean.

It was upon these excellent considerations that he was specially cherished by his uncle the Lieutenant, or Captain, as he was respectfully addressed by his familiars, although the title was not, strictly speaking, legitimatised on the face of his commission; and since the Lieutenant always declared that none but the marines ever did deeds worthy to be distinguished by brevets, he therefore clung with some tenacity to his true calling in the service. With the foregoing facts in view in connection with the future profession of his youthful favourite, during intervals of evening relaxation the Lieutenant loved to impart some of his own nautical experience to the bright little fellow by his side.

"I'll tell you, Fred, the way it all happened; but mind, you young villain, don't tease your sister Kate the while, or else—" Here the Lieutenant paused, and, making an expressive pantomime of throwing a small boy over his knees, and then winking benignly at Kate, he began as follows:—"It was just five minutes after the bell had been struck eight and the middle watch called—for I was always regarded as a prompt relief, you will observe—when groping my way along the gun-deck, I stumbled up the spar-deck ladder, and after being violently jostled about by sleepy topmen and lubberly afterguardsmen, I at last reached the poop, and was cordially saluted by an old *confère* in many a gale and frolic—Joseph Montacute, Esquire.

"The night was black as Erebus, the sea was smooth as glass, and the figate lay undulating on the back of the gentle swell, nothing heard save a slight swash under the bows or counter as the water broke when she was turned round on her keel occasionally by light flows, which for a day or two had been toying and flirting with the lofty dymity. I said the night was dark," continued the Lieutenant, "and so it was; nothing ever approached nearer to its blackness than a Nubian necromancer I once saw in Grand Cairo; and he was not only black all the way down his throat, but had a woolly blackness around him which invariably induced the belief that one might feel him a good yard off! So it was on the night I speak of; the very air we inhaled seemed black, thick, and heavy.

" 'Well, Monty, my man,' said I, as my messmate grasped me by the elbow, and carefully placed the speaking-trumpet in my hand, 'how does she head?' 'O, head be bothered!' he replied, in a testy, drowsy sort of way, 'she's been hobbling around the compass like a Chinese joss, without any rhyme or reason. The Commodore, too, bless him, has been in the tantrums about nothing; and though there's a bubble of some kind a-brewing somewhere, he will persist in keeping all the light rags and main-sail on her. Howsoever,' continued Montacute, quite philosophically, 'sails and sticks don't come of my

stipend; so here's the Captain's orders for the night'—pushing a bit of paper into the binnacle-cover; 'same old song—wash clothes at daylight—scrub the spar and gun decks with sand—call me if afy change—course east-north-east, under royals and flying jib, and so forth. Now,' added my brother blue-jacket, 'I'll dive, moisten my neck a bit, and then seek repose—*adios campeche!*' With this concluding term of endearment Mr Montacute's voice faded away in the depths of the vessel, as he cautiously descended the after-hatchway.

"Fred," said the Lieutenant, as he removed a cheroot from his incisors—for he was enjoying what he termed a dry smoke, and never cared to ignite one of those pernicious vegetables in the presence of ladies—"Fred, I believe I haven't yet told you where we had been cruising. You must know, then, that we were homeward bound, having been for a brief period of three years traversing the broad expanse of the Pacific, all around Polynesia, through the Archipelagos on both sides the equator, and from there we swept down the American continent from the golden shores of California, along the coasts of Mexico, Peru, and Chili, until at last the Commodore, having collected his freight of dust, dollars, and Piña, was returning to the bosom of his family with a light and grateful heart; but, mind you, he never shared so much as even a silver ounce with his hard-working fighting captain, Mr Rods, who, by the way, had taken all the care and responsibility of the treasure, albeit he was a worthy officer, with a large family at home in barracks, and he stood somewhat in need of a little remuneration for his trouble. But, you see, the Commodore was getting on in life, said his prayers regularly, and having withal plenty of money, he was apprehensive of coming to want; and, like most people in that melancholy situation, he never permitted a dollar by any chance to slip through his fingers. The rest of us, however, were within hail of the alms-house; and what with washing at three dollars the dozen, billiards at three rials the hundred, picnics, *fau-dangos*, and *monté*, why, we were not so delighted as the Commodore to be,

heading once more for the north star and home.

"Weeks before we had doubled Cape Horn, and flying past the bleak snow-covered heights of Staten Land and the Falkland Islands, we came striding up towards the equator into the broad Atlantic, with a following sea and a roaring breeze, which never for a moment allowed the stout canvass to flap against the masts or rigging.

"The Penguin was, at the time I speak of, the largest frigate afloat, or rather, she was a Razer, cut down from a top-heavy line-of-battle ship, though, in the reduction, the same-sized sticks had been left in her; and now, with less upper works, and a better hold in the water, notwithstanding the greater drop to her courses, she stood as bravely up to her canvass, and as stiff as a lighthouse, and, with her sails rap full, could show her stern windows to the swiftest.

"Well, on we came; and long before the flying fish began to disport themselves around our bows upon entering the tropics, the blue mould of Valparaiso bay had been rubbed off, and the copper gleamed like a guinea fresh from the mint.

"During this period of the voyage, the chaplain and the purser, the major of marines, the surgeons, and the secretary, formed a gun-room alliance, and in the prevalence of a hard squall of snow or hail, fierce enough to shiver the anchors off our buttons, and make the old frigate quiver like a struck harp-string, or a bowl of calves-foot jelly, and when, perhaps, the reefed fore-topmast, studding sail or topgallant sails were ordered in until the rough edge of the blast had somewhat abated, then our dryfooted messmates would quietly elevate the tips of their eyelids above the lower decks, glance aloft, give a diapason of mournful groans, and return below again to condole with one another upon the sad appearance of things above. 'Don't blow hard enough to furl a sky-sail,' says the bellwether of the growlers, 'and they are stripping her stark naked.' 'Lord love ye,' sympathises another, 'we shan't cross the line in a twelvemonth of Sundays at this rate.' 'Certainly not,' cries a third; 'but what in the world can

we expect while Harry Gringo, or that little bullet-headed Joe Montacute, have charge of the watch!' All this time the stanch ship, I told you, was racing over the waves, with a great white bone in her jaws, at a speed of full twelve knots the hour. But thus it is, Fred, my child," added the Lieutenant sorrowfully; "we are never contented with our lot in life; for instead of preaching a sermon only once a-week—or selling slops and over-charging dead men with tobacco, according to popular belief—or copying despatches—or physicking the marines when they indulge too much in the luxury of 'dust' on Banyan days—or dispensing pipe-clay and similar blandishments, all in a professional way—why, these observant idlers are ever striving to take the legitimate bread out of the sea-officers' mouths. And, again, some of these worthy gentlemen, not content with their own regulation uniform, were never made happy until they, by dint of importunity, at last succeeded in stealing the epaulettes from our coats, the distinctive badge of our calling. Now, every one knows that those brilliant bunches of bullion are traditions of ancient armour, and were intended to guard the shoulders of warriors in battle from an overhand lick with a cutlass or any other murderous weapon; but who ever heard of a purser or a doctor getting cut down? No, their business is to cut up; and why they cannot select some more appropriate device, and leave the epaulettes to those to whom they rightfully belong, I can't for the life of me divine! Ah, well," sighed the Lieutenant, as he pulled Fred's nose, out of mere abstraction, and requested him, when he received his warrant, to devote himself religiously to the navy list, which was the midshipman's prayer-book, and never to meddle with the concerns of others—"Ah, well, it can't be helped;" and with this consoling reflection he resumed the thread of his yarn.

"Commodore Bogus Bricks—for that was the epithet our noble commander rejoiced in—was not exactly what sailors term an old Salt. He was old enough, to be sure, and perhaps had been corned often enough to have been made eligible for the compli-

ment, but since he had only seen about three years' sea service, well-nigh the third of a century previous to his present command, it was only reasonable to presume that he could not, from actual experience, be possessed of the true elements or qualities of a Salt. It may, too, have been barely within the bounds of probability that the hardships attendant upon his arduous service in early life had seriously undermined and impaired his constitution, and thus incapacitated him for active duty until a lucrative command should present itself—in that case he would have sacrificed his health to his country; but when I had the pleasure of knowing him, he was, to all human and outward vision, as sound, rosy, and portly a person as you would wish to behold. From this you may understand, Fred, that while in the affairs of freight and dollars the Commodore's judgment was wisdom itself, yet in nautical matters, incredible as it may appear, it was not worth the asking; for he was bold as a Norse vikingir when lulled into security through unconsciousness of danger, and again timid as a pilot-fish when his ignorance and fears beguiled him. The Commodore was a hard student, though; and he has been known to pass much of his valuable time seated at a table, with a model ship or *teaser* before him, bending all his wonderful energies in striving to reduce to practice some exceedingly intricate and utterly impossible problem in seamanship, which the Ancient Mariner himself, had he been a pupil of Euclid's, would have given up in absolute despair. However, this was one of the Commodore's few weak angles; induced—so said the tradition—by the friendship of Cooper the great author, who once upon a time dedicated some thrilling tale of the sea to his friend Bogus; and in consequence of this unfortunate and misplaced attachment, the Commodore has ever since, and may be at this moment for all I know to the contrary, indefatigably occupied with his favourite study.

"We liked the Commodore, however, with a resigned sort of feeling; for, though he was an exceedingly proud person, and cordially hated the French as if they were his natural ene-

mies, yet, withal, he was amiable and conversible—rarely snappish with his subordinates; and at dinner, while

'Full well we laughed, with counterfeited glee,
At all his jokes—for many a joke had he'—

and when in a social mood for confiding his famous recipe for boiling rice, over his wine, after dinner"—Here the Lieutenant drew a long breath, and slapping his leg with deliberate emphasis, declared—"Commodore Bogus Bricks had no rival.

"Well," continued the narrator, as he gazed admiringly into the cheerful blazing fire, as if mentally contrasting the cosy pleasures of his own happy home with the scenes he was describing, "some time in the showery month of April, we ran through the southern tropic, and bolted fairly into the other. The cold sides of the ship had become warmed by the tepid seas in the region of the Equator, and the water in our huge tanks lost its refreshing chilliness; and old straw-hats, with duck trousers, were called into service, while the water and claret monkeys kept swinging from the beams over the gunroom mess-table; yet the breeze still held with a good heart, and we hoped that our impetus would soon drive us beyond the variable winds of the dyawil latitudes of the north-east Trades, and thus send us on our way rejoicing.

"Indeed, we were entirely confident that such a dispensation would be vouchsafed us; and, under that belief, the sailing-master had laid a course to cut off sharp angles in the navigation, and in we sailed to graze Brazil. But, alas!—*viento y centura poco dura*—wind and good luck are of short duration; and one morning the light feathery fleecy clouds, with their distended cheeks, that had so long pulled our swelling sails to sleep, fell back along the verge of the horizon in great sombre heaps; and, with the exception of a little trepidulousness in the bellies of the royals, we found ourselves with Cape San Roque and Pernambuco under our lee, becalmed in the Doldrums.

"For a day or two we were pitched about, using our utmost endeavours to take advantage of favourable airs, however light, until at last they too

took flight, and there was a dead calm. The heat became oppressive, and added to our discomforts, and undecided showers would drizzle over us, hardly enough to wet the decks, but quite sufficient to render everything damp, mucky, and disagreeable.

"It was then the gun-room idlers howled dismally again, and the Commodore, getting bold as a buck-rabbit, kindly assisted the watch officers in superintending trimming the yards and sails in the nicest and most philosophical manner possible. And it would have done your hearts good, ladies," said the Lieutenant, turning politely to his fair auditors, "to have seen him, according to his wont, after wetting a finger, and holding it up gracefully over his head, to discover where the breeze came from, inquire of the officer on duty, in his blandest tones, 'Don't you think the wind is here on the quarter, Ah Gringo?' or, 'Your yards are too sharp, sir;' or something of that sort. When the officer would reply, after the manner of the good old Duke of Cambridge, when he chanced to hear a prayer or sermon which particularly suited his taste at church, 'O, by all means!' or, 'I quite agree with you, Commodore;' and hereupon the order would be given to round in the weather-braces, and so on; for it made no kind of difference, even if the sails were thrown flat aback, which was not unfrequently the case. But you see, Fred, I always made it a rule of action to coincide with my friend the Commodore upon all professional opinions; and I would strongly advise you too, when you serve with a captain, and wish to be regarded as an excellent and appreciative young officer, by all means to take heed, and, if your superior should suggest that the sky was about to fall, be watchful, and rush around to pick up the larks.

"Well," resumed the Lieutenant, "all our efforts proved fruitless. The Penguin was taking a holiday. She wanted rest after her long race; and then she went nodding, rolling, turning, twisting, and flapping, in the most sluggish style imaginable. The clouds, too, scarcely seemed to move—that is, perceptibly—but bank upon bank they lay, apparently within

arm's length of us, piled up to the very zenith, while ever and anon would arise a more numerous family of them—each, however, heavier and gloomier than their relations—until the whole face of the heavens became a motionless and compact mass of vapour. The ocean as well partook in a great degree of the hues reflected from the clouds, and its slate-coloured surface, with glossy, greasy, unbroken undulations, presented the very image of despair and dullness. This pleasant aspect of affairs continued up to the afternoon of the night I speak of, when the cloudy panorama began to stir rather uneasily, and at times the merest ripple of a breeze would flatter us into delusion; but, as the night set in and grew older, these appearances had increased; and when I relieved Jo Montacute on deck, things felt—for I told you I couldn't see—very ticklish indeed.

"The usual bustle attending the change of watches was going on around me. The men were wandering, in a half-distracted state of drowsiness, hither and thither about the decks and battery, dreamily intent upon finding their hammock-mates, in order that those going below might transfer their pea-jackets for a field bed, or may be a well-bitten plug of tobacco, and thus retire to their hammocks with a contented mind, free from care or anxiety, until their turn for watch came on again. 'I say, Bill,' the captain of a top would cry to some laggard of his gang, 'relieve them weather halliards, will ye, or mayhap you'll be a-polishin' a ring bolt on the gun-deck in the mornin'!' or 'You, Jim Haman, go to the life-buoy as soon as iver yer blessed legs will help yer.' 'Where's that nigger Pete for the lee-wheel?' inquires a distressed captain of the afterguard; and again a poor marine is found triced up by the brogans to the mainsheet cavi, earnestly calling upon the 'sargint,' and affirming that he hasn't closed his eyes the whole night; and as the quarter-gunner lets him go by the run upon the deck, he gives a profane objurgation, and swears that them jolly sojers are like the King of France, always a-gittin' into trouble.

"The confusion, however, was not

of long duration. The boatswain's mate reported the watch relieved; I gave the order 'pipe down, then;' he blew his short surge call, with a noise just as if he had a pea spinning round in his whistle. In a moment after the men were crowding down the hatchways, and the spar-deck was left comparatively clear and quiet.

"I waited a space while the watch was being mustered, and until my eyes could in a measure become accustomed to the gloom; and then giving directions for full quarter watches in the tops, and the loftiest sails to be furled, I inquired for the quartermaster at the conn. 'I'm here, sir,' exclaimed my old trusty shipmate, Harry Greenfield, while his sturdy square-built figure flashed out in relief from a ray from the poop binnacle—'I'm here, Mr Gringo, and I'm blessed if there ain't an airthquake hereabouts, for it's as thick as burgoo, and I feels jist like a mou-e-a-suffokatin' in one of them big bottles with a pump in it!' My companion," remarked the Lieutenant, "alluded perhaps to an exhausted receiver, which was not an inapt illustration of our torments. I made no comment, however, and only intimated my intention of hauling up the mainsail—for it was indeed the broadest and deepest sheet of hemp in the navy. So I said, 'Come, lads, man main-clue-garnets and bunt-lines; clear away, up mainsail.' As the great folds of the sail, with its enormous blocks, stout tacks, and sheets, were drawn slowly up to the yard—for though the boatswain's mates chirp'd like goldfinches, the heat was too sultry and oppressive to induce the men to pull with a particle of energy—the cabin-doors were flung wide open, and the Commodore stepped forth and mounted the poop-ladder. 'Ah, Mr Gringo, that's you, is it?' he gasped with some slight asperity; but before I had time to assure him of my identity, he went on with, 'What in the name of common sense are you stripping the ship of her wings for? Keep the canvass on her, sir, and do all you can to get away from this sweltering cape under our lee.' 'Yes, Commodore,' I meekly replied. For you see, Fred," added the Lieutenant, *sotto*

voce, "the higher a monkey climbs the more he shows his tail; and I felt tolerably certain that the Commodore would, in a moral point of view, exhibit himself in that plight; so I merely suggested, by way of soliloquy, that I had been some four years cruising on that coast, and that I didn't feel altogether easy in my mind about the appearance of the weather; but, at the same time, I expressed a willingness to let fall the sails again. 'Certainly, sir, every stitch,' and down came the broad folds of the canvass and the heavy gear, without more ado. All the while my friend the Commodore was muttering to himself, inwardly, as it were, something about somebody being too easily scared, and there being naught but cats'-paws in that vicinity, and the like sentiments. But, by Saint Paul! had Commodore Bogus Bricks known what a tiger's paw was near at hand, he'd jumped off the poop, and forgotten all about boiling rice and that remarkable nautical manoeuvre, for evermore!

"Besides," observed the Lieutenant, as he rather savagely bit off the tip end of his cheroot, "it was extremely ungrateful in him to snub me in that unhandsome way; for he should have recalled to mind the memorable occasion when, with the assistance of Mr Montacute and two stout tawny Kaukas, we butted him up the steep sides of the Volcano of Kilanea—a matter of four hundred perpendicular feet; when, too, the Commodore was well fundered with exhaustion, and no saving help at hand, but our heads in his stern frame! And this was his gratitude—small thanks to him! But, Fred, my boy, remind me one of these days, and I'll relate that exciting adventure to you; and now, where was I—oh, I remember—the canvass was spread as before, and Bogus, after another series of grumbles, very carefully grappled the manropes, backed down the poop-ladder, where, being received in the orderly's arms, he was safely restored to his spacious cabin. The watch wore tediously on. The frigate was braced on the star-board tack, with her head towards the north. Occasionally a thin ray from the binnacle lanterns would

shoot in a narrow stream high up the masts, developing the taunt spars, with the sagging sails, and mazes of top-hamper and rigging; but it was gone in a moment, and all left in darkness as before. Again the clouds seemed to have gained new life, and at intervals a pale bluish glimmer of light would peer faintly out from the east, only to show the surrounding murky masses in a more striking contrast. Four-bells had struck, but I still felt worried and anxious.

"'Harry,' I said at last, out of mere desperation, to the brave old seaman at my side, 'will you have a taste of something from the cocoa-nut to-night? It's recommended by the Faculty, for tender plants like you, and will make you hard as a bullet.'—'No; not jist now, thankee, Mr Gringo. I'm rayther dubersome about this 'ere weather, and I'll wait till ye go below, it it's the same to you, sir.' And, going on in a musing tone, as if communing with himself, 'We may kitch a suerger, and we moughtn't; but I thinks we may, for I never seed sich a look o' things 'cept once before, and that bout we went home under jury-masts, a gill of water and half a biskut a man; with them dam pumps,' he rapped out, 'agin' all the time!' Here the old Salt remained silent for near half an-hour, and then, an idea of some magnitude having apparently got the mastery of him, he gave me a respectful nudge, and wagged his jaw-tackle again. 'I believe I didn't tell ye last night, sir, why I left the steam smoker acomin' down the Mis-issipp, when I was on me travels in the western part of Ameriky? Well, sir, one bright Sunday mornin', we rounded to at a lovely fever and agy place called Vicksburg, and while the hands were takin' freight of tobaccy, rice, and bales of cotton, I saw a little crowd of saller-lookin' fellers on the bank, a-talkin' and a-smokin', quite contented like; so I jist walked on shore, to have a paddle about the mud on the levee, and hear what was agoin' on. There was one chap whose head was no bigger nor a walnut, with legs the size of slate-pencils, and feet on 'em so sprawly, that he must have got his trousers on over his head; and he was a-drawin' on a reglar Cuba, about half a fadom long, and a-puffin' away

as if he'd break his blessed heart. So I jist stepped up to him, and touchin' of me hat perlitely, axed him what was the news? "Wy," says he, very slow and drawly, "we've been puttin' Hagan through an en-tire course of sprouts."—"O, ye have?" I says, all in the wind. "You may well believe it, my persimmon," he goes on, a-winkin' first with one eye, and then with the other. "Hagan is travelin' south at this minnit." O ho, thinks I, obleeged to ye, yaller snake, for the information; but I up and says, "He's gone maybe to Texas?" With that he woke up all of a sudden, and scowlin' upon me very fierce, said,— "I'll tell you what, my sweet-scented shub, I blow'd Hagan's bloody brains out this blessed mornin'; and if you don't make tracks right off, I'll take a roastin' piece out of you, with this 'ere toothpick; or, p'raps," he added, "you'd prefer four or five barrels out of my revolver." So, sir, I thanked him kindly, and scrambled aboard that wonderful smoker, where I swallowed six brandy smashes, one arter the other, and never had any inclination for animal food till I was set ashore at Orleans, when— How far old Greenfield might have gone with his adventures I did not surmise; for, just at that moment, a flash like to a port fire broke out from amid the gloom, accompanied by a low distant muttering of thunder. "Only heat lightning," I heard the orderly at the cabin-door exclaim, with a drowsy yawn, to the man at the wheel, who had his legs twisted lovingly around the spokes, with his head hanging listlessly over the binnacle. "Only heat lightning!—ay," murmured the old quartermaster from his post beside me on the horse-block—"ay, heat lightning be blasted! Ye'll be cold enough, ye lazy akker-marine, afore yer turn in, and mayhap get yer pipe-clay chist capsized into the bargain." Then addressing me, he continued— "If I was you, Mr Gringo, I'd have the men on their pins."

I had already come to this conclusion, and had resolved, moreover, to risk the Commodore's displeasure again, by taking in the loftiest and least manageable sails. Accordingly, I desired a messenger to go forward and request the master's mate on the

forecastle to come aft, and presently there came a wee bit of a reefer—Mr Jack Chatterton, by name—who, after tumbling at random up the poop ladder in a somnambulistic frame of mind, touched his cap sleepily to the binnacle, and remarked, in a few incoherent words, that there he was! ‘Look up here, Jack, my little jewel,’ I cried, while extending him a helping hand, by a smart jerk at the collar of his jacket; ‘rouse up, my boy—look alive, for I want you to crawl out there over the stern davits, and see if you can discover whether or not your respectable uncle Bogus has turned into his dream bag; and mind, you young villain, don’t tumble overboard, or fill your pockets with the Commodore’s fruit;’—both of which cautions I conveyed to my little mate, in my official capacity, merely for form’s sake, without the remotest idea that, in a practical view, they were at all necessary; for I should as soon have expected to have seen our ring-tailed African monkey drop into the sea as Mr Jack Chatterton; and in the matter of bananas, or the larceny of a few oranges, why,” parenthesised the Lieutenant, with a retrospective smile, as if in early life he had been an adept in those pursuits—“why, it is the reefer’s religion!

“In a minute or two my friend Jack returned from his mission, and reported that our worthy commander was *sans enlottes*, and on the point of committing his portly person to the arms of Morpheus. I thereupon desired the boy to jump down between the guns—to make no noise, but to give rapid impressions with the heels of his little shoes upon the torpid waiters and topmen—then to run forward, haul the flying jib down and stow it—see the staysail ready for hoisting, and all the ropes clear for running. ‘Ay, ay, sir, I’ll work sharp,’ he replied, in a husky whisper, as he sprang down the ladder to execute the orders, while old Harry suggested, with encouraging fondness for the scamp, ‘The younker’s a chokin’ hisself with a bunch of the Commodore’s ripe benannys, but he’s wide awake and cheekfull of fleas when he’s a mind to.’

“While my youthful adjutant was busy insinuating his pedal extremities

into the sleeping carcasses of the watch, I sent a man up into each top with directions to the men aloft to furl the royals, and then stand by to roll up the top-gallant-sails. There was just about sufficient time to have the first of these instructions carried into effect, and while the men were laying out on the top-gallant-yards, there suddenly burst out from the east a blinding glare of intensely vivid lightning, which lit up the entire outward and inward ship from the trucks to the water-line, and the frowning black muzzles of the battery, making the vanes, rails, and brass stars on the aprons of the guns, fairly to gleam in flame; while the boats, ropes, decks, deep down the hatchways, and then away aloft the very eyes and teeth of the topmen, were illumined in the instantaneous and unearthly light; the same moment there came an ear-splitting peal of thunder, followed by a cold current of air, as if half the ice bergs from Greenland had been floating near.

“‘Good God!’ I ejaculated to old Greenfield, ‘we are going to have a pull!’ ‘Ay, holy Bridget! its the tornado a-comin’, sir; and work fast or you’ll lose—’ Before the words were well out of his mouth, we heard a rushing seething sound, like millions of whips lashing the sea, and I had only time to yell to the topmen to save themselves from the yards—to let fly the topsail halliards—and to heave the helm hard up, before the squall in its fury was upon us. In the awful uproar that followed, all voices were drowned in the fierce contention of the elements—the speaking-trumpet was blown from my grasp—and there came a howl as if all the demons of winds were giving vent to their long-pent-up lungs. The rain at first, as big as biscuits, came along in horizontal sheets, and the frigate, feeling the terrible force of the blow upon her beam, heeled over until the port-waist nettings were under water, and then she lay trembling as if struggling in the very jaws of the deep! Then the lofty sails went flying away in the black night, like flakes of snow; and the sharp crash of the snapping spars, and the white splinters were lit up in the continuous shower of lightning.

Then there came a moment of dreadful suspense, while the hurricane beat us down in its wrath, and I thought the game was up, and that our watery billets had been regularly countersigned by Daddy Neptune; but the huge mainsail, which thus far stood the brunt of the blast, at last by a superhuman effort snapped the strong sheet and tack with a sound like the report of cannon. One shake of the immense sail, and the great blocks flew with a stunning crash upon the bulwarks, while the canvass, bolt-ropes and all, were torn into a thousand strips and shreds. The ship, relieved at the instant from the mighty pressure, rose with a hard shuddering quiver, that was felt from her keel to the trucks, breasted the surge, and then, regaining her buoyancy, she leaped like a dolphin over the yielding and tumultuous seas.

"Ah! she's cheated Mr Davy Jones this hitch," roared old Greenfield into my ear, as he held on like a leech to the mizzen shrouds, while at the same time I was linked on to his neck, and the topmen came sliding down the standing backstays like so many rats. 'The sailmakers will have a job in the mornin' he chuckled; 'but, Lord love ye, sir, just look at the Commodore.' "Yes, uncle," struck in little Fred, interrupting the Lieutenant, "what was the Commodore doing all this time?" "O!" said the narrator—and here he laughed long and loudly—"why, child, as the squall came upon the frigate, butt and foremost, as it were, I beheld, amid the incessant flashes, the Commodore dash like a manie out of the cabin; and during the jarring war of the tempest, his voice was heard in startling accents, calling upon 'Mr Rods and all hands to save the ship.' Now the Commodore was a turtle-backed gentleman, with roundly-turned balustrade legs—and, with his sack flying in extreme disarray, 'like a tatter'd flag o'er a splitting wreck,' and his body more than half-way bent down the after-windsail hatch, he presented a very curious and extraordinary entertainment, I pledge you my honour. And though I do not hesitate to avow that I never was in a more desperate fright in all my life, yet I could not

resist indulging in an inward laugh, albeit agreeing with Mr Squeers, when that individual flogged Smike in the hackney-coach, that notwithstanding the position was inconvenient, still the novelty gave a zest to it.

"Well," continued the Lieutenant, "you may believe that many seconds did not elapse before the watch below were rushing for the upper deck, and the fury of the storm having somewhat passed over, the frigate was easily reduced to proper canvass, the fractured yards and spars got down, and in an hour after all was going on as usual.

"At eight-bells I was relieved, and of course went below; but there was a sight, to be sure! Not only had the gunroom mess-table been torn from the cleets and lashings, the sideboards pitched on end, with chairs, sofas, and crockery piled about in disordered heaps; but the idlers themselves—surgeons, purser, chaplain, marines, and secretary—were strewn outside their cabins, 'quite permiscuous,' as old Greenfield observed, and all attired in the dimmest possible raiment, waiting, in considerable anxiety, to know by what extraordinary combination of circumstances they had been so unceremoniously turned out of their cots at that unseemly hour of the night.

"What's all this row been about!" they exclaimed in a volley, as I splashed into the gunroom. Greenfield in my wake, and our dripping garments leaving a wet trail on the deck. 'What the doose has been the matter?' said they. 'Why, I don't know of anything particularly out of the common,' I replied; 'you fellows must have been dreaming. A little breeze sprang up on the starboard-beam about three o'clock, but we might have carried skysail-scraper and moon-rakers, had the Commodore inclined.' 'Skysail and moon devils!' muttered the doctor with decided derision. 'Yes! and perhaps you might have carried us all to the bottom of the Brazil banks, with that little breeze on our beam you speak of.' 'Don't try to humbug me,' shouted the parson—who, by the way, was an ugly customer to play rigs on, with a resolute physiognomy—a cross

betwixt a Cherokee and a Chinaman—and not scared by any one's pistols, for once he volunteered to fight the first lieutenant across the table, sideways at that. 'None of your nonsense, Señor Gringo,' chimed in the commissary; 'I not only heard old Bogus yelling down the hatch, equal to an entire tribe of wild Conanchees, squaws and all, but what's more, it isn't by any means a small *col-au-cent* that can throw this stiff ship on her beam-ends, and pitch your humble servant clean out of his bunk, and never to touch bottom until his *cabeza* brought up, like a round-shot, against that infernal mizzen-mast.' 'O ho! you've been taking in sail again, you timid lubber,' screamed my jolly ally, Mr Montacute, from his state-room to leeward, enjoying the foregoing altercation with the outsiders, and whom, ensconced within his dormitory, old breezy Eolus, or any other motive power, save perhaps a corkscrew, would have found considerable difficulty to have ousted; for such tenacity for the vested rights and privileges of a commissioned officer when off guard, and such downright careless *abandon* for 'tobacco and ladies,' as my friend Monty possessed, was truly refreshing to contemplate.

"But," resumed the Lieutenant, after the foregoing digression, "perceiving that the individuals I was arraigned before were not only incredulous, but somewhat pugnaciously inclined, I said—'The fact is, mess-mates, knowing your anxiety to get home, and since you have all, more or less, carpied and complained a little at our extreme caution in carrying sail, I determined to oblige you in a

body this evening; and now it's my opinion that there isn't a whole bolt of dimity left in the frigate, except in the windsails—ringtail and bobstay spritsail—to catch the wind as it comes through the hawse-holes; and how or when,' I added, 'we are to make a harbour, the Lord only can tell.'

"Hereupon a few strong saucers and dish covers began to circulate quite freely about the gunroom; and I had every reason to believe that they were directed at my head, more especially since my remarks had been capped by a shout of approval from the watch-officers, in answer to the universal grunt of derision which emanated from the idlers. At this stage of the action, having, as I religiously hoped, poured oil on the troubled waters, Harry Greenfield and me proceeded to dash ourselves slightly with spirits; after which I turned in composedly, and slept like a top. But," added the Lieutenant, in concluding his narrative, "I never from that hour heard more complaints, carry sail how we would; and as for Commodore Bogus Bricks, he moped all the remainder of the voyage home."

"Why, uncle!" exclaimed Fred, "I thought you were going to be shipwrecked, and escape in the jelly-boat—and then eat one another—and be frost-bitten, captured by a pirate, and sold for a slave—and all that sort of thing you know—instead of only taking a ducking and coming back quite safe!" The Lieutenant smiled at the youngster's enthusiasm; and throwing his cheroot into the fire, he rang the bell, and after requesting his mayor-domo to lay out some bi-vaives and a pint of pale ale, he dismissed his audience for the night.

AITON'S TRAVELS IN THE EAST.

No one could have written this book except a member of presbytery; and very few members of presbytery could have written a volume so amusing, yet withal absurd. Every page of it is stamped with the idiosyncrasy of the author. We lay down the majority of books, however commendable they may be in sentiment, and excellent in style, without having acquired any clue to the habits, tastes, prejudices, or character of the composers. We may understand the subject under treatment, but we gather little insight into the peculiarities of the operator. Not so with Dr Aiton. Like the showman in the panorama, he is never absent from our eye, adding not a little to the interest of the peristrophe painting, by the occasional oddity of the descriptions in which he indulges, and his constant revelations of himself. Indeed, without the personality of the Doctor, the work would lose half of its charm. We have had sketches over and over again, more or less vivid, of Mediterranean scenery, of Egypt and its colossal antiquities, of the Holy Land, the Isles of Greece, and of Rome; and, considering the high literary attainments of writers who have gone before him, it is no depreciation of Dr Aiton's volume to say, that several have excelled him in artistical accomplishment, and in graphic power. Yet we doubt whether there has yet been produced a more amusing volume upon the East. It is precisely what we should expect an account of Great Britain to be, if written, after the experiences of a month or two, by the inhabitant of another zone, full of native feeling and strong prejudice. Such a one—were he Mussulman or Copt—would no doubt refer every object he beheld to the standard of his own recollections, and deliver judgment in a very summary way, upon what most of us would consider to be extremely slender evidence. And in just the same spirit Dr Aiton emerges from the

manse of Dolphinton, in the Upper Ward of Lanarkshire, determined to see everything with his own eyes, through his own peculiar spectacles, and to condemn or acquit according to his preconceived opinions. We find no fault with this—far otherwise. As a mere picture of travel, the work, though far from contemptible in point of merit, would have excited little attention; in the peculiarities, and constant appearance of the author on the stage, lies the absolute zest of the volume.

We could have wished, however, that a work, emanating from a member of the Established Church of Scotland, who has attained the rank of Doctor of Divinity, had displayed less coarseness of expression and more refinement than this. We pass from simple absurdities, because in these there is no offence. But the reader may well be excused for experiencing an occasional qualm, when he finds the author recounting, with unnecessary minuteness, the sensations which beset his inner man when suffering under extreme tribulation, his manifold perspirations and toils, and a great deal more which had better have been left untold. All this is the more annoying, because it destroys the effect of other passages in the book which are not liable to similar censure. With many of the best points of a Scottish divine, amongst which we may number his biblical knowledge and his strong enthusiasm, he unites the foibles which are only confined to a few. His eccentricities are such that we must protest against his book being received as a favourable or proper specimen of the literature of our national church. And yet we do not wish to pass indiscriminate censure. A more kindly man, in so far as the natural instincts are concerned, we believe it would be difficult to find. That he has within him a certain power of eloquence, many passages of this volume prove—though there are others which convince us that he

is singularly ignorant of the true principles of the art. That he would make a most amusing companion we cannot deny, since we have risen from the perusal of the book with a strong feeling of regret that it was not our fortune to be present at several of the scenes which he describes; though from others we are glad that we were absent. But our general objection is, that it is calculated to impress strangers with an erroneous idea of the habits and mode of thought of the clergy of our Established Church.

The fact is, that the Doctor is a great deal too explicit in his revelations, and sometimes too minute in his details. We are frequently at a loss to know whether we are to laugh with him, or at him; though, to do him justice, he frequently laughs at himself; and, therefore, we need have the less scruple. Although this is not his first essay in travel, as we learn from various passages in the volume, he is certainly no cosmopolitan. But he is not a man who will submit to the customary usages and recognised habits of society. We, Scotsmen, are proverbially eccentric; and Dr Aiton is no exception from the rule—nay, he is one of the most eccentric of the race. Once beyond the precincts of European civilisation, he does not seem to have cared what appearance he made. A proper notion, truly, the Turks must have entertained of the Scottish clergy, when we find that, on board the steamer off Constantinople, several of them were so much struck with compassion for the unfortunate Briton, with his straw-hat and unwashed linen apparel, that they absolutely collected a purse for his benefit, albeit he was in possession of a bag of sovereigns, and, of course, refused the eleemosynary assistance!

With regard to the design of this book, we have a word or two to say before entering into details. Dr Aiton clearly explains why he undertook this journey, at least as far as Suez; and he was perfectly right in his resolution—indeed his example is worthy of all imitation—that, having gone so far, he could not return without having visited the land of the Messiah. Strange as the notion may appear in the eyes of modern utilitarians, we wish that more professors

and preachers of the Gospel would make a similar pilgrimage. Few strangers visit the north of Scotland without going to the field of Culloden. No Briton is in Belgium without tracing the localities of Waterloo. We all know what inspiration is derived from the personal inspection of a place famed as the theatre of some grand historical event; and what country in the world can, in this respect, be compared for one moment with Palestine? We are perfectly certain of this, that the clergyman who has visited Judea and the Holy City, will, on his return, be infinitely better qualified to expound Scripture than the mere laborious student who acquires his information in the closet. We cannot help feeling it as a reproach that the Mahometans are so much more diligent than ourselves in the performance of pious pilgrimages. It is not superstition that leads our thoughts almost instinctively towards Jerusalem. The land of the Nativity and the Ascension cannot be, to the sincere believer, like any other spot on the earth. What are historical recollections of the most exalted valour or genius, compared with the glorious and awful thoughts which the sight of Jerusalem, and Calvary, and the Mount of Olives must inspire? Egypt, with its mysterious pyramids, and colossal fragments of the past, may be an object of wonder—it is beyond Egypt that the true land of mysteries and of wonder lies.

When Dr Aiton set out upon his journey, he evidently did so with the intention of recording his experiences in print. This was natural, proper, and highly commendable; but the Doctor is not quite an adept in the profounder secrets of book-making. He betrays his purpose in the very first sentence. "Had Julius Caesar," quoth he, in his magniloquent exordium, "been permitted in 1851 to revisit this world, that we might show him how much Britain had advanced since he first invaded our shores, it would have been desirable that he had popped up his head through the pavement at the Wellington statue, before the Royal Exchange and the Bank of England." After this forced resurrection of the mighty Julius—in which process, by the way, his cranium must have

sustained some damage—the Doctor supposes him conducted to the Crystal Palace, and the terminus of the South Eastern Counties' Railway, from whence he is to be hurried off by an express train to Southampton, for the purpose of inspecting the identical steamer which conveyed our respected friend to the Mediterranean! We doubt whether the end proposed is altogether commensurate with the magnitude of the invocation; but, after all, that matters little. Once afloat, and recovered from the Biscayan qualms, the Doctor took his observations as regularly as a practised mariner. In his enthusiasm he confounds the past with the present, and becomes a spectator of the fiery flight of Corinna. "The general face of this part of the country seemed to be composed of rock, with a scanty soil, and some small scattered clusters of pines, like fox covers, crowned the summit of the ridge. The British lines were said to have been posted on the secondary range, and a height half-a-mile above it was occupied by the French. *My heart sank within me* when I noticed that Soult's position commanded a point-blank range of Sir John Moore's. The hamlet of Elvina was pointed out, the severest part of the battle-field, near which a battery was planted, which proved to be most destructive to our war-worn troops. *I turned from the heart-rending scene with a tear in my eye*, and chose rather to look at a solitary sea-fowl floating on the wave, and then flapping its wings through the shrouds. It gave me some satisfaction, in my melancholy mood, to observe crowds of majestic ships sweeping the horizon in every direction, and, with the help of the captain's spy-glass, to read on their flags flying at the main, that these were merchant-men belonging to my own country, or that this was a frigate, the crew of which was paid partly out of my own pocket!" We envy the serenity of the mind which can turn to such topics for consolation.

Off Cape St Vincent, of which the Doctor takes "a passing squint," we are favoured with a succinct account of the action in 1797; and the same off Trafalgar. Gibraltar gives rise to a little ambitious writing; though,

after all, Dr Aiton confesses that "to my mind the most interesting object at Gibraltar was the flag of Great and unconquered Britain flying free as the wind, or flapping playfully round the staff; fixed firm on the top of the rock so well fortified; but securer far even than this in the brave-hearted courage and caution both of our soldiers and sailors. 'See,' I remarked to my boy, 'how it spreads on the wings of the four winds of heaven, affording an interesting emblem of the extent and security of our dominions abroad, and of the sacred and civil rights of our people at home,'" &c. We are ready to tender our applause, but we must be pardoned if we curtail the lecture. Speeding up the Mediterranean, Europe sank behind them, and "in the evening we all enjoyed our first Mediterranean sun-set, unquestionably the finest sight any voyager ever beheld. The deck was crowded till midnight; and with passengers walking and talking, and music from the band, time passed like a holiday. The night was most beautiful, the air fresh and balmy, and every constellation in the sky shone brighter than another. The sea, luminous with phosphorus, unfolded bouncing waves of spangled light beneath the paddle-wheels, and far behind the ship it formed eddying shoals of silver foam as it fell from the rudder like the tail of a comet." Coasting Algeria, the Doctor reflects that "it is remarkable that so many fine soldiers of France should first have been frozen under the snow in Russia, and now fired on the burning sands of Africa. Thus the Lord seems still to be holding their restless infidelity in derision, and even now speaking to them in his wrath, and vexing them in his sore displeasure." Until we read this, we were not aware that the veterans of Moscow had been transported to the African coast. Near Tunis, our traveller was gratified by observing "cultivated fields, and woods, parks, and African gentlemen's seats;" and he also obtained a passing glimpse of Carthage, which naturally excited recollections and mention of Hannibal, Marius, and the rest.

At Malta, the Doctor (having first indulged himself in a speculation as to whether Josephus the historian did

not sail in the same ship with Saint Paul, and having convinced himself of the extreme probability of their companionship) went ashore, and was desperately beset at landing. "But now we are on the landing-place, and what a host of beggars calling out *Nix mangiare*; and this, too, is the name of the street. To give coppers only increases the difficulty, and the crowd thickens around till licks and kicks are employed to get elbow room. Hurrying along amidst drought and dust, I crossed a crowded drawbridge over a deep fosse, covered at bottom with bananas and orange-trees. I passed under a deep dark gateway; then mounting upwards, and through the markets, and still in the midst of brown, bleary-eyed natives, I reached a long street of stairs, and here we toiled, and blew, and sweated as if we had been so many blackguards condemned to the treadmill." The Doctor, it will be observed, is not very choice in his similes, even with regard to himself. However, notwithstanding such unpleasant perspiration, he managed to get up the stairs at last, and appears to have been pleased with La Valetta.

Landing at Alexandria, the Doctor proceeded to Cairo, where he made a narrow escape from being shot by a sentinel, to whose challenge he could not reply. Notwithstanding this sample of the dangers which beset travellers in a distant land, Dr Aiton was nothing dismayed. "In going," says he, "to the Pyramids, I resolved to be alone. I had heard much of the danger of being robbed, or perhaps murdered; and I had read that the donkey boys who attended the author of Eothen overheard an ill-looking fellow, in soldier's uniform, propose to the Sheikh to put him to death whilst he was in the interior of the great pyramid. Fancy, says that lively writer, a struggle for life in one of those burial-chambers, with acres and acres of solid masonry between myself and the daylight. But I weighed the danger of robbery and murder in one scale, against the heroism of the exploit and the enjoyment in the full influence of the solitary scene in the other; and accordingly I set out, soon after midnight, for the ferry of Gihez, to visit the Pyramids, the distance being

about ten or twelve miles." Far be it from us to question the attribute of heroism so distinctly claimed. So, as Coleridge writes—

"Like one that on a lonesome road
Doth walk in fear and dread,
And, having once turned round, walks on
And turns no more his head;
Because he knows a frightful fiend
Doth close behind him tread;"—

the Doctor made the best of his way through the mud-fields of Egypt, until he reached the edge of the Desert. In that lonely spot, where, as tradition tells, many an unwary traveller has surrendered both purse and life to the treacherous and cruel Arab, our friend appears to have experienced some blameless spasms; yet no grim child of Ishmael rushed upon him, and he reached his destination in safety. Dr Aiton's account of his ascent of the Pyramids is so graphic that we must give it in his own words; indeed, we question whether it would have been possible for Smollett, in his broadest comic mood, to heighten the effect of the picture:—

"I had read so much of the bulk of the Pyramids, and they now appeared so positively insignificant in their dimensions, that I felt mortified; but I remembered that I had the same impression many years ago when first approaching the Alps. And I began to consider that as the extreme clearness of the atmosphere gave them the appearance of proximity in the far distance, so it would also partly account for the diminutive aspect they persisted in presenting. I dismounted, and scrambled up the bold ledge of rock, and found myself already a hundred feet above the level of the Nile. Here my Arab guide produced cold fowl, bread, wine, and Nile water in plenty at the foot of this mountain of stone, which now began to indicate its colossal magnitude. Standing beside the Pyramid, and looking from the base to the top, and especially examining the vast dimensions of each separate stone, I thus obtained an adequate impression of the magnitude of its dimensions, which produced a calm and speechless, but elevated feeling of awe. The Arabs—men, women, and children—came crowding around me, but they seemed kind and inoffensive. I was advised to mount up to the top before the sun gained strength; and, skipping like chamois on a mountain, two Arabs took hold of me by each

wrist, and a third lifted me up from behind, and thus I began with resolution and courage to ascend the countless layers of huge stones, which tower and taper to the top. Every step was three feet up at a bound, and really a perpendicular hop-step-and-leap of this sort was no joke; move after move continuing as if for ever. I found that the Arabs did not work so smoothly as I expected, and that one seemed at a time to be holding back, while another was dragging me up; and this soon became very tiresome. Perceiving this, they changed their method, and I was directed to put my foot on the knee of one Arab, and another pulled me up by both hands, while a third pushed me behind, and thus I hounded on in my treadmill of tedious, and very tiresome exertion. I paused half way to the top, and rested at the cave. I looked up and down with a feeling of awe, and now I felt the force of Warburton's remark when he called it the greatest wonder in the world. But in the midst of these commonplace reflections, a fit of sickness came over me. Everything turned dark before me; and now for a moment my courage failed me, and when looking at my three savage companions, (for my guide and his friend were sitting below finishing the fragments of my breakfast, and the donkeys were munching beams,) I felt myself alike destitute of comfort and protection. And when they put forth their hands to lift my body, I verily thought myself a murdered man. When I came out of my faint, I found that they had gently turned me on my belly, with my head flat upon the rock, and that they had been sprinkling my face and breast with water. A profuse perspiration broke out; and I felt myself relieved. I rested ten or fifteen minutes, and hesitated for a moment whether to go up or down; but I had determined that I should reach the top, if I should perish in the attempt. I resumed therefore the ascent, but with more time and caution than before; and fearing to look either up or down, or to any portion of the frightful aspect around, I fixed my eye entirely on each individual step before me, as if there had been no other object in the world besides. To encourage me by diverting my attention, the Arabs chanted their monotonous songs, mainly in their own language, interspersed with expressions about buckshish, 'Englese good to Arabs,' and making signs to me every now and then how near we were getting to the top. After a second dwam, a rest and a draught of water prepared me for another effort at ascending; and now as I ad-

vanced, my ideas began to expand to something commensurate with the grandeur and novelty of the scene.

"When I reached the top, I found myself on a broad area of about ten yards in every way of massive stone-blocks broken and displaced. Exhausted and over-heated, I laid me down panting like a greyhound after a severe chase. I bathed my temples, and drank a deep cool draught of Nile water. After inhaling for a few minutes the fresh elastic breeze blowing up the river, I felt that I was myself again. I rose and gazed with avidity in fixed silence, north and south, east, and west. And now I felt it very exhilarating to the spirit, when thus standing on a small unprotected pavement at so many hundred feet above the earth, and so many thousand miles from home, to be alone, surrounded only by three wild and ferocious-like savages. The Arabs knew as well as I did that my life and property were in their power; but they were kind and proud of the confidence I had in them. They tapped me gently on the back, patted my head, kissed my hand, and then, with a low laughing smister growl, they asked me for buckshish, which I firmly refused. Then they laughed, and ; and chatted as before."

It would not, however, be fair to the writer were we to allow him to rest his reputation simply on such passages, which we think will justify our preliminary remark, that the peculiarities of the author contribute not a little to the amusement which we derive from his volume. We also said that Dr Aiton is possessed of some eloquence; and we shall now proceed to show that he can really write well when his heart is in the subject, and when he is not writing merely for effect. His besetting literary weakness is a tendency to clothe trivialities in lofty language, quite unsuited to the nature of the theme—a common, but a great fault in composition. Hence we should not be surprised to find some persons deeming this book as turgid from beginning to end; whereas it is turgid only when the Doctor bursts into apostrophes, or when he attempts to make mountains out of mole-hills. The following passage, descriptive of the view from the summit of the pyramids, is exceedingly well conceived and expressed; and it is rather remarkable that, throughout the whole of the chapters

pened in the Holy Land, or at least referring to it, we do not often encounter passages which are in manifest violation of the rules of good taste.

"What a magnificent panorama was now unfolded around me as the centre of Arabia, with a radius of a hundred miles in every direction, and how my eyes feasted on the sight! There is a vast level plain, bounded only by the Arabian and Libyan mountains, and of several thousand miles in extent, the region of burning thirst, of the deceitful and dancing mirage, and of the deadly simoom. It is watered by the magnificent Nile, creeping in its green emb

through a wide waste of golden sand, glaring and glittering in the brightness of the sun like a serpent of silver. Sole monarch of the plain, he suffers no riv- to come near his throne. For twelve hundred miles along his course he admits not one tributary rill, however small, to mingle with his stream. No 'not even the dew-drops of the morn, or the rains that feed other waters, and fructify other fields, in every other country. The abundantator of Egypt, Upper and Lower, he gives the natives then every drink of water; and, unlike every other river, the worst his eye and hand for them that, he they ever so hot for the time, they may bathe or partake of the cooling draught with perfect impunity, till they quench their burning thirst. How fair and fertile are its banks, the garden and granary of countless villages! How green are its savannas! how fruitful its fields, loaded with every necessary and luxury of life! Here there is a sugar plantation, or a grove of acacia and palm-trees; there, is a patch of green meadow, in which cattle are grazing; and on all its banks, wheat and flax, and cotton and Indian corn and tobacco are seen—some green and some golden. The boundless prospect is everywhere intersected by numerous canals, which regulate the inundations of the river, and by trees on their banks, which give a character of English comfort to the landscape. There lay before me, like a map spread out, the two most magnificent deserts in the world—the one reaching from where I now stand onward and eastward to the banks of the Euphrates, the other extending along the Nile upward to Nubia, and inward for two thousand miles to the untrodden regions of central Africa. This magnificent Sahara is backed by nothing, and bounded by nothing but its own trembling horizon;—sand, dry, flat, and fearfully hot, lifeless, trackless, sand, a dreadful wilderness, a wide-spread deso-

lation, a dead sea dried up, a boundless ocean accursed, a scorched desert, traversed only at a time, by the dreadful simoom. I noticed how the deep yellow of the sand contrasted with the rocks, which seem white like snow in a moonlight. Yonder, too, far in the desert, is a calm blue lake, like beauty sleeping in the lap of horror. 'It is *Sarah*,' said one of the Arabs; 'Mirage,' cried another. The fine sheets and shades of water seemed to be distantly marked; and it was painful to think that it was only a glittering mockery. Thank God, thought I, that I am not a weary thirsty traveller now crossing the wilderness, to be tantalised by such a torment. Yonder are palaces and tents—it is a great caravan of Turkish pilgrims on their way to Mecca; what a string of dromedaries, and what a swarm of Bedouin Arabs are around! In that lonely spot stands the skeleton of a temple of the olden times. And there, across the Nile, is distinctly seen the church and grotto, still guarded by a Coptic priest, marking the place where Joseph and the Virgin Mary took refuge with the infant Saviour, when they fled from Herod, king of Judea. Almost below me were the ruins of Memphis, the seat of the Pharaoh, and the bath-place of Moses."

The descent from the Pyramid, as related by Dr Aiton, is almost as funny as his account of the ascent; but we cannot afford further space for his Egyptian rascals.

As in duty bound, he is great upon the subject of the Red Sea, and will not consent to receive any hypothesis which could lead to the conclusion that the children of Israel crossed it at a point comparatively shallow. He has even gone the length of indicating the passage by a route which, in the centre of the channel, would have been two hundred and thirty-four feet beneath the surface of the sea. Now, as it is admitted on all hands that the passage was miraculous, it does not seem to us that there is any occasion for dogmatising on the point. So far as we can understand the Doctor, his argument sounds plausible enough from the localities on either shore; but he seems altogether to have forgotten the stubbornness and want of faith so constantly exhibited by the Israelites, which might very well have deterred them from attempting so desperate and deep a passage, even

when the way lay open. But it is neither our province nor our wish to engage in such discussions. The Doctor leaves the question, as he found it, perfectly open; and it will never be settled by geographers. Much more characteristic than the topographical reasoning, is the following rhapsody on the return of the waters upon the Egyptians. We do not know that we ever read anything in print so utterly and irredeemably bad, excepting always in the writings of that incorrigible dealer in bombast, Mr George Gillfillan of Dundee, whose ideas, in volume and flavour, can be aptly compared to nothing but the outpourings of a dirty chimney; and the worst of it is, that the writer seems all the while to imagine that he is perpetrating something sublime.

“When in this contemplative mood, I thought what a night that must have been when this grand miracle was wrought. I imagined I heard the east wind roaring up along the gulf, and saw it drumming back the waves upright as a wall on either side. Then there was the Egyptian darkness, made brighter than the sunbeam by the cloudy pillar gleaming on the waters from the sky—then there came before my eyes the deliling of the terrified Israelites through the awful path, the hesitation, hurry, and confusion of the host, the sublime awe and confidence of Moses, meek but determined, then the advance of Pharaoh's proud horsemen—then the roar of the retreating waters, the erected form of the boiling billow, the rising flood strong and swift, and the whole torrent rushing onward to overwhelm in a moment the God-defying Pharaoh and his host: then there arose in my ear the yell of the drowning. What a wet and white winding-sheet these foamings surge! would be to the cold clay corpse of Pharaoh and his host! What surfleets and dainty feeding the sharks of the whole gulf would have for a while on the carcasses of the greasy and gouty beef-eaters of the Egyptian court! The screeches of so many in the agony of death, and the gurgling screams of such a drowning multitude swelling across the waters, would be sweet music to the Hebrew shepherds; now that they were high and dry on the beach, and safe from the pursuing foe with all the jewels of the Egyptians on their back.”

We are inclined to give the Hebrews more credit for moral perception than

the Doctor seems disposed to allow. Is it an amiable trait to hold that the possession of the borrowed jewels added zest to the “screeches” and “screams” of the “beef-eaters” perishing in the sea? We should be sorry to suppose the like even of a gang of wreckers.

Right wroth was Dr Aiton with the crew of a vessel who imposed upon him on his passage to Jaffa, (though to them he was certainly less akin than was an Israelite to an Egyptian;) and fearful is the character which he gives of the Arab watermen. There may be some truth in this, though we are inclined to think there is considerable exaggeration; at all events, it is comfortable to know that the Doctor landed in Syria without any worse thing having befallen him than the overcharge of a few dollars.

Now the pastor of Dolphinton rode to Jerusalem, we must leave himself to tell

“I was clothed in white linen, with a white straw-hat eminently broad in the brim, and protected with a turban of cloth around and over it, and with a flap hanging behind all to keep off the sun. Over and above this, I had to keep up a large cotton umbrella well lined with white cloth, which I vainly shifted in every way to shelter me from the intense heat darting down from the sky, and reflected with equal power, in a flame coloured vapour, from the sand below. Not a breath of air stirred in the scorching atmosphere. The sun in his fierce wrath ruled over all. The lizards, the scorpions, and other blood-suckers, paired in the sultry heat; and thousands of wasps and winged vermin hovered over me like a cloud, and whirled around my head as if to torture me. As one was driven out of my ear another went up my nostril, a third popped direct into the eye; and when I gaped for breath not a few darted into my mouth, and danced on the wing down my throat.”

He was attacked on the way, in a most blood-curdling manner—that is, a roving Bedouin presented a gun at him, but did not fire; and this encounter, and the fatigue of a long ride, brought on a nervous fever, which fortunately expended itself in dreams. Onirology is always interesting; and we are not sorry to have been favoured with the Doctor's experiences.

"I felt very thirsty, and actually dreamt that the cold and clear waters of a spout near the mausoleum of Dolphinton were purling down my burning throat. The notes of the nightingale, the cry of owls, and the barking of jackals, mingled together in my ear, and disturbed me at times. The mosquitoes too tormented me almost to madness. My perspiration was excessive, and altogether I spent a most miserable night of wearisome weakness. And last of all I dreamt that there came at me my old enemy, like a burning baboon, led on by Satan in a red-hot chain, to tell me, for my comfort, that he had sworn the younger Hannibal at the altar never to be at peace with the Romans."

There is a pleasant perplexity in this passage, which we really do not understand. It is not explained to our satisfaction who "the old enemy," or the "younger Hannibal" may be. But Dr Aiton possesses, beyond any other writer that we know of, the art of torturing resemblances. Thus we find him, at a later period of his travels, comparing the leaning Tower of Pisa to "the Court of Teinds in Scotland, starving the clergy and their families." We love the clergy, and we hope we have a reasonable eye for similitude; but, after considering the matter in every way, we really cannot understand the propriety of the trope. If the Doctor has been pursuing an augmentation, and has failed, we are sincerely sorry for his disappointment in respect of chalders; though why that misfortune should render the Court of Teinds like the Tower of Pisa, is altogether beyond our comprehension.

From the time when the Doctor obtained his first view of Jerusalem, until the day when he parted from the Holy Land, his whole manner of thought, nay, his very style, as appears from the book, were changed greatly for the better. We have not shrunk from indicating his faults, perhaps we ought rather to say, his peculiarities, as a writer. It affords us sincere pleasure to bear testimony to his merits. Dr Aiton approached the Holy City, not, as has unfortunately been the case with others, in a stern sectarian spirit, resolved to keep aloof from all other forms of Christianity save his own, but in meek reverence, and humble awe, as one pilgrim out of many, to the tomb of the Universal

Redeemer. In his pages we find no sneers at the forms of the Oriental Church; no unseen jealousy of members of other Western churches, who have found their way to Jerusalem. Earnest in his heart was the hope of the conversion of the Jews; and great the interest which he felt in reviewing the missionary labours. Equally creditable to him is the faith which he evinces in his exploration of the different places so overwhelmingly interesting to us all, from the events which they are meant to commemorate. Some men, calling themselves clergymen, have gone even to the Sacred Tomb in a spirit of wrangling and of cavil. The traditions of all antiquity, beginning from the earliest ages, are not sufficient to convince them that the locality is entirely correct. What the first Bishop of Jerusalem indicated, what the Empress Helena allowed, and what Godfrey of Bouillon acknowledged, is not good enough for them. Professing Christians, they are, in fact, heretics against reason and against evidence; and, for the sake of exhibiting their own paltry ingenuity, they deny the sanctity of the place. Such men, undoubtedly, had better remain at home. Very different was the feeling displayed by Dr Aiton on each visit to the most hallowed shrines upon earth. We make no apology for quoting that of by far the greatest interest:—

"In the evening I visited the Church of the Holy Sepulchre,—certainly the most venerable in the world. It was remarkable to find this burial-place of our Lord guarded by Mahometan soldiers. A great crowd was pressing for admittance, and their struggles were scarcely becoming their character as pilgrims. I entered the large circular hall supported by a colonnade of eighteen pillars, and surmounted by a large dome. Local tradition has fixed this remarkable spot as the centre of the earth. Immediately within the door there is a large flat stone on the floor, surrounded by a rail, and having lamps suspended over it. The pilgrims were pushing towards it, some of them even on their knees; and they all kissed it, and prostrated themselves before it, and offered up prayers in holy adoration. This is said to be the stone on which the body of our Lord was washed and anointed for the tomb. But everything around is hallowed by events unparalleled in the theatre

of this lower world. Turning to the left, and proceeding a little forward, I came to a round space immediately under the dome surrounded with large columns that support the gallery above. In the midst of this space there is a pavilion containing the Holy Sepulchre. At one end it is rounded, and in the outside of it there are arcades for prayer. At the other end it is squared off and furnished with a platform in front. The Sepulchre is thus enclosed in an oblong monument of white marble, ornamented with pilasters and cornices, and surmounted by a small marble cupola. Within there are two small sanctuaries, in the front of which stands a block of polished marble about a foot and a half square. Here sat, it is said, the angel who announced the tidings of the blest resurrection to Mary Magdalene and Joanna, and Mary the mother of James: 'He is not here; he is risen, as he said. Come, see the place where the Lord lay.'

"Going forward about a yard, a curtain is drawn aside, and I was told to take off my shoes. I then stepped down, and bending with my hands on my knees I entered a low narrow door into a small apartment lighted up with a profusion of golden lamps, and filled with an oppressive atmosphere of incense, and simply adorned with a variety of flowers. This, I was told, was the mansion of the Saviour's victory, where he burst asunder the fetters of death and rose from the dust of mortality. On my right hand was the grave in which his body was buried. This cave, hewn out of the rock, where the body of our Lord Jesus Christ was laid, has been covered with marble to protect it from injury by pilgrims chipping the rock with hammers and carrying away the fragments. Two young Greek women dressed in white, with consumptive faces and a hectic flush, were bending over the tomb in the attitude of very fervent devotion when I entered. They seemed to be sisters, and down their pale marble faces, unmoving as statues, tears gushed in penitence. I kneeled over the tomb, trembled, wept, and muttered a short prayer for humility, repentance, faith, and mercy, for myself, my family, my flock, and friends. And in so far as I knew my heart I may say that the gratitude of it ascended with a risen Saviour to the throne of the Father on high. Alone and in silence, at the supposed centre of the world, and far, far from home, I tried fervently to remember my sins before God, and all the places and persons in the East Indies and in Europe most near and dear unto me. I rose, pulled a flower, which was afterwards sent home to my dear

this scene of hope, joy, and sorrow, to give room to other visitors—for not more than three or four can be admitted at a time."

For his faith the Doctor needs no vindication. If error there be, he has shared it with worthy company; but surely the man who cannot, even in Jerusalem, dismiss from his mind the wretched carplings of the meanest kind of scepticism, is unworthy to breathe the atmosphere of a place so greatly sanctified. Dr Aiton, with clear, shrewd, common, Scottish sense, vindicates in a few words—though he has afterwards more elaborately treated the point—his own views and his own feelings.

"Be that as it may, in looking at all these spots of holy ground, I allowed myself to be influenced by my feelings rather than by a cautious and contradicting judgment determined to doubt and to deny the identity of every locality. On the contrary, I was willingly carried onward by a swelling flood of humility and awe from one place to another. Not for one moment did I permit my mind to be disturbed with doubts and denials as to whether this place or that was the exact locality of this or that event mentioned in Scripture. I adopted Warburton's pious remark as to these places: 'I incline to believe that this is the site of the Sepulchre, and I see no reason to doubt that Calvary occupied the neighbouring locality. Although within the present enclosure of the city walls, it was outside the ancient circuit, which is necessary to its identity.' And he adds, 'There seems to be little probability that tradition would have permitted such a site to be forgotten.' Baron Geramb says, 'I went to Palestine only to adore, to weep, and to pray. I purposed not to measure the sacred mountains with the compasses of incredulity: plenty of travellers have taken this task upon themselves.'

We regret that we cannot give longer extracts of Dr Aiton's impressions of the Holy Land, for his sketches of the banks of the Jordan, and the shores of the Dead Sea, possess considerable merit. We could wish, however, that he had not interlarded his descriptions of external scenery with so many references to his own personal sensations, which, somehow or other, were never of a comfortable kind. For example, he thus portrays his feelings during his ride to the Jordan: "The tendency

to drowsiness, almost amounting to stupor, was irresistible, and I felt myself sometimes fast asleep on the saddle, or sick even to faintness, or feverish, and afraid even of madness. I was taken down and laid to rest whenever we came to the shadow of a great rock in this weary land. And thus, with a little ease and a drink of water, I became again determined in spirit, and kept moving, knowing to a certainty that I would be robbed, or perhaps murdered, if I fell behind my protectors." People do not generally, even in conversation, expatiate upon their internal discomforts. We think it would have been wiser if, on revising the proof-sheets, such passages had been purged from print.

Dr Aiton is, without any reserve, a keen advocate for the Jews. He regards their exclusion from certain political functions in this country as an intolerable hardship, or act of oppression, and asks, with great acrimony, why, "when a Jew is returned to serve in the Commons house of Parliament, he must be kicked back from entering the lobbies, and in this way his numerous, intelligent, influential, and religious constituents must be denied the right of every other free-born subject in this realm—that of sending the best man in their estimation to represent them in Parliament?" Bravely stated, at all events, and without any equivocation. But the Doctor must forgive us, if we point out a slight discrepancy between this very liberal opinion, and another which he has hazarded at a somewhat later period of his travels. Writing from Rome in a spirit of strong disgust at the corruptions of Popery, he expresses himself thus:—

"Our legislators are healing the wounds of the beast, they are protecting Popery and feeding her priests. They have endowed the college of Maynooth, and if we don't take care, they may also endow the Popish clergy. They have permitted a cardinal to insult our Church and Queen. They have mocked the Protestant people of England, by feeding their souls, when hungering after righteousness, with spiritual poison. Their late act of Parliament is deceitful, and empty as the mirage of the desert. has it been followed up by her Majesty's ministers, and men of the long robes? What do Papists care for it? How do

they insult the majesty of our law! Will any government, past, present, or to come — Whig, Tory, or Radical — Christian, Jew, or Infidel, put forth their paw to curb Popery? Will they withdraw the Maynooth grant? Will they repeal the Catholic Emancipation Bill? No, they will not: no, not one of them. The Duke of Wellington is pledged by what he said in 1829, when the Catholic Emancipation Bill was passed, to repeal it if it did not work. How has it worked, but for mischief — agitation, agitation, agitation — political power, and spiritual dominion, to destroy the Reformed churches of our land! But still even his Grace will not redeem his own word."

From which we infer that Dr Aiton, though willing to admit the Jews, who are not Christians, into the Legislature, is desirous of excluding the Roman Catholics, who are! Indeed, from the intense antipathy which he evinces towards everything savouring of Rome, we are not sure that the Doctor does not greatly prefer an unconverted Jew to an adherent of the Church of Fenelon. This is not so uncommon a vagary as many people would suppose. The pugnacity of the Church of Rome counts and defies opposition; and the result of a great polemical controversy is usually this, that the combatants hate each other with a rancour far greater than they display towards others who are totally opposed to the principles of their common faith. So it was in the days of Sir Thomas More; and so it is in the days of Dr Aiton. We shall presently have occasion to call him to account for his diatribes on the Imperial city; meanwhile, let us accompany him to the Troad. Here again the Doctor has done well in reprobating the absurd speculations of the men who appear to travel only for the sake of overthrowing tradition. Those who now seek the Troad with their measuring implements in the one hand, and the liad in the other—who puzzle over every barrow in the wide deserted plain, wondering whether it was the monument of Ilus, or the burial-place of some champion of the Greeks—who devise plausible theories for the disappearance of the Simois, and cannot conceive why the tamarisks no longer grow by the margin of the shallow Scamander—all those men are engaged in a most vain and

visionary quest. Their faith or credulity is indeed excessive, for they are seeking out the details of a locality, which details had their origin in the fancy of the poet. For—granting that Homer *had* seen the Troad, granting that he was not blind, as the tradition of ages has averred—what could he have known of the pristine glories of Troy? Long before he composed his immortal poem, wall and tower had been prostrated in common ruin. The plain was no longer a harvest-field, but an unwholesome swamp; the hot springs had ceased to flow, and the luxuriant vegetation had overgrown the stones of the early heroes. All was altered. And, since his day, the plain was again reclaimed; another city was built on the fancied site of Ilium—for Xerxes tarried there on his ill-starred expedition to Greece. And that city too has fallen: and the plain is again a marsh. Therefore all speculation, all antiquarian research upon the field of Troy, is in vain. All that remains, and all that we need to have, are the broad features of the locality—Ilium, with her snow and her pines, and the barrows by the silent sea.

But we must not linger on the road. The Doctor is naturally anxious to get back to Dolphinton, and we have other work before us. So, skipping Constantinople and Athens—between which latter city and Edinburgh our author revives and reconstructs a most absurd parallel, both outwardly and intellectually—let us behold him on the mole at Naples. For some reason or other, which is not stated, the Doctor had abandoned for a long time the wholesome practice of shaving. “I happened,” says he, “to have a long white beard of four months’ growth, which was well known to be the badge of the liberal philosophers, or Red Radicals as they are called.” Also his dress was not altogether lovely. He was arrayed in linen which had once been white, but which had suffered by the coal-dust and pollutions of many steamers. Upon his head was a broad-brimmed straw-hat, originally purchased at Malta, and therefore, without any doubt, considerably the worse for wear. At Athens we find that his shoes were in a state of extreme

dilapidation; and he more than hints that he had postponed purchasing new ones, until he should reach Naples. Now, we shall not do violence to our conscience by maintaining that, such being the state of his outer man, it is at all wonderful that the Doctor should have been regarded with much wonder and some little suspicion. He had evidently prepared himself to undergo persecution, and even imprisonment—though why anybody should have thought it their duty to imprison him, we really cannot divine. He did, however, his best to incur the penalties by bullying the police; rather a favorite pastime, by the way, of your free and independent Briton. Having thus succeeded in exciting, not allaying suspicion, he sallied forth into the streets in the comfortable assurance that he was beset by government spies. Then the following remarkable adventure happened to him:—

“When sauntering along the streets, a man accosted me in English, asked for news from home, and seemed desirous to point out anything worth seeing. But by and by he began to talk more generally, then he complained of the constituted authorities, and seemed to be pumping up all my sentiments on these subjects. Here, had I not been upon my guard, and probably, whether I was upon my guard or not, the conversation was taken down, and reported at the head-quarters; and it was easy to see that, in this way, simpletons would often be caught in the trap. - When the hour for dining approached, I sat down at *une Table d’Hôte bien servie*, when I found at my elbow an intelligent gentleman, who spoke English fluently. He was so remarkably obliging, that my suspicions were excited that he might have an object. He was very delicate and dexterous in trying to draw out my sentiments—but in three minutes I was convinced that he was another government inspector; therefore, when he made his observations, I was not contented merely with being silent, but took care to contradict him, lest he should turn the cat in the pan, and report what he said as if it had been uttered by myself.”

What the Doctor means by “turning the cat in the pan,” we really do not know, nor is that culinary process chronicled by Mrs Rundell. But we have a strong notion that his companion at the *table d’hôte* was no

other than our valued friend, Dunshunner, who, being in Naples at the time, wished to pay some attention to a countryman, however eccentric his appearance. If so, Augustus must have been infinitely astonished by the Doctor's unceremonious contradictions. However, we are thankful to say that after all he encountered no persecution, but found his way to Rome; where, after a word or two, we intend to leave him.

When Father Cahill utters one of his ferocious and rabid attacks upon Protestantism, every one of us feels as though he could, with hearty good will, administer personal chastisement to the calumniator. It is not the abstract opinion which provokes us—it is the brutal method of expression. We do not expect that a Roman Catholic should like Protestantism; but this we do expect, that he shall express his objections to its doctrine decently, and with moderation. Violence and scurrility, very rarely, if ever, effect conversion; they only serve to render strife and dissension more bitter than they otherwise would be. But while we thus protest, with excellent reason, against the language of our antagonists, we are bound to visit with disapproval the conduct of any of our friends who may commit a manifest breach of decency and decorum. Dr Aiton may inveigh as much as he pleases against the doctrines and practices of Popery; he may expose its superstitions, ridicule its follies, and point out its deteriorating effect upon the human will and understanding—all that comes within his province, and we doubt not he could do it effectively; but when, instead of argument, or clear and clever exposition, we stumble upon such pieces of frantic and vituperative railing as is illustrated by the following passage, we feel very much as we may conceive an Argive to have felt, had he beheld Thersites standing forth before the embattled host, and reviling the race of Priam. Here is his description of Rome:—

“There is no worldly picture of earthly carnality at all to compare to it on the face of the earth. If ever the Devil really held a Vanity fair in this world, and set up in it toy-shops, svinging-machines, hobby-horses, panoramas, shows, circuses,

theatres, brothels, shooting galleries, billiard-tables, brandy palaces, and gaming houses, it must have been in Rome. I had heard of the craters of mount Etna, of Stromboli, and of Vesuvius, being the mouths of hell, but they are not half so like it as this city is, filled with all manner of spiritual and temporal abominations. I had seen the filth of Smyrna, of Cairo, and of Constantinople, with the dead dromedaries and donkeys mortifying in the burning sun; but these were nothing to the corruptions and carnalities of Popery on the banks of the Tiber. I had read of the criminalities and cruelties of Nero and of Turkish despots, who imprisoned, scourged, and killed the bodies of their saints and subjects. But what is that to the ignorance and error infused into the mind, or to the heresies and incestuousness chaining down the soul till it be made meet to become a partaker of hell? Here Satan has been loosed out of his prison to deceive men, that he might cast them into the lake of fire and brimstone. Veilily has this Babylon the Great become the habitation of devils, and the hold of every foul spirit, and a cage of every unclean and hateful bird, and all nations have drunk of the wine of the wrath of her fornications. Here, sitting on every one of the seven hills, sleeping in the Vatican, and performing high mass in St Peter's, may certainly be seen the great whore which did corrupt the earth with her fornication.”

Now, if this is to be taken as an outward picture of Rome, we have simply to state, that it is not a true one. There is tenfold more open debauchery and immorality to be seen in the streets of London, or any other great English town, than the eye of a traveller ever beheld in Rome. If it is to be taken as an inward picture, then we say that it is uncharitable in conception, and excessively coarse in expression. If it is meant to be typical, as we presume it is, surely Jerusalem, which is now a Mahometan city, ought to have been denounced in at least equally strong terms—unless, as we have already hinted, Dr Aiton prefers broad infidelity to that form or profession of the Christian faith which prevails over a great proportion of Europe. We are anything but insensible to the errors of Popery, or to its intolerant and bigoted spirit; but what good end can possibly be served by such rabid raving as this,

which, when we come to consider it, sentence by sentence, conveys nothing to the mind except an unpleasant sense of the absurd violence of the utterer? It is exceedingly disagreeable, nay, most painful for us, to be compelled to make such observations at the close of a notice of a book in which we have cheerfully recognised much that is pious, eloquent, commendable, and kind. But it is not right that men—even though they be Doctors of a Protestant church—should be allowed, in this way, to hurl indiscriminate abuse.

without censure ; or unnecessarily or wantonly to insult the faith of other Christians. It is not for us to quote texts ; nevertheless, in perusing the foregoing and other such passages towards the close of Dr Aiton's volume, one verse of holy Scripture from the General Epistle of **Jude** forcibly occurred to our mind—and with it we close our notice—" Yet Michael the archangel, when contending with the devil, he disputed about the body of Moses, durst not bring against him a railing accusation, but said, 'The Lord rebuke thee.'"

DAY DREAMS OF AN UNCLE.

ORIBATIDS.

Up, brethren, up, be journeying and doing,
True children of the Father whom we seek ;
Plainward the land is smiling for your ruin,
Hillward the sun is fierce, the winds are bleak.
And if some shadow, o'er the pathway lying,
Its fitting, sheltering alternation throw,
There rest, and hear the mountain breezes sighing,
Awhile—but brave men will not lag below ;
Shall we do so ?

Why do we laugh ? the power of fate around us
Draws us still nearer to a nameless goal ;
The impenetrable banks of cloud that bound us
Hide, while they work, the sentence of the soul

Why do we sigh ? the hills are steep above us,
And bright and fair the place from whence we go
Yet He who placed us in the road must love us,
The land we seek be fairer than below :
Is it not so ?

"I will look unto the hills, from whence cometh my help."

His hand who rules the calm and storm
 May lose its soul-sustaining powers,
 But all it yields once more is ours
 Revealed in some unusual form.
 The clouds upon the mountains lay,
 I knew not that they moved, until
 They hid from sight the nearest hill,
 The golden bars of prisoned day.
 I saw their slowly folding train
 Creep on from peak to peak, at length
 Then came to me a sudden strength,
 A strange deliverance from pain.
 The ever-steadfast hills abide,
 The densest clouds will pass away ;
 And we may see a brighter day,
 When those are past our Heaven that hide.

STRIKE the harp—the sylphs descending
 Shall their aery echoes bring,
 Each with each the fine tones blending
 Of her own peculiar string.
 Smite the chords, the tones they borrow
 Speak a language of their own,
 Thrills of joy, and pangs of sorrow,
 Hopes of what shall be to-morrow,
 Sighs for what is gone.
 Strike the harp, the grasp of anguish
 Loosens at thy mild control ;
 All the sterner sorrows languish,
 Languishes the willing soul.
 Strike the strings—as brooding madness
 Fled of old, before the strain,
 My full Heart's absorbing sadness
 Yields awhile to pensive gladness,
 But ah ! returns again.

EVENING SONG.

THE summer night is calm, and bright
 The languid summer day ;
 Clear is the autumn morn, and soft
 The vernal warmth of May ;

And sweet it is at matin prime
 To gaze upon the sea,
 But, ah ! to me the sweetest time
 Was even-tide with thee.

The distant village faintly sounds,
 Faintly the sea beneath,
 The stars look down with eyes of love
 And wild winds hold their breath.

Ah ! thus when far away, alone
 The hours come back to me—
 The hours that are for ever flown,
 The hours of eve with thee.

H. G. K.

Indit.

THE MANCHESTER MOVEMENT.

"MORE states have been ruined by faction than have fallen before the sword of the conqueror." Such was the observation of one of England's wisest moralists; and the temper of the times is such as to give it great significance. For, in the movements which have taken place immediately before and since the assembling of Parliament—in the un-erupulous, bitter, and almost unprecedented attacks directed by a portion of the press against her Majesty's present Ministers—we can detect nothing else than the spirit of absolute faction, Absolute, and yet unmeaning, since, in the present case, even the usual pretexts for opposition are wanting. There is, as yet, nothing at issue between the policy of Ministers and the feeling of the country. Not one single point in the Speech delivered from the Throne has been, or can be, selected as a substantive ground for opposition or amendment. That system of commercial policy which was inaugurated six years ago, is not to be disturbed. That resolution, at which Ministers have arrived after careful and mature deliberation, has been communicated to the country with a distinct assurance that it shall, in no way, be infringed. What specific measures may be proposed with regard to fiscal arrangements, is, at the moment we write, absolutely unknown. But we are assured that such measures are prepared, and that they will immediately be submitted to the House of Commons. Ingenuity itself can lay no direct charge at the door of Ministers—even suspicion can hardly be hinted at; and yet even now, both within and without the walls of Parliament, faction is hard at work, in order to prevent, if possible, even the disclosure of the Ministerial schemes.

This cannot arise from a conviction that the measures of Lord Derby's Government are likely to be distasteful to the country. Were it so, the surest method to destroy the Ministry would be to allow them to develop their schemes. After all that we have heard about bottles of smoke, and

conjurers, and such pitiable trash as even Sir James Graham was not ashamed to retail, surely it would be worth while, were it only for amusement's sake, to have waited for the fantastic apparition. It could not be long delayed—it was not intended to delay it. But, as time drew on, the very painful idea seems to have occurred to more than one of those factious prophets, that the disclosure, when it did arrive, might be in entire accordance with the feelings and wishes of the country. That certainly was a consummation which they were deeply interested to prevent; and hence the present factious movement, to which the sound sense, honour, and interest of Great Britain are alike opposed.

It is not in the least degree surprising that those who were the leaders of the Free-Trade party should insist on this—that before the actual business of the Session commenced, Ministers should distinctly and unequivocally avow whether they intended to propose a return to the Protective policy, or to adopt the present system, and work it out fairly and conscientiously. For that purpose, Parliament was summoned to meet before Christmas, and the declaration has already been made. But it appears that such a declaration will not be held as satisfactory. Action is not sufficient for some of our modern Liberals—the thumb-screw must be applied to the mind. *Notens volens*, the man who believed in Protection as a sound principle must not only cease to advocate it, after the verdict which the country has pronounced, but he must deny every separate article of his faith, and confess himself to have been utterly in the wrong. And no saving clauses are to be allowed him. He is not to be permitted to allude to anything which has taken place between 1846 and the present—to the Australian and Californian gold discoveries, which have obviated the hideous errors of the Currency Restriction Acts—or to the unparalleled emigration consequent upon Free Trade,

which has occasioned a scarcity of labour. He must become absolutely a hypocrite to himself. Such was the tenor of Mr Cobden's speech at the preliminary political banquet at Manchester; and such, taking the cue from him, is the present language of the faction. To say that no such recantation will ever be made, is simply to assert the honour of English gentlemen. There are at this moment many men who question the policy of the Catholic Emancipation Act, but who nevertheless acquiesce in its provisions without any idea of repealing it. But these Manchester dictators have no wish that opinion in this country shall be free. They are not one whit more tolerant than the officials of the Inquisition; they want to have a Test Act, to which mere subscription will not suffice. And what is their object? Not to secure the safety of the policy which they advocated—for they have the fullest assurance on the part of the Government that nothing will be done in any way to disturb that policy;—not surely to gain a triumph, for theirs is the triumph, however gained:—their object is simply this—to break down the present Government upon any pretext; because they are apprehensive that the wisdom and beneficial nature of its measures may render them so popular as to retard the advancement of the revolutionary schemes of which Manchester is the hotbed, and which have long been matured and prepared by the chiefs of the democratic confederacy.

Those who are in the secret of the real League existing against the venerable institutions of England, were never so deeply mortified as when it was announced to them that Lord Derby—in the fulfilment of his duty as the first adviser of the Crown, and yielding to the force of circumstances, which clearly showed to his masterly and experienced mind that it was not advisable that an internal struggle so very serious as this should be prolonged—was resolved to take the result of the general election as conclusive upon the question at issue between Protection and Free Trade, and to shape the future measures of the Government accordingly. The

only account he had to settle was with those who had confided these interests to his hand. And it is most creditable to the agricultural interest of Great Britain that we can say, generally, that the course which Lord Derby has taken has met with their approval. Some there are, no doubt, who are opposed to any surrender—but what kind of surrender is this which Ministers have made? Not one of opinion, certainly; for Lord Derby has distinctly and emphatically disclaimed anything of the kind. It is simply a yielding to the force of circumstances, which no human power could control. It implies nothing more than acquiescence in an inaugurated policy, against which an appeal was taken to the country, considered, and definitively refused. Therefore, to the country party, though defeated, there is no loss of honour. To them belongs the grace, which vulgar minds cannot appreciate, of relinquishing the contest when further resistance could be followed by no practical result. Free Trade has become an unopposed system, not because the bulk of the Conservative party are convinced of the soundness of the principles upon which it professes to be founded, but because they were convinced that by longer continuing the struggle, the dignity, the authority, and even the safety of Britain might be imperilled. And, setting faction aside, it is impossible to conceive a more noble or instructive spectacle, than that of a great political party, with enormous interests confessedly at stake, bowing in acquiescence to the verdict of the nation constitutionally obtained, and sacrificing, to the public tranquillity, the assertion of what it considers to be its claims.

And yet it is this very sacrifice which has so much incensed the Faction! They, with a principle which they professed to hold dear, would much rather that Lord Derby and the Protectionists had remained stubborn, and, even after the election, maintained the war *à l'outrance*. They have got everything that they wanted to get—at least in so far as commercial measures are concerned—and yet they are not satisfied. They say that nothing will content them short of the

degradation of their opponents. Our only feeling of degradation is, that we have been forced into collision with such miserable condottieri, who, never having felt a generous emotion themselves, cannot appreciate one in others. But we must look a little more closely than this. The motive of such men usually lies deeper than the surface, for there are profound schemers among them; and, if we mistake not grievously, we shall be able to detect some of them, at least, of their real object, which, as we have already said, is to pave the way for the introduction of revolutionary schemes.

Their wish is to bring the Ministry into contempt, by getting them, in one way or other, to avow a fundamental change of opinion. Of that, no diligent peruser of the organs of public opinion, who understands the private history of the press, can entertain a doubt. For the last month or two the favourite artifice has been to impress upon the agricultural constituencies the notion that they were "betrayed." For this end no exertion has been spared. It is somewhat startling to read in journals, which, a year ago, were full of sacers, or worse than sneers, touching "the agricultural mind," "the Hawbuck tendencies," "the horse-shoe impressions," and "the chivalry of the smock-frock," long articles, protesting to the said Hawbucks that their cause has been intamously betrayed—that Lord Derby (who, being a Minister at the time, refused to go along with Peel in his rapid change of opinion) is influenced now by exceeding lust of power—that some of the leading gentlemen in England have been engaged in a conspiracy to keep up agitation for the most paltry and selfish purposes; and a deal more to the same effect. Now, in some cases, we believe, these articles are written conscientiously enough. The able authors are merely judging of others by themselves. They, too, have their ambition; but they are peculiarly liable to form a totally false estimate of that position which they suppose to be so enviable, that they do not hesitate to assume that men would make any sacrifice, even of their honour, to retain it. Very little, indeed, do they know of public life. Apart from the honourable ambition—

in many cases the duty—of serving the country to the uttermost of their abilities, there is little in the life of a Cabinet Minister, or even an inferior member of the Government, to make it desirable. That man of public mark and ability, who can, with a safe conscience, decline entering into the turmoil of political life, may account himself most happy. It is not only the sacrifice of his domestic leisure and quiet which is required of him, but too often that of those objects which from boyhood he may have regarded as constituting the happiness and glory of his future life, and which he must now abandon so soon as he enters the dreary field of politics. But the charge is absolutely untrue. Here are the words of Lord Derby, recalling what absolutely did take place during last Session, when Ministerial explanations were required: "On the great question involved in those principles, without disguising my opinions, I declared, for myself and for those who did me the honour of acting with me—I will not say whether the declaration was wise or unwise, worthy or unworthy of a British Minister—but I declared I should be guided by the sense which the community at large might express through its representatives, and that I should not bring forward any measure in accordance with my own views, if I found that it was not supported by a large majority of the country, for I thought that the question ought to be finally closed at the earliest period." If no such statement had been made by, or on the part of Lord Derby, his supporters might, undoubtedly, have had good reason now to object to his acquiescence in a policy to which they were thoroughly opposed. In that case, there might have been at least a plausible pretext for preferring this charge of treachery. But Lord Derby had nothing to conceal. His language was as unequivocal as that of man could be; and every elector throughout the country was aware, that upon the issue of that contest the predominance of one or other of the great principles depended. From first to last, we recognise in the conduct of Lord Derby nothing save that inflexible sense of duty which is so eminently characteristic of the man.

Summoned to conduct the government of this great country at the crisis when the Whigs had confessed themselves to be absolutely incompetent to the task, his first business was to consider how the government could be carried on. Between the supporters of the Free-Trade, and those of the Protective principle, there was still a large difference of opinion. It was necessary, therefore, that one or other should give way. In a matter of so much moment as this, what wiser, better, or more constitutional course could be adopted than the appeal to the country which was made in the course of the by-gone summer? Of the strict propriety of such a course we are fully convinced by the experience of the last few years; for we hesitate not to say, that had a late deceased Minister allowed the sense of the country to have been taken at the time when he first avowed his own change of opinion, a very great deal of the subsequent agitation would have been spared. He did not do so, and it is to that circumstance mainly that the delay in the final settlement of the question must be ascribed. Now, however, it is settled, in so far as any question of the kind can be. We are certainly entitled to retain our doubts as to the wisdom of the verdict, but we are bound to acquiesce in it; for in a commercial country such as this, one fixed line of policy must be adopted by the Government, otherwise the whole affairs of the nation would fall into inextricable confusion. But it is said on the other side—"You who were the strenuous opponents of that commercial policy have no right to adopt it." Is it the wish of those who use such language that the agitation should be further prolonged? Or do they mean simply to say that acquiescence in any great national arrangement is not enough, but that the acquiescing party, though otherwise the most capable and powerful, is for ever to be debarred from taking an active share in the conduct of political affairs? It would appear almost as if the latter view were that entertained by the extreme section of the Radicals; for we cannot read Mr Villiers' notice of motion, made, as Mr Cob-

den tells us, at his especial request, without perceiving at a glance that it is intended less to secure the continuance of Free Trade, than to embarrass her Majesty's Ministers. On the other hand, the amendment of which the Chancellor of the Exchequer has given notice, is a frank and free declaration of the course which Ministers are resolved to pursue; for it declares "that unrestricted competition being adopted after due deliberation, is the principle of our commercial system. This House is of opinion it is the duty of Government unreservedly to adhere to that policy on those measures of financial and administrative reform which, under the circumstances of the country, they may deem it their duty to introduce."

Not one of the Radicals, whatever may be the language they hold, has the slightest apprehension that anything will be done subversive of the Free-Trade principle. They are chagrined, and even disappointed, that the contest has not lasted longer, because their game has always been to array classes in hostile opposition to one another, so that, by engendering suspicion and discontent, they might the better arrive at their aims. To see the people happy and contented is by no means the consummation of the hopes of your ardent Friend of Liberty. On the contrary, he wishes to see them discontented, and does his best to make them so, for his is not a peaceful harvest. The suppression, therefore, of any great element of party strife, is to such a man a serious loss; because it lessens materially his chance of provoking agitation for ulterior measures. And in order that it may not be supposed that we are writing vaguely, or sketching out views for our opponents which exist only in our own imagination, we shall refer specially to the oration of Mr John Bright, delivered at the Manchester banquet. We are always glad when Mr Bright appears as a speaker, because he is not gifted with much of that systematic caution which other agitators display, and is apt, in his fervour, to give us some interesting glimpses of the future as it appears to his prophetic eyes. In particular, when speaking from the same platform as Mr Cobden, he invariably

tries to outstrip that democratic champion. He has not yet forgotten the "testimonial," of which, probably, with some reason, he thinks he ought to have received a share; and, accordingly, he never loses an opportunity of unbidding the other in popularity. On this last occasion he was peculiarly vehement; and, strange to say, the vials of his indignation were poured upon the House of Commons. His views are worth attending to.

"The fact is that, as an industrial people, we carry the aristocracy on our backs. Under your representative system, Manchester, Glasgow, and Birmingham are dwarfed in the House of Commons to the size of Harwich, Thetford, and Totness, and the whole population, and all the electors of these three boroughs, are very much smaller—nay, do not even approach near—to the population of a single ward in this borough of Manchester. I am of opinion that where there are population, industry, wealth, and intelligence, if we have a free constitution at all, there must be power; and if this be not granted, then, I say, that our constitution is a sham, and our representation is an imposture. I am not anxious that we should have other great movements for great objects. I myself have had so much of political agitation, that nothing but the most imperative and overwhelming sense of public duty would induce me to connect myself with anything farther of the kind; but I do believe that we owe it to posterity, as to ourselves, that we should learn a lesson from this great movement which is about to terminate; and that we ought, if we can, during our generation, to make the course of our children, and of their children, easier in procuring such political ameliorations and changes as the circumstances of the country may require. The patriotism of our day does not consist in the destruction of monarchies or the change of dynasties. Our fathers wrested the institution of an annual Parliament from unwieldy and despotic monarchs. Be it ours—and I speak to those who can do it if we will it—be it ours to wrest a real House of Commons from a haughty nobility, and to secure the lasting greatness of this nation on the

broad foundations of a free Parliament and a free people!"

After separating the chaff from the grain, and setting aside the more rhetorical common-places, Mr Bright's argument, in so far as we can comprehend it, appears to be this: If it was wise to remove the Corn Laws in 1816, it was unwise to have imposed them in 1815; and all the while that they lasted, an act of injustice was committed. If the House of Commons had been a properly constituted body, the Corn Laws would have been long ago repealed. But such was not the case; therefore, the House of Commons is a sham and an imposture, and "it is our duty"—that of Bright & Co.—"to wrest a real House of Commons from a haughty nobility." The objection to the present House of Commons is that it is too slow and deliberative: Mr Bright wishes to see legislation proceed with the speed of a high-pressure engine. We are not called upon to argue that point now; nor need we remind Mr Bright that it was from that very identical Manchester, in which he was speaking, that the cry for protection in favour of native manufactures first proceeded. We accept his words as a clear indication of the ulterior objects of himself and his party, of which they do not intend to lose sight; and such being the case, we can easily comprehend why the final settlement of the question, by the abandonment of further debate, is anything but agreeable to the secret junta of Manchester. In the first place, they have at present nothing which they can hold up as a practical grievance to justify their aggressive designs. We are rather inclined to think, from the tendency of certain late exhibitions by their active pioneer, Mr Bright, that the Established Church of England will be selected as their first object of attack: but that enterprise may prove a difficult one, and it has not as yet been declared. In the second place, they now see, pretty plainly, that a permanent union with the Whigs is out of the question. That only could have been effected in consequence of a protracted resistance to Free Trade, in which case the Manchester party would have been entitled to make, and would probably have made,

their conditions. The two bodies may often act in concert while in opposition, but they cannot be brought to amalgamate. Some of the Whig chiefs might possibly be induced to waive their objections, but there are others who are steadfastly and vehemently opposed to any such ill-omened conjunction. Therefore, the only available side-door to power is closed against the Radicals; and deep and poignant is their wrath accordingly. Hear Mr Bright once more—but this time in a sarcastic mood—assign the reasons why he is not in office.

“But the fact is, that we are not statesmen. We are cotton-spinners, and manufacturers, and bleachers, and printers, and shopkeepers, and traders of all kinds, and professional men. We are not statesmen, and we have never pretended to be so. In this country there has been a great gulf fixed between all those interested in industry and the paths of statesmanship; and though we were right fourteen years ago, and have been right on this question ever since—though three Cabinets have been wrong, and one of them has not yet put itself right—it is to be held that we are not statesmen, and that those men only who could not see what was simply right on this great, fundamental, all-absorbing question, are entitled to describe, and to carry out, the political policy of the nation. We have not hereditary brains.”

It is rather new to us, who remember the instances of Peel and Gladstone, to be told that there is a great gulf fixed between all those interested in industry and the paths of statesmanship; but we suppose that some license of language must be allowed to an irritated man. Mr Cobden does not look upon the case—perhaps we ought rather to say, his case—as so hopeless. He rather flirts with the subject. “I confess,” says he, “I won’t be chargeable with such transparent hypocrisy as to affect the modesty of not being able to be as good a Cabinet Minister as some half-score gentlemen now in office. I hope it will not be supposed that I have any ambition to fill any such office. I have no such desire.” At this point, as we gather from the report, there

were several cries of “hear, hear!” from dunderheads who put a literal construction on everything. But our wary friend was not to be entrapped into a broad declination of office. “Not,” continued he, “that I think, where people can hold office, and hold their own convictions too, it is not a most honourable and desirable post—a post which gives men great power to do good.” And with this delicate hint to the Whigs that, if wanted, they knew where to find him, Mr Cobden passed from the interesting topic. But there is a third reason why the Radicals think it expedient, if they can, to prevent the Ministry from developing their measures. Their own leaders have lost caste, even with the great body of those who were in favour of the Free-Trade policy. Mr Cobden’s speeches regarding the reduction of the army, the diminution of the navy, and the absurdity of supposing that any European power could think, for one moment, of molesting England, are not forgotten. The nation now sees its danger; and the absurd and offensive arrogance of his former harangues, in one of which he absolutely offered to take the whole responsibility of an invasion upon himself, provided his preposterous notions were carried into effect, has damaged most seriously what amount of reputation he had acquired. And so it is with others. Their own vanity leads them to think that they would make most admirable administrators of public affairs; but nobody else thinks so, and their aspirations are not likely to be realised. The future of the Manchester men is undoubtedly bound up with the organisation of an overbearing democracy, but we have no belief that such organisation is within their power. At present their game is to be factious—to impede, as much as in them lies, the progress of every Government, in the hope that, by creating confusion, they may at least advance their aims. And their measure of success in this will depend greatly upon the part which the Whigs may take in this preliminary struggle.

We call it preliminary, because we do not believe that for any purely factious resolution of the House of Commons will the Earl of Derby

abandon that trust which has been reposed in him by his Sovereign. Ministers, we repeat, have nothing to do with the past. Their duty may be to give a distinct declaration of the principle upon which they intend to act—their duty is to lay measures, founded upon that principle, before Parliament. But as to the vindication of the principle itself, what is that but an old debate again revived without effect—a palpable absurdity and loss of time without any corresponding advantage? Let us suppose that Mr Villiers' motion were to be met with a direct negative, and that the amendment were carried. What would that imply? An impression, possibly, on the part of a majority of the House of Commons, that the improved condition of the country had *not* being owing to the act of 1816, but nothing more. It certainly would not imply that the act should be repealed; and really such discussions relating solely to the past, and having no direct reference to the future, cannot be held to fall properly within the province of the House of Commons. If otherwise, that assembly would virtually become a tribunal for settling nice historical points, and determining by vote the exact measure of the wisdom of our ancestors. Mr Villiers assumes as a premiss "that the condition of the country, and especially of the industrial classes," has improved. That is liable to challenge. The condition of some branches of industry has improved, while others certainly have not. Is the House to pronounce, *ex cathedra*, an opinion upon this, without hearing evidence? Mr Disraeli's amendment, undoubtedly, supposing the term "working classes" to be taken in its ordinary acceptation, comes far nearer the mark, and is more expressive than the vague phrase of the other. But why should there have been any discussion at all? The Ministry are willing to accept Free Trade as a principle—have so declared themselves—and said, moreover, that all their measures shall be framed in adherence to that policy. What more can be required of them? When Sir Robert Peel first accepted office after the passing of the Reform Bill, we are not aware that there was

any resolution of the House of Commons proposed, calling upon him to state his conviction that the change in the representative system had been of enormous advantage to the nation. This motion of Mr Villiers, in the face of a clear declaration on the part of the Ministry as to the policy by which they are to be guided, is something totally new in English history. Applied to Ministers it is entirely unconstitutional. A vote may indeed be taken of want of confidence in Ministers on account of something which they have done in their official character; but we have yet to learn that a vote of want of confidence can be taken, before they have had an opportunity of doing anything at all. This is by no means an unimportant juncture in our parliamentary and constitutional history. If the House of Commons has the power of negating a Ministry, not upon any distinct point of policy, but upon an abstract opinion, a very large portion of the Royal prerogative is surrendered. The theory is, that the Sovereign acts through her Ministers, whom she selects—those proposed Acts, the House of Commons may either accept or condemn; but we never heard of a test being proposed, before action, relative to an existing law, which had received the sanction of the Sovereign, and which it was not proposed to repeal.

We shall not venture to predicate the line which the Whig party, under the command of Lord John Russell, may adopt. We only hope that it will be creditable to them as supporters of our broad constitutional principles. For it is neither their interest, nor ours, nor that of any well-wisher of the stability of Great Britain, to give countenance to the insidious approach of faction at the present time. What we write is purely speculative; because, before these pages can issue from the press, the debate, in all human probability, will be over; but we do confess a hopeful feeling that, for his own sake, Lord John Russell will not identify himself in the present instance with these proceedings of the Democratic Faction.

But we have another observation to make regarding Mr Villiers'

motion. It commences thus : "That it is the opinion of this House that the improved condition of the country, and especially of the industrious classes, is mainly the result of recent legislation, and especially of the Act of 1846, for the free admission of foreign corn." Now, when was the commencement of this improved condition ?

It is admitted on all hands, even by the most ardent Free-Traders, that the year 1851 was almost without a parallel for commercial depression and disaster. In Glasgow, Liverpool, or Bristol, there is not a man engaged in trade who cannot give distinct evidence as to this ; and the depression continued over the earlier part of the present year. 1850 will long be remembered for the depression in manufactures ; to account for which, as our readers may remember, the Free-Traders were sorely perplexed. An able correspondent of ours, writing in April last, after showing "that the mercantile and trading interests were left poorer, at the close of the year 1851, than they were at its commencement, by twenty millions sterling and upwards," thus very clearly and succinctly described the amount of benefit which has accrued to the country. "Where, in the face of these facts, can be the '*prosperity*' of which the Free-Trader has been drawing such glowing pictures ? It is not gladdening the eyes of the merchant and importer. It has not rewarded the enterprise of the shipowner. It has not filled the pockets of the small trader or the shopkeeper. The mill-owner and the manufacturer have not only not felt it, but I am confident that the majority of this class have suffered severely, as the result of the year's operations. The labourer and the artisan, with the men of fixed money incomes, have been the only parties benefited by the cheapness of the past year." If these things are facts, not fictions, it will necessarily follow that the improvement to which Mr Villiers alludes, in so far as the greatest branches of industry within the country are concerned, can only date at the earliest from the commencement of the present year ! That there is considerable improvement since then, we are exceedingly glad to believe ;

but we cannot, for the life of us, understand how it can be traced to the operation of the Act of 1846. It is, moreover, remarkable, that the improvement takes place just at the time when the imports of foreign grain are diminishing — a circumstance which might very well afford the foundation for a strong argument the other way. But if it be true, as we say it is, that, until the commencement of the present year at the earliest, neither trade nor manufactures were in a satisfactory condition, how is it possible to connect their revival now with the Act of 1846 ? That the working classes have benefited by the cheapness of food, there is no doubt whatever ; but that is not Mr Villiers' meaning. He obviously intends that his motion shall have a wider scope, and embrace interests, in the condition of which, twelve months ago, there were no signs of improvement visible.

The amendment, on the other hand, appears to us unchallengeable in point of fact. Beyond doubt the condition of the working classes has been improved, and their comforts increased, by the cheapness of provisions, occasioned by recent legislation ; but further than that we cannot go. And we must say this, that, in the face of such depression as is allowed on all hands to have existed so very recently, the House of Commons will take a most extraordinary and unprecedented step, if they adopt the resolution which Mr Villiers wishes them to accept without a searching inquiry. Their vote will not make that true which is wholly false, but it may have the effect of lessening their aggregate reputation for sagacity in a country wherein every man conversant with commercial affairs can form his own conclusions.

This singular anxiety, on the part of the Radicals, to get a sort of Parliamentary ratification and approval of an act in force and unmolested, leads us sometimes to suspect that they themselves are not quite at ease as to the working of their favourite measure. If they believe (which we hope they do, seeing that they are so anxious to obtain the assent of the House of Commons) that there is a distinct and intimate connection between the present improved condition

of the country and the Act of 1846, there is no conceivable use for the present motion. Regard it in what view we may, we cannot resist the conclusion that it is a purely factious assault, founded upon no patriotic motive, but intended to embarrass, and, if possible, defeat Ministers in the commencement of their career.

Faction has been well portrayed as blind, for it never calculates consequences. We can readily understand the case of a growing party in the State, strong in the sense of its power, its intelligence, and its popularity, under able leaders and in perfect organisation, giving early battle to the supporters of another policy, whose vacillating and feeble movements betrayed their inherent weakness. But in every such case which has hitherto occurred, the object was to win the field of battle, *and to keep it*. The assaulting army contemplated not only victory, but occupation, and for that contingency they were prepared. We certainly know nothing of the councils of our political opponents, but nothing has transpired to make us suppose that Lord John Russell, or any other chief in opposition, is able to form an efficient Ministry, or command a Parliamentary majority, if Lord Derby were to resign to-morrow. Our own belief is that no such Ministry could be found: certain of this we are, that few men of intelligence in the country, beyond mere partisans, are desirous of witnessing the experiment. The old Whig party is in a worse position than it was when Lord John Russell left office. Without a clear coalition with the Radicals, they could hardly construct a Ministry, certainly not conduct with credit the public business of the country; and we have already stated our reasons for thinking that no such coalition will take place. One man of versatile ability they have apparently gained, and that is Sir James Graham; but his accession will not make up for the loss of Lord Palmerston and Sir George Grey. The Radicals, we doubt not, believe that they could form a government; but nobody else believes it. We can almost fancy that we see the consternation in the City, on the morning on which it is declared that Joseph Hume is

Prime Minister, Sir Joshua Walmsley Chancellor of the Exchequer, Mr Cobden Secretary for the Foreign Department, M^rGregor President of the Board of Trade, Mr Bernal Osborne Home Secretary, Bright Secretary at War, Keogh at the Colonies, Kershaw Master of the Horse, and Lucas Secretary for Ireland! That would, indeed, be a glorious day for the bears upon Exchange! In such an event one might certainly, as Falstaff says, "buy land as cheap as stinking mackerel," and other securities besides. Even in the view that a coalition could be effected between a certain section of the Whigs and the Radicals, and something like a competent Ministry in point of talent and respectability formed—what would be the result? An immediate attempt to force organic changes—whirlwind legislation, such as Mr Bright contemplates, directed against those portions of our national institutions which hitherto have been accounted most sacred; a long period of violent internal commotion, and that, too, at a time when our utmost vigilance is required to provide against external danger. What a triumph to those who detest liberal and constitutional government is conveyed in the fact, that, the very week after the great champion and peacemaker of England had been laid in his tomb with national honours and lamentation, the Parliament of Britain should assemble, not to discuss measures at a crisis foretold by the warning voice of the deceased, but to brangle about the words of a motion relative to a bygone act of the Legislature, which it was not proposed to disturb! And yet this act of insensate folly may be supported by those who ought to have known better—by men who have been Ministers ere now, and who hope to be Ministers again; but who, in acting thus, and in making themselves the slaves of faction, most grievously endanger the honour and the reputation of their names.

We care very little what construction may be placed upon our remarks; and we care the less, because, as we have already said, the House of Commons will probably have adjudicated on the matter before this Number of the Magazine can issue from the

press. That circumstance will at least save us from the charge of undue partisanship. But we do confess that we feel at the present time an anxiety far beyond that which we have felt for many years. Impressed by a strong sense of the wrong which we conceived to be done to the agricultural interest of Britain by the violent change which was effected some six years ago—and not less impressed with the conviction, that the method by which the change was carried was not in accordance with what ought to be the honourable course of an English statesman—we have fought the battle to the last, with what ability we could command. Even now, taking circumstances as they were in 1846, we can acknowledge no change of opinion. With a restricted currency, causing periodical commercial convulsions, and an enormous debt, which necessitated the collection of a prodigious revenue, we could not conceive how the industry of this country would be able to cope, on equal terms, with the comparatively untaxed products of other more favoured countries. Since then, some portion of the difficulty has been removed, by means which certainly were not contemplated by the authors of the legislative measures of 1846. The discovery of the gold-fields has operated until now, and may operate still farther, if no insidious attempt is made to deprive the nation of the benefit, as a virtual abrogation of those wretched currency laws, which have been the curse of Britain since they were enacted, but which not many could be brought to understand. Even now, the effects of that discovery seem to be unappreciated by members of the British Legislature. A motion like that of Mr Villiers, which excludes all notice of the most memorable fact, financially speaking, which has taken place since the mines of the New World were first laid open to the search of the Old, argues the most consummate ignorance of all that relates to the working of the monetary system. But, making every allowance for this unexpected relief, our faith in the soundness of the protective policy remains unshaken. The day may not be far distant when public opi-

nion, taught by experience, may undergo a remarkable change with regard to this important question. And though that remark may excite from our opponents an emphatic response of "Never!" we would pray them to remember that their triumph has been mainly owing to circumstances altogether beyond human control. But we have no wish to revive controversy. That the country may be prosperous under the accepted policy is our earnest hope and prayer; and it would very ill become us to assume a tone of stubborn dogmatism on a subject which, as we have already said, has assumed an altered aspect within a very short time, from causes which were not and could not be anticipated by the wisdom of man.

We await, with much anxiety, the announcement of the Ministerial measures. These will, as a matter of course, be subjected to the most rigid scrutiny, and we may be sure that an opposition so recklessly commenced will not be allowed to slumber. One section of the Liberal party, with a selfishness which really requires considerable hardihood to acknowledge, have avowed their determination to oppose any measure which may be calculated directly or indirectly to afford any relief to the suffering interests of the country. These gentlemen do not even pretend to respect the ordinary rules of justice. They have abrogated the Corn Laws, but they will not consent to remove or even to mitigate one of the peculiar burdens which was laid upon the landed interest, in respect of the existence of those laws. It is of no use demonstrating to them, that you might with equal justice deprive a man of half his income, and yet continue to levy from him the same amount of direct taxation as before. They will hear nothing of adjustment of taxation; and no wonder, because, as matters stand at present, they do not contribute their fair share to the public burdens of the country. They act, and glory in it, upon the old marauding principle that "might is right;" and they say, that belonging to a peculiar class, and representing a particular interest, they will care for it, and it only, irrespective of every other. It is highly discredi-

table to the age that language such as this should be tolerated by any auditory without marks of distinct reprobation. It amounts to a broad and plain acknowledgment that the public weal is not to be regarded when opposed to private interest—a sentiment certainly the reverse of patriotic, and equally opposed to the leading dogmata of republicanism. But all that matters nothing. As in commercial speculation no man cares for his brother, but rather tries if possible to outwit him, so do some of our commercial legislators maintain that all tricks are allowable in politics as well as trade, and that the game of "Beggars my neighbour" may be fitly played in Parliament. It requires no searching glance to discover in this the symptoms of profound demoralisation; but we should wrong the Legislature, and even the Liberal party, were we to assume that even a considerable portion of them sympathised with it. There may be great difficulties, both as to the extent of the reforms of which may be on the part of any interest in the country which has suffered under recent legislation, and as to the nature of the means which ought to be applied remedially. These are fair subjects of discussion, and we trust they will be discussed in a becoming spirit; but, looking to the speeches which have already emanated from Manchester, we must be prepared for a violent opposition to every measure which has a tendency to heal the wounds which the recent differences have engendered. It is in these discussions that the element of patriotism, where it exists, must show itself in opposition to the blind attacks of faction. Surely the welfare and the tranquillity of the country is a matter of far greater moment than any party triumph; surely it would be wise to reconcile classes which have been arrayed in opposition, not to irritate those who are still smarting under a sense of recent injury. Let the Ministry be judged by its acts and its measures. If the latter are not such as the country has good reason to expect, or of which it can conscientiously approve, then the reins of government must necessarily pass

into other hands. But, above all things, it is needful that discord should cease at home. Awful is the responsibility which those will incur who lend their countenance and aid to faction, at a time when foreign events of great significance have at last aroused the nation from its lethargic torpor, and dissipated the dream of fancied security in which we had so long indulged. Possibly the alarm may not be followed by any corresponding aggression, for a wakeful and watchful policy will ever be found the best safeguard against outward attacks; but for the maintenance of peace we have evidently no security. And very blind we must be if we cannot read, in the late history of France, a lesson of the most emphatic warning against a democratic movement. Mr Bright and his fellows are using just now, though perhaps unconsciously, the very same language which, from the mouths of the French democrats, led to the subversion of the monarchy, the disorganisation of society, the destruction of credit, and the reign of the barricades. And what has followed? Slaughter, rapine, almost civil war, the suppression of the liberty of the press, and the reign of a military dictator. Is it to accomplish such ends as these that we are asked to change our system, to give increased rapidity to the deliberations of our senate, or rather to dispense with any deliberation at all—to infuse more of the popular element, as it is called, into our institutions; to trust to the "instinct" of the masses of the nation, and not to the calm judgment of its wisest and its best? Never has democracy, though rebuked by Providence wherever it has reared its head, experienced a more signal rebuke than in this latest instance of France. It is of no avail that the men who were themselves the chief instigators of the movement, rail in their exile against that tyranny which was the inevitable consequence of their misdeeds. Blind with faction, they could not see what they were doing—they could not perceive that each step made towards pure democracy was subversive of the nation's liberties. Long indeed may it be before our country, blessed with national liberty and free institu-

tions, shall be led, by the instigation of demagogues, to plunge into a similar chaos.

Where there are demagogues, faction is of course to be found. It is therefore not to be wondered at if it should show its head amongst us; but it is the duty of every well-wisher of the country to do his utmost to keep it down. It is far less open faction that we fear, than that kind of it which makes its approach under the more respectable name of party. Many men who would shrink from being broadly factious, and who would indignantly deny the charge, do nevertheless commit faction by trusting implicitly to their leaders, and by treading diligently in their footsteps. For even the leaders, when they act from what has very aptly been termed "mixed motives," are not unfrequently driven into faction, their own hearts too often deceiving them as to the purity of their conduct. There are many temptations in the way of a politician; and perhaps that man would be more than mortal who did not occasionally feel an impulse to take advantage of an adversary's un-

guarded position; but there is a vast difference between that and a deliberate and preconcerted attack made, not for any real public end, but simply for the purposes of molestation. It remains yet to be seen how this debate will be conducted, and how it will terminate. For ourselves we have no hesitation in characterising this as a deliberate factions effort, and not as a fair and legitimate party movement; because we are unable to see any absolute advantage which could be gained by any party or any principle by the adoption of Mr Villiers' motion. If it is simply intended as a censure upon Protectionists, it is senseless and out of place. It has no proper reference to future policy, apart from the amendment; because that is as clearly expressed in the one as in the other. It gives no further security for the continuance of the present system of commercial policy, than is accorded by the general acquiescence of the nation, and the direct declaration of Ministers. In a word, it is factions; and, as such, we sincerely trust that it will not receive the sanction of the House of Commons.

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